

The Lexington Dispatch.

VOL. XXIII.

LEXINGTON, S. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1893.

NO. 14.

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The Eternal Joys of Heaven.

Extract from Talmage.
I must study these sciences so far as to help me in my work, but beyond that I must give myself to saving my own soul and saving the souls of others, knowing that in one flash of eternity we will catch it all. Oh, what an observatory in which to study astronomy heaven will be, not by power of telescope, but by supernatural vision, and if there be something doubtful 10,000,000 miles away, by one stroke of the wing you are there, by another stroke of the wing you are back again, and all in less time than I tell you, catching it all in one flash of eternity.

And geology! What a place that will be to study geology, when the world is being picked to pieces as easily as a school girl in botanical lessons pulls the leaf from the corolla! What a place to study architecture, amid the thrones and the palaces and the cathedrals—St. Mark's and St. Paul's are rookeries in comparison.

Sometimes you wish you could make the tour of the earth, going around as others have gone, but you have not the time; you have not the means. You will make the tour yet during one musical pause in the eternal anthem. I say these things for the comfort of those people who are abridged in their opportunities—those people to whom life is a hum-drum, who toil and work, and toil and work, and aspire after knowledge, but have no time to get it, and say, "If I had the opportunities which other people have, how I would fill my mind and soul with grand thoughts!" Be not discouraged, my friend. You are going to the university yet. Death will only matriculate you into the royal college of the universe.

What a sublime thing it was that Dr. Thornwell, of South Carolina, uttered in his last dying moments. As he looked up he said, "It opens; it expands; it expands." Or, as Mr. Tompkins, the author of "The

neither thirst no more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Oh, unglue your hand and give it to me in congratulation on that scene! I feel as if I would shout. I will shout hallelujah! Dear Lord, forgive me that I ever complained about anything. If all this is before us, who cares for anything but God and heaven and eternal brotherhood? Take the crape off the door bell. Your loved ones are only away for their health in a land ambrosial. Come, Lowell Mason, Isaac Watts, and give us your best hymn about joys celestial.

What is the use of postponing our heaven any longer? Let it begin now, and whosoever hath a harp let her thrum it, and whosoever hath a trumpet let him blow it and whosoever hath an organ let him give us full diapason. They crowd down the air, spirits blest, moving in cavalcade of triumph. Their chariot wheels whirl in the Sabbath sunlight. They come. Halt, armies of God! Halt until we are ready to join the battalion of pleasures that never die.

Oh, my friends, would take a sermon as long as eternity to tell the joys that are coming to us. I just set open the sun's door. Come in, all ye disciples of the world who have found the world a mockery. Come in, all ye disciples of the dance, and see the bounding feet of this heavenly gladness. Come in, ye disciples of worldly amusement, and see the stage where kings are actors, and burning worlds the footlights, and thrones the speculator.

Arise, ye dead in sin, for this is the morning of resurrection. The joys of heaven submerge our soul. I pull out the trumpet stop. In thy presence there is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forever more.

Blessed are the saints beloved of God. Washed with the water of life.

They're Dying Out.

One Sees But Little of the True Type of the "Ole-time Darkey" Now.

Atlanta Constitution.
Away down in the valley of the Savannah river lies a fair strip of country where the spirit of the old south, its simple customs and faith will never die. There in that beautiful and delectable land things seem to rock recklessly on with the change of seasons pretty much as they used to do before there was ever any talk of war between the states, and just as though there had never been any war to ruffle the peace and happiness of the south.

The people are not as rich as they used to be, but what matters it when they are just as happy?—The great plantations have never been subdivided or cut to pieces, and remain to this day the same vast estate that used to spread out before the gaze of the southern barons who presided over them in the dear old days; when they could call their scores of slaves around the "big ouse" at sunrise and march them out across the fields of cotton and corn for miles around to work. The lands are just as rich, the seasons just as propitious, the air just as pure and fresh and the water runs from the old sweet-gum springs just as cool and delightful as it used to run; while the sun summer shines just as warm and bright and the mocking birds have lost none of their power to charm the human heart with merry songs from out the bush and bramble.

The same old darkeys that used to wait upon their lords are there, many of them, and while they have large families they have not allowed the "newfangled city ideas" to get away upon the mind of the younger generation. There are few regions in the south where such conditions still remain unchangeable. One seldom finds in the southern state today the true

in a sentimental mood his song would be more of a monotonous moan, improvised with a few words murmured in a low voice over and over again. For instance, one could be heard singing in the melancholy dirge of a tone.

I'm gwine ter leave old Georgy-
I'm gwine ter leave old Georgy-
I'm gwine ter leave old Georgy-
When the sun goes rollin' down.

There were no more verses of this song, and I never heard but one negro sing it. Therefore, I think it was original. It was meaningless, save to the extent that the singer had a temporary grudge against his native state and didn't mind making bold to say so. Yet to him it was a highly sentimental song.

The chief repertoire of the old time negro vocalists were songs of a lighter nature, and were usually sung at the cabin dances, where, with a great lightwood knot fire blazing on the hearth, they would gather around from all the cabins of the quarter for the "hot supper" as the ball was styled by them.

With one to play a lively but never turning tune on the old two dollar fiddle, one to "beat" straws, and one to call the figures of the dance and two or three enthusiasts to "trap" or pat, the dance would go on with a half dozen or more couples whirling round and round, whetting out shoe leather at a furious rate on the rude floor of the cabin. There it was that one heard the real negro song, original and simple pure, such as the following:

Jay bird up de sugar tree,
Sparrow on de ground,
Jay bird shake de shugur down,
Sparrow pass hit'er round.

Chorus.
Shoo, ladies, shoo!
Shoo, ladies, shoo, my gal,
Um just fun Sugar Hill.

Five cents is my pocket change,
Ten cents is my bill,
If times don't git me better head,
Um bound for

way from the shoulder down the arm in measured jerks, keeping time with the seldom changing tune. There is an inspiration about the banjo when played this way that goes right into the heart of a man, and makes him say to himself, if the banjo was not first conceived by the negro, it certainly is easily at home on the negro's knee.

How is
Your Blood?

I had a malignant breaking out on my leg below the knee, and was cured sound and well with two and a half bottles of S.S.S. Other blood medicines had failed to do me any good. WILL C. BEATY, Youngs, S. C.

TRADE MARK
I was troubled from childhood with an aggravated case of Tetter, and three bottles of S.S.S. cured me permanently. WALTER MANN, Memphis, T. N.
Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT BROTHERS CO., Atlanta, Ga. Mar-25 1v.

Judge Lamar at Petersburg.

Of the many eloquent speeches made by this brilliant Georgian, perhaps the grandest was in 1865, to the man in the trenches. General Longstreet and Ord were confronting each other on the James, and it was not long after the Fort Sumner conference. Longstreet's men were ragged and ill fed, while Ord had three to his one, all warmly clothed and richly fed.

The "boys in gray" were despondent, when it was suggested that Col. L. C. Lamar make them a speech. Longstreet said it could do no harm, and might cheer his soldiers. But when and where to speak was the difficulty. All the men were in the trenches and close up to the Federal line.

A place little back from the

About Our Grandparents.

Harper's Bazaar.
Judged from the standpoint of the average child, there is nobody so delightful as the average grandparent. Grandfathers are the jolliest of play-fellows, the most charming of companions. Fathers are apt to be absorbed in business, with little or no time to devote to the amusement of their boys and girls, but grandfathers are no longer in the conflict; they can patter about, help in making kites and building boats, tell stories by the hour together; they can sympathize with a "flow" in his daily trials and triumphs. A grandfather is very much nearer a boy of five or ten years old than his father is apt to be. He looks through older yet more child like eyes, and appreciates the boy's difficulties and temptations more readily and more truly than a younger man does. It almost seems at times as if a man must be a grandfather before he entirely enters into the fullness of fatherhood.

As for grandmothers, no family is complete that lacks one. A grandmother over the way, in the next street, in the next town, is a blessing, but a grandmother resident in the family is a gift for which to thank God fervently. Who else is so tender, so sweet, so dear? To her quiet room, young and old bring their perplexities, to find the patient wisdom and the ready common sense which explain whatever was baffling, and devise a way in 'o freedom from care. Grandmother's chair is moved into the sunniest corner of the kitchen when grave household duties are afoot. It is her receipt by which the wedding cake is compounded for the bride, and the mince meat prepared for the winter's supply.

Grandmother always has court plaster and witch hazel and arnica and toothache drops in the little cabinet in her room. She can spread bandages and bind up wounds, and

trains chained to the tract in different parts of the State are causing temporary cessation of traffic and a corresponding suffering and injury to consignees of freight.

To say the least of it, the State has a prima facie case, and it is only a demonstration of partisanship and prejudice to hold the State, through her officers, entirely responsible for the unfortunate condition of affairs.

