

His Good Eye.
It is a curious fact that the loss of any one of the five senses is atoned for to a considerable extent by a pronounced increase in the efficiency of the other senses. The result is sometimes astonishing.

A man who had lost the sight of both eyes trained his hearing until he could tell by the sound of his footsteps on the sidewalks as he made his way about town whether he was in the middle of the walk or at one side, whether he was walking past a brick or a frame house or a fence or open ground.

He knew in what part of the town he was not only by his memory or sense of general direction, but by the difference in the "tones" of his footsteps, and he walked about freely, seldom running into anything or anybody.

Some one in his presence once called in question his total blindness.

"Which eye do you think I can see with?" he asked the skeptic.

"The left one, of course," was the reply. "I can see that the right one is blind."

In reply the blind man merely opened his penknife and tapped the left eye with the little blade.

It was a glass eye.

How His Place Was Filled.

A well known divine whose theological discourses draw crowded houses in all the principal cities accepted an invitation to lecture in a small provincial town, but discovered afterward that he had a prior engagement on the same date. He accordingly apologized and offered to make good any loss the society might incur through his delinquency.

A few days later he received a letter from the secretary assuring him that no harm was done and inclosing a handbill which the divine is never tired of reading to his amused friends:

"As the Rev. Mr. — is unable to give his advertised lecture on 'Conscience,'" announced the bill, "four members of the B— minstrel troupe have kindly volunteered to perform instead a screamingly laughable farce entitled —. Any person who has bought a ticket for the other entertainment may have it transferred to this on payment of sixpence extra."—London Tatler.

When Explosives Explode.

A popular notion that explosives will "go off" by any simple method is wrong. Many of the most powerful explosives imaginable may be kicked about, may be set on fire or may be shot out of a gun, and unless the proper agency for exploding them is employed they will not "go off" and will do no damage. The reason for this may be explained by an illustration. Consider a grateful of coal. There is there enough of what we may call explosive energy to throw a 1,000 pound weight through a foot of solid steel if only it could be liberated. But there can be no explosion without oxygen, and the coal in the grate will not burn faster than the supply of oxygen in the air which reaches it will permit. If the coal could be furnished all at once with enough air to cause its complete burning, it would explode with as great violence as if it were so much dynamite.—St. Nicholas.

The Sun of the Blind.

I have not touched the outline of a star nor the glory of the moon, but I believe that God has set two lights in my mind, the greater to rule by day and the lesser by night, and by them I know that I am able to navigate my life back, as certain of reaching the haven as he who steers by the North star. Perhaps my sun shines not as yours. The colors that glorify my world, the blue of the sky, the green of the fields, may not correspond exactly with those you delight in, but they are none the less color to me. The sun does not shine for my physician's eyes, nor does the lightning flash, nor do the trees turn green in the spring. But they have not therefore ceased to exist any more than the landscape is annihilated when you turn your back on it.—Helen Keller in Century.

Harmless Joke.

Place a spoon of cotton in the inside pocket of your coat and, having threaded a needle with the beginning of the cotton, pass the needle through the front of the coat, unthread the needle and leave about two inches of the cotton hanging as if it were only a stray piece. The first person you meet will be sure to pick it off you, and his astonishment when he finds there is no end to it will give plenty of innocent fun.

His Hint.

"Don't you want some needles, dear?" queried Brown as he picked up his shirt and glanced at the places where the buttons should have been. "Why, no," replied Mrs. Brown. "Why do you ask?" "Oh, I thought," said Brown a trifle nervously, "that probably your old ones had become worn by much use."

His Charm Gone.

Phoebe—You would hardly know Freddy since he got back from Monte Carlo. He lost all his money there, and—Evelyn—Hardly know him! Why, I shan't know him at all!—Illustrated Bits.

His Night Work.

Wife—What makes you stay at the office so late at nights? Do you gain anything by it? Hubby—No, but I have several times come—within an ace of gaining something.—Philadelphia Record.

One Sided.

"Does he enjoy funny stories?" "Yes; when he tells them."—Houston Post.

