

THE HICKORY DEMOCRAT

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The Fourth on a Warship

How the Olympia Celebrated Independence Day in the Far East

A SAILOR writing in St. Nicholas gives a vivid description of a Fourth of July celebration on board the cruiser Olympia in eastern waters eleven years ago. Less than a year after this celebration the Olympia figured in the famous battle of Manila Bay as the flagship of Admiral Dewey.

The day we celebrate falling upon Sunday, we "made good" the following Monday, says the sailor, and probably never before had a ship deck undergone such changes. A name made from sheet iron was used up in the skids and, dipping and bending, widened into a big basin on the spar deck, grew narrower again, extending out over the ship's side. It was lined with stones and moss and set about with countless pots of Japanese ferns, flowers and shrubs. When the pumps set to work a hidden hose supplied the water. It ran and jumped and sparkled, overflowing the lake, on which sailed a six foot yacht (a perfect model of the Defender), then, trickling into a feathery bamboo forest that completely shut off the ship's rail, fell in a graceful natural waterfall into the bay.

Since 1776 it has been customary for all English men-of-war in foreign ports to go out cruising on the Fourth of July. Our sixty guns proved a panacea for the old grievances. They not only dressed their ships in America's honor, but the crew of the H. M. S. Undaunted attended our afternoon entertainment. As they came aboard they were each presented with one of these folders:



And gallantly they pinned to their neckerchiefs the little silk flag that lay between their leaves.

Inside was the following programme of sports:

BOAT RACES.		Prizes.
Cutters, twelve oars, two miles, marines versus firemen.		\$25.00
Cutters, ten oars, two miles.		\$25.00
Whaleboats or gigs, two miles.		\$25.00
Sampans race.		\$3.00 and \$2.00
DECK SPORTS.		
Tug of war.		\$20.00
Masterhead race.		\$5.00
Swimming race.		\$5.00 and \$3.00
Go as you please, ten minutes.		\$5.00
Cake walk (in old Virginia style).		\$7.00 and \$4.00
First prize in the cake, second.		\$5.00
Three-legged race.		\$5.00 and \$2.00
Greasy pole.		\$5.00
Pie eating.		\$5.00 and \$3.00
Horizontal bar.		\$5.00
High jumping.		\$5.00 and \$3.00
Thread the needle race.		\$5.00
Two boxing bouts, winner in each bout to receive \$5.00 prize.		

"Star Spangled Banner," by the ship's company.

A fencing contest between Japanese sword masters will be a special feature.

Day fireworks at intervals throughout afternoon. Night fireworks from 8:45 to 9:45 p. m.

The programme went off without a hitch and everybody enjoyed it immensely, including our British guests.

The Japanese fencing contest was a particular hit.

At quarters Captain Read appeared, accompanied by a stranger. After colors he turned to the stranger and remarked:

"Captain Gridley, I turn over to you not only the finest ship that ever rode the seas, but the finest crew that ever manned one."

There were tears in his eyes and in his voice.

Eleven months after this, on the 1st of May, 1898, Commodore Dewey gave to our new commander the memorable command, "You may fire when ready, Gridley." The Spanish war is now ten years past, Captain Gridley is dead, and the Olympia is out of commission. Many of the old crew of the Olympia have left the service, but all those who are still alive will remember this year with mingled joy and sorrow that Fourth of July eleven years ago in the seas of sunny Japan.

Wyoming Valley Massacre.

The first Fourth of July that helped to make history after the adoption of the Declaration was that of 1778. On that day Tory John Butler, with a party of loyalists and Indians, raided the beautiful Wyoming valley, in Pennsylvania, while most of the men were absent on duty with the army. The women and children, along with the aged and infirm, had taken refuge in a wooden fort, but under promise of protection they surrendered and were butchered, as were also a large number who had remained at their homes in the valley.

A CLERK'S BLUNDER.

Its Effect Upon the Fortunes of Our Revolutionary War.

The element of chance as exemplified in the blunder of a copyist had an important bearing on the result of our war for independence. As is well known, the crisis of the military before Great Britain and the revolting colonies was reached when General Burgoyne's campaign was planned in London. The object was to strike a tremendous blow at the center of the Revolution. The British forces were to take possession of the Mohawk and Hudson valleys by a concentric march from Lake Champlain, Oswego, and New York on converging lines toward Albany. The ascent of the Hudson by Sir William Howe's army was essential to the success of a scheme by which New England was to be cut off as by a wedge from the southern colonies.

