

BUSINESS GROWING

It is a source of much pleasure to us to note how rapidly Mebane tobacco market is growing, and how much our efforts to please the farmers here succeeded. We keep the prices of tobacco pushed up to the top notch, and do all we can to see you have the best possible treatment.

FIVE TOBACCO BUYERS

On our Warehouse floors guarantees to all a liberal and fair deal on our market, and top prices for the weed.

We shall strive in every way possible to deserve your continued patronage. The convenience and accessibility of Mebane to you enables you to save time, money and the wear on your team by bringing your tobacco here.

BRING YOUR TOBACCO RIGHT ALONG TO US.

Piedmont Warehouse

J. N. WARREN and MURRAY FERGUSON
Proprietors.

Mebane, - - - North Carolina.

A Pleasing Success

My millinery opening was a pleasing success. I have one of the prettiest stocks ever seen in Graham. Everything in the very latest style, and the prettiest possible to purchase. Don't fail to see me, I am sure I can please you in every way.

Miss Margaret Clegg

Graham, - - North Carolina

IF YOU ARE GOING NORTH. TRAVEL VIA.

THE CHESAPEAKE LINE DAILY SERVICES INCLUDING SUNDAY
The new Steamers just placed in service the "CITY OF NORFOLK" the "CITY OF BALTIMORE" are the most elegant and up-to-date Steamers between Norfolk and Baltimore.

EQUIPPED WITH WIRELESS-TELEPHONE IN EACH ROOM. DELICIOUS MEALS ON BOARD - EVERYTHING FOR COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE

Steamers Lv. Norfolk (Jackson St) 6:15 PM
Lv. Old Point Comfort 7:15 PM
Ar. Baltimore 7:00 PM

Conneginat Baltimore for all points North, North East and West.

Cheap Excursion Tickets on sale to Maryland Resorts, Atlantic City and other New Jersey Resorts and Niagara Falls.

Reservations made and information cheerfully furnished by

W. H. PARNELL, T. P. A.
Norfolk, Va.

HOME COMFORT



demands tribute from many matters connected with a home, but there is none that exacts more thought and attention than the furniture that goes into your rooms. It must appear elegant and artistic, properly finished, upholstered and constructed, and with all must afford a comfortable resting place. These factors are strong points in Green and McClure furniture and our stock is awaiting your choice.

Green McClure

Furniture Co.

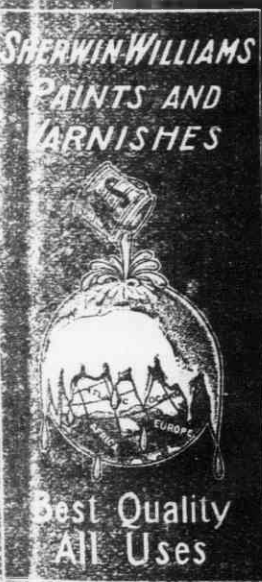
Graham, - - Norh Carolina

HANDOME INTERIO S.



can be finished almost like magic when our mill work is used. In hardly any time a bare room can be converted into an attractive apartment or office, by the use of our paneling columns, arches, fret work, etc. See us before completing your plans. There are ideas galore here. Many to be saved too.

NELSON-COOPER LUMBER COMPANY.
Mebane, N. C.



WE MAKE

a leader of **SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS** because they represent the best paint value on the market.

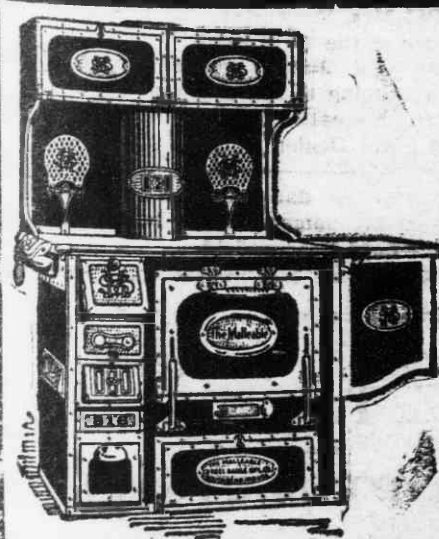
For durability, spreading capacity, beauty, easy working qualities, and economy no better paints can be made.

They come in but one quality—the best. They are economical, always. Ask for color cards.

SOLD BY

The time to paint is now. The place to buy your paint is at

Tyson-Malone Hardware Co.



