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DAVIS FURNITURE CO..

senses.

ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

Burlington, N. C.

A nan with an empty sleeve told a

curious story in one of the hotel lob-

bles. "In 1880 I was prospecting in the

Joplin lead district," he said, "and with

two partners had sunk a shaft about

tunnel at right angles. One afternoon,

when the tunnel had progressed some

my two companions were at the top,

ing out through the rocks. I could hear

but I knew there was no other rope in

plosion might take place at any instant,

and crouched against the far wall.

my chances for escape were almost too

'Now!' I kept saying out loud, think-

the roar would follow, but it didn't. I

could have sworn that 15 minutes

elapsed and I was beginning to feel a

wild hope that the fuse had gone out

when an awful thunderclap came and

"My partners had secured a new rope

and were pulling me out when I recov-

explosion occurred immediately after-

cont over me, but didn't have time to

take it off."-New Orleans Times-Dem-

Facial Irregularity.

faces are exactly alike, and I think they

other. That this is largely a matter of

imagination can be proved by investi-

gation. I have in my office a clerk who

is constantly mistaken for myself. Sev-

"In order to ascertain how much rea-

tures taken together, and I would defy

half suspect he acknowledges relation-

ship in a good many cases intentional-

ly, so as to cause complications. I have

who have made the mistake, but it has no influence upon them whatever, and

it is impossible to convince them against

Temperance Drink of 1832.

On one of the pages of an old diary,

"Put six quarts of water on the fire

strain and bottle while hot or, which

heir will."-Washington Star.

wn the photograph to several people

blance. My clerk, however, re-

deny the relationship.

ocrat.

everything disappeared.

Trapped In a Mine With a Blast Fuse CHRISTMAS SHOPPING BY MAIL.





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makes women beautiful and healthy. It strikes at the root of all their trouble. There is no menstrual disorder, ache or pain which it will not cure. It is for the budding girl, the busy wife and the matron approaching the change of life. At every trying crisis in a woman's life it brings health, strength and happiness. It costs \$1.00 of medicine dealers.

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MES. HOZENA LEWIS, of Ocnaville.

EENA LEWIS, of Octas hard was troubled at make terrible paths in my bear to bean entirely relieved by

rubber stamp supplies. Stamps 10c up. W. P. EZZELL,

CASTORIA.

He struck his harp a sounding stroke, And high in heaven the music rang; The echoes in the skies awoke Fluting the mighty note he sang.

THE SINGERS

And no one paused to greet his thought; Life was too swift and love too sweet; He sang his lofty stave for naught, The throng went by with hurrying feet.

But one who loitered by the way, Who were so singing robe at all, Lifted a wayble light and gay As a child's laugh, a throstle's call. And half beneath the breath his strain

Seemed fu.i of tunes all men had i Long, long ago, sweet falls of rain, The love song of the mating bird. The rustling leaf, the murmuring dove, They heard in that melodious sigh;

The whisper of first trembling love They heard and their first lullaby. Again. They kissed his garment's hem And threw their laurels in his way That he might set his feet on them. -Harriet Prescott Spofford in Independent

The Doctor of the Swamp

The Swamp Swallowed the Loco motive, and the Lake Swal-lowed the Swamp.

> BY MORLEY ROBERTS. Copyright.

It was undoubtedly a swamp, "There ain't no shadder of a doubt 36 feet deep on a promising claim. At of it," said the railroad men when they cut sods from the moss with short the bottom of the excavation we start-

ed to 'drift'-in other words to drive a | handled shovels. North of them stretched the mighty prairies, not yet yielding corn, for half 12 feet, it became necessary to put in a thousand miles. Beyond the prairie a blast. I was below at the time and lay the muskeg, the barren lands of northern Canada, haunt of the red working the windlass. I drilled a hole eyed, matted musk ox, of the moose in the formation, which was very hard, and earibou.

South was Lake Superior, a silver put in a dynamite cartridge, tamped it well with broken rock, lit the fuse and green sea, quiet, unruffled and tremenstepped into the bucket. At the first dous. Upon its shores thousands of turn of the windlass the rope broke at | men were working at the making of a the top and dropped down into the railroad, part of Britain's steel girdle shaft. The bucket fell only a yard or round the world.