Love and Death.

Very closely love and death dwell together—high up in the world of nature and low down! The following well authenticated story comes from Northamptonshire: A sparrow hawk was killed when feeding her young. Four days later when the nest was examined it was found that the little male bird, working alone for the family, had brought home forty-eight birds—viz, six larks, nine swallows, one bullfinch, seven robins, six sparrows, six hedge sparrows, nine blue tits, three chaffinches and one wren.

What a spirit of dutifulness along with ferocity is here exhibited on the part of the small-widower hawk, who evidently thought that the best way of respecting the memory of his departed consort was to feed her children well! And in doing this how absolutely oblivious nature had rendered him of the feelings of the poor larks, swallows, bullfinches and robins, whose offspring—or the parents themselves—his relentless parental affection thus annexed! The direct cruelty animated by the tenderest love! The most savage egotism prompted by an entire selfishness! Such are some of the problems which nature furnishes, but will not solve.—London Telegraph.

The First Test of Baby's Mind.

Just as the germ of the flower is contained in the tiniest seed and will reveal itself with an absolute certainty as will rootlets and leaves when proper conditions of heat, moisture and light are accorded, so the germ of the mind of a child is present in his little body and will develop and unfold itself with the growth of the latter.

The only way to stop the growth of a child's mind is to stop his body from growing. Appetite is the mother of the mind, and muscle is its father. At its lowest estimate the body with its brain is the tool of the mind, and good work cannot be done without good tools.

The first test of muscular vigor, the hand-grasp, is an indication of the mental possibilities as well. Not one child out of a hundred who at ten days of age grasps firmly and clings to a finger or pencil rubbed against his pink little palm will ever fall below the average intelligence of his race.—Woods Hutchinson, M. D., in Woman's Home Companion.

The Home of Storms.

The waters of Cape Horn have never been unvisited by storms for more than a week or two at a stretch within the memory of man. Standing on the outposts of the world, Cape Horn is the meeting place of ocean currents of very different temperature, from the icy cold waters of the Antarctic drift to the warmth of the Brazilian and Peruvian return currents.

The prevailing winds are from the northwest and west, and these, coming from the warm regions of the Pacific, condense into fogs, which the sailors call "Cape Horn blankets" and which are the forerunners of storms. The extremely low level to which the glaciers of Tierra del Fuego descend, the perpetual congelation of the sub-soil, the meeting of conflicting winds at very different temperatures, are all direct or indirect causes combining to make this the most constantly stormy region of the world.

Not a Soloist.

The late Theodore Thomas was rehearsing the Chicago Orchestra on the stage of the Auditorium theater. He was disturbed by the whistling of Albert Burridge, the well known scene painter, who was at work in the loft above the stage. A few minutes later Mr. Thomas' librarian appeared on the "bridge" where Mr. Burridge, merrily whistling, was at work.

"Mr. Thomas' compliments," said the librarian, "and he requests me to state that if Mr. Burridge wishes to whistle he will be glad to discontinue his rehearsal."

To which Mr. Burridge replied suavely, "Mr. Burridge's compliments to Mr. Thomas, and please inform Mr. Thomas that if Mr. Burridge cannot whistle with the orchestra he won't whistle at all."—Success Magazine.

The Sheep in the Grass.

Lord Palmerston once inspected "Summer in the Lowlands," a picture by Sir John Watson Gordon. "Look here," said Lord Palmerston to the artist, "why should the grass in that field be so long when there are so many sheep in the field?"

"My lord," replied the artist, "these sheep were only turned into the field last night!"

Lord Palmerston bought the picture at a high price.

Peculiar to Itself.

"I suppose there is a certain fascination that keeps you in the racing game?" "Yes," admitted the bookmaker, "there is. I've tried hardware, clothing, groceries and shoes, but I've never struck another line where people simply struggle to hand you their coin."—Kansas City Journal.

Cruel.

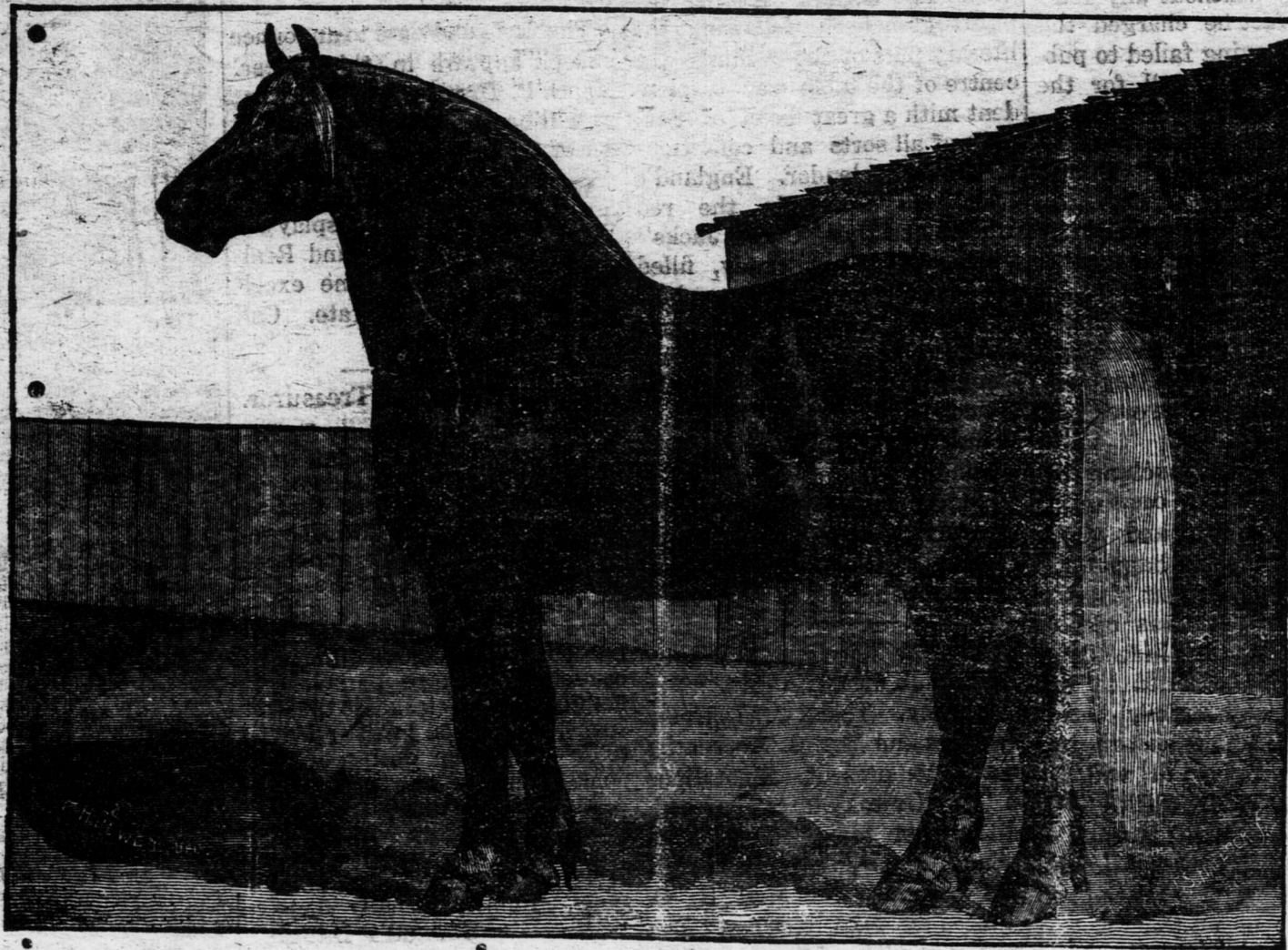
Miss Oldan—Oh, dear, I'm afraid I shall have to get some of that wrinkle eradicator they advertise. Miss Pertly—Let me get it for you. I have a brother in the wholesale drug business.—Boston Transcript.

A Philosopher.

