

Starving and Saving For Others to Spend When You're Dead.

"I'm not opposed to a man saving money," remarked the undertaker, fighting a fresh cigar, "but I can't help feeling that it is wrong for one to do it by meanness and by denying one's own comforts. It is because I see so much of this that I feel this way."

"Whatever is the reason I must say that in my observation the usual result is that when one has saved up money by this self denial the ones who receive the money after death usually waste it."

"To illustrate this let me tell you of a specific case. A few years ago an elderly woman died in our city. I was called to care for the remains. I assure you that the room into which I went was one of the barest and most desolate places I ever saw. There was none of those little things which go to make a room comfortable and cheerful. I couldn't but help thinking that the poor woman's life had been a dreary one. In a way I still think so."

"She was a maiden lady about seventy. In the town was one woman who had been her friend. She sent word to me to bring the remains there. No one supposed the deceased had a cent in the world. When we were about to remove the body the people of the house called my attention to a small box which they said contained all the effects of the dead woman."

"When we opened that box we found that it contained \$5,000, the old lady's saving of a lifetime."

"In her efforts to hoard up this money she had gone without comforts and necessities; had denied herself every little luxury. What for? Answer it if you can. I can't."

"A relative, the nearest one and the only heir, came on from a middle Atlantic state and took the remains home with her for burial. She also took the money. On the day of the funeral she had several hacks at a cost of \$15 each, then she made the driver of each hack a present of \$5, gave the driver of the hearse the same sum and each of the two men who dug the grave \$5 and spent \$2,500 for a monument. The rest of the \$5,000 she blew. At the end of six months every dollar of it was gone."

"And that old lady had gone without necessities of life to accumulate it."

"And, my friend, that is but one of several cases—yes, of scores of them—that I could recite to you did I have the mind."—Lewiston Journal.

BOOKWORMS.

There Are a Dozen Different Kinds of the Borer.

"One of the queerest superstitions," says a secondhand book dealer in this city, "is the idea that the bookworm commits immense ravages among printed volumes and yet has never been seen. People think it borers holes through books and eats out large cavities in the middle of a volume, then disappears, and the superstition even goes so far as to assert that the bookworm will eat a hole that would hold a marble right in the middle of a book, then vanish without leaving any exit."

"The plain truth is that almost any borer that infest wood will bore holes through books and also that cockroaches do about as much harm to books as any other insects. There are a dozen different kinds of borers that do more or less damage to books, and the reason why the insects are not more frequently caught is that they do their work and generally leave the book to enter the chrysalis state in other quarters. None of the boring worms are large, and even when a borer is actually at work the sudden opening of the book allows the insect to drop out unobserved."

"American made books, however, are very little troubled by borers. There are so many different kinds of chemicals used in the covers, bindings, paper and paste that boring insects generally get very sick at the stomach before they have made their way far into an American book. In southern Europe, however, great damage is often done to libraries not only by borers, but also by ants, which eat their way into the heart of a book and leave galleries and chambers easily mistaken for the work of the borers."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Knocker That Meant Life. So cruel were some of the punishments meted out to criminals in England centuries ago that it was small wonder the poor wretches claimed the "right of sanctuary." If they reached a church or some other privileged place the law could not touch them. A curious relic in connection with this custom is the knocker in the form of the quaint knocker on the door of Durham cathedral. The applicant having hammered at the portal, one of the priests inside would inspect him through the eyes of the copper mask above the knocker and after due parley would admit the frightened criminal.

Following Instructions. "Here, my poor man," said a kind old lady, "here is a shilling for you. Now don't go and spend it in vile drink." "Thank you, ma'am," answered the tramp heartily, "I'll not. I suppose you was a-referring to the wretched stuff they 'as at the Dun Cow, mum? Ah, but I'll go to the Black Ball. They keep the right sort there!"—London Spectator.

Active Enough. Physician (reflectively)—"H'm! The case is one, I think, that will yield to a mild stimulant. Let me see your tongue, madam, if you please. Husband of Patient (hastily)—"Doctor, her tongue doesn't need any stimulating."—Pearson's Weekly.

