

# ROANOKE BEACON.

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"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

W. FLETCHER AUSBON, EDITOR.

VOL. IV.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1893.

NO. 37.

## Directory.

**STATE GOVERNMENT.**  
 Governor, Elias Carr, of Edgecombe.  
 Lieutenant Governor, R. A. Doughton, of Alleghany.  
 Secretary of State, Octavius Coker, of Wake.  
 Treasurer, Donald W. Bain, of Wake.  
 Auditor, R. M. Furness, of Oncombe.  
 Attorney General, Frank L. Osborne, of Mecklenburg.  
 Superintendent of Public Instruction, J. C. Scarborough, of Johnston.

**COUNTY GOVERNMENT.**  
 Sheriff, Levi Blount.  
 Deputy Sheriff, D. Spruill.  
 Treasurer, W. E. Freeman.  
 Superior Court Clerk, Thos. J. Marriner.  
 Register of Deeds, J. P. Hilliard.  
 Commissioners, H. M. Sess, W. C. Marriner, B. D. Latham, Jos. Skitterdharpe and H. A. Letchford.  
 Board of Education, Thos. S. Armistead, T. L. Larkins, J. L. Norman.  
 Superintendent of Public Instruction, Rev. Luther Eborn.

**CITY.**  
 Mayor and Clerk, J. W. Bryan.  
 Treasurer, E. K. Latham.  
 Chief of Police, Joseph Tucker.  
 Commissioners, E. K. Latham, G. R. Batesman, D. O. Binkley, J. F. Norman, J. W. Bryan, J. H. Smith, Sampson Towns and Alfred Skinner.

**CHURCH SERVICES.**  
 Methodist—Rev. W. H. Willis, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 8. Sunday school at 9 a. m., J. F. Norman, Superintendent.  
 Baptist—Rev. J. F. Tuttle, pastor. Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night at 7:30. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m., J. W. Bryan, superintendent.  
 Episcopal—Rev. Luther Eborn, rector. Services every 3d Sunday at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., L. I. Fagan, superintendent.  
**LOGGERS.**  
 K. of H. Plymouth Lodge No. 2508—meets 1st and 3d Thursdays, nights in each month. W. H. Hampton, Dictator, M. E. Yeager, Fin. Reporter.  
 K. & L. of H. Roanoke Lodge—Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays nights in each month. J. F. Norman, Dictator, M. E. Yeager, Secretary.  
 I. O. O. F. Esperanza Lodge, No. 28 meets every Tuesday night at Bush's Hall. J. W. Bryan, M. G., L. F. Houston, Sect'y.

**COLORED.**  
**CHURCH SERVICES.**  
 Baptist—Elder A. B. Hicks, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m., E. G. Mitchell, superintendent.  
 Methodist—Rev. C. B. Hoggans, pastor. Services every 1st and 3d Sundays at 11 a. m., and at 8 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m., S. Wiggins, superintendent; J. W. McDonald, secretary.  
 1st Baptist New Chapel—Services every Sunday at 11 and 8, Rev. S. R. Knight, pastor. Sunday school every Sunday.  
 2d Baptist, Zion's Hall—H. H. Norman, pastor. Preaching every 4th Sunday. Sunday school every Sunday. Moses Wynn, Superintendent.  
**LOGGERS.**  
 Masons, Carthagen—Meets 1st Monday night in each month. S. Lowe, W. M., A. Everett, secretary.  
 U. O. of O. F. Meridian Sun Lodge 1624—Meets every 2d and 4th Monday night in each month at 7 o'clock, T. F. Bambray, W. G., J. W. McDonald, P. S.  
 Christopher Adams Lodge, K. of L. No. 1—Meets every 1st Monday night in each month at 8 o'clock.  
 Burying society meets every 3d Monday night in each month at 8 o'clock, J. M. Walker, secretary.

## THE SWEET, SAD YEARS.

The sweet, sad years, the sun, the rain,  
 Ains, too quickly did they wane!  
 For each some boon, some blessing bore;  
 Of smiles and tears each had its store,  
 Its checker-board of bliss and pain.

Although it idle be and vain  
 Yet cannot I th' wish restrain  
 That I had held these evermore,  
 The sweet, sad years!

Like echo of an old refrain  
 That long within the mind has lain,  
 I keep repeating o'er and o'er,  
 "Nothing can o'er the past restore;  
 Nothing bring back the years again,  
 The sweet, sad years!"

—Rev. Charles D. Bell.