But now it was on the anvil, and the so, but I plunged head first against the nature of things was bucking against side and it was perhaps a couple of the intention of man, and every now minutes before I could collect my and again Fate pipped a card played by the engineers, and this happened Then in a flash I realized my situation and jumped back into the tunnel sometimes just as the C. P. R. man was reaching out his hand to collar to extinguish the fuse, but it had already burned down to the tamping and | the stakes. "A swamp, it is true," said the surall I could see was a little smoke ooz-

reyor, "but nothing serious. Let the engineers look to it."

my partners yelling to me from above, They shifted ahead and measured the rotund earth and left the swamp our camp and the only thing I could behind them. And a spell of dry weaththink of was to pick out the tamping er took the engineers in. It even took and get at the fuse before it reached Archer in, who was not truly an enthe dynamite. For all I knew the exgineer, but a man who understood things generally and often was hard at the tight packed rock. In a few est driving when he was as invisible but I grabbed a drill and began to claw seconds I realized that it was a hope-"Get on, get on," said Archer, who

less task, so I dropped the drill and was a real chunk of millstone grit, origas a last resort ran back to the shaft inally from Yorkshire and Americanized till he bit like a file into any op-"If I live to be a thousand," continned the story teller, "I will never for. position.

"I just mean having it done," was get my agony while I waited for the ast to go off, knowing full well that Archer's motto, and it was forever in small for computation. It seemed as if

the explosion would never occur, and be his epitaph and perhaps will be by all the while a horrible panorama of So when the swamp spread out be death and mutilation was rushing through my brain. 'Now!' 'Now!' jumped on it and declared decisively that it wasn't a swamp at all, or, if it was, it wasn't much of a one. And if ing each time I uttered the word that It was much of a one he didn't care.

"The railroad goes over it," said Archer, for he wanted that section through, and in his mind was the notion of the driving of the last spike which represents heavenly attainment and paradise to railroad men.

And the raffrond did go over it, and then Archer said: "I told you so. Hurry up, now; hur-

ered consciousness. My left arm had been crushed and I was peppered all over by flying rock, but I suffered most ry up." As everybody had been hurrying up from the poisonous gases of the nitrotill the horizon danced the men gruntglycerin in the dynamite. Next day they took off my arm at the elbow and ed a little. And Archer slid cast on a it was six months before I got out of train on business and wasn't back for bed. Strange to say my hearing wasn't three days. As he returned it rained in a gentle, insinuating way, good for scars on my face. So I may consider crops and soothing to the farmer's myself very lucky on more counts mind, as it was a long time from harvest. But it did not soothe Archer, who wanted nice, dry, warmish weather, as "By the way, there was one very he knew men, if they worked at all, fair. As I said before, it seemed to me never worked as well in rain, for when that I lay there an interminable time, a man is thinking about himself it takes his mind away from his shovel waiting for the blast to go off. Afterand he who would shift 15 cubic yards ward, when I was convalescent, I menof "dirt" in ten hours will come down tiened the matter to one of my partners and he looked surprised. He told to shifting only 12 or less.

He got out at Nepijon. me that he was at the shaft mouth "It's a bit damp, Mr. Archer," said a when I crouched down and that the man loafing there on the platform. ward. He was intending to drop his

"Humph!" said Archer. "And they do say there ain't no railroad on that swampy patch," said the Nepijon man.

"No railroad on that swamp piece, I "Physiologists tell us." said a lawyer said." returned Nepijon, spitting. to the writer recently. "that no two "Gone through!"

"The dence!" cried Archer, and, going to his office, he found a few teleare correct, although we often hear of one person being the exact image of an- grams, reading:

1. "Swamp looks very shaky." 2. "Swamp too soft. Can hardly run the gravel train over it." 3. "Road gone in. Locomotive gone

with it. Wire instructions." Archer went outside and shook his fist at Hature and swore a little very softly and a little not loud and, getting on the locomotive with the engison there was for these statements I neer, went like the wind on a visit of

inspection. "I own it freely," said the man, with his hand on the lever as the engine fied west like a squattering duck. own it freely, Mr. Archer, but I never gards the matter as a good joke, and I had no confidence in that swamp." "Nor me," said the fireman.