DID YOU SEE OUR MALEABLE COOKING RANGE

last week. We had a demonstration in our store and showed what it could do. It is scientifically built and will last a life time. It is a great Range. Call at

Coble-Bradshaw, Compay
Burlington, N. C.

What's in a Name?

The late King of Spain had for a full name Phra Bat Sordeth Phra Parandor Maha Chulalongkorn Phra Chua Chum Klo Chow Yu Hua, and this does not include his titles. A wag in Bombay saw it in the paper when the ruler was visiting that city and was being received by the British officials and passed it over to a young Irish subaltern with the challenge that he pronounce it. The young fellow looked at it a moment and then handed it back. He said he was not long enough winded, but he was sure he could play it on the garrison club piano if the instrument were a couple of octaves longer. The king's uncle, however, who was also a prince high priest, had for one name alone the following collection of letters: Pawaratawarlaya-loungsaun. Any one who can get through this and not flat one of the notes has lived a long time where he can look out of a window and see the gilded peak of a temple shimmering in the equatorial sun.—Christian Herald.

Starve a Cold.

Nature, as a rule, takes the appetite away when one is coming down with a cold or other infectious disease, and nature is wise. Don't coax Mary to eat when she has a cold. Don't allow the neighbors to tempt Johnny with cold foot jellies or other delights. When suffering from a cold the digestive organs are in no condition to care for food. The digestive juices are altered or entirely absent. One or two days' comparative fast will often assist in averting a severe siege of cold. A more convenient and enjoyable form of fasting would be to subsist for one or two days upon fruit or fruit juices perhaps, with the addition of a little toast. An exclusive fruit diet has all the practical advantages of complete fasting, while it satisfies the appetite and supplies sugar from which the liver can manufacture glycogen to sustain the white blood corpuscles in their continuous warfare against microbes.—William S. Sadler in Designer.

Giving Him Carte Blanche.

A few years ago John Kendrick Bangs, the humorist, told a number of his Broadway literary confederates that he felt particularly elated over an order he had just received from Henry W. Savage, the theatrical producer, for the libretto of a musical comedy. The play was produced a few months later. During the long period of rehearsals so much of Bangs' material was eliminated and so much other material inserted in its stead that when the curtain went up on the first night not more than half a dozen of the original lines remained.

About a week later a friend, meeting Bangs, asked him if he was writing any more plays for Savage.

"Yes," replied Bangs. "Only an hour ago I sent him 500 blank sheets of paper and told him to go as far as he liked."—Irvin Cobb in New York Tribune.

Anthony Trollope's First Earnings.

A literary man recalls Anthony Trollope's little gloat over the first fruits of his pen. "I send you a copy of 'The Warden,'" he wrote to Lord Houghton in 1836, "which Mr. Longman assures me is the last of the first edition. There were, I think, only 750 printed, and they have been over ten years in hand. But I regard the book with affection, as I made \$9 25, 04, by the first year's sales, having previously written and published for ten years without any such golden result. Since then I have improved even upon that." Trollope, of course, "improved upon that" in no uncertain fashion.—Westminster Gazette.

It Was Real.

"My, this must have been exciting!" says Mrs. Bilmers, who is reading the paper. "A twenty foot boa constrictor escaped from the zoo yesterday and was captured after it had climbed halfway up a telegraph pole."

"And I swore off when I saw it as I went downtown!" growled Mr. Bilmers disgustedly.

"What are you muttering?" she asked.

"Nothing. I just said it must have been a ticklish job."—Chicago Post.

As Good as Lost.

"You're sure you can spare this five, are you, Shadbolt?"

"Dinguss, if I had not been perfectly sure that I can get along without it I never would have lent it to you."—Chicago Tribune.

Skeptical.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, what is the shape of the earth? Small Johnny—I dunno. Teacher—Why, I told you yesterday it was round. Small Johnny—Yes, I know, but I don't believe everything I hear.—Chicago News.

Not So Brave.

"He was certainly brave to crawl under the bed and engage in a life and death struggle with that burglar."

"When he crawled under the bed he thought the burglar was in the basement."—Houston Post.

For Good of the Community.

"Have you ever done anything for the good of the community?" asked the sold citizen of the weary wayfarer.

"Yes," replied the weary wayfarer. "I've just done a month."

Sensible Man.

Crawford—Do you really like to please your wife? Crabshaw—I can't say that I do, but I've found out it's the best plan.—Smart Set.

There are some who bear a grudge even to those that do them good.—Pillay.

BREAKING A CUSTOM.