Orders were sent out from London for the advance of Burgoyne's and St. Leger's forces from Canada. At first Sir William Howe was merely informed of the plan and was armed with discretionary powers, but finally a dispatch was drafted positively ordering him to co-operate in the movement from New York.

A British clerk made a hasty and very careless copy of the dispatch, which the minister, Lord George Germaine, found great difficulty in reading. He angrily reprimanded the culprit and ordered a fresh copy to be made without flaw or erasure. Being pressed for time and anxious for a holiday, Lord George posted off to the country without waiting for the fresh copy.

The military order was laboriously copied in the clerk's best hand, but when it was finished the minister was not there to sign it. It was pigeon-holed and overlooked when he returned and was not sent to America until long afterward. Howe, being left with full discretion, allowed himself to be drawn into military operations against Washington's army near Philadelphia. Burgoyne's army was entrapped, cut off from retreat and forced to surrender at Saratoga.

Thus the fortunes of the Revolutionary war turned upon the carelessness of a British clerk.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Tying her bonnet under her chin, She tied her raven ringlets in: Then to the store she went with glee, For Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. E. B. Menzies

FOURTH OF JULY IN TEXAS.

Cowboys, Girls and Comanches Trip Light Fantastic Too.

The hottest and funniest place on the grounds, says a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, describing a Fourth of July celebration in Texas, "was the dancing pavilion. A canvas cover was stretched just overhead. When some tall cowboy, in the excess of his patriotism, put an extra lurch on his spring, his hat scraped the cover. The floor, which was of rough boards in the morning, was polished before noon by a thousand shuffles. In a corner the orchestra, with a strangely solemn face and downcast eyes, sat on the spring seat of a farm wagon and drew from a violin such strains as might put action into a cork leg. But the star of the pavilion combination was the caller. He was a mild mannered gentleman named Granger, whose flexibility of voice was equaled by his originality of expression. Sometimes he chanted, sometimes he declaimed, and sometimes he let his voice follow the music. He was a master of ceremonies, too, who had learned his profession. The cowboys would slide up and say:

"Mister, can't we have a little dance? We came sixty miles for this thing."

"Don't you know anybody here?" Granger would ask.

"Not a livin' soul 'cept just the boys," they would affirm, with more or less emphasis.

"Reckon mebbe I ken fix you," the master would say reflectively. Then he would cross over to where the buxom daughters of the grain farmers were shocked up along the side of the platform. Pretty soon he would return, and, with a "Come this way," he would lead the cowboys, one at a time, across the platform. The farmer's daughter would bow prettily and the cowboy elaborately, with a twitch at his big white hat. Then a new couple would join those on the floor. Occasionally a cowboy would intrust his hat to a friend, but this seldom happened. The girls didn't mind, and hats were worn as a rule.

When the set was slow in filling the master called out persuasively:

"Two more couple and we'll have a little dance. Hurry up now and throw yourself around on this stretch like a quarter horse. Let's have a race."

But it was not often the dances needed encouragement to fill. More frequently the master was obliged to argue:

"Stan' back and give us a little room, people; we've got a wildcat spring here."

The crowd in the eagerness to see the dancing gave scant room for the measures.

"Hoe down on her," said the master. The violin started, and so did the shuffling.

"Circle to the left and gents trail home. Let the ladies' row in front."

So he called, and, dropping his voice an octave, he sang:

"Everybody dance; corners swing Good style; pretty little partner; That's the thing."

Shuffle-shuffle go the feet, and the figure is finished. Off starts the caller again:

"First couple right; ladies swing out; Gents swing in, swing out and promenade."

Do, do, gents, slow; Do, do, ladies, don't you know!"

Then comes more intricate work. The cowboys can't begin to get in all of their fancy steps. The pace is hot. The skirts of the grain growers' daughters swirl through the air as the master calls:

"Balance the next; three hands round; Ladies swing out; gents swing in; Three hands out and go it ag'in; Gents swing out and go it ag'in; Four hands up and ladies swing out; Seven hands; now partners; promenade all."