## POSTAL PERILS.

**THE DANGERS BRAVED BY FAITHFUL MAIL CARRIERS.**

THEY CLIMB MOUNTAINS, FORD TORRENTS, THREAD SWAMPS AND CROSS DESERTS TO DELIVER LETTERS—ALMOST INACCESSIBLE OFFICES.

The residents of cities whose letters are at times a little overdue would be less impatient with the public servants if they understood with how much labor and oftentimes danger the duties of the mail carrier are attended, writes an ex-United States Postoffice Inspector. Accustomed to express trains and telegraphic messages, we are apt to forget the fact that the great majority of our postoffices are not yet served by railroads, but are situated on stage routes, or are reached by horse carriers and even by footmen, who penetrate to fastnesses where it is impossible to urge a horse with safety. In winter many of them travel by snowshoe and with dog sleds like those of the Esquimaux. The new Territory of Alaska, now within the postal confines of the United States, has twenty-two postoffices in regular operation, but they are no more remote than are many in regions in the Eastern and earliest settled States.

The aim of the Government, regardless of expense to it or of labor upon the part of its servants, is to place within the reach of all citizens the refining and humanizing influences of newspapers, of home and social letters, without which men, when exiled, tend to ignorance and brutality. No question as to what revenue will be derived from the new office has weight; the consideration is, will it be of substantial benefit to grant postal facilities, and, if so, then supplies are sent to the point and bids invited for carrying the mails.

As an Inspector I visited Lee's Ferry, in Coconino County, Arizona. The office is on the Colorado River. Being in Utah we went by the mail route southward from Salina, where early on a March day we took stage for Kanab via Panguitch. The ride occupied three full days, and at the end of the 205th mile we stopped at a farm house late at night, thoroughly chilled and worn out. Thence to the ferry was ninety-three miles, but, fortunately, we had a day in which to rest before proceeding on our journey.

For over two hundred miles we traversed a section of the American Desert upon which there is little water, scant vegetation and few people. The latter are specially praiseworthy for being hospitable from so meagre a store. At Lee's we were scarcely a dozen patrons of the office and it cost the Government many dollars for every letter and paper that crosses the route. But the people at the ferry are Americans, and they must have letters; and, further, should an obstruction occur on this isolated route an agent of the Government must investigate it, personally if necessary, with the same alacrity that is observed when trouble arises in New York City.

In Wisconsin and Michigan when the roads are blockaded with snow drifts the mails go forward with regularity by snowshoe and dog sled carriers. Such methods of locomotion though primitive, are not as slow as might be supposed. Many of these Indian carriers will make fifty miles a day and their paths are not nearly as arduous as the bridge paths of the Eastern mountains, where in spring it is almost impossible for a man to find a footing. Throughout the swamp regions of

Eastern North Carolina, and in the pine and turpentine country in general, are postoffices that are remarkably inaccessible, supplying communication between the lumber shippers of the South and the warehouses of the North. Sans Souci, in North Carolina, is of this class, and is reached by rail from Norfolk to Edenton, thence by steamer across the sound to Plymouth, and from there on by a little propeller running up the Cashie River, stopping at numerous sawmills to exchange the mails. The Cashie is narrow, deep and very crooked, running to all points of the compass in the swamps before entering the Roanoke. It is lined with heavy pines which are being cut down. We passed a raft of 5000 in tow to Edenton, breaking apart and stopping navigation for a mile and delaying our arrival at Windsor until after midnight. It was at the latter place that Sir Walter Raleigh made his first home in America.

There are other equally inaccessible offices reached by ferry across the Neuse at New Berne, and riding some twenty miles across a sand beach to Pamlico or Bayboro. There are few people there.

Along the eastern coast of North Carolina, cut off from the mainland, is a narrow, long strip of sand beach on which there are a dozen postoffices. They are served by a small sailboat running semi-weekly from Manteo, on Roanoke Island, to Davis, stopping at Hatteras, Ocracoke and other places. The bulk of the mail consists of official correspondence between Washington and the lighthouses, with perhaps now and then a newspaper giving quotations at Norfolk and Wilmington. Regularity is enforced on this as on other routes, and good cause must be shown for delays beyond schedule time. The mountain regions of West Virginia offer special attractions for depredations upon the mails and have many offices that are very hard to reach in spring when the roads are deep in mud. The route from Gauley Bridge, on the Kanawha, through the Alleghenies to Addison and Nicholas supplies several offices of this character. We crossed this route in April and had difficulty to get horses, their owners fearing to let them undertake the journey. We started with two horses and a mountain buggy, but getting set in the mud a mile away left the vehicle there as a danger sign. Procuring saddles and a guide we again set out and by nightfall had covered ten miles of the sixty upon the route. The journey was more tedious than 600 miles across the desert. It took us directly over Powell Mountain, the highest peak of the Alleghenies, requiring nine miles of a sharp, circuitous ascent. But when once its wooded crest was reached our labor was amply repaid by the panorama of mountain scenery that opened to the view.