How the Salt Shaker Was Introduced to the Spaniard. Until a few years ago no Spaniard had on his dining table any other receptacle for salt than the old style ooper cellar. An enterprising Briton saw this, noted that the salt was always dirty and gummy and determined to introduce a certain famous salt shaker from which clean salt would run freely in the dampest weather. Bravely he started to tour Spain for the company.

"No, senior; no est costumbre usar mas quo esto" ("No, sir; it's not customary to use more than that"—the old cellar), was the answer of every dealer to whom he presented the novelty. Again and again he was rebuffed. He began to despair when, standing one day gazing into a jeweler's window, a brilliant idea struck him. He entered. Realizing the childlike curiosity and impressionable character of his quarry, he persuaded the jeweler to display a shaker in his window and coached him about selling it. A Spaniard came along, looked in the window, saw the curious object, investigated.

"It is very pretty for the toilet table," he remarked after prolonged scrutiny, "perhaps useful for the children. What goes in it—perfume?"

Indifferently the jeweler glanced up from some scribbling. "No, sir; only salt."

"Man, salt!"

"Yes. Possibly I could get you a little—the kind that doesn't get sticky—try. But I don't know."

The simple gentleman was amazed, angry, affronted, by the novelty, but he took it and an ounce or two of the special salt home with him. The jeweler ordered another shaker and more samples of salt. By and by the gentleman had used all his salt and wanted more of the same kind. The business of that company today is worth many figures in Spain every year, and more than that, as it is "costumbre" now to use that particular sort of shaker and brand of salt there is virtually no competition.—Arthur Stanley Riggs in Century.

INSULTED THE KING.

The Joke a Printer Turned on Louis Philippe and M. Thiers.

One morning during the reign of Louis Philippe there appeared in the Constitutionnel the following startling paragraph:

"His majesty the king received M. Thiers yesterday at the Tuilleries and charged him with the formation of a new cabinet. The distinguished statesman hastened to reply to the king:

"I have only one regret, which is that I cannot wring your neck like a turkey's."

A few lines lower down there was another paragraph running to the following effect:

"The efforts of justice have been promptly crowned with success. The murderer of the Rue du Pot-de-Pe has been arrested in a house of bad reputation. Led at once before the judge of instruction, the wretch had the hard-

hood to address the magistrate in terms of coarse insult, wading up with the following words, which amply show that there remains not a spark of conscience or right feeling in this hardened soul:

"God and man are my witnesses that I have never had any other ambition than to serve your august person and my country loyally to the best of my ability."

The printer had just cleverly managed to interchange the two addresses. The cream of the joke was that it was universally known how very little love there was lost between the king and the minister.—Strauss' Reminiscences

Last of the Old Orators.

The late Senator John Warwick Daniel of Virginia may be said to have been the last of the old fashioned orators in the house of the congressman. His fame will rest not on his lawbooks, which were excellent; not on his speeches in house and senate, which were strong, but on two masterly orations on Lee and Stonewall Jackson delivered before his entrance into congress. It may well be doubted whether anything superior to them, considered simply as orations, can be found in the literature of the world. They would have delighted Cicero himself.—Champ Clark in Century.

Flogged For Bathing.

On an island in the Canal at Grantchester, is a mill pond known as "Byron's pool" because it was here that the poet as an undergraduate enjoyed his favorite recreation. Even in his day Edward Conybears tells us in "Highways and Byways in Cambridge" bathing was a practice somewhat frowned on by the academic authorities. A century or so earlier any student found guilty of it was publicly flogged in the hall of his college and was again flogged on the morrow in the university schools by the proctors. A second offense meant expulsion from the university.

Novelty For New Yorkers.

"That sunrise effect is all wrong!" said the stage manager of a New York musical show.

"What's the difference?" replied the scene painter. "Nobody who goes to a musical comedy in New York knows what a sunrise looks like."—Washington Star.

Probably.

The Orator—I ask yer, Wot is this life we're old so dear? Soon I'll be lyin' with me forefathers. The Voice—An' giv'n them points at the game too!—London Sketch.

To Delinquent Tax Payers

Delinquent tax papers of the town of Mebane will please take "Notice" This is to give you fair warning that unless your Town Tax for the year 1910, is paid on or before October 26th, 1911, I will proceed to collect the same according to law.

This 9th day of Oct. 1911.
Roy Thompson,
Town Tax Collector.

Gives Aid To Strikers.

Sometimes liver, kidneys and bowels seem to go on a strike and refuse to work right. Then you need those Pleasant little strike-breakers—Dr. King's New Life Pills—to give them natural aid and gently compel proper action. Excellent health soon follows. Try them. 25c at Mebane Drug Co.