The engineer shut his left side suberdinate up with a frown of surprise which was like a blow with a clinker "You didn't, eh?" said Archer. "And

"Want, Mr. Archer, it's this way," returned the engineer: "I felt that she didn't trust it. And when a man's engine don't trust the road, but gets on a pervous tremulation, like a horse on a plank bridge that's bendy, a man asn't the proper confidence neither."

"Humph!" growled Archer.
"That's so," said the engineer as he peered shead through the rain, which as now coming down "kersplosh." The lake was lost under a black takes less time, put the liquor in a cask. It may be drunk as soon as it is cold.

Keep in a cool place. The cost is 6 green and mucky. In hard dried fen.

The road's ditches were rull of water, and so were the drain culverts running athwart the road.

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1899.

"It's got to be tried with all weathreligious. "The Almighty says that at that. Steal it, take it, get it, man about all things, Mr. Archer, and rail- alive!" roads ain't no exception and haven't no especial gifts of grace. It's good works put the railroad through. We find salvation on the bedrock."

But Archer had no love for theology ben or at any time, and he growled. "Here we are, sir," said the sententions man at the lever.

They pulled up at a bit of a wayside shanty that is now a dandy station, and Archer lit off the locomotive into a puddle.

He found a gang of melancholy makers of railroads awaiting his coming. themselves.

"So you've let her through, have you?" cried Archer reproachfully. And Scott, the chief of them. ded. The others nodded, too, like automatic Chinese mandarins.

Scott; "that's a fact." Archer nipped him by the arm just above the elbow.

Archer. And he went out of the shelter into the rain. Behind them tailed the gang of subdued subordinates. A dozen of the men came out of their tents and fol-

lowed. "Think bully Archer can cure her?" asked one.

"He's a rustler." "Rustles us." "And himself, sonny. But this yer

swamp! Dr. Archer can cure swamps and give new life and tone to the whole railroad system of the C. P. R. Do not delay till it is too late. Mention this advertisement. The tail of Archer's group laughed a

the Joker. But Archer overheard, for he had cars. "You heard that?" he said to Scott.

Young Wade is saying I'm the swamp doctor. If so, it's my first case." They came down to the creek or little river which bounded the swamp. The bridge was wrecked, and the ralls gradually disappeared into bubbling

slime on the far side of the water. And right across the swamp which now glimmered in pools lay a broad band of this same black slime, marking where the road to the Rockies and beyond had once been. "Oh, British Columbia!" said Archer

to himself; "oh, British Columbia, must you wait? He spoke out. "So the gravel train went through?"

"Yes," said Scott, with the curt American affirmative, "it did so." "Then she's deep?" "She is so," said Scott, pulling his mustache.

"We'll report this when we've cure! it," said Archer. "Oh, hang this rain! How shall we cure it?"

Scott put the end of his mustache into his mouth and chewed it. "Mr. Archer, it's my opinion that it mistake to take this line. It "Extra miles cost dollars, Mr. Scott," oh, I touched her! Ribs o' rock!" would have paid us to go up yonder."

snapped Archer, "and never mind about the ought. What's to be done "He meant having it done" should now? For I just mean having it done, and that settles it.' He sat down on a baulk of pine lying on the ground and motioned Scott to sit beside him. The others retreated.

"He says 'he just means having it sald Charley Wade. "He's a done.' ' tough, isn't be? I'll bet drinks be does it too."

And he and his crowd argued all the way back to camp. "A swamp can be drained," said

"This one drains itself," repiled Scott. 'We're sitting beside the drain now." Then we want another."