Our morning contemporary, the State, in an effort to dismiss this feature of the case from the pending controversy and relieve the railroads from any portion of blame, says that "it is not the wish of the railroads that their trains are chained to the tracks and prevented from performing their functions, and therefore they cannot be held responsible." Far indeed, is it from their "wish" that they should be thus dealt with, but it is a primary principle of justice that those who ask equity must do equity—one cannot take advantage of his own wrong, nor can the plea of defense be completely established unless the party, making such claim can come into court with clean hands and evidence of not having provoked the difficulty.

In the matter under consideration it is a pertinent question to ask the railroad companies if they come within the scope of these well-defined principles.

South Carolina as a sovereign State has an undisputed right to enact laws for the levy and collection of her taxes and through her officers has the highest and most solemn right to enforce the collection of those taxes as prescribed by her legally existing and duly enacted laws.

The State is acting upon her distinct and sovereign rights and should not be obstructed by hostile opposition which is nothing short of an invasion of her reserved and righteous powers.

We therefore deny the proposition that the federal court has complete

ing on

EPSTIN BROS.,

150 MAIN STREET.

UNDER COLUMBIA HOTEL.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

Sept. 7-1f

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Gun and Lock Smith.

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GUNS, PISTOLS, PISTOL CARTRIDGES, FISHING TACKLE,

and all kinds of Sportmen's Articles, which he has now on exhibition and for sale at his store.

Main Street, Near the Central Bank, Columbia, S. C.

AGENT FOR HAZARD POWDER COMPANY. Repairing done at short notice.

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At the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1889, received the only Grand Prize awarded for Sewing Machines. The No. 9 has no equal in rapidity and precision of action, elegance of design. The most simple and durable Sewing Machine on the market. For prices, terms, etc., address, W. M. CORLEY, Agt., Brookland, S. C.

Sept. 21-6m

LEXINGTON SAVINGS BANK.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED SUBJECT TO CHECK.

ALLEN JONES, President.

W. P. ROOF, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

Allen Jones, W. P. Roof, C. M. Eard, R. Hilton, Jas. E. Hendrix.

EXCHANGE BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Deposits of \$1 and upwards received and interest at 5 per cent. per annum allowed, payable April and October.

Sept. 21-1f

George Curtis, of Morgantown, North Carolina, owns a hen which, he claims, recently laid 21 eggs in 18 days.

Ages, in his last moment, or in his last hours, looked up and said, as though he saw something supernatural, "Light!" and as he came nearer the dying moment, his countenance more luminous, he cried, "Light!" and at the very moment of his departure lifted both hands, something supernatural in his countenance as he cried, "Light!" Only another name for sunshine.

Besides that we shall have all the pleasures of association. We will go right up in the front of God without any fright. All our sins gone, there will be nothing to be frightened about. There our old Christian friends will troop around us. Just as now one of your sick friends goes away to Florida, the land of flowers, or to the south of France, and you do not see him for a long while, and after awhile you meet him, and the hollows under the eyes are filled, and the appetite has come back, and the crutch has been thrown away, and he is so changed you hardly know him. You say, "Why, I never saw you look so well." He says, "I couldn't help but be well. I have been sailing these rivers and climbing these mountains, and that's how I got this elasticity. I never was so well."

Oh, my friends, your departed loved ones are only away for their health, in a better climate, and when you meet them they will be so changed you will hardly know them—they will be so very much changed, and after awhile, when you are assured that they are your friends, you will say, "Why, where is that cough? Where is that paralysis? Where is that pneumonia? Where is that consumption?" And he will say, "Oh, I am entirely well! There are no sick ones in this country. I have been ranging these hills, and hence this elasticity. I have been here now twenty years, and not one sick one have I seen—we are all well in this climate."

And then I stand at the gate of the celestial city to see the processions come out, and I see a long procession of little children with arns full of flowers, and then I see a procession of kings and priests moving in celestial pageantry—a long procession, but no black tasseled vehicle, no mourning group, and I say, "How strange it is! Where is your Greenwood? Where is your Laurel Hill? Where is your Westminster Abbey?" And they shall cry, "There are no graves here."

And then listen for the tolling of the old bellies of heaven, the old bellies of eternity. I listen to hear them toll for the dead, but they toll not for the dead. They only strike up a silvery chime, tower to tower, east gate to west gate, as they ring out, "they shall hunger no more,

Oh, they shine, and sublime. My dear friends, would stretch her wings and soar away. To aid the song, the palm to bear, And bow the chief of sinners there.

Oh, the sunshine, the glorious sunshine, the everlasting sunshine.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. 14.

Some days ago a tramp applied for lodging at a Mississippi farm house, when the farmer set his dogs on him and severely beat him. The farmer afterwards discovered that the man was his son, who had run away from home 20 years previously.