ALASKAN MOSQUITOES.

They Are Small and Silent, but Work With Fire Tipped Stings. Mosquitoes in this icebound northern country, Alaska, are a plague beyond relief. They come to life about the middle of May, before the ground is thawed out and while many feet of ice still cover the lakes and all but the swiftest rivers. Stagnant, sun heated water is not in the least necessary. They breed in the glaciers wherever a bit of earth or manure has melted a little pool. Their wrigglers are seen in running ice water. By the 1st of June it is uncomfortable to sleep without protection, and from that time on until September, when the first frosts have benumbed them, especially during the warm, rainy season of July and August, they become a never ceasing scourge, swarming in thousands.

The Alaskan mosquito is small, brown, silent and very much in earnest. He never sings a warning nor fools about selecting a spot to his taste, but comes in a bee line with his probe and gets into action. Every inch of your clothing is industriously bored, so that you look like an animated brown cocoon, and the slightest exposed spot on wrist or neck is promptly set on fire. I experimented with a small hole in my glove. After the first mosquito had found the opening others came in quick succession to the spot. He left some microscopic "sting and no dog" signs there. If I killed the first one, left his carcass it served as a warning not at all. The others came the faster, and the more I killed the more eager the survivors became, perching quite unmoved on the remains of their confreres.—World Today.

EUGENIE'S ESCAPE.

How the Empress Got Out of France After Sedan.

As soon as the hot headed citizens of Paris learned in September, 1870, that their emperor, Napoleon III, had surrendered to the Prussians at Sedan these Parisians rose in a riotous mob and made posthaste for the Tuilleries. They were armed and after royal blood and plunder. The empress had to flee for her life. Assisted by the Austrian and Italian ministers, she made a hurried flight from the palace, but found the mob ahead of her in the garden; back again and then out by a secret way into a side street, where they entered a carriage. A street gamln recognized the empress here, but the shouting of the mob was so great that the boy's cry of warning was not heeded.

Once the carriage was stopped by a mob, but the party alighted and managed to escape. Finding themselves near the residence of Dr. Evans, the American dentist, they took refuge there, and the doctor took upon himself the responsibility of Empress Eugenie's safety. The empress put on a dress belonging to Mrs. Evans and, with Mme. Breton, her friend, was driven by Dr. Evans to the suburbs. Dr. Evans explained that the women were a patient and her attendant whom he was taking to a sanitarium. Two days later the fugitives reached a coast town, whence they escaped to England.

Plants That Shoot Arrows.

The arrows are crystal needles of oxalate of lime. They are of microscopic dimensions, and they are shot from minute capsule shaped bodies found in the tissues of such plants as the Indian turnip and the Polyosian taro. An extraordinary spectacle may be viewed in the field of the microscope when the "bonds" contained in a drop of taro pulp begin to discharge their arrows. Sometimes only one or two needles and sometimes groups of four to ten were discharged at once, the bomb recoiling as the projectiles left it. It has been suggested that the intense burning and pricking sensations experienced in chewing such plants as those just mentioned are due to the release and discharge of these crystal arrows when the plant tissues are crushed in the mouth.—Harper's Weekly.

A Fine Distinction.

Sometimes a small boy can draw a fine distinction. Two fishermen of the sportsman type, equipped with all the latest appliances for angling, were walking a mountain road when they met a barefooted boy with a tin can in his hand and a carefully trimmed branch of a tree slung over his shoulder.

"Hello, sonny!" exclaimed one of the men. "Going fishing?"

"No," drawled the youngster, with only a glance at the splendid outfits. "I ain't goin' fishin'. I'm jist goin' down to the crick to ketch some fish."

Air in the Lungs.

In one minute, in a state of rest, the average man takes into his lungs about 48.8 cubic inches of air. In walking he needs 97.6 cubic inches; in climbing, 140.3 inches; in riding at a trot, 201.3 cubic inches, and in long distance running, 347.7 cubic inches.

An Optical Delusion.

Affable Stranger—I beg your pardon, but isn't this Miss Greenleaf? The Lady—No; I am Miss Redpath. A. S.—Ah, excuse me! I must be col, or blind.—Boston Transcript.

Revenge.

She—You ask me to marry you. Can you not see your answer in my face? He (absently)—Yes—er—er—it's very plain.—Life.

Take a good book slowly. You get much finer country in a mover's w' on than you do from a car window.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH **DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY**
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
50¢ & \$1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED