THE COMMONWEALTH.
Scotland Neck, - - N. C.

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SCOTLAND NECK.

Mayor—W. A. Dunn.

Commissioners—Noah Biggs, J. R. Ballard, R. M. Johnson, J. Y. Savage.

Meet first Tuesday in each month at 4 o'clock, P. M.

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Assistant Policemen—A. David, W. D. Shields, C. F. Speed, Sol. Alexander.

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Methodist—Rev. J. Crowson, Pastor. Services every second and fourth Sundays at 11 o'clock, A. M. Sunday School every Sabbath morning.

Episcopal—Rev. H. G. Hilton, Rector. Services every first, second and third Sundays at 10½ o'clock, A. M. Also at Grimes's Hall every first and third Sabbath evenings at 4 o'clock. Sunday School every Sabbath morning.

Baptist—(colored,) George Norwood, Pastor. Services every fourth Sunday morning. Sunday School every Sabbath morning.

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CHURCHES.

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Baptist—Services every second Sunday, at 11.00 A. M., and 7.00 P. M. and third Sunday at 7 30 p. m. Sunday school at 9.30 a. m. Rev. W. J. Hopkins, Pastor.

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Methodist Protestant—Services every fourth Sunday, at 11.00 A. M., and 7.00 P. M. Rev. W. H. Wills, Pastor.

Country Appointments—M. E. Church—1st. Sunday, at Moore's School House, at 3 P. M.
2nd Sunday, at Pierce's, at 11.00 A. M., and at Smith's, at 3.00 P M.
3rd. Sunday, at Ebenezer, at 11.00 A. M.
4th. Sunday at Haywards at 11.00 A. M.
Communion at each appointment in February, Aug. and Nov. Rev. W. H. Watkins, Pastor.

M. P. Church—1st. Sunday, at Bradwords, at 11.00 A. M., and at Reid's School House, 3.00 P. M. Whitaker's Chapel, every second and fifth Sunday, at 11.00 A. M. Roseneath, 3rd. Sunday, 11.00 A. M.

Baptist Church.—Every first Sunday at Conoconary at 11 00 a m and 7 30 p m each third Sunday and the Saturday preceding at 11 00 a m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday at 7 30 p m Sunday school at 9.30 a m.

Dawson's Church, Dawson's X Roads, every fourth Sunday at 11 a m and 7 30 p m and the Saturday preceeding the fourth Sunday at 11 00 a m Prayer meeting Thursdays 7 30 p m Sunday school at 9 a m. Rev W J Hopkins, Pastor.

Colored Churches—1st. baptist—Every first Sunday, at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. C. B. Gibbs, Pastor.

2nd. Baptist—Every second Sunday, at 11.00 and 7.00 P. M. Rev. W. R. Shaw, Pastor.

A. M. E. Church—Every fourth Sunday at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Rev. J. H. Merrick, Pastor.

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PERSONS wishing to buy, sell, lease, rent or exchange real estate anywhere in this vicinity, will do well to communicate with us.

☞ Terms moderate.

KITCHIN & DUNN,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Scotland Neck, N. C.
June 29th, 1882.

THE RIGHT DIVINE.

[For the Commonwealth.]

The battle cry resounds again,
O'er Carolina's sunny plain;
Our banners to the breezes fling;
And on the mongrel foe we'll spring.
Rise ye freemen! rise amain! let victory shine—
On freemen's rights—the right divine.

The Demagogues would make us slaves,
By voting negroes, traitors knaves.—
Ignorance, vice and fraud unite,
Our manhoods glory thus to smite
Rise ye freemen! rise amain! let victory shine—
On freemen's rights—the right divine.

Northern hate again doth lower,
With Afrique aid to crush our power;
With native foes they doth combine,
Our free-born rights to undermine.
Rise ye freemen! rise amain! let victory shine—
On freemen's rights—the right divine.

The carpet-bagger wakes in pain,
And longs for negro votes again;
To give him place, and pelf and power,
Upon our Southern homes to glower.
Rise ye freemen! rise amain! let victory shine—
On freemen's rights—the right divine.

The Northern Rads and Southern Scal's—
United with their negro pals,
By force and fraud would wreck our fame,
And hurl our State prostrate in shame.
Rise ye freemen! rise amain! let victory shine—
On freemen's rights—the right divine.

Let politicians strive in vain,
Our proud escutcheon thus to stain,
And blight our Southern sunny clime!
With negro power and native crime.
Rise ye freemen! rise amain! let victory shine—
On freemen's rights—the right divine.