Having seen the most noted points of America's natural scenery, I regard the view from Mount Powell as unsurpassed. It was a vision of what greeted the explorers of Virginia and the Carolinas. We could conceive the difficulties that confronted Lewis and Clarke when on their hardy two years' expedition they penetrated the wilderness of the Northwest Territory, going forth into a boundless, wooded, unknown continent they knew not whether to travel but a few miles of such a country after a country of partial settlement requires unusual fortitude. We met but one traveler upon these remote bridge paths. He was the purchasing scout of an eastern carriage factory buying hickory trees for "stumpage." Keeping a little inn we found a man who was formerly a prominent physician in Cincinnati with a large practice and income, but who, becoming an inebriate, took the heroic treatment of exiling himself in the Alleghenies. He had horses and servants, and was literally monarch of all he surveyed.

Beyond the difficulties attending the reaching of remote postoffices there is at times unusual danger in the work of the mail-carrier. In winter many of the routes in the Rockies are very dangerous and almost superhuman efforts are required to avoid fines for delinquency. When the rich Lamartine mines were opened in Colorado, I was ordered to that point in midwinter. Without a guide, and following verbal direction, I rode from Freeland, turning my horse into the bed of a mountain stream. It was dark as we approached Freeland, and had grown much colder. The stream had turned to thin ice, making it difficult for the horse to keep his

footing. I endeavored to keep him on his feet but he grew nervous, and reaching a wide place in the stream where all feet were on the ice, he slipped and fell headlong and in trying to rise rolled from the bed of the shallow stream into a deep ravine, the bottom of which could not be seen in the darkness. I was uninjured, and picking my way cautiously to Freeland remained there all night, going on to the Springs by daylight. On my way I met the carrier coming afoot slowly up the mountain. He had lost two mules by their slipping from the narrow path, but was trying to perform the service with a degree of regularity, as the mines were filling with people anxious for their letters from home. —New York Herald.

## JUDGE GRESHAM.

WHAT DEMOCRATIC PAPERS SAY OF HIS SELECTION FOR THE CABINET.

The Republican press cannot forgive Judge Gresham for refusing to vote for the pickpocket tariff and its representative. Hence the abuse that it is now heaping on him. —Rochester Union.

Gresham's name is a tower of strength in all that section. He is the choice of those who desire regardless of party. The Third Partyites begged permission to nominate him because they knew his strength. Thus it can be seen that if Mr. Cleveland has made the selection he has exhibited high politics. —Richmond Star.

Really, the only question is whether it is best, if we are to have political parties, to give the highest honor of an administration outside of party lines. But so long as the choice falls upon a safe and conservative man, as in this case, the question is relieved of much of its importance, and if Mr. Gresham is not a Democrat, he certainly is not a Republican. —Petersburg Index Appeal.

The selection of Judge Gresham will probably be distasteful to the friends of Col. Morrison, of Illinois, and ex-Gov. Gray of Indiana, as they both expected Cabinet appointments. But, this aside, the selection will strengthen the Democratic party and the new Administration very greatly in the West, which is the Democratic recruiting-ground of the future. —Pittsburg Post.

His appointment is a master stroke of good politics and good sense. Fortunate in his whole public career and in public appreciation of his character, Judge Gresham is also to be congratulated upon the impression that he has made upon the great Democrat who is to become President next month an impression that the Herald is glad to say is shared by Democrats everywhere. In his cabinet appointments so far Mr. Cleveland has made no mistake. The presence of Judge Gresham in that body will hasten the dissolution of the party of prejudices and plunder and exert a prodigious influence in behalf of universal democracy and good government. —Chicago Herald.

If Grover Cleveland has invited Judge Gresham to his Cabinet he has proceeded wisely, for the Judge is one who is near the hearts of the people, because they recognize in him sterling worth as a citizen. In essentials Judge Gresham is a Democrat. His sympathies are now and always have been heartily with the people. He is opposed now, he always has been opposed to the idea that, in a republic where every citizen is supposed to be upon an equality before the law with every other citizen, the agency of Government shall be used to favor one class at the expense of another. As a Cabinet officer and as a Judge he has been clearly opposed to the encroachment of corporate power upon the rights and interests of the great body of the people. —Chicago Times.