The master permits thirty seconds' breathing spell, during which the cowboys try to get rid of some of their surplus perspiration, while the girls ply their fans and look moist and happy. The caller gathers himself for a prolonged effort. "Second couple to right," he calls, and then he goes it, without a break for five minutes, like this:

"Ladies swing out; gents swing in; Three hands up and go it ag'in; Balance again; ladies to center; Fall in the corner; promenade home; Six to two and two come down; Ladies in center and seven hands round. Fall in the corners. Now partners all. Go south. Wheat's all dead. And you've got corn bread, I guess."

"Not in the Wichita valley the wheat ain't dead, by a jugful!" one of the dancers shouted, but without minding interruptions the caller goes right along with his funnaking:

"Fall and balance; swing and run; Four to two and two come down; Lady in center and five hands round; Ladies swing out and gents swing in; Five up and go it ag'in."

Swing, wit; run away with the swing; Hold and balance; all balance; Now, partners, run away with the hall. Everybody dance, everybody dance."

And the next time it is something with variations on this kind of a figure:

"Four hands up; half round the world; Gents turn a summerset; ladies jest go; Ladies round the gents; gents don't go; Round up four; everybody swing; Swing the corners like swinging the wing."

Swing, ladies, seaside fashion; Pretty little partner; round up four."

And thus it went on with endless variety in the language and measures, but the same shuffling, the same buxom girls and the same frolicsome cowboys, until the sun went down behind the Comanches' tepees. Old men looked on and said, "Them's the same dances they used to dance in south Texas when I was a boy." Occasionally a cowboy, overcome by the inspiration of the moment, let out a wild

"whoop." As for the Indians, they stood about the outer edge of the pavilion and looked on impassively. An Indian always enjoys seeing the pale-faces dance, but you never could tell from the expressionless cast of his countenance.

A SAD FOURTH OF JULY.

The Day on Which Two of America's Greatest Patriots Died.

The Fourth of July, 1826, was the death day of two of the republic's greatest men, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. On July 4, 1831, five years later, James Monroe breathed his last. Sixty years later, on July 4, 1891, Hannibal Hamlin died.

The death of both Adams and Jefferson on the day accepted as the nation's birthday was a strange coincidence. The day was one neither forgot, for both were among the signers of the immortal document which officially first saw the light just fifty years before their death, both remembered the date, and each was cognizant of the other's mortal illness.

Adams was past ninety. Jefferson was about seven years younger. Yet he had lived thirteen years more than the threescore and ten years allotted by holy writ. At midnight eighty years ago, when Independence day was just being ushered in, Jefferson, even then dying, but with memory not yet altogether impaired, muttered, "This is the Fourth of July." In the morning Adams, the same thought apparently running through his mind, roused himself to ask, "Does Jefferson still live?" Adams died a little after midday, Jefferson a few hours later.

IRREVERENT INSECTS.

How Flies Interfered With the Signing of the Declaration.

Congress on July 19, 1776, ordered the Declaration passed on the Fourth, fairly engrossed on parchment, with the title and style of "The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen United States of America, and that the same, when engrossed, be signed by every member of congress."

It was a sultry day in August. Jefferson, when in a genial, reminiscent mood, was accustomed to say that the signing was hastened by swarms of flies that came into the hall through the open windows of the statehouse from a lively stable near by. The day's business had been arduous. It was hot and sticky, and the flies assaulted the silk stockinged legs of the honorable members with vigor and real Tory vindictiveness. With handkerchiefs and all available papers the fathers of liberty lashed the flies, but with no avail. The onslaught became unendurable, and the members, capitulating, made haste to sign and bring the momentous business to a close. Of the fifty-six signatures not all were attached even at this date.—Washington Star.

Where the Declaration is Kept.

The original engrossed copy of the Declaration as signed is now in the keeping of the secretary of state. The document was in the patent office from 1841 to 1877, at that department was believed to be fireproof. It is now, since 1894, kept hermetically sealed in a frame and placed in a steel cabinet, with the original signed copy of the constitution. It is no longer shown to any one except by express order of the secretary. Being on parchment, which shows destructive signs of cracking, due more probably to the making of a facsimile ordered by President James Monroe in 1823 than to age or handling, the document is jealously guarded. Many of the names of the signers are no longer legible. Two pages of Jefferson's original draft, with a few interlineations by Adams and Franklin, are also preserved at the department of state. The facsimile which was ordered by President Monroe was made for the purpose of giving a copy to each of the signers then living and their heirs. These original copies are now of great value.—Baltimore News.