The Afrique hosts must ever cower
Before the Anglo-Saxons' matchless power,
Their knavish chums—the liberal scum,
Apostates all—must all succumb.
Rise ye freemen! rise amain! let victory shine—
On freemen's rights—the right divine.

Carolinians! Carolinians! awake to the voice,
And protect by your ballots the State of your choice,
Let her base native sons to Africa go,
And Africa's sons be made to go slow.
Rise ye freemen! rise amain! let victory shine—
Forever shine! on freemen's rights—
The right divine.

A FAMILY GHOST.

BY HENRY GRAYSON.

Old Madame Leffingwell had the misfortune to be born of an old family, and her last words were:

"If a child of mine marries beneath him, I will come back and curse him!"

Even in that terrible moment, Estella, the only daughter of the crone, could not refrain from glancing at Charles, the younger son, nor could he help blushing.

For it was Charles that madame meant. Edward was married, and the father of a family, and Estella could not be spoken of as "him."

Nothing now remained in the old home to tell of Madame Leffingwell's reign there but her portrait—a stately full length, but not unlike a handsome Queen Elizabeth, in its black velvet robes and diamonds, the effect heightened by the ruffs which mother and daughter both affected, though fashion forbade them to have the Elizabethian height.

One bright day it pleased Mrs. Edward Leffingwell to visit her sister-in-law, and to bring her two children and her governess with her.

"You have so much room, and are so hospitable, Stella," she said, "that I shall make no excuses whatever. Miss Mellon can sleep wherever the children do; and we all want a week of country air so much."

Miss Estella was obliged to smile and utter words of welcome, but she could have stabbed dark-eyed Miss Mellon with the hand she held out to her.

As for governess, her blood was boiling at the thought that she had come to the house of the one who had behaved as Charles Leffingwell had done—who had won her heart and then forgotten her.

Miss Mellon's coldness, and his mother's last words, his wish to be dutiful, and his desire to be happy, all drove poor Charles to distraction's verge; and one day his self-restraint came to an end with the sight of Miss Mellon in a pensive mood, quite alone in the library, setting copies for her young charges.

All the little governess knew of the matter was, that there was a moment when she felt as though she should faint; that when it passed he was on his knees at her feet; that his arm was about her waist, and he was telling her all that she longed to hear. He loved her; he adored her; he should kill himself if she refused to be his wife, for he could not live without her. And when they parted she wore his ring upon her finger.

"My dear Estella," said young Mrs. Leffingwell, a few days after, "there is something going on that you really ought to know. Charles and Rosa Mellon are engaged."

"Have you lost your senses? or have I? or is it Charles who has gone mad?" asked Miss Estella, in awful tones.

"Charles is quite in his right mind," said the young matron. "Rosa Mellon is as good as she is pretty. A great deal prettier than I am, Estella, and you did not wonder that Edward chose me."

"*You* were a De Courcy," said Miss Leffingwell.

"That had nothing to do with it, Stella," said Mrs. Leffingwell; "nothing."

"And Rosa Mellon's mother takes in washing, doesn't she?" asked Estella, languidly.

"Washing? You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Poor Mrs. Mellon, when left a widow, restored fine old lace elegantly."

"She must have washed it," sneered Estella.

"Well," said Mrs. Leffingwell, "she was a lady, at all events; and Rosa had a perfect education; and Charlie is right. Now don't be unpleasant."

"I shall not say a word," said Miss Estella; "but how can Charles forget his mother's dying words?"

"But perhaps your mother might not think that Charles married beneath him if he married Rosa Mellon," said Mrs. Leffingwell.

"I am sure mamma alluded to Rosa," replied the spinster.

But as Estella said nothing severe, the young people were happy.

When Rosa went away, her future sister-in-law even kissed her, and Charles was grateful. He also had [illegible] the conclusion that Mrs. [illegible] have thought [illegible] Leffingwell could not [illegible] Rosa beneath him, and the comfort of the thought was very great.

He sat that evening alone in the room in which that full-length picture of his mother hung. He had been reading by the light of a student's lamp. There was no other in the room. The hours had followed each other to their graves until the twelfth hour was buried. A dozen silver strokes had been made upon the bell of the old clock by the little silver figure of Time, who struck it with his scythe when each new hour was born.

