

# THE LEXINGTON GAZETTE.

Vol. 95 No. 52

Lexington, Rockbridge County, Virginia, Wednesday, December 27, 1899.

\$1.50 a Year

## THE SISTER OF ST. FRANCIS USE PERUNA

### Their Favorite Remedy for Coughs, Colds, La Grippe and Catarrh.



ST. VINCENT'S ORPHAN ASYLUM, EAST MAIN ST., COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Dr. S. B. Hartman: "Some years ago a friend of our institution recommended to us Dr. Hartman's 'Peru-na' as an excellent remedy for the la grippe, of which we then had several cases which threatened to be of a serious character."

"We began to use it and experienced such wonderful results that since then Peru-na has become our favorite medicine for influenza, catarrh, coughs, colds and bronchitis."

SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS, "St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum."

Mr. G. W. Aringo, of Collinsville, Tex., writes: "I have been using Peru-na for cough I have had for some time. It has completely cured me, and I do heartily recommend it to those suffering from coughs and colds. I will praise Peru-na forever."

Mr. Joseph Kirchensteiner, 57 Croton street, Cleveland, O., says: "We have used Peru-na for eight years as our family medicine. During the whole of that time we have not had to employ a physician. Our family consists of seven, and we always use it for the thousand and one ailments to which mankind is liable. We have used it in cases of scarlet fever, measles and la grippe."

Whenever one of the family feel in the least ill mother always says: "Take Peru-na and you will be well," or, if we do not happen to have any, "We will have to get more Peru-na." Peru-na is always satisfactory in colds and coughs."

Free Correspondence. The climatic diseases of winter are mainly coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis, tonsillitis and other catarrhal affections of the respiratory tract. Peru-na is an absolute specific for all of these affections. Peru-na will cure a cough or cold in a very few days. Peru-na will cure chronic catarrh even of years' standing in a few weeks. Peru-na should be kept in every house as a safeguard against the many affections to which the family is liable during the winter season.

Mr. Albert Borngraber, of Mayville, Wis., says: "I want to tell you that I have been given good health by Peru-na. In September, 1893, I caught a very bad cold. It settled on my lungs and I was troubled with night sweats and a terrible cough. I could not sleep part of the time. I could scarcely breathe. I began to take Peru-na, and in a short time was entirely cured."

Mr. W. E. McKain, Iowa Park, Texas, who was completely restored to health by Peru-na, writes as follows: "I have used your Peru-na and have given it a thorough trial. I must say the result was flattering to you, and I can conscientiously recommend it for coughs, colds, and especially la grippe." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O., for a book on chronic catarrh. Sent free.

Mr. Joseph Kirchensteiner.

Mr. G. W. Aringo and Son.

Mr. Albert Borngraber.

Mr. W. E. McKain.

## NOT A RICH BOY ON THE LIST

John Adams, second president, was the son of a grocer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was reared in the pine woods for which the state is famous.

James K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a new farm in North Carolina. He was afterwards a clerk in a country store.

Millard Fillmore was the son of a New York farmer and his home was a humble one. He learned the business of a clothier.

James Buchanan was born in a small town in the Alleghany mountains. His father cut the logs and built the house in what was then a wilderness.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a wretchedly poor farmer in Kentucky and lived in a log cabin until he was twenty-one years old.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten years by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school, and picked up all the education he ever had.

Ulysses S. Grant lived the life of a village boy in a plain house on the Ohio river, until he was seventeen years of age.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on a farm until he was strong enough to use carpenter's tools, when he learned the trade. He afterwards worked on a canal.

Grover Cleveland's father was a Presbyterian minister with a small salary and a large family. The boys had to earn their own living.

William McKinley's early home was plain and comfortable, and his father was able to keep him at school.

## PROPER HEATING OF THE HOUSE.

Seventy degrees Fahrenheit is a good temperature at which to keep the house. If the ventilation is so arranged that the impure air passes out, and there is a proper supply of pure air, all the healthy members of the family will be comfortably warm. It is a mistake to make one or two rooms hot and keep the rest of the house at a much lower temperature, no better system could be devised for producing colds.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Hicks—Do you have any trouble in keeping your children clean? Mrs. Wicks—Not a bit. I don't try.—Detroit Free Press.



### SYRUP OF FIGS

ACTS GENTLY ON THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS

CLEANS THE SYSTEM

DISPELS EFFECTUALLY COLDS, HEADACHES, OVERCOMES SICKNESS AND FEVERS

HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS

BUY THE GENUINE—MANUFACTURED BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Changes and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp disease & itching. 50c and 10c bottles. Druggists.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and only Genuine. CHESTER'S ENGLISH PILLS IN RED AND GOLD wrapper, made with blue ribbon. Take no other. Before Progressing Substitutes and Imitations. Buy of your Druggist or send 4c. in stamps to J. C. Chester, 100 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa. (In later years, send 4c. to J. C. Chester, 100 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.)

## We Want Your Name

for "PASTIME," the brightest and best youth's and family illustrated story and humorous paper out. New and interesting features for all. Special department of valuable information for shrewd money makers and money savers. 16 large pages, only 50c a year, on trial six months for 10c. In stamps Gold Watches, Guns, Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Kodaks, Graphophones, Musical Instruments, etc., free for a little work that any one can do. Address THE PASTIME CO., Louisville, Ky.

## S. S. S. GOES TO THE BOTTOM.

### Promptly Reaches the Seat of all Blood Diseases and Cures the Worst Cases.

In every test made S. S. S. easily demonstrates its superiority over other blood remedies. It matters not how obstinate the case, nor what other treatment or remedies have failed, S. S. S. always promptly reaches and cures any disease where the blood is in any way involved. Everyone who has had experience with blood diseases knows that there are no ailments or troubles so obstinate and difficult to cure. Very few remedies claim to cure such real, deep-seated blood diseases as S. S. S. cures, and none can offer such incontrovertible evidence of merit. S. S. S. is not merely a tonic—it is a cure! It goes down to the very seat of all blood diseases, and gets at the foundation of the very worst cases, and routs the poison from the system. It does not, like other remedies, dry up the poison and hide it from view temporarily, only to break forth again more violently than ever; S. S. S. forces out every trace of taint, and rids the system of it forever.

### S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

—Is the only remedy that is guaranteed purely vegetable, and contains no mercury, potash, arsenic, or any other mineral or chemical. It never fails to cure Cancer, Eczema, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poison, Tetter, Boils, Carbuncles, Sores, etc. Valuable books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

## WAITING FOR DEATH.

BY BASIL C. D'ARSEM.

The queerest stuff I know of is dynamite; you can never be sure how much you know about it. It is very like women—the more you see of it, and the older you become, the more obliged you are to confess that you know nothing at all about it.

Perhaps the first thing that you will be told about dynamite is that concussion is needed to set it off.—Now, I have accidentally cut a stick of dynamite into halves with a spade, and nothing happened, except that my heart leaped into my throat as I saw what I had done.—Again, I have seen a miner pick up a stick and throw it at his partner, who, luckily, caught it in the most delicate way, and then gently lay it down and went for the fuel, and well and truly thrashed him.

Another instance. Two of us were working at the bottom of a shaft, and had made ready for the shot.—Some sticks of dynamite were being sent down to us in a bucket, but the man at the top, who was at the top, who was seven or eight different kinds of a born fool, managed to drop a stick over the side of the bucket, and it fell some fifty feet down the shaft and landed at our feet. George Ross, my partner, looked at me and I at him; we said nothing, but I believe that we both thought a whole lot. So you see that concussion does not always set off dynamite.

But, oh! there is another side to the question. I knew a miner who was carrying two sticks of dynamite in the bosom of his shirt when he stumbled and fell. Where he fell the ground was torn up and a big hole made, but nothing more was ever seen of that miner.

Another case. A teamster was driving slowly up the hill, picking his way and keeping a sharp lookout for rocks on the road; his wagon was loaded with dynamite, carefully packed. One wheel struck a stone; there was a jolt and a roar, and then the teamster, his wagon, and four mules were scattered over the State of Montana. And the coroner's jury did not view the remains, because there were none.

As I said before, it is queer stuff, and yet it looks so innocent and harmless—like the woman again. It is made up into sticks about ten inches long and one inch in diameter, wrapped in yellow or white paper. And these sticks look very like the Roman candles and big squibs used in fireworks displays.—The stuff is very sensitive to changes in temperature, and has to be thawed out before using it if it has been frozen. At first one is inclined to look upon this thawing-out process as rather ticklish work—although, with proper care, it is usually perfectly safe. A fire is made, and the dynamite is placed near it.

Often you will see a miner, who wishes, perhaps, to startle some "tenderfoot," take a stick and set fire to it, holding it in his hand while it sputters and burns with a sharp, acid and choking smoke. But sometimes the fool-killer Angel (who deals also in unloaded guns) is attending to his business; and then that miner's benefit lodge has to pay an insurance claim to the widow.—The only thing that you can say about dynamite is that the unexpected is just as likely to happen as the expected.

Now for my story. In October, 1897, I was at Castle, Montana, not far from the Crazy Mountains.—While the boom was going on, Castle was a lively, wide-open town; but when I was there the boom had fallen out of the town, and the town, if not dead, was decidedly sleeping.

Upon the hillsides were the open shafts of abandoned mines. Fine buildings and expensive machinery were left unattended and falling to pieces; whilst the boarding houses, filled to overflowing by miners in the palmy days, were empty and deserted. The inhabitants of the little town made pathetic attempts to convince themselves and stray visitors that times were picking up, and that there would yet be prosperity for them. Is there, by the way, any one in the world who is more sanguine than a miner or prospector?

A few mines were still being worked, and rumors of rich strikes were constantly heard on the streets and repeated in the poor little weekly paper. I know of nothing more pitiful than a dead mining-town; and Montana has many such dreary wrecks. In Castle there were many mines whose owners, in the golden days, refused to sell them for thousands of dollars; now, however, they were abandoned altogether, or were worked in a half-hearted manner "on shares."

George Ross and I had taken the "Golden West" mine on shares; George was an experienced miner, but I was green at the work, having but lately come from the cattle country, and being mere handy at throwing a rope than turning a drill. But we got on capitally together.

One day we were at work on a tunnel which we were running into the side of the hill. The tunnel was about forty feet long, and while we drilled some holes at the wall end of it, at the mouth we built a little fire and laid near it some sticks of dynamite which were frozen. Beside the fire stood a wheelbarrow, and in it, wrapped in a piece of gunny sack, were some lengths of fuse and a little tin box containing the caps or detonators used to explode the dynamite. We were busily working one morning. I holding the drill and turning it while George was striking, when suddenly we both noticed that a choking smoke was curling into the tunnel, bringing with it the unmistakable sign of burning dynamite.

The reader may judge of our horror when I tell him we saw that by some means the awful stuff had caught fire! Now this of itself might not have frightened us greatly, but we both knew that the danger lay in that little box of percussion caps. If they should explode, why then, nothing on earth could save us, for the concussion would set off the dynamite, and then we knew that we should be blown to pieces in our tunnel. George put out his hand and squeezed mine.

"It's a shame—it's a shame to die like this—blown to pieces in a hole in the ground!"

We could see the fire catch the piece of gunny sack and flicker all over it. In a few seconds we knew the caps would go, and then—well, the miners at the "Jumbo" above us, when they came down to dinner, would find the mouth of our tunnel choked up and they would dig and dig, and perhaps find some horrible pieces of what had been the partners who had worked the "Golden West" on shares.

I say we saw the fire catch the gunny sack, which was wrapped round the box of caps, and we hid our faces, stretched at full length on the ground. But, like one mesmerized, I could not keep my eyes away from that flickering gunny sack, from whence utter annihilation was to come. But it was not to be. I looked again, and saw a marvelous thing—a thing I shall never forget, for it is printed at the back of my eyes and branded on my brain. And like all marvelous things it was wonderfully simple. The barrow was tilted a little, and as the piece of sacking burned, the weight of the box fell out on the side farthest away from the fire, and gently rolled down the side of the hill into safety!

It was a few seconds before we realized that the chief danger was over; then we scrambled to our feet and staggered to the entrance of tunnel. I went down and picked up the still warm box of caps, and sprang down the mountain side with it. George followed me, and without a word we went down the main street of the little town.

"There," said George, when we had reached our shack, "what do you say, to that for a close call! Now, would you call that an accident, or what? And why, do you suppose, weren't we wiped out just now?"

And I could not answer him.—The Wide World Magazine.

## THE MODERN OILER

Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy, than by any other. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

## THE LAST OPPORTUNITY.

The late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous skeptic, told many stories of experiences which grew out of the common knowledge of his skepticism. One of these related to a visit which he once made to Rev. Philipps Brooks before Dr. Brooks became a bishop.

Calling on Dr. Brooks, he was refused admission because, as the servant said, it was "sermon day," and some of Dr. Brooks' own home people had already been denied admission. But Dr. Brooks learned that Ingersoll was at the door and sent out word that he should come in.

After the interview, and as Colonel Ingersoll was about to leave, he said: "Dr. Brooks, your man told me that you had denied yourself to some of your home people this morning. Now how is it that you have admitted me, a stranger?"

"Oh, that's quite easy," said Dr. Brooks, laughing. "They are my church members, and I shall see them again, here or in heaven, but isn't it right for me to consider your belief and that I shall probably never meet you again!"—Youth Companion.

My son has been troubled for years with chronic diarrhoea. Sometime ago I persuaded him to take some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After using two bottles of the 25-cent size he was cured. I give this testimonial, hoping some one similarly afflicted may read it and be benefited.—Thomas C. Bower, Gloucester, O. For sale by B. H. Gorrell, Druggist.

## THE CRYING NEED.

Wireless telegraphy, horseless carriages and chainless bicycles are all very well in their way, but what the world really yearns for is a noiseless baby.

B. H. Gorrell guarantees every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for the grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

## CELESTORIA.

Has broken down from overwork or household duties. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

Live for those that love you, For those whose hearts are fond and true, The only way to do this right, Take Rocky Mountain Tea at night.

## ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menaces to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

## JACKSON'S LAST DISPATCH.

Sent to General Lee Just Before the Battle of Chancellorsville.

Baltimore, December 20.—Mr. A. E. Morrison, of Leesburg, Va., has left at the Mercantile Trust Company for a keeping the last dispatch written by General Stonewall Jackson.

The dispatch was directed to General Lee and was written at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of May 2, 1863. General Jackson was killed about 7 o'clock the same day. The dispatch was intrusted to Mr. Morrison for delivery, but never reached its destination, as the bear was wounded in his efforts to get through the lines, and was unable to proceed or to turn the dispatch over to another courier. Mr. Morrison has since kept the paper which he prizes highly as being, perhaps, the last action of the famous Confederate general.

The dispatch reads as follows: Near Six Miles West, Chancellorsville, 3 P. M., May 2, 1863.

General: The enemy has made a stand at Chancellorsville, which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope so soon as practicable to attack. I trust that an overkind providence will bless us with success.

Respectfully, T. J. JACKSON, Lieut. General.

To General Robert E. Lee. P. S.—The leading division is up and next two appear to be well closed.

T. J. J.

## A SURE CURE FOR COUGHS.

Twenty-five Years' Constant Use Without a Failure.

The first indication of croup is hoarseness, and in a child subject to that disease it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness is a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, it will prevent the attack. It is used in many thousands of homes in this broad land and never disappoints the anxious mother. We have yet to learn of a single instance in which it has not proved effectual. No other remedy can show such a record—twenty-five years' constant use without a failure. For sale by B. H. Gorrell, Druggist.

## WHY SHE ENJOYED IT.

On Sunday, as a certain Scottish minister was returning homewards, he was accosted by an old woman, who said:

"Oh, sir, well do I like the day when you preach."

The minister was aware that he was not very popular and answered:

"My good woman, I am glad to hear it. There are too few like you. And why do you like it when I preach?"

"Oh, Sir," she replied, "when you preach I always get a good seat!"—Scottish Night.

## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.

Holiday Excursion Tickets to Richmond, Va., Washington, D. C., and all points on the Norfolk and Western Railway. Tickets on sale December 22nd to 25th and December 30 to January 1st, good for return passage January 4, 1900.

W. B. BIVILL, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.

As a cure for rheumatism Chamberlain's Pain Balm is gaining a wide reputation. D. E. Johnston, of Richmond, Ind., has been troubled with that ailment since 1862. In speaking of it he says: "I never found anything that would relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It acts like magic with me. My foot was swollen and paining me very much, but one good application of Pain Balm relieved me. For sale by B. H. Gorrell, Druggist."

## The shortage in the wheat crop this season

has made it necessary that a great many of the farmers sell their hay crop to raise the money to meet outstanding debts.

Now we are going to suggest a scheme that will save you money

## Tornado Fodder Cutters

and put your corn fodder in such a shape that the cattle will eat it, and you can get most benefit from it. One load of cut fodder will feed more cattle and give better results than four loads fed long.

The price of everything in our line has advanced, but we have decided to put the price of these machines down so as to put them in the reach of the average farmer. We have a stock on hand contracted for before the advance. Call for a catalogue and testimonials from your neighbors.

Speaking of corn fodder, don't forget that we are selling Fodder Twine and that the price is right. Call and get our prices on anything you may need in our line, and we think that we can save you money—a thing we are doing every day that we open our doors

## Owen Hardware Co.

\$1.00 A YEAR 10CTS. A COPY

## McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

A NOTABLE FEATURE FOR 1900

## THE - LIFE - OF - THE - MASTER

BY THE REV. JOHN WATSON, D. D.

Author of "The Mind of the Master," "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc. A Life of Christ by the Rev. Dr. John Watson (better known as Ian MacLaren) is a work that speaks sufficiently for itself. The work embodies all that is told in the sacred records, in a spirit unflinchingly devout and reverential. To add to the value of the work, it will be illustrated, largely in color, from pictures made in Palestine by Corwin Knapp Linson.

### OTHER FEATURES

A Novel by ANTHONY HOPE  
Frequent Contributions by RUDYARD KIPLING  
Short Stories by MARK TWAIN

Other Short Stories by such well known writers as Bret Harte, Cy Warman, Booth Tarkington, Shan F. Bullock, Tighe Hopkins, Robert Barr, Clinton Ross, W. A. Fraser. Interesting Articles by Lieut.-nant R. P. Hobson, Captain Joshua Slocum, Hamilton Garland, R. S. Baker, Rev. C. T. Brady, Professor E. S. Holden, Ex-Governor G. S. Boutwell, and others.

THE S. S. McCLURE COMPANY,  
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