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No Patches On My Pants.
 Oh yes: I've heard about the trusts.
 Of how I'm being "done",
 Of how the wicked tariff, too,
 Is "robbing ev'ry one."
 But I am working ev'ry day,
 And, maybe you, perchance,
 Have noticed that I haven't got
 A patch on my pants?
 They tell me that I am a "slave"
 Of "plutocratic" rule
 That I should vote for Wilson, and
 The party of the mule
 That he will rip the Tariff up
 And on the pieces dance;
 But, please observe, I do not wear
 A patch upon my pants.
 Once, I was led astray: I think
 It was in ninety-two,
 When Cleveland ran for President
 I shouted for him, too;
 Thought there'd be work for
 ev'ry one,
 And wages would advance.
 He was elected and I wore
 Big patches on my pants.
 I lost my job, and couldn't get
 Another thing to do.
 I walked the street and ev'ry-
 where
 Squabbles met my view;
 And there were thousands, just
 like me,
 All fighting for a chance
 To earn their bread, and ev'ry
 man
 Wore patches on his pants.
 I will not vote for Wilson; no
 With him I do not agree.
 As for his party, well kind sir,
 One's enough for me.
 I've steady work, I have good pay
 And you may note perchance,
 I'm wearing creases now instead
 Of patches on my pants.
 —American Economist.

The Optimist.
 It doesn't matter whether
 you're for or against Theodore
 Roosevelt, the progressive candi-
 date,—you're for Theodore Roose-
 velt, the man, who went ahead
 and made his speech with a
 bullet in his breast.
 Of course you are, if you have
 real red blood in your veins and
 any genuine manhood or woman-
 hood intermixed with your make-
 up!
 And however your political
 weathervane may be pointing,
 the arrow of your admiration
 has swung straight to the most
 remarkable showing of nerve,
 courage, will-power and deter-
 mination ever seen in our land.
 Of course you're proud to be
 citizen-kin to such a man. You're
 more than proud. You just sort
 of swell up with a big, bursting
 feeling every time you think of
 being his brother or sister Ameri-
 can. Even if you aren't his fel-
 low-countryman, you're his fel-
 low-man or woman.
 And it's a number twelve
 blessing to live in the same world

at time with a man who has so
 splendidly conquered fear; a man
 who has such a conception of
 duty as to say, when shot, "My
 life would not have been a great
 loss so long as the cause for which
 we are all fighting lives!"
 Theodore Roosevelt was mis-
 taken when he said that.
 No greater loss than that of
 such a man (I am not speaking
 of him as party leader or politician
 as statesman, soldier or scholar)
 could come to any people.
 For God knows, how much we
 and all people under the sun need
 to conquer fear and learn devo-
 tion to duty.
 And Theodore Roosevelt, the
 man has proved himself a human
 textbook in these two great lines.
 There's not another man in
 public life who, under circumst-
 ances similar to those in Mil-
 waukee last Monday night, would
 have been able calmly to go on
 to the hall and make a speech.
 Theodore Roosevelt was able to
 do it because long, long ago he
 made up his mind to cut out fear
 and cousin courage.
 He was a physical wealing as
 a boy,—subject to such racking
 attacks of asthma that when he
 showed signs of an approaching
 paroxysm, his father would hurry
 him off to the hills with all pos-
 sible speed.
 He was an invalid by "election."
 He became a giant of health and
 endurance by selection—"Even
 as you and I" may do.
 He determined "to be well and
 strong." He said good-bye to
 fear and kindred foibles.
 He made himself strong, cour-
 ageous and hardy.
 "We all thought he would go
 to an early grave," said his sister
 to me once.
 Instead of which after a life of
 unprecedented strenuousness, he
 went to a hall with a bullet in his
 breast and made the speech he
 had planned to make.
 What are you going to do about
 it?
 About those fears of yours?
 That foolish weakness?
 I'll tell you what I'm going to
 do. I'm going to say "T. R." to
 mine.
 Turn! Run!
 Leigh Mitchell Hoefes.
Our Relative Respect For Schrank.
 Roosevelt himself is said to
 have inspired the attack which
 Elihu Root made upon Hearst, as
 the man indirectly responsible
 for the murder of McKinley. The
 New York Herald attributes these
 words to Senator Dixon: "the
 cruel untruthful, half frenzied
 attacks upon former President
 Roosevelt have at last culminat-
 ed in attempted assassination."
 Hearst stood from under by
 attempting to show that the New

York Sun had gone to even
 greater lengths in its venomous
 assaults upon McKinley. We be-
 lieve that what these New York
 newspapers have said about one
 another in the past, and what
 Dixon says about most of all of
 them is all fully warranted by
 their malicious and meretricious
 conduct. American public men
 still alive lament the fact that
 possible assassination must be
 looked upon as one of the "trade
 risks" of public life, and the
 friends of those now dead are
 grieved over the reflection that
 our public men are less safe
 than those abroad. Our opinion
 is that the New York newspapers
 with their black and yellow
 streaks, have been accessories
 after the fact of most of these
 murders.
 While Roosevelt was President
 the Herald, which strangely
 enough quotes Dixon's indict-
 ment of itself, was fined for
 running a sort of bureau incident
 to the white slave traffic. Since
 that time the expatriated Ameri-
 can who owns that paper has
 not allowed his reporters to call
 Roosevelt by his proper name.
 Not until he had been shot did
 the Herald mention the name of
 Theodore Roosevelt, and this con-
 cession was probably made by the
 Herald management in the hope
 that the former President would
 die.
 The Herald has been referring
 to Roosevelt as the third term.
 When John Schrank attempted
 to assassinate Roosevelt's body
 with a bullet his muddled caused
 him to cry out something about
 the duty of every citizen to re-
 move a third term. When the
 New York Herald has sought to
 assassinate the character of
 Roosevelt with lies, and with its
 frenzied appeals to frenzied
 minds, it too, has called Roose-
 velt a third term.
 John Schrank has not com-
 mitted a crime: it will probably
 be found by the alienists that he
 committed an irresponsible act,
 and that he can no more be held
 to account for the attempt to
 murder Roosevelt, than he can
 be held to account for reading
 what such papers as the New
 York Herald have been saying
 about Roosevelt. John Schrank
 was moved to shed blood by the
 mental processes of a lunatic,
 and he called Roosevelt a third
 term. The New York Herald
 has been moved to assault Roose-
 velt by a wholly responsible
 spirit of revenge, revenge for a
 fine imposed peculiarity in the
 interest of decency and order.
 As between John Schrank and
 the New York Herald, Schrank,
 the would be murderer, holds a
 holds a much higher place in our
 esteem.—Greensboro News.
WANTED—Good able-bodied
 man to cut cord wood, apply to F.
 L. Rnige.

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 If you are a subscribers of The
 State Dispatch this is intended
 for you, that is if you are in ar-
 rear on your subscription. We
 need money to meet our bills and
 run the paper and if you owe us
 we certainly will appreciate it if
 you will call in when you come
 to town if you live in the country
 and pay us on your subscription.
 You should not expect us to send
 the paper to you without pay and
 we are sure you do not. We are
 lenient with all our subscribers
 but this will not pay our bills.
 Please remember and pay us your
 subscription.
The Danger After Grip.
 lies often in a run-down system.
 Weakness, nervousness, lack of
 appetite, energy and ambition,
 with disordered liver and kidneys
 often follow an attack of this
 wretched disease. The greatest
 need then is Electric Bitters, the
 glorious tonic, blood purifier and
 regulator of stomach, liver and
 kidneys. Thousands have proved
 that they wonderfully strength-
 en the nerves, build up the system
 and restore to health and
 good spirits after an attack of
 Grip. If suffering, try them.
 Only 50 cents, Sold and perfect
 satisfaction guaranteed by Free-
 man Drug Co.
LIST OF UNCLAIMED LETTERS
 Remaining in Post Office
 Burlington, N. C., Oct. 19, 1912.
GENTLEMEN:
 Unless Burlensell, Bruce Carra-
 way, C. H. Frank, I. H. Goodson,
 Evelyn B. Gee, Harry Healer, (2)
 Allen P. Jones, W. J. King, King
 McVey, (2) Walter McCAllen, (3)
 Herman Miller, J. A. Noble, P.
 L. Shenck, Gaston Summers, S.
 A. Pallerson, A. W. Whitehead,
 Wm. H. May Waddington.
LADIES:
 Josie Brown, Mrs. R. B. Cates,
 Mrs. Mary Cook, (col) Miss Sadie
 Johnson, Miss Cornelia McGee,
 Mrs. John T. West.
 Persons calling for any of these
 letters will please say "Advertise-
 ed," and give date of advertised
 list.
 J. Zeb. Waller, P. M.

Leaf Tobacco

Danville, Virginia

Danville Co-Operative Warehouse Co.

A product and name so well known and so closely allied that each suggests the other to all tobacco growers in Virginia and North Carolina.

First. The Product, the Biggest and Best crop of the Piedmont Section.

Second. Danville, the Biggest and Best market for the product.

Third. The Danville Co-Operative Warehouse Co., the Biggest and Best agency for selling it.

All grades are in unusually strong demand, with bright ones higher than for many years. Bigger averages are being made than ever before on any market. Wrappers are selling as high as \$10, while cutters are selling as high as \$40, and smokers as high as \$30. Looks like "Old Times" on our market.

Don't be induced to sell on the smaller markets; you will lose money if you do. Come to Danville and sell with either Acree's, Banner, Central, Holand's, Planter's or Union Warehouse.

Look what we did last month (September): The official report of the President of the Danville Tobacco Association shows the market average for September, 1912, to be \$12.26 per hundred. OUR AVERAGE WAS \$12.82 PER HUNDRED, including primings, scrap and all grades, showing our average to be 56c more per hundred than the market average. On the 2,028,018 lbs. sold in September, this would amount to \$11,412.90.

Think of it! Figure for yourselves and see what a seemingly small difference in average, will amount to on a whole crop of thirty to thirty-five million pounds.

If we can lead our own market (acknowledged the Biggest and Best) in this way, what do you suppose we can do against the smaller markets? Answer: We know the difference will be much more than enough to pay any additional expense of coming a longer distance, either by freight or wagon; besides, you will have the satisfaction of KNOWING that you have gotten "Top Notch" prices.

Now, if you will consider this matter from a standpoint of dollars and cents (and that too in your own pocket) we know you will agree with us, and therefore we say you should sell with us if you want HIGHEST PRICES, BIGGEST AVERAGES and BEST ACCOMMODATIONS.

Yours to serve,
Danville Co-Operative Warehouse Co.
 N. B.—As evidence of the fact that our market is daily growing stronger and prices higher, our Company sold for the first four days of this month (October) more than three-fourths of a million pounds at an average of \$14.63 per hundred.
 Better try us with a load or package.
 DANVILLE CO-OPERATIVE WAREHOUSE CO.

Serious Kidney Disease Treated By an Old-Fashioned Doctor



S. B. HARTMAN, M. D.
 In 1860 I was practicing medicine in Millersville, Pennsylvania, a thriving farming community. A prominent citizen, of that locality called at my office one day in a very feeble condition. So much so he had to be assisted in alighting from his wagon.
 I found on questioning him that he had been afflicted for about two years. He had consulted various doctors, among them a specialist from Philadelphia. They pronounced his disease to be Bright's disease of the kidneys. He was gradually failing in strength, losing flesh rapidly, and altogether presented a very pitiable spectacle, the remnant of a once strong and happy man.
 I had been treating a neighbor of his successfully. This neighbor had highly recommended me and thus it was he had come to me.
 He told me that the doctors had practically given up his case as hopeless and he felt free to consult any other physician. I hesitated to take the case, as I felt sure I could not do anything more than the other physicians had done. I told him so, yet he insisted upon my prescribing. I was a graduate of the Jefferson Medical Col-
 lege at Philadelphia, and as one of the consulting physicians had been a professor in that college it seemed to me quite unlikely that I would be able to do any more than had been done, but I prescribed what seemed to be the best thing under the circumstances.
 He went away and in a week he returned saying he was no better, that he was still losing ground. He judged that he had taken the same medicine before. No doubt he had. But he wished me to prescribe again. I did so.
 This went on for about two months, the patient falling all the time, and I was becoming thoroughly discouraged with the case.
 One day the patient said to me, "Doctor, why don't you give me the medicine you gave my neighbor? We all thought he would die, but your medicine cured him. This was why I came to you. Why not give me the same medicine you gave him?"
 "But," I said, "your neighbor did not have kidney disease. It was a bowel complaint that I prescribed for in his case. I remember I gave him the Neutralizing Mixture that I make a great deal of use of in bowel diseases."
 "Well, I want some of the same medicine you gave him. It worked wonders with him and I believe it will with me."
 "But," I said, "this is not a medicine for kidney disease."
 "Well, since you seem to be like the rest of the doctors, you cannot help me, why not try the medicine that helped my neighbor?"
 After some hesitation I concluded to give him a bottle of it. In ten days he returned. He at once began to berate me in no complimentary words, saying:
 "You knew very well this medicine would help me. You held it back merely to get more fees for treating me. From the first the medicine has helped me and I have made rapid improvement. If I could have had this medicine a year ago I should have been saved a great deal of expense and loss of time."
 I replied that I was glad the medicine had helped him. I was somewhat confused by his brusque manner and rough speech. I gave him another bottle of medicine. Did not see him again for about three weeks. Once more he

AUCTION SALE OF KENTUCKY HORSES of Lexington, ky.

We will sell a car load of high class Kentucky horses in Burlington, Wednesday, October 30th, 1912, at J. C. Squires' stable.

These horses have been carefully selected by good judgment and every one is a good horse. They consist of drivers, saddle and farm horses. Mostly mares. Several mares with fold. This a great opportunity to buy a good Kentucky horse at your own price. Not a Western plug, but a high class Kentucky horse.

Don't miss this sale. Come in and look the stock over the day before sale.

Sale begins at 12 o'clock, Oct. 30, rain or shine.

Everything sold with guarantee and must be as represented or money refunded.

Ky. Horse & Mule Exchange