FOR A SPRAINED ANKLE.

As usual treated a sprained ankle will disable the injured person for a month or more but by applying Chamberlain's Liniment and observing the directions with each bottle faithfully, a cure may be effected in many cases in less than one week's time. This liniment is a most remarkable preparation. Try it for a sprain or bruise, or when laid up with chronic or muscular rheumatism, and you are certain to be delighted with the prompt relief which it affords. For sale by W. S. Martin & Co.

Generous Mrs. Crewe.

A gambling story is told of Charles James Fox that rather reflects on his honor. He was one of the ardent admirers of Mrs. Crewe, a noted beauty of her day, and it is related that a gentleman lost a considerable sum to this lady at play and, being obliged to leave town suddenly, gave Mr. Fox the money to pay her, begging him to apologize to her for his not having paid the debt of honor in person. Fox lost every shilling of it before morning. Mrs. Crewe often met the supposed debtor afterward and, surprised that he never noticed the circumstances, at length delicately hinted the matter to him.

"Bless me!" said he. "I paid the money to Mr. Fox three months ago." "Oh, did you, sir?" said Mrs. Crewe good naturedly. "Then probably he paid me, and I forgot it."

WHEN FOOD WAS SCARCE.

Prices That Ruled in Paris During the Siege of 1870.

The following interesting statement of the prices that were paid for food during the siege of 1870 is taken verbatim out of the Journal of a French officer stationed in Paris at the time:

"Toward the middle of October we had to make up our mind to sacrifice the animals of the zoological garden. The elephants and many other beasts were bought by M. Debos, the owner of the English meat shop in Av. Friedland. The meat of the elephants was sold from \$10 to \$12 a kilogram (two pounds), the trunk commanding the highest price, \$16 a kilogram. The trunk and feet were both declared delicious by all gourmands. In the same shop a pair of young wolves were sold for \$2.50 per pound. The meat was soft and without taste. The biggest price was paid for a young live lamb that had been swiped by a 'franc-tireur' from the enemy. One hundred dollars was paid for it.

"Here is an exact price list of some victuals toward the end of the siege:

Two pounds of horseflesh.	\$5.00
One ham.	16.00
A whole cat.	3.00
A rabbit.	10.00
One turkey.	30.00
One eel.	1.00
A rat.	.50
A pigeon.	.300
One pound of butter.	.600
A pound of beans.	1.50
A peck of carrots.	2.00
One cabbage head.	2.00
One stick of celery.	.50
Wood to burn (100 pounds).	2.00

"Even the rich had to live on the meagerest diet and to take into their menu things that till then only the trapper in the virgin forests was supposed to eat. I leave it to you to imagine what kind of meals were served in the small restaurants and boarding houses.

"Moreover, everybody had to submit to the strictest orders. People stood in file before the butcher and baker shops to wait for their turns. Each household was furnished with a card from the municipality authorizing the bearer to buy a certain amount of meat and bread. The cook, the housewife, the young girl, the little child (men never go shopping in France), were posted for hours before the shops in rain and snow, with wet feet, shivering with cold. The unfortunate ones endured without a murmur these hardships. Women throughout the time of the siege were setting an example of courage and self abnegation not always followed by men.

"It was a sad and touching spectacle, these long files of women, nearly all dressed in black, grouped before the doors of the dealers, watched by the national guard, with whom they at first were laughing and chatting, till the sufferings from the cold had silenced the laugh and sometimes brought forth the tears.

"But in spite of all precautions the stores one by one were exhausted, the provisions, put in too late before the siege, were used up, and while the babies, deprived of milk, died in great numbers, or, fed on sweet wine and bread, pined slowly away, the big people tried to find new resources to prolong their lives."

