







J. W. GRAY,

MANUFACTURER OF

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Brackets,  
NEWELL POSTS, BALUSTERS, HAND RAILS,  
and everything in the way of LUMBER used in building.

THOMASVILLE, N. C.

Estimate furnished.

FOR COUGHS, CROUP  
AND  
CONSUMPTION USE  
**TAYLOR'S**  
\*CHEROKEE\*  
REMEDY

AGRICULTURAL.

Honor the Farmers.

It has been said that there is nothing about which the American will not joke; and it may be affirmed with equal truth that there is nothing in life too serious to be ridiculed by the American newspaper. So when it is not the sleepy policeman, or the mother-in-law, or the tipsy husband who comes home late at night, it is the American farmer who is made the butt of ridicule. One can count on the fingers of one's hand those journals which discriminate in their columns between legitimate humor wit, and that ill timed levity which makes "fun" at the expense of higher and better things in our natures.

This subject may seem trivial, but it is most important than appears at first sight. Not that the ridicule of the press will injure the farmers of the country, but the constant harping upon the mythical ignorance and folly of this class has a ten-to-one place more rigid barriers between the city and the country and creates caste. And if any one considers this result desirable, let him tell us how much caste has helped India in her progress.

So long as the country villages and the rural districts furnish the boys to make the merchants and bankers and railroad magnates of the city, every true American should seem to speak derisively of our agricultural population.

One thing is needed in this country and that is an increased appreciation of the real value of patient, plodding toil. The average man has somehow formed the idea that there is something very indigoous in the efforts of men content with tilling the soil, and working quietly and humbly in the lowly fields of usefulness.

We, as individuals, and as a nation, need a better appreciation of the American farmer's life and labors. The time was, perhaps, when it was thought that any one had brains enough to be a farmer; but that time, in this country, is past. Any useful class of citizens working for the advancement of our national welfare, is not a proper subject for ridicule; and the hukum which finds its object in our agricultural laborers is not the best matter with which to expand our literature.

It is the duty of the press to do all in its power to elevate and aid the farmers, and to spread right ideas concerning their social and intellectual position, and not to belittle them. There are many who do not care what they write. They aim to construct "readable" articles regardless of principle. But surely we ought to expect better things of our great metropolitan papers, which, from their circulation of and their occasional reiteration of higher things, are styled "representative American journals." —George H. Sargent, in the Epoch.

The Funeral Month of March.

An observant metropolitan barbers says that he can tell one's physical condition by the state of the hair!

The title tells us that with his half gone Samson lost his strength. The Romans considered baldness a serious affliction and Julius Caesar was never quite satisfied with himself because his poll was bare.

The face, however, is the open book and one can readily trace in its various expressions, lines, changes and complexion the state of the system.

The eye that is unusually bright and yet has a pallid brightness, the face upon whose cheeks nature paints a rose of singular beauty and flush, more marked in contrast with the alabaster appearance of the forehead and nose and lower part of the face, is one of those whom the skilled physician will tell will some day dread the funeral month of March, because it is then that consumption reaps its richest harvest. Consumption, they tell us is caused by this and the other thing, by microbes in the air, by micro-organisms in the body, by deficient nutrition by a thousand and one things, but whatever the cause, decay begins with a cough and the remedy that will effectively stop the cause of that cough cures the disease of the lungs.

That is all there is of it. The constle is an evidence of a wasting. To stop it effectively, a remedy must be used that will search out the cause, remove that and then heal the lung and so away with the cough. This is the secret, special to itself, possessed alone by Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption remedy. This is no new fangled notion of narcotics and poisons, but an old fashioned preparation of balsams, roots and herbs, such as was used by our ancestors many years ago, the formula of which has been secured exclusively by the present manufacturers at great trouble and expense. It is not mere cold dryer. It is a system searcher and purifier and a consumption expeller. Where others fail, it wins, because it gets at the constitutional cause and removes it from the system.

J. W. Hensaw of Greensboro, Pa., on Jan. 15, 1888, reported that he had derived more real benefit for the length of time, from Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption remedy than he had for years from the best state physicians.

If you have a cough, night sweats, positive assurance in your own mind that you, oh—yes, have no consumption, and yet lose flesh appetite, courage, as your lungs waste away, you may know that soon the funeral month of March will claim you, unless promptly and faithfully you use the article named. If other remedies have failed try this one thoroughly. If others are offered, insist the more on trying this unequalled preparation.

Some persons are prone to consumption and they should never allow the disease to become seated.

—J. C. Bi song, state librarian

which is *terrore of the Lungs*, is arrested

and stopped by the Log Cabin Cough and Consumption remedy.

—Dr. J. P. Hutton, of Greensboro, N. C.

—Dr. W. P. Hutton