ITCH IS.

Don't Dose the Stomach to Cure Eczema and Other Skin Diseases.

Those afflicted with Eczema, psoriasis, salt rheum, or other skin diseases of a similar nature, should never dose the stomach to rid themselves of the terrible itch. They should doctor the itch where the itch is—through the skin through the skin, not through the stomach.

Eczema and other diseases of a kindred kind are skin diseases. Science has shown that Eczema is caused by germs in the skin, and that the disease can be eradicated only by killing the germs.

Dr. Decatur D. Dennis was one of the first physicians to follow out the germ theory in skin diseases. Then he discovered that by mixing oil of wintergreen with other soothing agents he had a liquid prescription in which killed the germs and cured the awful itch, leaving the skin white and smooth. Since that time this D. D. D. Prescription has been the standard remedy for skin diseases, just as D. D. D. soap is the standard high grade skin soap.

The first few drops of D. D. D. give instant relief from the terrible itch and from the frightful burning of the diseased skin. So reliable is this D. D. D. remedy that hundreds of physicians prescribe it. It is a wash as thin as water and as mild and as pure, which is applied to the diseased portion of the skin.

Mrs. Frances Richmond, of Milton, Trimble county, Kentucky, writes:

"My little girl's fingers were sore almost to the bone from Eczema. I used part of the sample bottle of D. D. D. Prescription received from you and now they are well. It is a wonderful skin remedy."

We carefully investigated this D. D. D. Prescription before recommending it to our neighbors and patrons, and after a long experience we are more than ever convinced of its wonderful merits.

W. A. UNDERWOOD, Randleman, N. C.

You needn't decide now, but call at our store anyway and we will show you how this D. D. D. Prescription gives instant relief from itch.

Gable Fronts.

We often find during a long life, in travelling and living in the different sections, that there is a gable front and a hind end front to most everything. For instance, we find a large number of the dwelling houses with nice gable fronts. In passing through our towns and cities it is really beautiful on the fronts of main and all the other streets to the eye, to see such fine buildings and the display of all the nice goods. But alas! sometimes business calls and requires us to step back in the rear of many of these fine buildings. What does the eye behold? Places that a decent cur dog would not spend a night.

Then again we can see in the towns and cities, and often in the country, large fine church buildings with their costly steeples pointed heavenward, carpeted floor and long coat-tailed preachers, who will not preach twice a month for less than \$1,000 a year. They stand up in their pulpits and tell their congregations some big grave yard "bugar" stories and close by requesting all in the congregation to hold up their right hand who know without the shadow of a doubt that they are prepared and willing to die at that moment. We have seen so many on such occasions that sometimes it looked almost like half of the congregation might be holding up both hands. Then the preacher will announce the next service and take up a collection for some charitable purpose. Many of those hands which had just been raised in the air never could find their way into their pockets, and probably before the next meeting at some of those churches we can often hear of some of those hand raising members being over at brother A's and B's, to the ice cream and oyster suppers and saying, "If you need any more money, I have it." smoking their cigarettes chewing and dipping the filthy weed and spitting a little of the juice on the floor for the good sisters to drag over and clean up and sometimes use a little "cuss word."

We have between monthly meetings seen and heard numbers of these hand raising, prepared-to-die Christians saying hard things and gossiping about their neighbors, refusing and neglecting to visit their sick neighbors. We once knew a good said-to-be Christian woman, who lived in one quarter of a mile from a poor sick lady, who refused to visit her. The poor woman at last died, and the good said-to-be Christian woman was the first one at the funeral with a great wreath of flowers ready to push away those poor little heart broken motherless children.

So fine gable fronts to things do not tell the inside story.

LONG SHANES.

A specialist in dipsomania was talking about the cunning with which dipsomaniacs in confinement will obtain liquor.

"A certain noted but intemperate actor," said Dr. Gresham James, "was once locked up by his manager in order that he might not spoil the evening performance by overdrinking. His confinement was close. Windows, doors—everything was locked and barred."