Stomach troubles are very common in the summer time and you should not only be very careful about what you eat just now but more than that you should be careful not to allow your stomach to become disordered and when the stomach goes wrong take Kodol. This is the best known preparation that is offered to the people to day for dyspepsia or indigestion or any stomach trouble. Kodol digests all foods. It is sold by W. S. Martin & C. M. Shuford.

No Tears Nor Hills.

In the days when Rowley Hill was bishop of the Isle of Man one of his clerical men bearing the name of Tears came to say adieu to his bishop on getting preferment. The parson said: "Goodby, my lord. I hope we may meet again, but if not here in some better place."

The bishop replied, "I fear the latter is unlikely, as there are no Tears in heaven."

"No doubt," wittily answered the parson, "you are right that our chance of meeting is small, as one reads of the plains of paradise, but never of any Hills there."—London Queen.

Australian Bushmen.

Although the bushmen of Australia are the very lowest in the scale of ignorance, they possess a rare instinct that equals that of many animals and is in its way as wonderful as man's reason. It is almost impossible for them to be lost. Even if they be led away from their home blindfolded for miles, when released they will unerringly turn in the right direction and make their way to their nest homes, and, though these are all very similar, they never make a mistake.

Fool and Sage.

The fool and his money are parted, not long did they stay in cahoots, but the fool is the cheeriest hearted and gladdest of human galeots. His neighbor is better and wiser, six figures might tell what he's worth, but, oh, how folks wish the old miser would fall off the edge of the earth!—Emporia Gazette.

Nothing preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.—Franklin.

The Democrat is \$1 a year.

A GHOST STORY.

The Spectral Horseman That Visits Wycollar Hall.

This ghost story is contributed by a correspondent of an English magazine: "Wycollar Hall, near Colne, was long the seat of the Cunliffes of Billington. They were noted persons in their time, but ere days came, and their ancestral estates passed out of their hands. In the days of the commonwealth their loyalty cost them dear, and ultimately they retired to Wycollar with a remnant only of their once extensive property. About 1819 the last of the family passed away, and the hall is now a mass of ruins. Little but the antique fireplace remains entire, and even the room alluded to in the following legend cannot now be identified. Tradition says that once every year a spectral horseman visits Wycollar Hall. He is attired in the costume of the early Stuart period, and the trappings of his horse are of a most uncouth description.

"On the evening of his visit the weather is always wild and tempestuous. There is no moon to light the lonely roads, and the residents of the district do not venture out of their cottages. When the wind howls loud the horseman can be heard dashing up the road at full speed, and, after crossing the narrow bridge, he suddenly stops at the door of the hall. The rider then dismounts and makes his way up the broad oaken stairs into one of the rooms of the house. Dreadful screams, as from a woman, are then heard, which soon subside into groans. The horseman then makes his appearance at the door, at once mounts his steed and gallops off.

"His body can be seen through by those who may chance to be present; his horse appears to be wild with rage, and its nostrils stream with fire. The tradition is that one of the Cunliffes murdered his wife in that room and that the spectral horseman is the ghost of the murdered woman, who is doomed to pay an annual visit to the home of his victim. She is said to have predicted the extinction of the family, which, according to the story, has been literally fulfilled."

THE CRITICS.

These Observers Were Wholly Personal in Their Judgments.

"The critical faculty is rare," said an editor and critic at a Philadelphia art club. "It must be impersonal. But most of us incline to be wholly personal in our criticism. The fact was brought home to me at one of the exhibitions at the Academy of Fine Arts."

"Passing from picture to picture, I overheard many criticisms. Thus a lady in a rich gown said:

"What a superb portrait of a young girl! It should certainly win the Carnegie prize. It is easy to see that the gown was made by Paquin."

"A fat, red nosed man in a fur lined overcoat halted before a picture entitled 'The Luncheon.'

"This still life," he exclaimed, 'is the most admirable I have ever seen. Terrapin, canvasback, champagne, lobster, even Perigord pie—ah, what a genius."

"In this historical painting," I heard an antiquary say, "the costumes are accurate in every detail. The painter is a second Raphael."

"That horse there," said a young polo player, 'is exactly like my Podasokos. It's the best picture in the exhibition."

"An athlete uttered a cry of delight before a daub called 'The Gladiator.'

"What shoulders! What arms!" he said. "I bet anything the jury gives this painting the highest award."