"I don't see how it's to be done, sir." "I just mean having it done!" cried Archer. "But for raising difficulties give me your expert. This man who knows too much knows too little." "And the man who knows too little

often knows too much, sir," said Scott sharply. "Oh, pshaw!" cried Archer. "I'll cure this swamp or bust. It's late now and getting dark, and I'm wet to the skin. But tomorrow I'll go through this swamp and fix it. I tell you I mean

having it done. Think it out, Scott. I'll give a month's pay to any man who makes a feasible suggestion. whether it works or not." He went back to the camp and staid by himself, sweating over the swamp problem, while the crew of engineers and the men argued till the night fell

on the lake and the vast fertile northern prairie. And it rained mightily till dawn, when the sky cleared in the east and the sun came up from Ontario to see how the work got on. It found little Archer sitting over his

swamp, thinking it out, and went on to inspect the Rocky Mountain division. where 10,000 human ants strove among the great bills. And when the sun came round again it still saw the man who meant having it done sitting over his swamp, thinking it out.

He called all the engineers up our after the other and found them fixed in cursing the surveyors for having struck this swamp in fine, dry weather. But none of them had any notion of clearing up the difficulty without de-

"I mean having it done and without any more waste of time," he said to the best of them. "If this swamp stays, there's a reason for it. What is

"It's not so much above the lake level, sir," said Charley, "and maybe there's a connection between the two." "Come here," said Archer, and he bank of the creek. "Isn't this a good in Scott. enough drain?"

"Only it don't drain it," answered Wade. And then Archer elipped him tight by the shoulder.
"I've got it, Wade. Look at the

creek and read it and tell me what faxing comets, with Bickford's fuse. Wade knitted his clear young brows and stared at the black and gloomy

"You see nothing?" isughed Archer. "Then I'll show you engineers what's wrong. I told you I meant having it done, and when I say so something's jumping. "I'll double my bet."

got to give. Go and get me the boat And now the creek was line up here from the shore. You'll find me here when you get back." And while Wade ran for the boat "She's moving," relied Wade, and

Archer strode alongside to the camp. "Give me an iron rod," he demanded of the storekeeper, "and let me have ers," said the engineer, who was rather it quick. One ten feet long, and stiff

And as he stood waiting be looked back between the steel rails running east past Nemagosenda, Metagama and Nipissing till they struck the Ottawa river and went through under the crowned city of Ottawa to Montreal. And westward, westward lay the mighty mountains, and beyond them was the sea.

"Let us get our bit done, my men," said the doctor of the swamp. "Oh, I just mean getting it done!"

The storekeeper came hurriedly, trying not to run for the sake of his dig-They looked very much ashamed of nity and hardly daring to walk while the half tamed bear, Archer, danced on the hot plate of his desire. So Archer snatched a long clearing

rod from the hands of his man and, with it over his shoulder, started back for his sick spot in the railroad, like a "We've let her through, sir," said thick set little surgeon handling a probang and hungering for enlightenment, for he was more like a surgeon than a doctor, and no dilettante or mere fum-"Come in and let's have a look," said bler at that.

"I'll drain you." he said savagely. "I'll give you beans. I'll rake up your vitals, my precious swallower of lo-cometives. I'll make you a mud spot and scrape you dry with a shovel."

His eyes brightened, and he walked with a swing. Three deep lines betwix his eyes were now two, and if his diagnosis of this awamp disease were but necurate he would smooth out these to a single crease.

He got back to his drain, the slow and dismal creek, and saw Charley Wade in the distance coming up from the lake in a rotten shell called a boat. "Step light or you'll step through, sir," said Charley. "She's a basket

and as crazy as a state asylum." "Was it easy rowing up, Wade?" asked the little bear, handling his rod like harpoon. "Easier up here than below," said

Wade, and the bear grunted joyfully. "And still she tells you nothing?" Wade looked up chopfailen. "Not a word, sir."

"You came through a place where it vas a bit weedy, ch?" "I dld," said Wade, "Let her drift," said Archer, like a

bear when he smells honey. And he let his iron hang deep in the water, but found no bottom. "I'm on mud," said the boss, and h stood up.

