

SHE WENT TO THE CITY.
My Dear Little Girl:
 It has been two days since I returned from Chicago and it seems in that time I have lived years. After seeing you in your new environment, I was not surprised when you told me you would never be satisfied to come back to this small "two by four" town again to live, and that you wanted all our dreams and hopes ended.
 I only wish I could forget you as easily as you think I will. I know I would be lots happier, but you crawled into my heart and nestled down and I thought you had come to stay.
 I could see I was different from the people you had met in the city, but girlie, I know they are not capable of loving you as I do, and, after all, isn't love what makes this life seem worth the living?
 I ought not to blame you, dear, and I don't blame you, because I know it has hurt you, too, but promise me you will come to me if things don't go just right. Never feel that you are alone, because your heart nest always will be empty and waiting for you to return.
 You say you want to be happy. I only wish you could tell me how. No, dear, the only happiness I look forward to is the tender memory of our days together.
 Your broken-hearted CHARLIE.

BEFORE HE WENT AWAY.
Dear Margaret:
 It would have meant so much to me to have one last pleasant visit with you, but perhaps you know what is best. I am sorry to have made you unhappy. It was because I didn't know. I went trouble you again. I leave tomorrow on the 6 o'clock train so don't worry any more.
 How I wish I could be simply natural in your presence! I am sure you would like me better. And I so wanted you to help me. Why couldn't we, when I had come so far, have had at least a good horseback ride together?
 Usually I am a light hearted fellow and a gay enough friend—don't take myself and those about me too seriously. But with you it seems different—the moment I come within sight or sound of you such a flood of feeling sweeps over me as to make it quite impossible to be myself. You can forgive me, though—it's because I love you, Margaret.
 And you tell me, Margaret, that I must make up my mind not to love you. Why, that is as impossible for me as for the sun to stop giving its light. I fought that out long, long ago. And how I can live without you, I don't know. You are everything to me. From the time I was a boy I have dreamed about you. All my ambitions have centered about you—for you—and now—O, Margaret, Margaret! Yes, throughout our relationship you have always been sweet and true, and further, I can say that whatever the future holds for us I will never regret my love for you. So far it has kept my life clean and decent and strong, and I trust it always will. You are so lovely, Margaret, God bless you and grant when the right man does come that you shall be very, very happy. Goodbye.
 GEORGE.

ON A JOURNEY.
My Own Sweetheart:
 All the world and all that is in it worth while goes west tonight—my heart goes, too—to watch over, and care for, and comfort that little woman who is all the world. As you rest in your berth tonight, dearie, my thoughts will be surrounding you, taking watchful care of you, petting your hair, and your lips, and your eyes, whispering to every danger that looms up on the distance that you are guarded and must not be harmed.
 As you rush along, sweet, send your thoughts back to me, your lonely sweetheart, and fill them with the love that your wonderful heart contains and gives to me—that makes me so rich and so happy, and so wonder-struck at my fortune. Send your heart back to speak to my heart and comfort it—your lips to caress my lips that will be so quickly starved for their mates.
 Look ahead, my little lover. Look over and beyond the nights that must pass and see in your heart's mind the

day that brings your lover to visit you—look ahead to that day, dearest, and help to pull it toward us faster and faster. Keep the sunshine in your eyes, dear woman, for tears in your eyes are shafts of pain in my heart. I'm thinking of you every minute. May God and all the angels watch over you and speed you on your journeys and always carry you safely and free from harm, and keep you always and always safe for your LOVER.

The Host—It's beginning to rain; you'd better stay for dinner.
 The Guest—Oh, thanks, very much; but it's not bad enough for that.—Yale Record.

PROHIBITION IS OPPOSED.
Martine Says Creator Planned Man Should Use Alcohol.
 Washington, Jan. 15.—Prohibition was debated in the Senate nearly all day today without a vote being reached on Senator Sheppard's motion to suspend the rules to consider an amendment to the District of Columbia Appropriation Bill, which would prohibit the sale of liquor in the capital.
 Senator Martine attacked the proposed legislation as in violation of the personal liberty of the residents of the District and declared the Creator must have planned that man should use alcohol when He made all the most nutritious fruits and grains rich in that stimulant.

He read statistics by which he showed that crime, lunacy and other evils were more prevalent in Kansas, a state-wide prohibition commonwealth, than in Nebraska, where local option prevails.

CRIME AND NECESSITY.
 Editor Chicago American:
 Dear Sir—Is it a crime to steal? If it has been proven that you have stolen you are adjudged guilty and punished according to the mandates of the law.

Who makes the laws that govern the multitude? Is it a set of men who are hungry and have the landlord at the door ready to evict them if the rent is not forthcoming? Emphatically, No.

They that make the laws have plenty to eat and don't have to worry about the landlord.
 Picture a man with a wife and two children, who is an all-round mechanic, but is unable to procure a position for three months. By pawning everything of value that he possesses he has been able to meet the demands of the landlord up to the present time. Is that man guilty if he steals to feed his family and keep a roof over their heads, or must he calmly sit down and starve to death, or take the coward's course and commit suicide?
 Trusting you will publish this in your columns, I am, yours truly,
 A CONSTANT READER.

If this government does not want Mexico as a permanent liability it had better keep its soldiers on this side of the border.

We cannot understand how humane people can look upon the present or any other war as a blessing in disguise. It is too much for us.

DOES NOT WANT TO MARRY.
 "Where did you work last and how long?" demanded the colonel. "Did you quit of your own accord or were you discharged, and—"
 "Looky yuh, boss!" sourly returned Brother Bogus, "I isn't puhposin' marriage to yo'; I'se axin' for a job."—Puck.

Dancing Master—"You must mind your feet carefully if you want to learn the new dances."
 Student—"Never mind the feet, professor; what I want to get is the holds."—Judge.

While it may be hard to establish the responsibility for the European war, no one of the nations engaged could prove a complete innocence.

She—I suppose the duke has landed estates.
 He—Landed one every time he married; but he managed to run through 'em all.

STAYING OUT OF DEBT.
Getting Out of Debt Is Well, But the Average Farmer Should Be Very Careful About Getting In.
 Knowing how to get out of debt is indeed an important lesson to learn and telling how it has been done is interesting because it represents a struggle in which the human factor figures.
 For the business man who trades and speculates on what others have produced debt isn't such a bad thing, and especially is this true with the "middleman" who passes his interest charge and other expenses on to the consumers. But the farmer is not in position to "pass it on" to others. Therefore debt and high interest charges mean slavery to the farmer, and he isn't free until he gets out of debt.

Getting out of debt, therefore, is a process of gaining freedom for the family and for the home. A farmer who has been struggling under the burden of debt is never quite so happy as on the day when he pays out and throws off the load. His face is brighter, he has a lighter heart and a happier smile. Thousands of romantic narratives might be written on "How I got Out of Debt."

"HOW I STAYED OUT OF DEBT."
 Wouldn't it be well to follow it with another series of prize letters on "How I Stayed Out of Debt?" If an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, wouldn't an experience meeting of this kind (in your local unions) make a practical and interesting subject to discuss? Telling how you stayed out of debt would necessarily touch upon habits of thrift and well-directed industry that underlie the very foundation of good agricultural economics and right living on the farm.

To me the most interesting stories that I ever hear personally related are those told me in private conversation with "live-at-home" farmers who have stayed out of debt. No railroad charges, no middlemen's tolls, no wages to pay for hired money, but everything that is consumed in the home produced at home as far as climatic and soil conditions will permit, with a surplus to sell, not under compulsion, but whenever markets are most favorable.

No writer on agricultural economics is as capable of giving first-hand information that carries quite so much force as the farmer's own story of how he stayed out of debt. It is true this class of farmers are usually modest, and it isn't as easy to get their experience as it is the experience of the "money-crop" speculative credit farmers who make money and stay financially "busted" all the time.

SPECULATION AND EXTRAVAGANCE.
 I have never seen a live-at-home stay-out-of-debt farmer who had cultivated extravagant habits of living. When a farmer makes up his mind to stay on a live-at-home basis and refuses to speculate on a so-called "money crop" for his living, the right kind of habits of living seem to get hold of him and he avoids useless extravagances. On the other hand, the farmer who gambles on a "money crop" almost invariably drifts into extravagant habits of living and frequently raises his children as spend-thrifts.

When we hear from the stay-out-of-debt farmer we will hear from the kind of farming and economical habits of living that have been, and always will be, the basis of true agricultural prosperity. J. Z. G.

If we are to have six months school term we are afraid that the State rather than the counties will have to stand for the expense.

If the State needs more money in the way of taxes the corporations and the town folks had as well make up their minds to come across with it.

UP TO THE MINUTE.
 Cranque—A wife is an expensive luxury.
 Blanque—So is an automobile.
 Cranque—Sure. But you can get a new model every year.—Judge.

CRIME AND POVERTY.
Editor Chicago American:
 Dear Sir:—In reference to your recent editorial, "Sudden Deaths in the Streets of Chicago—What Are You Going to Do about It?" My case is like many others. I am out of work. I have tried to live a good honest life. My four children need shoes and clothes, and when they look at me it breaks my heart to think that I am strong and willing to work at anything and can't get it. I have not done any work for five months, so why shouldn't I become a thief to feed my children? The public is driving me to it.
 There are a whole lot besides me, so if the Chicago American wants to know how to stop crime, ask all these good bishops, lawyers, professors, clergymen, criminology experts and great reformers to help a poor man in distress. J. B. R.

Keep Bowel Movement Regular.
 Dr. King's New Life Pills keep stomach, liver and kidneys in healthy condition. Rid the body of poisons and waste. Improve your complexion by flushing the liver and kidneys. "I got more relief from one box of Dr. King's New Life Pills than any medicine I ever tried," say C. E. Hatfield, of Chicago, Ill. 25c. at your druggist.

Summer Coughs Are Dangerous.
 Summer colds are dangerous. They indicate low vitality and often lead to serious Throat and Lung Troubles, including Consumption. Dr. King's or cold promptly and prevent complications. It is soothing and antiseptic and makes you feel better at once. To delay is dangerous—get a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery at once. Money back if not satisfied. 50c. and \$1.00 bottles at your druggist.

A BARGAIN.
 Mr. Citibred—Do your cows give you milk?
 Mr. Tallgrass—No one ever gives me nothin'. I have to swap 'em fodder for it.—Chicago News.

FUTILE GLOOM.
 The Washington Star.
 The North Wind murmuring through the trees,
 Whose foliage now is wrecked,
 Seems to convey such words as these:
 "Well, what did you expect?"
 There's no use sighing o'er the day
 Of sadness or neglect,
 For all that Nature seems to say
 Is, "What did you expect?"
 She does her best to scatter gloom
 And keep the world correct.
 Sometimes she fails, like you and me—
 It's what we must expect.

The English sergeant's patience had almost gone when, surveying the company he was instructing, he asked:
 "Can you chaps sing?"
 There was a unanimous reply in the affirmative.
 "Can you sing, 'We've got a navy'?" he asked.
 Yes; they could all sing "We've got a navy."
 "Well" said the sergeant, with a world of sarcasm in his tone, "it's a dashed good thing for the country that you can!"—London Chronicle.

Before marriage he won't even let her carry a six-ounce parasol for fear she might grow fatigued. After marriage she can carry the baby, a suitcase, an umbrella and three bundles and go hang for all he cares.
 A lap dog can't help it. He has to be a lap dog. But the man who wears sidewiskers hasn't even that excuse.

SOME IMPROVEMENT.
 "How is young John getting on at college?" asked the friend of the family.
 "Very well, indeed," answered John's proud mother. "The president has about decided to let him stay on for the rest of the term."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

OR PRETENDS TO.
 Mrs. Eve—Is your husband still troubled with insomnia?
 Mrs. Wye—Not so much. Whenever I hear him tossing around night I tell him I think I hear a burglar down stairs and he immediately dozes off.—Boston Transcript.
 It behooves Georgia to get into the state of preparation for the invasion of the boll weevil.
 We are always striving for things forbidden and coveting those denied us.—Ovid.
 The plotter makes plans, but the plodder carries them out.

INTERNAL CATARRH

"Peruna Has Done Wonders For Me. I Was So Weak."



Mrs. M. P. Curry, P. O. Box 615, Petersburg, Ill., writes: "I have been troubled with internal catarrh since my girlhood, and was sick in bed three months. When I was able to get up I was so weak and thin I could hardly walk. What I ate disagreed with me. I had stomach and liver trouble, and my feet and limbs were swollen so I could scarcely drag around. I took Peruna and it has done wonders for me. My cure was a surprise to my friends for they never expected to see me well again. I just took two bottles of Peruna after doctoring for five months and growing worse all the time."
 Continuous Headache.
 Mrs. Esther M. Milner, Box 191, De Graff, Ohio, writes: "I was a terrible sufferer from internal catarrh, and had the headache continuously. I was not able to do my housework for myself and husband. You recommended Peruna. I took four bottles and was completely cured. I think Peruna a wonderful medicine and have recommended it to my friends."

CONSULT THOSE WHO KNOW.

When in Doubt About What to Feed, Consult Those Who Know

For more Eggs, Put it up to the Hen.
 For more Milk and Butter, Put it up to the Cow.
 For more work from your Horse or Mule, Put it up to them.

We have the feed that will produce all of the results,
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE, WE GUARANTEE RESULTS.

For more Eggs, Feed Chicken Chowder, if your Hens don't lay they must be Roosters,
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE, WE GUARANTEE RESULTS.

For more Milk and Butter, Feed Beet Pulp, C. S. Meal, Feed and Good Bran,
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE, WE GUARANTEE RESULTS.

For more and Better Work from your Horse or Mule, Feed Alfalfa Sweet Feed,
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE, WE GUARANTEE RESULTS.

We also have full line. Corn, Oats, Shipstuff, Meal, C. S. Hulls, Chicken Feed, Flour, Coffee, Molasses, Lard, Cakes, Candies, Tobacco, Snuff, Lemons, Canned Goods, Potatoes, Onions, Peanuts, Ground Peas, and Gobers, White, Pink, and Limon Beans, Timothy, Alfalfa, and Soy Bean Hay.

Come to Headquarters when you want anything in feed, Why hunt over town, When you can find it here without Hunting.

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