## A LETTER TO THE GIRLS NO. 9.

BY WILD ROSE.

DEAR SISTERS: Perhaps you think ere this that you have heard the last of me, and, like the heroine of some novel, I have been carried off to some lonely prison or otherwise mysteriously disappeared, for when last I addressed you the roses of summer bloomed fair and sweet and now nature has put on her dress of snow and ice, but I have not yet concluded to write "nois" upon the pages of my literary work, so while I rest for a season from the joys and sorrows of a school girls life, I will come, with the permission of our good friend, the editor, to have a chat with you.

It has been several months since my name last appeared in the columns of THE BEACON, but no week has passed in which it has not been received and welcomed like a friend of old, and through my long silence dear sisters, no time has come when my desire has not been for your advancement and welfare.

Sisters, old king winter is indeed all around us with his icy fetters, for even in my Southern home, I can look upon the snow piled white and deep and cannot say I envy you whose homes are in colder climes. I look out upon the snow which clothes our fields and woods like a huge white garment, it is indeed beautiful, so grand and white it seems the emblem of purity, but its beauty fills my heart with sadness for how quickly fancy converts it into a winding sheet, hiding the dead grass and flowers, and casts dim the fair scene while sad thoughts go out to other graves beneath the snow and dear forms sleeping there beneath its cold, white wings.

Christmas, the anniversary which should ever be one of rejoicing to rich and poor alike, has come and gone and no doubt left many pleasant memories behind, and tonight the old year is dying—a few more hours and it will be as a path on which our feet can tread no more, a page in the book of our lives turned from us forever. Yet how often the swift wings of memory will take us back to scenes of the past, and in fancy we will live our lives again. How often in the years to come memory will revert to 1892, bringing to our minds some bright hope realized or some sweet friendship formed then and, some of its days, how gladly we would live again. We greet the new year just before us with hearts full of hope for the future, yet sadly enough we watch the old year die when we remember that we are one year nearer the great beyond and that likewise we must all soon finish our allotted time on earth.

And now, my sisters, the grand new year is just before us we must now begin on a new leaf in the history of our lives, let us resolve that we will make no blot nor write no careless word upon this pure white page, for ere long this must also be taken from our hands. Let us strive to become wiser and better. I do not mean to turn a leaf that will net stick, but we will write upon it with a pen of truth and earnest endeavor.

As happiness, my sisters, seems to be the

penitentiary a Raleigh. After he had served a part of his term his letters to Mrs. Austin suddenly ceased, and after many weeks of waiting the wife heard that her husband had been killed by a "pen" guard in attempting to escape.

Time passed, and Mrs. Austin, believing her husband dead, accepted the hand of E. W. Morgan, of this county, and they were married on the 14th of October, 1891, by Justice A. J. Summey. The couple lived happily together until several months ago, when Mrs. Morgan was thrown into a state bordering on frenzy by the receipt of a letter from husband no. 1, whom she had believed dead for so many months. The matter was laid before the latter day husband and to him Mrs. Morgan, (or Austin) imparted the information that she could no longer live with him. That day she left him.

Now, Austin, husband no. 1, has reappeared on the scene, arriving here from Raleigh a few days ago. It seems that he had been shot, twice in the head and once in the back, while attempting to escape from the penitentiary, but, although brought near death's door, he recovered. He was an invalid, however, from the wounds, and one bullet is said to be in his head yet, causing periodical fainting fits. His case was brought to the attention of the Governor and Austin received a pardon and came to Asheville. Since his arrival he has been stopping with relatives in North Asheville.

Austin's return, it is said, has caused a mild sort of consternation in several families. Several of the children, as has already been stated, have found homes with families who have become attached to them, and who now fear Austin will try to take the children away from them. Morgan, or no. 2, is said to be afraid Austin, feeling offended because of the second marriage, may undertake to make matters warm for him. Austin has not yet seen Mrs. Austin nor has he expressed a desire to do so.

## THE DANGERS BRAVED BY FAITHFUL MAIL CARRIERS.

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aim of us all let me tell you of the key to unlock its oft-times hidden door. It is making those happy around us, so let us ask ourselves the question if we have done all in our power in the past year to make the lives of those around us bright and in the year before us endeavor to be gentler and kinder than ever before. Nothing is cheaper than kind words, yet what messengers they are of peace and good will, how often they soothe the wounded spirit when no other earthly power can, remember that you are commanded to "Bear ye one another's burdens" and without obedience we can never be truly happy. Many things may be required of us, but nothing which our Father will not give us the strength to perform.

