

A Humble Uncle Josh.

Uncle Josh Williams had lived in and around Rawsonville for fifteen years before opening the Williams' private bank. Uncle Josh was humble because he was a hypocrite and had an object in view. Uncle Josh was humble by nature. He was humble and trusting and honest and sympathetic. How such a man could get along financially was a wonder to everybody, but somehow he slowly got ahead of the game and finally announced that he would open a bank. There was no flourish about the announcement. It was in keeping with his record—very humble. He admitted that he knew nothing whatever of the banking business, but would open a bank more for the accommodation of his neighbors than anything else. It was predicted that he would be made the victim of all sorts of gaudy games and that he would lose his last dollar within a year.

Workmen prepared a building, and the bank was opened. It was presided over by Uncle Josh. The first attempt on the bank was with a forged check. Uncle Josh said he was sorry—very sorry. He wanted to oblige, you know—he'd get up at midnight to oblige—but really, now, he couldn't see his way clear in this thing. Would the stranger call again? Would the stranger go home to a bolted dinner with him? Would the stranger ride out to his farm with him and give his opinion on how the grass crop was coming on?

Then there came a man with a lot of mining bonds who wanted to put them up as collateral for a loan. They were quoted at 90 and almost the same as governments. Uncle Josh looked them over and, although he had no true paper to refer to, he placed the daily value at 4 cents a pound and stuck to it—stuck to it in his humble way. He was real sorry—was sorry as if the stranger had fallen off the roof of a barn and broken a leg. He thought all mining bonds ought to be worth at least 10 cents a pound, but he couldn't help it if they dropped to 4. Would the stranger take half a day to go huckleberrying with him? Couldn't they arrange to go fishing together? If the stranger was fond of the ancient, there was a ruined old saw-mill down on the banks of the river, and Uncle Josh would go along and point out the moss grown points of interest there.

Then there came a man with a pocket full of snuff. He had piped off the bank and discovered that Uncle Josh was there gone from 12 to 1 while the nephew went to dinner. He called to see about a loan. He got Uncle Josh interested. He got close to him. He cut with a handful of snuff to throw into the old man's eyes and blind him and then rob the bank, but somehow the snuff went wrong. Then something hit him, and he lay down. The door and rubbed snuff in his eyes, and all the valvingness was taken out of him. Uncle Josh refused to let him be taken to jail. He was sorry for him—truly sorry.

The people who had taken Uncle Josh for an easy mark because he was humble soon began to realize that there was a difference. He had shown that he could take care of any money intrusted to him, and the institution began to flourish. It got through its first year without the loss of a penny, and some folks were very much disappointed about it. One of these disappointed was a tough citizen of the county named William Hayes. William, who was generally called Bill to distinguish him from William the Conqueror, had reared the lives of the James and Young brothers and other similar literature and longed to distinguish himself.

He kept an eye on the Williams bank. He thought it a sin and a shame for a humble and innocent old dozer like Uncle Josh to open a bank and tempt the wicked, and he finally decided to remove the temptation and benefit by it himself. He would thus kill two birds with one stone. He consulted with other philanthropists of his ilk, and at noon of one September day as a confederate was in the bank talking with Uncle Josh five whooping, disguised men rode into Rawsonville on horseback and made for the bank. Uncle Josh was a humble man with good ears on him. He heard the whoops and the clatter. He was talking about taking a mortgage on a farm, and without breaking the conversation he touched an electric button, and the door of the vault closed. Then as the five riders came rushing into the bank he touched another, and the inside door closed after them. There was a third button. He pressed it and went down out of sight with a section of the floor. He was sorry to leave the six men there, very sorry, but it was his time to go. If they could find it convenient to call some other time he might not be so pressed.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

Founder of the Salvation Army.
According to a statement made by General William Booth, who is now making a tour of inspection of the Salvation Army in this country, the work of the army will be uninterrupted in the event of the aged leader's death. General Booth said:



"Arrangements have been made, so far as legal acumen and prayer could enable us to make them, so that as one general of the Salvation Army steps off the stage of action another general shall step on. If, therefore, I should die tonight the message that would flash around the world would be, 'The general is dead; long live the general!'"

General Booth is seventy-three years of age and began his crusade against sin and misery forty-two years ago. Although he stoops somewhat, his only apparent physical infirmity is a slight deafness. His eye is as bright and his voice as strong as ever.