Charles felt very fond of all the world just then—the world had made him so happy. His book, a romantic story, such as people are prone to read at such times, was just finished. He still held it between his fingers; but his hand had dropped over the arm of the Turkish chair in which he sat, and his eyes were fixed upon the portrait of his mother.

"Dear mother," he said to himself, "how good you were to me! Stern and cold by nature, you still loved me fondly. Ah, if you were with me again!"

In the dim light of the room the picture seemed strangely life-like.

The young man's emotions overcame him, and he spoke aloud:

"Ah, mother, if you could return," he said, "it would be to tell me I had done well."

Almost as the words passed his lips, he saw, rising from the floor, or from behind the picture, what seemed like a column of smoke. It was white and thick. He seemed to catch such an odor as drifts down the aisle of a cathedral when the censer is swung before the altar. His first thought was of fire; but the strange perfume produced an indescribable effect on him.

Instead of starting to his feet, he sat rivited to his chair, with those strange thrills, that supernatural terrors somehow cause, running through his whole frame.

And as he sat thus, the strange, white smoke covered his mother's picture, and from its midst a figure stepped forth and stood before him.

His mother, in her velvet robes, her diamonds, her yellow lace; his mother, as the artist had painted her; but with brows sternly bent; and a warning finger uplifted, as it had been when in early childhood he had offended her. His mother's spirit. He had no doubt of it.

He sunk upon his knees, stretching out his arms towards her.

"Mother," he said, do you come to bless me? to tell me I have done right? Tell me, mother!"

The lips of the figure moved; and from them, slowly, one by one, these words dropped into the silence of the room:

"*Remember—my—dying—words!*"

Then the figure disappeared, the strange, perfumed smoke faded away, and his mother's picture looked down on him as it had done before.

It was not long before young Mrs. Leffingwell came to her sister-in-law's home again. She came alone this time; and at once sought Charles in the room in which he had shut himself up, except at meal-times, for more than two weeks.

She entered it, shut the door behind her, seated herself, and spoke gravely:

"Charles, what is this between yourself and Rosa? She is very sad. She has told me that all is over between you. Is it Estella who has caused this?"

"Estella is kindness itself," said Charles. "She is as grieved, as terrified, as I am; but none of us dare disobey a voice from the grave."

"Explain yourself, Charles!" said his sister-in-law.

"My mother has come from her grave to forbid the marriage!" said Charles. "No, I am not mad, sister." And then he told her in what way his mother's spirit had appeared to him.

"You slept and dreamt, Charles!" said Mrs. Leffingwell.

"No, that I deny; would I not rejoice to think it so!" replied Charles. "The spirit was there—no faint shadow. I could have touched it with my hand."

Mrs. Leffingwell listened.

"Do you not remember that there are such things as optical illusions?" said she.

"Yes, I have thought of everything," said Charles. "But I saw—I heard—and then the perfume!"

"Very well; it is possible that things of this sort may happen," said Mrs. Leffingwell; "but, Charles, if your mother could come once, she come again. Promise me that you will not let this one experience decide you to break Rosa's heart and make yourself miserable for life. Go to the long drawing-room again to night. Sit where you sat, and watch. If your mother comes again, do as she bids you. Otherwise, believe me, you have had a dream—nothing more."

Perhaps you are right," said Charles. "I will do as you say. Believe me, Rosa is dearer to me than my life. Nothing less solemn than this could part us."

Mrs. Leffingwell left him when he had made her this promise, and went to Estella, who professed herself [illegible] what had happened, awe-stricken [illegible] ther could but declared that her mo[illegible] do no better than to follow the advice given to him.

Midnight came again. It found Charles Leffingwell in the apartment where he had been visited by his mother's spirit.

The same pale light burned upon the table. Charles sat in the same place. The figure of Time upon the clock struck twelve slow strokes with his scythe. And then—yes, Charles Leffingwell was not sleeping, nor dreaming—yet then the same soft, white smoke began to creep over the picture! The same faint perfume filled the room. The figure on the canvas faded, and another stood amidst the mist that hid it. Again his mother, in her velvet robes, pointed at him with a warning finger.

"It is your spirit, mother!" cried Charles Leffingwell. "I cannot deny it. Bless me! Tell me if I do well. I love her: she loves me. Bless us both, my mother!"

And she answered:

"*Marry, and I return to curse you!*"

Charles Leffingwell sunk into his chair with a groan.

The cold, slow voice was silent, and the figure stepped back into the heavy, white deptas that covered all the way.

But now a lighter, smaller, more human, was seen in the room. With a little cry, it flitted across the floor and into the smoke

A sound as of a struggle was heard, and then the voice of young Mrs. Leffingwell was lifted high.

"More light! more light, Charlie!" it cried. "I've caught your ghost! More light to see her by!"

The light flashed up; and, through the dispersing smoke Charles Leffingwell saw his sister-in-law, with her arms about the waist of a velvet-clad woman.

"It is Estella—not your mother!" she said. "Look in the little cup closet by the chimney. You will find the perfumed drugs burning in a pan. Look! it is only Estella."

And Charles advanced, and saw his sister's face lined into age with true actress art.

"Could *you* do that to me?" he said.

"It was only to carry out your mother's wish, Charles," said Estella, in a low voice. "I knew you would not regard me. I spoke as she would speak if she could come back from heaven."

"In heaven they do not think of pride of birth, Estella," said Mrs. Leffingwell; "but of true love, I doubt not, they think often. Charles must marry Rosa. You see it now. Forgive her, Charles—or I shall be sorry for my part in this affair

The brother held his hand. The sister took it.

But she left the old house on the day the young wife entered it; and, dwelling in solitary state, treasures her family pride, as did old Madame Leffingwell in her life-time.

Despite of this the wedded lovers are happy.

THEIR WEDDING NIGHT.

How it Was Spent by an Unsophisticated Bridegroom.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

A bridal couple from one of our neighboring towns, recently married, went to the thriving city of Springfield, Ohio, on their bridal tour. They arrived at the Lagonda House in that place about 9 o'clock in the evening. The bride waited in the ladies' reception room while her leige lord went to the office to register his name, and for the first time to write with it "and wife." The polite clerk was notified of the fact that he was a fresh and newly married man, and the bridal chamber was accordingly assigned them. The groom retired from the office accompanied by a servant, and with his bonnie bride repaired to the bridal room. In about half an hour the affable clerk at the "Lagonda" was surprised to see the groom walking in the office, and still more surprised to notice that he deliberately walked to an easy chair in a dark corner and seated himself with a disappointed but determined sort of an air. The clerk waited for some minutes, all the time wondering if they could so soon have a family row. He watched the young husband closely, endeavoring to discover by his actions the cause of his so suddenly and so soon retiring from the chamber which contained his fair young bride. But his watching was in vain. There sat the groom in the shadow of a pillar, quiet ahd calm. Finally the clerk's curiosity became so great that he determined to interview the young man about the matter. Approaching him in a respectful manner, he said:

"My friend, pardon me, but I don't understand why you have so soon left the bridal chamber. Has anything serious happened?"

"Oh, no," said the young fellow, "Jennie is an awful modest girl, and she said that she couldn't retire as long as I was in the room. I told her she would have to get used to it sooner or later, and she might as well commence the first night. But she said 'no,' and pleaded so hard, and with such love looks that I [illegible] refuse her. and at her request [illegible] room and came down here."

"Well, what are you going to do?" said the curious clerk. "You don't propose to sit here all night, do you?"

"No, siree! You bet I don't. Jennie promised that as soon as she got undressed she would turn the gas low and then ring the bell.

"As soon as I heard it I was to go up to my room. I will sit here, and if you will please tell me when the bell to my room rings I will be obliged, and I will go up."

"All right," said the amused clerk, "when your bell rings I'll tell you," and so saying he left the newly made husband. Time rolled on, and an hour passed. The young fellow anxiously came to the desk and inquired over and over again if "his bell hadn't rung," and when the answer came, "No, sir!" he looked troubled and anxious. Finally he settled himself in an easy chair, and soon the clerk heard his sonorous snores. Then night passed and daylight came, but the bell of the bridal-chamber had not so much as tinkled once all night. At six o'clock the daylight clerk came on duty, and the groom, who had been sleeping soundly, was awakened. He rubbed his eyes, yawned and stretched himself, and, in a confused manner, exclaimed, "Where am I?"

Then, recollecting the condition of affairs, he angrily said: "Look'ee here, Mr. Clerk, why in the devil didn't you wake me up when that 'ar bell rang?"

"Well, sir, it didn't ring."

"Didn't ring?"

"No, sir."

"Not once?"

"No, sir; not once."

"What! not once during the whole night?"

"No."

"Well, that is darned strange. By gosh, I don't understand this business. I'll go to the room and see Jennie, and find out what the devil she means by keeping me down here all night," and off he staraed.

About 12 o'clock he entered the dining room with bright eyed Jennie on his arm, and they sat down to dinner. After the repast Jennie went to her room, and her handsome and now happy husband repaired to the office "to explain things to the clerk."

"Look here," he said, in a confidential tone, "don't say anything about this to any one, for Jennie feels awful bad about; but the truth is, she went to turn the gas down low, and turned it out. This frightened her so that she jumped into bed and pulled the covers over her head, and was afraid to get up again to ring the bell, and besides, she didn't know where the bell was. Said she thought I'd come every minute, and waited until she fell asleep. Poor girl, she nearly cried her eyes out about it. I didn't like it much at first, but then she felt so awful sorry, and was so sweet and nice, and made it all right, you know; so I don't blame her. She said I needn't leave the room to-night, and I don't propose to, either, you bet."

FARM NOTES.

Tobacco draws heavily on the soil, the principal demand by it being lime and potash.

The leading fairs of the west are to receive for exhibition seventy head of Oxford-down sheep from England.

Capital time now to underdrain any wet places in the meadows. Underdraining always pays if properly done.

Compost heaps are in order now, and, in making them, remember that potash, nitrogen and phosphoric acid are the great fertilizers.

Sheep give two crops a year, one in the fleece and one in the lambs; sometimes three, for in California and Texas they shear twice a year.

The western farmers are beginning to save all the female calves, sending only the bulls to market. This is a step in the right direction.

Fifteen thousand acres of land in southern Missouri are devoted to melon growing. The crop this year is not up to the average, but will reach 2,000 car loads.

Herbs for winter use should be gathered when the plants are in flower; just as the flowers begin to fade is considered to be the best time to harvest them.

Mr. C. F. Moor, a correspondent of the *Journal of Agriculture* says the grades from Merino rams will shear more wool than those from the Cotswolds, and that thy eat less food. They are hardy, and for general purposes the best.

Mr George Thompson of St. Charles, Ill., says that "sugar meal"—refuse from glucose—which is being fed quite freely by dairymen, makes very poor butter and milk.

An Englishman is credited with having sheared twenty-six sheep in four hours twenty-five minutes. The quickest time made was five and one-half minutes per sheep.

Continued damp weather often causes croup in fowls. In order to prevent it the best quarters must be provided. Dryness, warmth and freedom from draughts are the best safeguards.

The Lancing (Michigan) refrigerator has now on hand 100,000 pounds, or 50 tons, of extra quality butter. This is said to be the largest pile of butter ever seen in the state at one time.

Australia has adopted stringent measures for preventing the spread of scab in sheep. Officers are appointed over the districts, whose duties are to inspect farms and brand every sheep inspected.

An anonymous authority prescribes kerosene oil as a protection against squash bugs and similar pest, to be applied by soaking rags in the oil and pegged them down to the ground in the hills

Last year Holland shipped to England 7,900 tons of butter, 330 tons of cheese and 4,850 tons of meat from the port of Rotterdam alone, and yet Holland is a small country as we view territory.

The average yield of wheat per acre in 1881 was only 10½ bushels, against 13½ bushels in 1880. This of itself would be equivalent to a falling off of 100,000,000 bushels in the total wheat crop of 1881.

The chemist of the national department of agriculture is credited with that the fertility of the soil of the western prairies will be exhausted sooner than that of the rocky land in the eastern states.

The Boston Journal of Chemistry thinks glucose will be the sugar of the future. It can be made from corn and potatoes in climates where sugar cane will not grow nor the sugar beet be cultivated with profit.

Nature quickly covers the soil and protects it from the extremes of heat and cold, and hence weeds fulfill an important office, for so great is the variety that they are adapted to every climate and under all conditions.

It is nearly time for the legal slaughter of the best friends of the farmer to begin. As many as 20,000 quail were killed in southern New Jersey alone last season, and the woodcock and woodpecker are not spared.

The following are the advantages of soiling: It saves land, fences, economizes food, produces more milk and beef, keeps stock in better condition and comfort, and increases the quantity and quality of the manure

More sweet corn will be canned this year than ever before. There is a growing demand for it, which will be increased by the scarcity and high price of fruits. A factory in Wells, Me., expects to put up 600,000 cans this season.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE,
And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Governor's Testimony.
Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.
J. GILL SHORTER, Governor of Ala.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

"The only Thing that never fails to Relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.
P. M. JANNEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

☞ Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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