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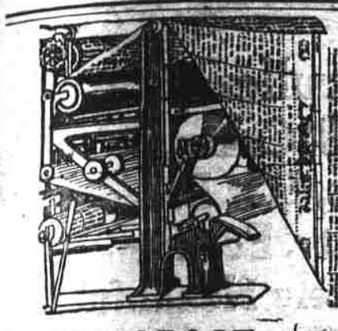

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THE CHRISTMAS BURGLAR MAN

"IS your father at home, kid?"

He was not altogether an unpleasant looking man who addressed the question to a fair haired child alone on the veranda of a suburban villa late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas.

The little girl stopped playing, frowned prettily and answered:

"My name's Muriel, not kid, and my papa never gets home till long after I've gone to bed. What's your name?"

The hulking fellow averted his eyes and answered her question by asking another.

"Who else lives with you?"

"Oh, my little brother—you haven't seen him, have you?—my mamma and Mary. Mary's the servant, you know."

"Good day, young 'un," said the tramp as he ambled away.

"Muriel I'm called!" she shouted after him. "Will you come again?"

"Thank'ee; I reckon I will," he answered.

* * * * * * *

"Oh, wait a minute, papa; I'm so sleepy!"

Muriel knelt up in her little bed, rubbed her eyes and shook her golden curls out. It was midnight. Having

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW?" SHE ASKED.

completely recovered from dreamland, she looked at the tall figure beside her bed and gasped with delight when she realized that her long cherished desire was going to be carried out. Papa had often promised to play at burglars with her, and there he was, quite ready, with the black mask covering his eyes and a little lantern that gave only a wee light.

"Oh, papa," she cried, "you do look a funny burglar! We'll take ma's jewelry first. Won't she be surprised?"

The midnight intruder nodded.

"Where does ma keep it, Muriel?" he asked. "Burglars don't know where things are, you know. That's half the fun of it, eh?"

"Oh, you are funny, papa! Let's whisper softer. It's on the dressing table in one of the little drawers. S-s-sh!"

Muriel felt herself lifted shoulder high.

"Now, then, ki—Muriel," he whispered, "when we pass your mamma's room, ki—Muriel, you just point to it and keep as quiet as a mouse. That's the proper way, isn't it?"

She nodded delightedly and did as he wished.

"Where are you going now?" she asked almost inaudibly as she was being carried downstairs.

"Why, somebody must keep watch. Don't you know that one burglar takes the things while another keeps watch?"

He carried her down into the cellar. It was very dark and cold, but Muriel said she wasn't afraid because they were only playing burglars.

"Now, then, ki—Muriel," he whispered, "you keep watch and don't make a noise." He slipped into her tiny hand one small bar of chocolate. "That's your share of the swag," he said and disappeared.

Muriel giggled when she thought of mamma's surprise. She listened a long time for return footsteps and wondered, after all, if papa had been caught. She was not at all comfortable, nor was she warm, and a few minutes later her pretty eyes closed, her head dropped, and she drifted into dreamland. Then she was awakened by her father. The mask was gone from the face, and he looked pale and troubled.

"Oh, you've come back!" she whispered, remembering the last caution she had received.

"Why are you here, dearie?" asked her father.

"You brought me, papa. Don't you remember—when we were playing burglars?"

Muriel's father telephoned to the police and reported the strange burglary. In the morning he spent an hour in convincing his little girl that he was not the man who wore the mask.

"Well, papa," she said in the end, "he was a very good Christmas burglar, wasn't he?"

Books as Christmas Gifts.

It is a great mistake to choose Christmas books entirely by covers and guesswork, and it is well to remember that it is better to postpone a gift for a few days rather than to buy a poor book. If you feel that you must buy books without reading them you can at least select something published by firms of good reputation, knowing that they will be careful what is sent out under their names.

BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

"THIS IS A BACHELOR'S CHIMNEY."

SANTA CLAUS
peeped from
the hearth-
stone,
And I—I peeped
from the bed.
"This call is quite
queer! Pray,
why are you
here?"
I summoned my
courage and said:
"If you've come
here a-seeking
wee stockings
and shoes
I very much fear
that your labor
you'll lose.
You've made a mistake in the matter of flues.
Know, this is a
bachelor's chimney."