Another thing sisters we should not forget and that is the cultivation of our minds. If God has given us talents we should not wrap them in a napkin, but work to improve and increase them. But some may say their talents are so small that time is only wasted striving to improve them. I often think of what a friend said to me once he said: "God has commanded me to work, and if he has only given me one talent and my brother ten, why should I not work as well as he?" Why not indeed, so sisters we should regard each hour as golden and truly "that day lost whose low declining sun, Views from thy hand no noble action done." And you sister who are enjoying the advantages of instruction, let me insist that you waste not the golden moments, for let me assure you that education is one of the chief blessings to woman, and without it she can never hope to become independent and I look forward to the day and trust that it is not far distant when girls are fitted by education to provide for themselves will be rare in our land, when no woman need be dependent if she does not wish to be. But girls remember this can not be unless we work to obtain it, for education is not a gift neither to be bought with money without efforts of our own, but rather a reward for years of unwearying toil. Now, Sisters, with kind wishes

I am WILD ROSE.

## VALUE OF COTTON CROPS.

Chronicle.

Speaking of the comparative value to the farmers of small and large cotton crops, the Galveston News says:

"The best authorities, both bulls and bears, admit that another large cotton crop this year means 6 cent cotton or even cheaper than that next season. The world does not need 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 bales of cotton the coming season and will not buy it except at its own price, which, as so freely intimated already, will be at or below the cost of production.

These are self-evident facts. What the News desires to show as it showed imperfectly last January is that there is more money for the farmer in a small crop than there is in a large one. It requires no mathematical knowledge to appreciate this. The statement is a simple one. If a small crop be produced 10 cents will be a moderate price for cotton, while if the crop be a large one 6 cents will be the maximum. Assuming the correctness of these figures, let us see what the results will be from a crop of 6,000,000 bales and a crop of 9,000,000 bales.

Six million bales at 10c	\$600,000,000
Cost of production	180,000,000
Profit	\$420,000,000
Nine million bales at 6c	\$540,000,000
Cost of production	270,000,000
Profit	Nothing.

These figures are not absolutely correct, but they are near enough so to impress upon the mind of any thoughtful man the fact that there is more money in a small crop of cotton this year than there is in a large one.

As already stated by the News the farmers have it in their power to fix the minimum price for which their cotton shall sell next year, when they hitch up their teams to go out to plow. If they are wise they will curtail acreage, for if they do not the cotton mills will be fed next season at the expense of the farmers. The case is too plain to require argument."

The Star says that the Mississippi catfish is not over particular as to his diet. Here is what was found in the "insards" of a 312 pounder, which had been gored by a freshet and captured: Two fish hooks and a line, a tenpenny nail, a gold ring and a registered letter. Whether he had eaten the person who wore the ring, and made a raid on some postoffice and gobbled the mail is not known.

Take your home paper. Pay for it, and read it.

## Roper Directory.

**CIVIL.**  
 Justice of the Peace, Jas. A. Cheson.  
 Constable, Warren Caboon.

**CHURCHES.**  
 Methodist, Rev. J. J. Finlayson, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock (except the first), and every Sunday night at 7:30. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school Sunday morning at 9:30. L. G. Roper superintendent, R. R. Lewis secretary.  
 Episcopal, Rev. Luther Eborn, rector. Services every 2d Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Thos. W. Blount superintendent, W. H. Daily secretary.  
 Baptist, Rev. Jos. Tisch, pastor. Services every 3d Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

**LOGGERS.**  
 Roper Masonic Lodge, A. F. & A. M. No. 443, meets in their Hall at Roper, N. C., at 7:30 p. m., 1st and 3d Wednesdays after 1st Sunday. J. D. Savage, W. M.; K. L. Williams, Secretary.

**Important to Ladies.**  
 Sir-I made use of your PHILTOXEN with my last child, in order to procure a safe and easy travail. I used it about two months before my expected time, until I was taken sick, and I had a very quick and easy confinement. Nothing occurred to prevent my convalescence, and I got about in less time than was usual for me. I think it a medicine that should be used by every expectant mother, for should they but try it as I have, they would never again be without it at such times. I am yours respectfully  
 Mrs. ELIZABETH DIX.  
 Any merchant or druggist can procure RILEY'S PHILTOXEN for \$1 a bottle.  
 CHARLES F. RIBLEY, Wholesale Druggist, 62 Cortlandt St., New York.