"And half the throng, departing, said: 'The picture in the last room is the best. No, we didn't see it—couldn't get to it, in fact—but it draws far and away the biggest crowd.'"

Mole Superstitions.

According to tradition, if you have a mole on your chin you may expect to be wealthy, while if you have it under your arm it promises you wealth and honor as well. A mole on the ankle indicates courage. On the left temple a mole indicates that you will find friends among the great ones of the earth, but if it be placed on the right temple it warns you of coming distress. A mole on a man's knee means that he may expect to marry a rich woman. A mole on the neck promises wealth. If you have a mole on your nose you are going to be a great traveler. A mole on the throat indicates health and wealth.

Tired mothers worn out by the peevish cross baby have found Cascasweet a boon and a blessing, cascasweet is for babies and children and is especially good for the ill so common in hot weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmless drugs Sold by C. M. Shuford & W. S. Martin.

Inheritance and environment are not only realities, but are the most important elements of the everyday life. The thought of yesterday fixes the tendency of today. The conditions of today are the background against which every life is projected.—Albion W. Tourgee.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*
Subscribe for the Democrat.

NATHAN HALE, YALE'S HERO.

University Plans to Erect a Monument of Him on Its Campus.

A short time ago a committee of Yale alumni assembled in the studio of William Ordway Partridge in New York to see the newly completed statue of Nathan Hale by that sculptor which the alumni of the institution propose to offer for the campus of the university. The patriot spy is the chief hero of the famous institution of learning at New Haven, and Yale men have long felt that there should be a statue upon the college grounds of an alumnus who did such honor to his alma mater; hence the movement resulting in the execution of this work.

Mr. Partridge has studied the subject for ten years and has written a book about the character of Hale and the story of his great sacrifice for country. His statue presents an interesting contrast to that of Frederick W. MacMonnies, which stands near the New York city hall. Neither had any portrait of Hale upon which to work, for none exists. They had to be guided by the descriptions of the hero which have been handed down and by their own conceptions of his appearance and expression.

Each statue has its own special admirers. Hale was twenty-one at the time of his cruel death. Perhaps he seems more boyish in the statue by MacMonnies. Partridge has succeeded well in expressing in the features of his Hale the patriotic fervor of the young enthusiast in the cause of the new nation and his athletic qualities. The hero was about six feet tall and could put his hand on a fence as high as his head and clear it with a bound. The spot on the Yale campus where he made the famous jump that marked him as the best all around athlete of the college was shown for years after his time. He is said to have possessed not only ideal proportions, but a grace and charm which endeared him to all he met. Yale men are enthusiastic over the manner in which Mr. Partridge has met their ideals in the portrayal of Hale.

NEW NATHAN HALE STATUE.

Thomas Jefferson's Politeness.

Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, and his eldest grandson were one day riding in a carriage together. They met a slave, who respectfully took off his hat and bowed. The president, according to his invariable custom, returned the salutation by raising his hat. The young man paid no attention to the negro's act of civility. Mr. Jefferson, after a moment's pause, turned a reproachful eye to him and said, "Thomas, do you permit a slave to be more of a gentleman than yourself?"

A Capital Fire Balloon.

A fire balloon should be flown as a kite is flown, with string attachment, so that the owner and his friends may enjoy it and not the next county. Much skill can be shown in keeping it close hauled and then giving it slack and finally twirling it so wildly that it burns itself up, thus adding a spectacular climax to its career.

ACT QUICKLY.

Delay Has Been Dangerous in Hickory.

Do the right thing at the right time. Act quickly in times of danger. Backache is kidney danger. Doan's Kidney Pills act quickly.

Cure all distressing, dangerous kidney ills. Plenty of evidence to prove this.

G. W. Pennell, Fireman, living on Cotton Mill Road, Lenoir, N. C., says: "I suffered for some time from a soreness and dull aching across the small of my back. The kidneys were very much disordered from headaches and felt a noticeable lack of energy. I decided to try Doan's Kidney Pills, procured a box and began using them according to directions. The pains soon disappeared, and it was not long before my kidneys became strong and gave me no trouble whatever. I feel much better and my health has improved so wonderfully that I earnestly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills as a reliable kidney remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.