Santa Claus stared
from the hearth-
stone,
And I—I stared
from my bed.
His cheeks, they
were pink, and
he tipped me a
wink

As he quoth, with a wag of his head:
"Good friend, don't ask me the reason I
came.
Just say if there's
something you'd
like—I'm the
same.
Come, up with your
stocking. I vow
it's a shame
That this is a
bachelor's chimney!"

Santa Claus stood
on the hearth-
stone,
And I half rose
from the bed,
But I uttered no
word, for my
heart was stir-
red,
And I thought of
the years long
sped.
"Is there nothing
you lack?" He
spoke with glee.
"I'm your fairy
godfather, you
know," said he.
"In my pack are
wonderful things
—come see—
Yes, e'en for a
bachelor's chimney."

"YES, E'EN FOR A BACHELOR'S CHIMNEY."

Santa Claus laughed on the hearthstone,
But I—smiled not from my bed.
A great longing filled my soul and
killed
The joy that his
kind face shed.
"The gift I de-
sire—I fear 'twill
cost—
Is the light of two
eyes 'neath the
marble mossed.
Go bring me the
love that I loved
and lost!"
And the night
wind moaned in
the chimney.

Santa Claus shrank
at the hearth-
stone,
And I sank back
on my bed,
And the embers fell
like a ghostly
knell
To ashes gray and
dead.
"God pity the wish
of your stricken
soul!"
He sighed, and I
saw a teardrop
roll.
"The boon that you
crave is beyond
my dole."

"THE BOON THAT YOU CRAVE IS BEYOND MY DOLE."

And he fled with the wind in the chimney.

—Samuel Minturn Peck.

Christmas North and South.

Washington celebrates Christmas in the northern style, a la New England—that is to say, by simply closing the stores and keeping quiet—but Alexandria, Va., celebrates in good old southern style, with rockets, roman candles, firecrackers, torpedoes, noise and general rejoicing hilarity.

Northern people often wonder why it is that the southerners celebrate Christmas like the Fourth of July and the latter holiday like Christmas, but the reason is not far to seek. The southern Christmas is the Christmas of old Merrie England, Germany and France before the reformation. According to the view of all good and orthodox Christians of that period, the birth of Christ was an event such as to cause delight and general rejoicing among men, and consequently they celebrated the Lord's birthday with the proper demonstrations of rejoicing. The Puritans were inclined to frown down religion of this sort, so that when America was settled by Cavalier and Puritan each celebrated the day in his own way.—Washington Post.

Appropriate Christmas Presents.

For your wife—A cookbook.
For your servant girl—A sealskin cloak.
For your rich relatives—Diamonds.
For your poor relatives—Nothing.
For your wife's relatives—Less than nothing, if you can obtain it.
For the guest within your gates—A gentle hint to go.
For your maiden aunt—A husband.
For your unmarried enemy—The maiden aunt aforesaid.
For your minister—A Bible.
For your son—A position downtown with some one who will make him earn his salt.
For your daughter—Some clothes to help her capture some unsuspecting man.
For some unsuspecting but otherwise worthy young man—The aforesaid daughter.—Yellow Book.

The Day That Comes but Once.

"Though Christmas comes but once a year,
I wish it might be twice,"
Said Willy Jones, the little dear.
"Because I think it's nice."
But papa, reading Santa's bill,
Said, "Once is once too often, Will."

COSTLY KISSES AT CHRISTMAS

AT a Christmas dinner given every year to the old folks of Hanley, the capital of the potteries district in England, a quaint ceremony is regularly observed.

At the conclusion of the meal one of the oldest of the women guests advances to the platform and kisses the mayor on both cheeks. His worship gallantly returns the salute, and the exchange of kisses continues until all the more venerable dames present have been thus honored.

In large business establishments, where the assistants live in, a great deal of kissing goes on at Christmas time. Some of the more daring spirits among the male "hands" have been known to make bets with one another as to the number of different girls they would kiss between Christmas eve and New Year's eve.

In a certain London drapery house two or three seasons ago one of these "horrid males" made a record by saluting seventeen different damsels. But he found the game was not worth the candle, for, in addition to a scratched face and a pretty severe pommeling at the hands of a victim's sweetheart, the rash youth found his services dispensed with.

At another great emporium one Christmas indiscriminate kissing created so much trouble that more than a dozen young men were dismissed. Ever since in this particular establishment even the introduction of a sprig of mistletoe during the festive season has been enough to insure instant dismissal.