"I have been in Australia, Ceylon, in Japan, in the different countries of Europe and up and down the length and breadth of Great Britain," he said a few days ago. "I have more recently been in Canada. I have come here to America to look up my own people and see if they are working in harmony with the rules and regulations of the army, and I want to learn while I am here how the American people appreciate the army."

The present is General Booth's fourth visit to the United States.

Fairbanks Makes Laughable Mistake.
Though Mr. Fairbanks is usually posted by his assistants, he made a mistake at Reno and incidentally turned the laugh on himself. The usual crowd had gathered to meet him when the train drew in, and having but a few minutes to spare the best vice president lost no time in getting to his speech.

"Senator Nixon," he commenced, with the air of the statesman-orator, "and fellow citizens of Arizona,"—"Oh, hullo! Get next!" shouted a rude miner in the crowd. "Reno is in Nevada."
A thunderclap of laughter followed the remark, and before it had subsided the train was ready to move on.

STAGE FRIGHT.

Actors Have Been Known to Die From the Malady.
Perhaps the most terrible malady which can attack the actor in the course of his performance in the peculiar disease known as stage fright. Through its evil effects strong men and women have been known to faint, break down and do many other queer things, and there are even on record several cases of people who have died through this horrible seizure.

Some years ago a young novice who was to appear for the first time arrived at the theater very white and shaky. Brandy being given him, he appeared slightly better, but no sooner had he set his foot on the stage than he clapped his hand to his heart, with a low cry, and fell down dead. The overwhelming sensation induced by stage fright had attacked his heart, and his theatrical career ended thus even at its beginning.

Quite as ghastly was the case of the young amateur actress who, strangely enough, had never experienced stage fright when playing with her fellow amateurs, but who was seized with the attack on making her first professional appearance. She went through the scene aided by the prompter, her eyes glazed, her hands rigid, and when the exit came it proved her exit from life's stage as well as the mimic boards, for she staggered to her dressing room and fell into a comatose state, from which she never recovered.

Perhaps, however, the most peculiar instance of all was that of the veteran performer who had gone through thirty years of stage work without experiencing this malady. One night, however, he confided to a fellow player that a quite unaccountable nervousness had suddenly taken hold of him and that he did not think he could ever act again.

His comrade laughed at the notion and urged him to go on, as usual, but his astonishment may well be conceived when the poor old player went on the stage and, after making several vain efforts to speak, fell back and expired. The doctor who made the post-mortem examination stated that death was due to failure of the heart's action, evidently induced by the presence of an attack of stage fright.—Pearson's Weekly.

TYBURN TREE.
Lord Ferrers' tragic journey to the famous Old Gallows. Park Lane was Tyburn-tree, and it seems as if the gallows—described in one time stood at its east corner. It was there the ferocious Lord Ferrers was hung in 1794 for murdering his servant. His words painted the picture. He bore the penalty of a poisonous and tedious execution of about two hours from the tower to Tyburn, with as much tranquility as if he were only going to his own burial, not to his own execution." And when one of the dragons of the procession was thrown from his horse Lord Ferrers expressed much concern and said, "I hope there will be no death today but mine."

On went the procession, with a mob about it sufficient to make its progress slow and laborious. Small wonder that the use of Thackeray's, with Thackeray's help, set up its scaffolds within four high walls. Asking for drink, Lord Ferrers was refused, so said the sheriff, late regulations enjoined him not to let prisoners drink while passing from the place of imprisonment to that of execution, great inconveniences having been committed by the drunkenness of the criminals in the hour of execution. "And though," said he, "my lord, I might think myself excusable in overlooking this order out of regard to your lordship's rank, yet there is another reason, which I am sure, will weigh with you—your lordship is sensible of the greatness of the crowd; we must draw up at some tavern; the confinement would be so great that it would delay the expedition which your lordship seems so much to desire." But decency—so often pardoned by those who outrage it—ended with the murderer's death. "The executioners fought for the rope, and the one who lost it cried—the greatest tragedy, to his thinking, of the day!"—London Sketch.

When to Lift Your Hat.
In answer to the question, "Please tell when and where are, or is, the correct time for a gentleman to lift or remove his hat," we reply: Without consulting authorities of etiquette, in fact giving it to you offhand, so to speak, we should say at the following times and on the following occasions, respectively, the hat should be lifted or removed as circumstances indicate: When mopping the brow, when taking a bath, when eating, when going to bed, when taking up a collection, when having the hair trimmed, when being shampooed, when standing on the head.—Wichita (Kan.) Beacon.

A Curious Anomaly.
Until a few years ago the Philippine Islanders held their Sunday on the day which was Monday to the inhabitants of the neighboring island of Borneo. This curious anomaly arose from the historic fact that the Philippines were discovered by Spanish voyagers coming from the east round Cape Horn, while Borneo was discovered by Portuguese coming from the west, and sailors lose or gain a day according to their direction in crossing the Pacific.

His Title.
"Papa," said little James, "what do they call a man who writes comic operas—a composer?"
"No, my son," the old man answered; "he is usually called a plagiarist."—Los Angeles Times.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup

Relieves Colds by working them out of the system through a copious and healthy action of the bowels. Relieves coughs by cleansing the mucous membranes of the throat, chest and bronchial tubes.
"As pleasant to the taste as Maple Sugar"

Children Like It

60 SHARES OF STOCK IN MT. AIR APPLE ORCHARD FOR SALE.

At par, payable in four years, \$75.00 per acre will put an orchard in bearing. Apples are selling this year at from \$200.00 to \$300.00 per acre on the trees.

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Greensboro, N. C.
F. C. BOYLES, Cashier
Greensboro Commercial Savings Bank,
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CAPUDINE CURES INDIGESTION and ACIDITY

It sets immediately. You feel its effects in 10 minutes. Incontinently. You don't wait to walk a headache. It cures the headache also by removing the cause. 10 cents.

IT'S UP TO YOU

Why? No man or woman living is any better than their Stomach, Liver and Kidneys allow them to be, and if these organs become diseased or affected, they will be ill. It is the function of HERRINGTON'S TABLETS to correct errors of the digestion, to cause the liver to resume its normal work and restore the diseased kidneys to a healthy condition. Thousands of people all over the world have used them and have been cured.

A SURE KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE
Have you healthy kidneys? If not, you will be attacked with that terrible Diabetic, Bright's Disease, Gravel, Dropsy or Rheumatism and your health and happiness ruined. We have the only treatment that is a sure cure for the dreaded Bright's Disease, Diabetic, and all other forms of Kidney and Bladder Trouble. If your kidneys are not healthy, if the bladder is inflamed and weakened, urine highly colored or cloudy, smarting in passing, pains in the back, nervous, languid depressed, weakened in body and mind, bilious, constipated and digestion bad, send for a box of Herington's Tablets and a cure.

LETTERS OF GRATITUDE

DULUTH, Minn., June 18, 1906
Herington Medicine Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Gentlemen—Please mail to Mr. G. W. Redman, Hayward, Wis., a 50c. box of Herington's Tablets, for which you will find enclosed sufficient stamps to cover.
I have been taking your tablets for a few weeks on the recommendation of a Mr. Ross, and will say that they are the only thing out and am sorry that I never heard of them before. Believe that if I had not taken your tablets that the doctors would have me in the ground. Will do all that I can for you.
Respectfully W. G. BURGESS.

ESCANABA, Mich., Sept. 25, 1905
G. E. Herington, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Please send Dr. A. F. Snyder, Escanaba, Mich., one jar Herington's Tablets and send bill to him.
After seeing what they did for me he wants to try them on other patients. I enclose what he says about my case. Yours truly, A. P. HULL.
Urine heavily loaded, sp. gr. "33. Two weeks very much less, sp. gr. "26. Another two weeks comparatively clear, sp. gr. "23.

EAU CLAIRE Aug. 10, 1906
Herington Medicine Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Gentlemen—Inclosed please find a money order for 50 cents for which please send me one box of your Herington Tablets. A friend of mine has recommended them to me very highly for kidney and liver trouble and says they were a positive cure for constipation. He seems to give them so highly that I feel like trying them a trial.
Yours truly, E. C. BLUNDELL,
General Road Master

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., April 10, '06
Herington Medicine Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Dear Sir I had some of your tablets from my son, L. H. Schultz, and found them very good. As I have a brother in Canada very sick with bladder trouble, I told him about your tablets. He would like to have a box as soon as possible. I will find stamps for same inclosed herewith. His address is Sake Rank, St. Clements, Canada.
CATHERINE SCHULTZ,
321 Main Street.