"Pa, what is a philosopher?" "A philosopher, Tommy, is a man who doesn't worry any about financial stringencies, because he never has any money."—Somerville Journal.

You might as well expect one wave of the sea to be precisely the same as the next wave of the sea as to expect that there would be no change of circumstances.

2 Car-Loads Kentucky & Tennessee Mares and Horses



We will have to arrive at
HICKORY, N. C.
Saturday, April 4th, 1908,

And will remain one week

These are all well broken, acclimated and ready for work. They were well selected, and among them are some extra good mares, and especially some nice driving and saddle horses. Taken as a whole, this is the best lot of mares and horses that we have had on this market. Come and see us.

TERMS:—Cash, Note or Mortgage.

The Henkel Live Stock Co.,

HICKORY, N. C.

Notes from Gunpowder.

Correspondence to The Democrat.

The farmers are a little behind with their spring plowing. Some will soon be ready to plant corn. A number have planted potatoes and early corn patches.

Wheat and oats are looking fairly well.

If no more snows and freezing weather there will be plenty of peaches yet. Apples of course are not hurt. Certainly hope we shall have plenty of fruit this year.

Mr. E. S. Sherrill was on the market the last of the week buying his spring stock of dry goods and notions. He expects to have the best line of merchandise he has ever had.

Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Sherrill, of Lenoir came down Sunday and spent a few days among relatives and friends.

Mr. Mrs. L. S. Sherrill and children of Hickory, attended church at Rocky Mount Sunday returning home Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Warlick and Mr. and Mrs. Judge Teague with their children of Granite Falls, attended the temperance lectures at Rocky Mount Sunday.

Sunday was certainly "red letter day" for Rocky Mount. It had been announced some weeks before that special temperance services would be held. People from all the settlements around assembled early Sunday morning, Sunday-school was held at 10 o'clock. At eleven Rev. Mr. Wolfe, pastor of Granite Falls Methodist church, delivered a

very sensible and practical lecture on temperance or prohibition, giving in detail a great many of the principle features of the proposed new prohibition law. At this juncture a recess was taken and a sumptuous dinner spread to which all were invited to partake. There was plenty for all and some left.

At 3 o'clock Rev. Dr. J. L. Murphy of Hickory in his usual happy style preached a most appropriate and fitting temperance sermon. His arguments, based upon the Bible was beyond refutation. He showed, beyond question that there was no possible way to harmonize the whiskey business with religion or morals even.

We would not fail to mention that Rev. A. E. Wiley, who made, some very appropriate remarks "chucking the nail" here and there.

It will be well to note that this meeting was not held because we voters of this settlement will not cast our votes "against the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in North Carolina."

At the close of the services the pastor asked all who would vote for prohibition to stand up, and we think about every voter present stood up.

Be it said to the everlasting credit of Caldwell county that she has been a prohibition county these many years and unless we are badly mistaken she will roll up a good majority for prohibition on the 26th of May.

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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, along with 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. Remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, Binghamton, N. Y., on

Under and by virtue of a decree rendered in the case of H. S. Settlemire vs. J. S. Petersen and wife, et al., in the Superior court, the undersigned will offer for sale for cash, on the first Monday of April, it being the

6th DAY OF APRIL, 1908,

as Commissioner appointed by the court, at the Court House door of Catawba county, N. C., at 12 o'clock M., the following described lot or parcel of land, lying and being in the city of Hickory, N. C., on the W. H. Robinson plat, being lot No. 58 of said plat, and bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at the north-west corner of lot No. 57, owned by the heirs of J. L. Lyster, and runs south 300 feet to a stake, thence west 100 feet to Geitner street, thence north 300 feet to a stake on the south side of Moiganton street; thence east 100 feet to the beginning. It being known as the H. S. Settlemire home place, and being lot on which said Settlemire lived at the date of his death.

Sale is made for cash and no conveyance of the title will be made until the purchase-price is paid.

This the 2nd day of March, 1908.
C. A. SPENCER,
Commissioner.

R. Z. Linney,
R. L. Huffman,
Attorneys.

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