"Let her drift," he said sharply, and

he jabbed into thick coze. "Not yet," he growled. "Go lower." Again he jabbed at the under earth, nd the rod went deeper. "Ugh!" said the boss, and there were

three lines between bis half closed "Ch, a yard more!" he cried to Whde. and then be rammed again at the earth

and struck a rib. The divining rod ang. "Oh, I've got it!" said the surgeon and the world was a happy place for him that moment. "I touched her-

Wade opened his eyes and understood. "Hurrah!" he cried. "You rend her now?" said Archer, with the open brows of a child.

"She's A, B, C," laughed Wade, and the boss and the boy shook hands. What greater joy than to circumvent the ancient, cupping earth! The Maker of Things and the bullder can declare it. Let those of a city's meaner joys and those who play their little wills against a brother ant's brains laugh if they will, but they are nothing in the scales of Fate when God holds the balance and sets against their golden plumpness some natural lord of the open nir.

"Fay nothing about this, Wade; not a vord," cried Archer. "Some of you | year thousands of eyes made by this think I'm nothing but a whip and

STRUE. "Not I." said Wade. "I told 'em." "Lemme ashore," cried Archer, "and take your boat back."

He marched to the camp triumphant, bolding his hat in his hand. "Send me quick three rock men, with drills and dynamite," he eried east. "And this is private," he added to the operator ticking the message.

And early next morning he had three lads of metal drilling under water into a rib of the earth. "There's nothing in it." said Scott, a

initiative by this brigadier who believed he snw the enemy's weak spot. "There'll be dynamite in it," said Wade to himself. "And grumpy Archer's in it, and he's a whale at things." And grumpy Archer growled and swore and tramped and stamped and walked round and round his swamp

and up and down it and waited for the crisis and the proof. Between his eyes came other lines, and they were criss crossed with other wrinkles.

"I'll rake your insides out," he told the swamp that regarded him with fat, black contempt and stood in soze. "I'll rake and scrape you and make dry peat of you and get my locomotive

back." The lads drilling went at it steadily, and when one hole was made under the dark water Archer ordered another. "I'll give you pills, my boy," he told his sick railroad, "and fetch you out hale and hearty."

He sat watching the men work, one Charley Wade, who was as bright as of them turning the drill stolidly and the others striking. "Keep the hole up and down. Don't go out of the rib," said Archer. "It's

not so lile neross." All who were doing nothing came down to look at the operation, and they made bets for and against, acwalked the young fellow far down the cording as they believed in Archer or

> "And a dollar be doesn't!" "Pifty dollars I do?" said Archer, "I just mean having it done."

And next morning early they put in the dynamite cartridges, tailed like "Set 'em going." said the doctor, and all hands sat back to watch for geyser spouts in the creek. And presently the crack came, the water heaved, and a rock lump

"Bully for our side!" said Wade And now the creek was lined with men who watched it in doubt that soon was doubt no more.

the others cheered. For the current of the stream was swift. Archer with his rod, was jabbing for that earth rib, and found it no more. The ancient accus mulation of weed and wreck and ooze piled up against it began to go, and the stream moved swifter and swifter as it cut its way into the earth. And as it moved it sank inch by inch.

"Have I done it?" asked the doctor. "It looks like it," said Scott, "and I own you've beaten me. She's draining -draining fast."

"Let's go up higher," said Archer. Where's my locomotive?" He set men by the place of blasting, and as the creek fell they cheered the way for it. He piled them into the water with their shovels, and the swamp went out into the lake and made a black, broadening band in the

silvery waters lapping on their beach.

"I'll teach you," said Archer to the

enemy; "I'll teach you! Give me back my locomotive!" And presently they saw the engine show itself above the sinking ooze, and from both sides of the swamp the length of three long rails was visible. "A bit of sun," said Archer, "will

make it peat. I'm wanted east just now. Hurry up, hurry up." And the man who meant having it done went back to do something else .--New York Press.