Never whip a horse for not doing what he cannot understand is wanted of him. Few horses willfully refuse to perform a service required. But they do not understand. Spend your energy in patiently making the animal understand, instead of spending it in whipping him.

S. J. Chandler, Richmond, Va., writes: "No one can afford to be without B. B. B., who wishes an appetite. I could scarcely eat a single biscuit for breakfast, but since taking B. B. B., I clean the whole table, so to speak." 16.

A young girl was caught kissing her sweetheart a few days ago. Her mother took her to task for such actions, but the girl silenced her by this quotation: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." The old lady wilted. Memories of old were brought forcibly to mind.

A wilful falsehood is a cripple, not able to stand by itself without another to support it. It is easy to tell a lie, but it is hard to tell only one lie. Hood's Sarsaparilla, for sale at the Bazaar.

Of course, the writers write books about this class, culled individuals say they find them here and there, yet it is but the simple truth that the genuine character doesn't turn up at the beck and call of the writer every time he makes believe. Towering schools and colleges for the colored freedman's children have played sad havoc with the ranks of the "fo de wah" plantation darkeys, and with no intention of robbing the statesman of his task to tell whether it be for the good or the ill of the republic that this is true, it may just be stated here and now that the writer who draws pictures from life for the sake of fiction and his reputation through conversations with the "ole time southern" darkey had best object left alive upon whom to work. They are going from us with their happy songs and shouts.

The type of plantation darkey to be found along the banks of the Savannah today is so different in comparison with the type of negro to be seen commonly throughout the south that one would hardly know whether it were the same race. It ought to be said just in this connection that a very few of the book writers who depend upon the old type of negro for their characters get the truth from nature.—They fall short in the picture anyhow. The pen of Thomas Nelson Page has snatched from the old Virginia darkey the very words he utters, and it takes no close observer to know that he has painted his pictures from life as he found it. So it is with Joel Chandler Harris. He has not been mistaken in the man and has put the picture just as it was presented.

What miserable fakes are many of the plantation songs one hears from the stage nowadays! It is the same way with the characters portrayed by some negro-dialect writers. Perhaps, the songs of the negroes measured beside the songs they are reported to sing very often show the widening difference between the true character and the fictitious character more conspicuously than any other evidence that could be taken into account. A southern born man who has ever spent a day on a southern farm among the darkeys "of the old school," so to speak, would laugh to scorn the songs that the minstrels sometimes sing with pleadings to be taken to their old plantations, songs which have pretty enough verses to them, but which have none of the simplicity that really characterizes the true songs of the old time darkey. As a rule their songs were disconnected and contained but little more than a mere jumble of ill-timed rhymes.—The old time negro couldn't sing a sentimental song. If he was

rockin' keeps up more inspiring d... the plaintive tone that runs through the true negro melodies whether they be merry or solemn.

The "set" is finally ended and a relay of dancers, summoned out by the repeated shout, "pardners on de flo," take position in the arena. The tune changes with the change of set and another singer comes to the front with: Steal my pardner, I steal yours. Little Liza Jane; Steal all 'er roun', don't s'light none, Little Liza Jane.

And when the chorus comes, all join in the shout and the dance assumes all the life of a perfect south Georgia cyclone.

WHAT ABOUT THE BANJO?

It has been a much debated question among negro dialect writers whether the banjo is really very much of a negro musical instrument, that is to say, whether it was invented by the slaves and whether it was ever played by them to a great extent. It has been claimed by some that the banjo is an Arabian invention, and that it came to this country simply as a rude combination of hide and a wooden rim. It is also claimed that the negro was never much of a performer on the banjo.

Whatever might be advanced to sustain these claims, the fact still remains that the prima facie evidence is against them.

To those who have never heard the genuine negro banjo picker, there is but little doubt of at least the adaptability of the instrument to the race. Of course, to hear the banjo faked of modern times, whether his skin be black or white, would tend to disprove the commonly accepted tradition that the banjo is the negro's instrument, for the faked songs and fantastic movements of the fingers on the strings have no smack of plantation originality. There is the greatest difference between the banjo of the present day and the "banjo picker" of the past, whose songs were the life of the plantations of the south. The entire art is changed, and the banjo itself has evolved from a sieve hoop covered with a sheep skin to a beautiful instrument trimmed with silver ornaments and covered with the finest calf skin parchment such as is used for the manufacture of college diplomas.