My tablets are purely vegetable and I can prove that they have cured more people of Kidney disease, bladder trouble and rheumatism than any other medicine in the world. More than one hundred thousand people have used them during the past three years and been benefited. We put them at a price within the reach of every one, 25c, 50c, and \$1 per box and we pay the postage.

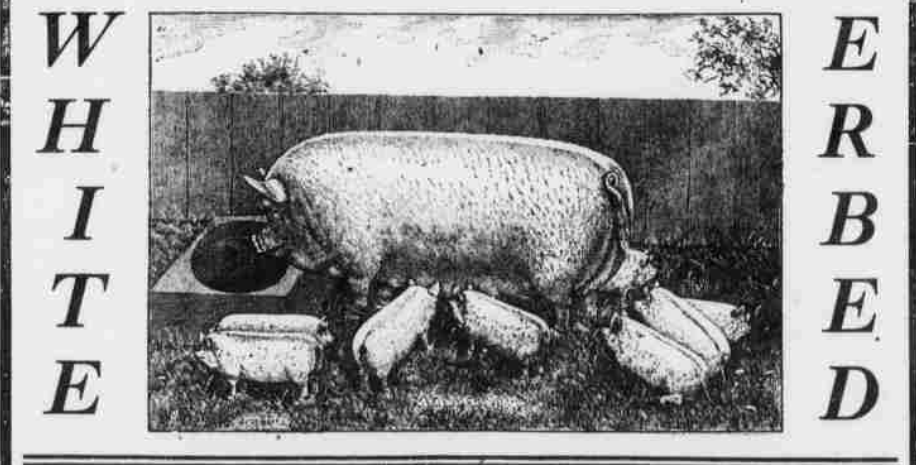
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Grand Rapids, Michigan.

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THE RANDLEMAN SISTERS.

OWNED BY W. L. THURBER, RANDLEMAN, N. C.
Took First Prizes at all Fairs
—For Best—



W. L. Thurber, Agent and Breeder of the famous Victoria Swine, exhibit at the Fairs in the State this fall and in every instance they were awarded first prize for the best White Hog. Mr. Thurber has a herd of ten of these prize winners for sale.

This breed of swine was originated by a Mr. Davis, in the State of New York, about 1870, from the crossing of four distinct breeds of hogs, viz: Poland China, Chester White, Berkshire and Suffolk, which produced a family of white hogs called Victorias.

The characteristics and markings of the Victorias are as follows: Color, white with occasional dark spots in the skin; they have a good coat of soft, fine hair; head small and face medium disked; bone, fine and firmly set; back, straight, broad and level; low-down heavy hams and straight under.

Victoria a Grass and Clover Hog. The competition in pork raising that the Southern and Eastern farmers have to contend with, against the great Western feeders where land is cheap and corn has no cash value, has caused a great revolution in the growing of pork. The question arises, "how can we grow pork on our Southern lands and meet the Western prices and leave us a margin?" The only way we can compete with the West in pork raising is by growing a breed of hogs that will lay on fat while out on grass and clover, which the Victoria breed will do more than any other breed of hogs raised. I claim the Victoria to be the only grass breed on earth that is good for the Southern farmer. It would do you good to see a bunch of Victorias out in a field grazing like sheep, and as fat and slick as a butcher would like to see them. The Victoria, when it is matured, is about one-third heavier than any other breed of the same age and feed.

The following clipping taken from the Courier and Freeman, of Pottsdam, N. Y., is interesting to stock men:
"Mr. Jerry Swaney, living on the North Colton road, killed a 2-year-old Victoria hog for the St. Lawrence county Poor House of Canton, N. Y., which dressed 707 pounds. How is this for a two-year-old hog?"
For further information as to prices of Victorias from weeks old up address
W. L. THURBER, Agent and Breeder,
Randleman, R. F. D. 2, N. C.



LEWIS S. CHANLER.
candidate for governor on the same ticket, was defeated by a plurality of 57,807.
Mr. Chanler is a great-grandson of the original John Jacob Astor and is rated a millionaire. A lawyer by profession, he has added little to his income in the way of fees. For several years he practiced in New York and made a specialty of defending clients who were too poor to pay a fee. On one occasion he became dissatisfied with a ruling of the presiding judge and said so in open court. The justice commanded him to apologize, which he refused to do. Then he was fined \$100, which he paid. Mr. Chanler has just celebrated his thirty-eighth birthday.