"What man has done man can do," is a good motto, but it needs to be in terpreted in the light of common sense. Every now and then we hear of a man who takes it to mean that a little perseverance will make a Newton or i Beethoven out of the stupidest of us. Here is a story connected with Liddell, the somewhat overpositive dean of Christ church, borrowed from The Spectator:

Dr. Corfe, the organist of Chris church, was at this time sorely plagued by one of the cholrmen, whose alto singing was miserably bad. He came to the dean. "Mr. Denn, I really cannot have that

man singing any longer. He spoils the whole choir. If only he sang bass it would not so much matter, but such an nito is intolerable." "Very well, Dr. Corfe," said the dean. "I will deal with the matter."

So the choirman was sent for. "Dr. Corfe complains of your singing and says he cannot have you singing alto any longer, but that it would not be so bad if you sang bass. For the future, therefore, be good enough to sing bass." "But, Mr. Dean, I cannot sing bass,"

rejoined the man. "Well," answered Liddell, "I am no musician, but sing bass you must. Good morning."

And for many a year afterward, as can be but too well remembered, the man song bass till he was finally

Information From an Expert in th Makes Artificial Eyes Tucked away in quaint old world corners we find some of the most odd personages. Such is the great artificial eye maker and painter, A. Muller Hipper. In quaint Lauscha, in the very heart of old Thuringen's dense forests and high mountains, he sits and | limb is a very thin shell of weeping ets away day in and day out, surrounded by his family, the male members of which are all experts in this pounds. delicate work and have been such "It is a singular fact that a first class since the days of his great-grandfather, who first started the work in Paris, but who, owing to the strong anti-German feeling, was forced to re-

turn to his native mountain land. They have grown rich, but lead simple, quie While the writer sat in front of Mr. Hipper he deftly mixed different colored glasses over his gas lamp and within half an hour brought forth a perfect reproduction, in everything but real sight, of the writer's eye. Every old world family find their way to America.-Leslie's Weekly.

Caused Indigestion. "Why does Henpeck refuse to eat sausage?"

"He says that they provoke sad thoughts. He proposed to his wife on the golf links."-Brooklyn Life. floap For Car Fare. An amusing incident happened on a

Carondelet street car the other afternoon. The car was going south. At Lami street a big, portly woman got bit sulky at being dispossessed of the aboard. On her arm she carried a large market basket that apparently was filled with "bargain" purchases from some department store. Three minutes after she had sat down and deposited the basket between her feet on the floor the conductor came along

with the usual cry, "Fare, please." The old lady opened her purse and began rummaging through the various pockets for a nickel. Again and again she went through it, but no change was to be found. Then she turned the conductor and said:

"I was sure I had saved car fare, but I cannot find it. I live at the end of your line and will pay you then." "That won't do; must have your fare now," said the fare collector.

"Well, give me something the value of a nickel, and you can redeem it at the end of the line." The old lady besitated a moment, then put her hand down into the basket and drew out a bar of laundry

"Well, I haven't the money."

soap and handed it to him. Everybody in the car laughed, but the conductor took the soap and rang up her fare.-St. Louis Star.

A Saving That Is Loss.

Isn't it possible to have too much economy? If we scrimp and pinch every bit of sweetness out of life, what a heavy price we pay for economy! Often one may lose a friend or catch a disastrous cold or miss a train for some little miserable point of economy. People often laboriously save at an actual loss. A woman will press her way to a bargain counter at danger to life and limb and pickpockets and go away rediant with a pair of 50 cent gloves which will last about three wearings. The same woman will go to an incompetent dressmaker and have her new gown ruined in the name of economy. "Economy is wealth," sayeth the wise saw, but the poor make believe economy which over-reaches itself defeats its own purpose and leads to nothing but the direct poverty of spirit and purse. Before rashly deciding on a point of economy it is fully worth while to sit down and

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Come to see us we will convince you that our prices are right-we want to get better acquainted with you anyway. We will treat you nice if we can't sell you. WILL H. MATTHEWS & CO., 304 S. Elm St., Greensboro, N. C.

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figure out which is the more profitable, to leave the gas burning or waste matches.-Carrie E. Garrett in Woman's Home Companion.