A girl who appeared with a sprig of it in her blouse was ordered to put on her things and leave at once. A playful young man who merely pretended to kiss a young lady assistant was hurried off the premises with his hat and overcoat in his hand.

The Lancashire factory maid has a little kissing custom all her own that is sacred to Christmas. At this special period she will kiss an overlooker or any other male "hand" in the expectation that she will be rewarded with a shilling for her temerity.

Woe betide the ungallant worker who fails to part with the coin. He will find his coat sleeves sewed up or nailed to the wall. If the girl herself does not do this her fellow workers will.

Some of the more venturesome have been known to "get their employer

SHE WILL KISS ANY MALE "HAND."

round the neck" and kiss him, but the risks are great. If he takes the liberty kindly he will part with a sovereign; if otherwise he will part with the kisser. In one instance the master was so furious at being kissed that he closed his works until New Year's day, thus quieting the hands in a week's wages.

A ludicrous story is told of a young Japanese engineering apprentice in connection with the Christmas custom of kissing. He was serving his time in the north of England and was astonished when a waitress at the dining rooms which he regularly frequented kissed him under the mistletoe.

On its being explained to him that a present was expected in return, he suggested a pair of gloves. The damsel, however, had heard that he was immensely wealthy and gently hinted that something for her neck would be more acceptable. When the present arrived next day she conjured up visions of a pearl necklace as she tremblingly undid the parcel. Then was disclosed to her disappointed gaze a Jap's idea of "something for her neck." It took the shape of a bar of soap.

It is interesting to recall a strange Christmas kissing custom that in times gone by was regularly observed at a certain London hostelry. This was a house known as the Pied Bull in Clerkenwell, the landlord of which was under an obligation to bestow on every woman who came in before noon and kissed him a given measure of ale.

If records can be relied on "mine host" had no lack of lady customers on the festive morn.—Tit-Bits.

A MEMORABLE WATCH MEETING

NEW YEAR'S EVE came right in the middle of a series of "protracted meetings" which had been started in a little church in the northern part of Indiana some twenty-five years ago. The faithful few had been gathering night after night for a month, and not more than a dozen persons had knelt at the mourners' bench, including the chronic backsliders. When the opening hymn was announced all the seats had been taken, and a dense crowd of boys and young men occupied the space between the door and the last row of seats.

As the hours slipped by and the end of the old year approached the service changed into a season of prayer and testimony. The little clock which hung on the wall behind the pulpit finally pointed to 11 o'clock, and the

"GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES OR I'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE!"

preacher arose to make one last supreme effort to reclaim some soul from eternal torment. At his direction the most zealous members of the congregation left their seats and mingled with the audience, looking for a chance convert.

It was at this critical moment that an unlooked for interruption disturbed the passing of the old year and marred the peacefulness of the meeting. Deacons Wiley and Mills had been so bold as to approach the godless crowd around the door and suggest that there was too much laughing and talking. They had even dared to tell two or three of the leading spirits that a failure to preserve order meant ejectment from the church. The sound of loud talking suddenly reached the ears of the worshipers, and all heads turned toward the door. Loud curses and angry words, uplifted fists and stamping feet told that a fierce struggle was taking place. Out of the tangled mass presently came Deacons Wiley and Mills, each in triumphant possession of a panting, disheveled, fighting prisoner. The culprits were the sons of their captors, and against all their kicking and squirming they were forced slowly along the aisles on each side of the church to the mourners' bench, fighting every inch of the way.

"Get down on your knees, darn your picture!" commanded Deacon Wiley, seizing his son by the shoulders and allowing his indignation to gain the mastery. "Get down on your knees or I'll skin you alive when I get you home!"

"Keep your seats, brethren and sisters," exclaimed Rev. Ebenezer Harker. "This young man is sorry for what he has done, and we may yet save him from the wrath to come."

There was a suppressed titter from those who took the preacher literally. Sam Wiley, the wildest scamp that ever robbed a watermelon patch, looked at his father's stern, unyielding face and felt the grip tighten on his shoulders. He cast a furtive glance toward the women's "amen" corner and saw his mother's eyes filled with tears. He turned to his right and saw his companion in misery, "Diddy" Mills, crying like a baby. Just for a moment he stiffened with pride, and then he felt his father's strong arms forcing him down on his knees. At the same time "Diddy" Mills went down under the pressure on his shoulders.