"But the actor beckoned to a man in the street, showed a greenback and bawled to him through the closed window to go and buy a bottle of brandy and a clay pipe."

"When the man returned with these purchases the actor called:

"Stick the pipe stem in through the keyhole."

"This was done."

"Now," said the actor, "pour the brandy carefully into the bowl."

"As the fluid fell into the bowl the actor sucked it up, and when his manager came to release him that evening he lay in a corner quite gloriously drunk."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Way It Read.

The editor of a little paper was in the habit of cheering up his subscribers daily with a column of short pertinent comments on their town, their habits and themselves. The department was the most popular thing in the paper.

The editor, as he saw it growing in favor, gradually allowed himself a wider latitude in his remarks until the town passed much of its time conjecturing "what he'd say next."

On a hot day when the sun was whistling gayly up the street of the town, depositing everywhere its burden of sand, the editor brought forth this gem of thought:

"All the windows along Main street need washing badly."

The next morning he was waited on by a platoon of indignant citizens, who confronted him with the paragraph in question fresh from the hands of the compositor and informed him fiercely that he had gone too far. After a hasty and horrified glance he admitted that he had. It now read:

"All the windows along Main street need washing badly."—Everybody's.

His Mother's Ruin Failed. A Kansas City professional man, who is prominently identified with Missouri politics, tells the following story on himself:

"My folks moved from Indiana to Johnson county, Mo., when I was six years of age. We settled on a farm near Holden. The first Sunday we were there and while the family was preparing for Sunday school it was discovered that I did not have any shoes. My mother, realising that folks would talk if one of her children made his first public appearance barefooted, suggested that I have a cloth tied around one foot to create the impression that I was unable to wear shoes because of a sore foot. So the rag was tied on me. Everything went along smoothly, and I learned all about bears eating the bad children up when I heard a snicker from a boy I afterward liked. He was pointing to my right foot. I glanced downward.

"The rag had slipped off, and my mother's ruse was exposed."—Kansas City Star.

Speechless, but Graphic. A knowledge of the art of drawing is sometimes very useful. A well known caricaturist had done himself very well at a dance and was being put into a cab by some friends, none of whom knew where he lived, and he himself was more or less speechless. At last, however, he managed to extricate a pencil and a sheet of paper from his pocket and drew a sketch, which, when finished, he handed out of the cab. The drawing was a clear sketch of a well known church steeple in Langham place. They all recognized it, and, with shrieks of laughter, handed it to the cabbie, who remarked:

"All right, I knows it—Langham street," and he drove off.—Illustrated Bits.

The Stage Doorkeeper. It is one of the traditions of the profession that every actor and actress on entering the theater shall say "Good evening" and on leaving "Good night" to the stage doorkeeper. During the many dreary hours I have been permitted to stand in the stuffy hallways of many stage doorkeepers I have never known an actor, from the lowliest Shakespearean star to the lowliest chorus girl, fail to greet the stage doorkeeper with enthusiasm, and I can remember but few instances of the greeting ever having been returned.—Charles Belmont Davis in Outing Magazine.

Her Secret Sorrow. "That woman over there has some hidden sorrow," declared the sympathetic one as she came in and took her seat at a table not far away. "I have often noticed her. See. Her companion orders everything she could possibly want, and yet she sits there silent with a face like a mask. I am awfully sorry for her."

"Don't you worry," advised her pessimistic friend. "That's her husband with her. She's bored, that's all."—New York Press.

Question For Question. "My son wants to marry your daughter. Does she know how to cook a good dinner?"

"Yes, if she gets the materials for one. Does your son know how to supply them?"—Baltimore American.

Idleness always envies industry.—Italian Proverb.

WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, uric acid, catarrh of the bladder and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work and in private practice, and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper, who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root, and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles are sold by all good druggists. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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Now is the time to paint. We handle B. P. S. and Devco's Pure Paint. We are selling at same old prices. It will pay you to come to see us.

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That is why "THE FARM MONEY MAKER" has thousands of its subscribers in the South. That prosperous section is now awake to its enormous possibilities. Every farmer, fruit grower or live stock man in the Great South should be a reader of

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