The Result. Greene-Why did they discharge the

messenger boy? Brown-Well, you see, Dr. Bungle sent him to the drug store with a prescription, and on his way there Scribbles, the author, gave him a poem to take to The Daily Bugle. The boy got the two mixed, and Bungle's patient recelved such a mixture that he died. Greene-What became of the pre-

scription? Brown - Oh, it was printed as Scribble's poem and made such a hit that he got \$500 for it, and the paper signed a contract to take all he can write for a year at \$10 a line.-Cleveland Leader.

The Shiphouse.

An interesting landmark of Germantown, Pa., is the "Ship House," in Main Street, above Washington lane, a short distance from the battlefield of Germantown. The building received its odd name on account of a plaster of paris model of a ship which has been on the lower gable of the house from time immemorial. This model is supposed to have been placed there by a former owner, a sea captain. The rear of the building was the first hall in Germantown and was used for prayer meetings and singing schools. front part was creeted about 1760, and the hall was built afterward.

CORK LEGS ARE MYTHS.

Artificial Limb Business. "The term 'cork leg' is a misnomer, said a man who used to be in the artificial limb business. "There never was any such a thing, and a leg actually made of cork would be as unwieldy as a sawlog. The up to date artificial covered with rawhide, and some of them that come clear up to the hip have been built as light as three

leg, which is supposed to have a life of about five years, will be more than paid for in the saving of shoes. Of course, the false foot wears a shoe, just the same as the real one, but for some reason that has never been fully explained it isn't as hard on leather A flesh and blood leg will wear out four shoes while its mechanical mate is wearing out one, due perhaps to the footgear never being removed at night and the lack of elasticity in the trend The best customer of the makers is the government, which pays for a new artificial limb once every five years for pensioners maimed in war. The price fixed by law is \$75, but scores of old soldiers simply draw the money and make the same leg do for as long as 15 years at a stretch. Artificial arms are made very successfully nowadays, and a certain amount of action is secured in the hand, even when the stump reaches only a few inches from the

shoulder. With one of the styles, for

example, a man can lift his hat and re-

place it on his head with a surprisingly natural movement. The mechanism by which the false hand is made to open and close is controlled by a strap, which reaches to the opposite shoulder. A slight shrug does the work, and a little practice renders it imperceptible. "There has been a wonderful im provement in limbmaking during the ast ten years, and a properly constructed artificial leg cannot be detected by the casual observer. The chief difficulty with the old style was its tendency to swing outward in an are of a circle at every step. That has been entirely overcome. Some years ago, when I was in business at Chicago, I fitted out a man who had lost both legs and both arms in a Dakota blizzard. When I first saw him, he was simply a belpiess trunk, lying on a cot in the hospital, and his deplorable condition had reduced him to a state of despair bordering on insanity. I took a great deal of interest in the case, and I flatter myself that I did a fairly good job. When I got through with

him, he was able to get up without as-

sistance, walk about, feed himself and do a bundred and one little things that

changed life from a mere blank to

found himself emancipated from total

When he

something really endurable.

helplessness, he improved mentally, and now, I dare say, he wants to live as long as anybody.

"One of the greatest obstacles to suc cessful limb fitting is the carel of surgeous in performing amputations An operation may be entirely success ful from a surgical standpo ful from a surgical standpoint, yet leave a stump upon which a false leg can never be worn with comfort. I know of a number of cases in which a reamputation has been submitted to for the express purpose of correcting such difficulties. Every medical college course ought to include at less one lecture with practical demonstrations by a threather submitted. tions by a thoroughly scientific makes of artificial limbs. It would be of in estimable value to the students in art er practice."—New Orleans Times

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Look in Your Mirror

Wine of Cardui eral people say he resembles me so closely that I must be joking when I took the fellow to a photographer's one day last week and we both had our picany one to point out a single point of

dated 1832, this recipe for a temperan Rigid and cushion, daters, numhot weather drink was found in the berers, inks, pads, and all kinds of handwriting of a woman: add to it three-quarters of an ounce of hops and half an ounce of bruised ginger; let boil for 80 minutes. Next put in three-quarters of a pound of brown Burlington, N. C. sugar; boil for ten minutes more; then