"Who will be the next to come forward?" shouted Rev. Ebenezer Harker, dancing back and forth before the pulpit with a joy he could not conceal. "The Lord bless these young men who have seen the error of their ways. Let us all unite in prayer."

Everybody prayed. Deacon Wiley leading the low, murmuring chorus with a fervent entreaty to his son to forego the wickedness of the world and unite with the church. When Deacon Wiley ceased Deacon Mills began to pray aloud for his wayward boy. It was very funny to the crowd around the door, but after awhile something seemed to choke their laughter. Sister Mills' high pitched and quavering voice arose in prayer, and there was a pathos in her appeal that started tears into the eyes of the roughest rowdy in the crowd. Sister Wiley, unable to restrain her emotions, joined her cries with those of Sister Mills. Suddenly a wave of increased excitement swept through the congregation. Two of the toughest young men of the town walked slowly down the aisles and knelt at the low railing. They were hardly down when two more came forward.

Such a revival was never known before in the history of the church as the one which started with the watch meeting that night. Rev. Ebenezer Harker said to himself that it was due to his powers as an exhorter. Two mothers believed in their hearts that the efficacy of prayer had been demonstrated in a wonderful manner. But suppose those muscular fathers had remained inactive. Would the protracted meetings have lasted another week?

A NEW YEAR'S DREAM.

IN the cosy depths of an armchair thrown
On New Year's eve, I mused alone.
"Welladay!" thought I. "And deary me!
This world is a fairly good world, I own,
But how much better indeed 'twould be
If, putting aside his natural pride,
Each living thing in the world so wide
Would honestly try his simple best
To be obliging to all the rest!
With a little more
kindness and
sweet civility,
Courtesy, patience
and amiability—
Ah, welladay, and
deary me,
What a highly
agreeable world
'twould be!"

BOWED AND SMILED.

Then softly faded
the firelight's
gleam,
And I fell asleep—
or so it would
seem—
And dreamed this
very remarka-
ble dream:

I stood, methought,
in the same old
world,
With the same old ocean round it curled,
But a singular state of things I found
As I rubbed my eyes and looked around.

Each man and woman, each chick and
child,
Wherever I met them, bowed and smiled
And answered my questions before they
were asked
And with my errands their memories
tasked.
And each, I saw, with an equal zest,
Was doing the same for all the rest.
Such consideration and thoughtful zeal,
Such delicate tact, I could but feel,
From the president, bland on his lofty
seat,
To the dear little cricket that chirped at
my feet.

There was not a thing in that land so fair
But lived to oblige. With the tenderest
care
The ragman muffled his bells, for fear
They might awaken some sleeper near,
And the newsboys called the Times and
Post
In tones like a cooing dove's—almost.

THE COOK MADE TARTS EACH DAY IN THE YEAR.

The plumber offered the pipes to
mend
"Just as a favor,
to please a
friend."
The lawyer begged
that his little
bill,
Unpaid, as it happened, be unpaid still.
And the worthy
parson, consid-
erate man,
Finished his sermon before he
began.

The cook made
tarts each day
in the year,
And nobody thought
it the least bit
queer.
The kind police-
men in all the
parks
Just stayed to see that the boys—such
larks!—
Kept on the grass, and the teachers
bright
Gave only—as children know is right—
The shortest lessons and highest marks.
The printers sent out in the kindest way
A new children's magazine every day,
And the editors always took the rhymes
That the poets sent at all possible times.

To please the fisherman down by the
brook
The fish came swimming to catch the
hook.
The oysters smilingly opened their shells.
The buckets sprang merrily up in the
wells.
And the little dogs gathered the downy
brood
And helped the chickens to scratch for
food.

The currants and blackberries picked
themselves
And stood all canned on the pantry
shelves.
The sun sat willingly up all night
To cheer the earth when it needed light.
The babies their natural cries suppressed
For fear of break-
ing their par-
ents' rest,
And the dear lit-
tle, kind little,
sweet little boys
Refrained from
making the
slightest noise,
But quietly played
with their harm-
less toys
And washed their
hands without
being told
To please their
mothers, as
good as gold.

WASHED THEIR HANDS WITHOUT BEING TOLD.

The breeze came
blowing in gen-
tle gales
Whenever 'twas
wanted to fill
the sails.
The prisoners stay-
ed in the un-
locked jails.
And the mice sat up on the balcony rails
To let the kittens play with their tails,
And the old cats stifled their nightly wails,
And the little fish danced to tickle the
whales,
And the brown hawk hurried to warn the
quails,
And the butterflies loitered to help the
snails,
And the hammers were gentle and kind
to the nails,
And the mops took care not to scratch
the pails.
And—

Here the wonderful story fails,
For I, breathless, woke. It was New
Year's day
The world wagged on in the same old
way.
"It was only a dream!" said I. "Dear
me!
But I'll be as obliging as can be,
And the world may be better for that—
we'll see."

—Margaret Johnson in St. Nicholas.

The New Year.

Who comes dancing over the snow,
His little soft feet all bare and rosy?
Open the door, though the wild winds
blow,
Take the child in and make him cosy—
Take him in and hold him dear,
He is the wonderful New Year.

Open your heart, be it sad or gay,
Welcome him there and say him kindly,
For you must carry him, yea or nay—
Carry him with shut eyes so blindly.
Whether he bringeth joy or fear,
Take him: God sends him, this good
New Year.

—Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

RIDING THE BILLOWS.

A Few Pointed Suggestions For Ocean Travelers.

Do not interfere with the captain in the performance of his duties or offer suggestions in navigation based upon your own experience in running a catboat on Lake Mohonk. There are few captains now in the transatlantic service who have not crossed the ocean several times, and we know of none who has acquired his knowledge of the sea in a correspondence school.

If the lady with golden hair seated in the steamer chair next to yours inadvertently puts her head on your shoulder and groans do not rudely remove it, but whistle a soft lullaby, as if you did not notice the act. Bear in mind that two heads are better than one. The lullaby may put her to sleep, when her curls may be gently removed to her own sofa pillow. Should you desire to go below before she goes to sleep send the deck steward after her husband and ask him to remove them himself.

If in the midst of your dinner you feel a sudden emotional qualm arising within you rise with it as nearly simultaneously as possible and hasten from the saloon, taking care in your flight to stick to the aisles between the tables and not go leaping from table to table like a frightened antelope toward the exit. This latter course would cause considerable confusion in the dining room, and in your haste you might inadvertently trip over another passenger's welsh rabbit, which is not considered good form in polished circles either on the land or on the sea.

If on your way to the upper deck you find the staircases blocked by others hastening upward like yourself do not step upon them in your mad flight upward, but slide down the banisters to the lower deck, which you will find just as well adapted to your needs as the upper. Any deck is good in a qualm.—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

POWER OF A WORD.

Why France Changed the Name of the "Life Saving Belt."

A vivid illustration of the power of mere words over human beings was once brought to the attention of French people by Francisque Sarcey.

After the wreck of the Bourgogne many passengers were found floating drowned with life preservers on. These life preservers were fatened upon the bodies, but round the middle instead of under the arms, and the greater weight of the upper part of the body had tipped the head under water and the person of course was inevitably drowned.

Now it appears that the greater number of the persons so drowned were French. The French term for life preserver is ceinture de sauvetage, or "life saving belt." This word ceinture suggests to the mind in its moments of disorder and unreadiness, such as a great catastrophe brings, the idea of putting on a belt, and as a belt is put round the waist and nowhere else the frightened person instinctively adjusts the life preserver close about the hips.

The result is that as soon as the person so provided falls into the water his body tips over, with the heavier part downward, and the head is plunged beneath the surface.

The word "belt," therefore, was the cause of the loss of many lives in the Bourgogne disaster. Sarcey accordingly proposed to counteract the fatal effect of the French word by renaming the article and calling it a brassiere, which is a kind of waist, and by bringing the word bras, or arm, to mind to teach people to put a life preserver on just underneath the arms.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Cooling of the Worlds.

All bodies in space are gradually approaching frigidity. When a redhot cannon ball is taken out of a furnace and suspended in the air it parts with its heat and keeps on parting with it until it finally reaches the temperature surrounding it. And what happens to the cannon ball is happening to the sun. The sun is steadily losing its heat and contracting, and the same is true of the planets and of every other body in space. Just as the arctic circle is ever encroaching upon the temperate and equatorial regions, so the final chill is steadily advancing upon the warmth everywhere.—New York American.

A Modest Poet.

There is a story told of a French poet who inquired of a friend and flatterer what he thought of his last work. "I have arrived at the fifteenth canto," he replied with enthusiasm, "and think there is nothing more beautiful and harmonious in the language."

"Pardon me, there is one thing," said the poet.

"Ah, perhaps you mean Chateaubriand's 'Atala?'"

"Certainly not! I mean my sixteenth canto."

Testing Her.

"How would you feel, Clarissa, if you and I were sailing down the stream of life together far away from here?"

"How far, George?"

"Oh, far, far away!"

"I'd be so terribly homesick for mother!"

And from that night this young man ceased his visits.—Judge's Library.

A Fruitful Time.

"Did Jack derive any fruit from the lecture?"

"Yes, sure he did. He met there a girl he knew and made a date with her, and she's a peach." — Baltimore American.

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Mortgagee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed executed on the 20th day of January, 1909, by Chas. Day and wife, Sallie Day, to Warren & Vincent, and of record in the Public Registry of Alamance County, N. C., in book of Mortgage Deeds No. 43 at page 445, the undersigned mortgagees will, on

DECEMBER 30, 1910,

at 12:00 o'clock m., at the court house door in Graham, N. C., sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate, to-wit:

One undivided seventh interest in a certain tract of land in Pleasant Grove township, Alamance county, N. C., adjoining the lands of John A. Warren and others and the whole of said tract contains 108 acres, more or less, and is known as the Dickerson Corn lands that was devised to Ufratice Heath upon which she and her husband Jackson Heath lived till her death, and one seventh interest thereof was conveyed as above and the sale thereof will be made to satisfy the debt secured by mortgage of the said Chas. Day and wife, Sallie Day, which they have failed to pay. This Nov. 22, 1910.

J. R. Warren, W. O. Warren and R. W. Vincent, partners, trading as WARREN & VINCENT, Mortgagees

J. S. Cook Atty.

Mortgagee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed executed on the 1st day of May, 1908, by J. J. Boswell, and recorded in Office of the Register of Deeds for Alamance county, N. C., in Book No. 60 of Mortgage Deeds at page 185, wherein the 14 nd hereinafter described is conveyed to the undersigned to secure the payment of a certain bond therein mentioned, payment whereof has been demanded and refused, and is now long past due, the undersigned mortgagees will offer for sale at public auction, for cash, at the court house door in Graham, at 12:00 M., on

DECEMBER 30, 1910,

the following described lot of real property, lying and being in the said County of Alamance, in Haw River township, adjoining the lands of Jas. McDaniel Boswell and others, and bounded as follows:

Beginning on the public road at a Poplar tree and running thence North 70 yards to a rock; thence West 70 yards; thence S 70 yards thence East 70 yds, to the beginning and containing one acre more or less. The same lying on the North side of said public road and upon which there is a dwelling house used as the residence of the said mortgagor.

This property will be sold to satisfy the bond secured by said mortgage, as will fully appear from an inspection of the Public Registry above referred to where said mortgage deed is of record. Terms of Sale: Cash.

This Nov. 22, 1910. J. C. & D. M. WALKER, Mortgagees.

J. S. Cook, Atty.

In Greensboro the other day Will Smith, an 18-year-old colored youth, entered the house of Lieut. J. D. Gilmer, a colored ex-soldier, and stole diamonds and a gold watch, amounting in value to $222. He was arrested and the property recovered. Superior Court was in session, he was placed on trial and plead guilty to burglary in the second degree, receiving a sentence of 20 years in State Prison. He was really guilty of first degree burglary, for which the penalty is death but the court accepted the plea for the lesser offence.

Ends Winter's Troubles.

To many, winter is a season of trouble. The frost bitten toes and fingers, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, cold sores, red and rough skins, prove this. But such troubles fly before Bucklen's Arnica Salve. A trial convinces. Greatest healer of Burns, Piles, Cuts, Sores, Eczema and sprains. Only 25c at Graham Drug Co.

Mack Morgan, of Richfield, Stanly county, who has been selling guano for the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company, the Noyassa Guano Company, and possibly other concerns, is alleged to be short in his accounts $10,000 to $15,000 and his whereabouts are unknown.

—Ambitious young men and ladies should learn telegraphy, for, since the new 8-hour law became effective there is a shortage of many thousand telegraphers. Positions pay from $50 to $70 a month to beginners. The Telegraph Institute of Columbia, S. C. and five other cities is opened under supervision of R. R. Officials and all students are placed when qualified. Write them for particulars.

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For Pleasant, Dependable and Comfortable Action