The old negroes along the banks of the Savannah river play the banjo today just as it was played in its primitive days. They know nothing of the fancy minor chords that the fakes of the cities have found on the frets of their pretty instruments. They use but the forefinger and the thumb on the strings, and have but the one movement which is all the

Col. Lamar began and never in the senate, the house of the courtroom did he make such a stirring address. He stood on a real stump, with the ragged veterans of Lee huddled close about him.

As the great orator proceeded the men cheered. Attracted by the cheering the federals shot at the noise. Lamar went on with his speech ducking his head to the right or the left, as bullets whizzed closely him. Finally the firing became so heavy, continuous and accurate, making splinters fly from the stump he was on, that Col. Lamar concluded his speech with this remark: "Those yankees must have owl's eyes."

Specimen Cases. S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis. was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism in his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away and he was reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his legs were sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg. Doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at the Bazaar.

Immediate Action Needed.

Columbia Register.
The railroads must be taught that they are not supreme in South Carolina. Through the intervention of the United States Courts they have defied the authority of the State and set its laws at naught. They must be brought to a proper sense of their obligations to the State, even if it takes an extra session of the Legislature to do it. An extra session would cost the people of the States money but they are willing to pay, for the are fighting for a principle, the principle of State's rights. It was just such a spirit which provoked the cry in 1812 of "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." The people are willing to go even to the extent of revoking the charters of such roads as fail to respect its laws. There should be no delay in this matter; the railroads ought to be brought up with around turn at once. The railroads have flung down the gauntlet of defiance to the State and have nullified one of its laws and defied its sovereign power to collect revenue to run its government. Now let them beware; this is not an age in which railroads can boss the people.

Grandparents are accused by their children and daughters, with a fair show of reason, of being decidedly more lenient with juvenile offenders, less sternly disposed toward discipline than they were to their children in an earlier day. They would spoil the grandchildren if allowed, declare the fathers and mothers serenely confident of their own discretion, and quite sure they are right in their sternly repressive methods.

Never mind. The wheel of time in its ceaseless revolution is bringing on the day when the man who laughingly reproves his parents for their fancied weakness, will himself some day stand in awed pleasure gazing into the round eyes of the second generation, and feeling himself the founder of a line. Then it will be his turn to emulate the grand parent, as the grandparent has been from the beginning.

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold, or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottle free at the Bazaar. Large size 50c and \$1.00.

A Question of State Sovereignty.

From the Columbia Journal.
In the pending controversy between the railroad companies and the State of South Carolina the issues involved are of too serious character and consequence, the law on the subject too elaborate and the plain plan for the assessment and collection of taxes too clear to conclude that in this instance it is passion and not judgment that prompts the unusual and summary action emanating from the Executive.

A question of State sovereignty is involved. A position is taken on the one hand, which if maintained, will paralyze the arm of our State in the enforcement of her laws. We are fairly facing a grave question and a serious situation, the result of which will make its impress and materially effect the administration and enforcement of our laws in the future. Entirely irrespective of party factions, with the present governor of the State entirely eliminated in his personality, from the matter, we must consider this question with care and sincerity. It is to be deeply deplored that

not exist as it would to other creditors.

The spirit as well as the letter of the laws of South Carolina on this question of taxes and their collection is that the party feeling aggrieved or imposed upon shall obey the State's order and accept her assessment, pay her bill in full when presented, reserving the right to do so under protest and to bring an action to recover any excess alleged as having been charged. That puts the State in her proper position, makes the tax payer, and not a sovereign State, the actor in an action for demanding redress.

The railroad companies would have had the State of South Carolina apply to the federal court, at Richmond for an order directing the receivers to pay to the State the taxes in question, and, in fact, go so far as to say that, in addition to its being the most peaceful and expeditious way, it is really the only way.

It should no doubt please a district Judge of a federal court of inferior jurisdiction to have a sovereign State petition him to aid her in the collection of her taxes and the enforcement of her laws.

The State holds that she has her own method for collecting debts due her, and that method and its enforcement is law. She needs no outside assistance and concedes no higher authority to check or quicken her action than the Supreme Court of the United States.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at the Bazaar March 31.

In the town of Georgetown, in this State, a club has been organized called "The Grand Gallon Pot." The Georgetown Times says that "only first-class liars are liable to join this club, and that one of his friends remarked the other day that he had never told a lie in his life, whereupon "The Grand Gallon Pot" promptly elected him president—this unliabie gentleman."

Female Weakness Positive Cure.

To The Editor.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any lady if they will send their Express and P. O. address. Yours respectfully, Dr. A. C. Marchist, Utica, N. Y.

McELREE'S WINE OF CARDU