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MYSTERIOUS MEKRAN.

A Desolate Land, Desolated by Nature and Shunned by Man.
"A mysterious veil has always hung over the land of Mekran," says the London Times. "Mekran is the name given to the long coastal region stretching almost from the Indus to the entrance to the Persian gulf. Sailors have coasted along its white shores from time immemorial, but few in modern days have ever penetrated the ranges of hills which lie beyond. The greater part of Mekran is desolate and forsaken, a land desolated by nature and shunned by man. The few tribes which linger there are the jetsam of history, stray wreckage which has drifted into this obscure corner of the world in the backwash of great events. It is even believed that the Davidians passed through Mekran on their way to southern India and left stragglers, whose descendants have dwelt there ever since. There are patches of Mongols from the days of Jenghis Khan; colonels of half breed Arabs from the time when an Arab dynasty held Sind; unmistakable Rajputs, who were there before Alexander; African negroes, the offshoots of medieval slavery, and traces of still older peoples whose origins are lost in the mists of time.
"Yet Mekran cannot always have been either so dry or so deserted. Many of its hills are closely covered with little stone houses, mostly square at the base, narrowing upward like truncated pyramids, and with dome-shaped interiors. They are tombs, and among the rubbish found within them are fragments of light green pottery of fine quality, which no one seems able to identify. Then there are vast masonry dams, obviously built to catch the water in the hills, just as engineers are making dams in the Indian ghats to-day.
"Sometimes the hills are terraced for cultivation, after the fashion of hills in southern Japan and elsewhere, only in Mekran the terraces are dry and bare, and not even a blade of grass remains. The crumbling ruins of whole cities, the very names of which are forgotten, lie concealed between the serrated ridges."

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FEATHERED POLICE.

Birds Do a Wonderful Amount of Work For the Farmer.
Birds work more in conjunction with man to help him than does any other form of outdoor life, according to an article in Success Magazine. They police the earth and air, and without their services the farmer would be helpless. Larks, wrens and thrushes search the ground for grubs and insects. The food of the meadow lark consists of 75 per cent of injurious insects and 12 per cent of weed seed, showing it to be a bird of great economic value. Sparrows, finches and quail eat a large amount of weed seed. Practically all the food of the tree sparrow consists of weed seed. Examinations by Professor F. E. L. Beal of the biological survey of the department of agriculture show that a single tree sparrow will eat a quarter of an ounce of weed seed daily. In a state the size of Iowa tree sparrows alone will consume more than 800 tons of weed seed annually. This, with the work of other seed eating birds, saves the farmer an immense amount of work.

Nuthatches and chickadees scan every part of the trunks and limbs of trees for insect eggs. In a day's time a chickadee has been known to eat hundreds of insect eggs and worms that are very harmful to our trees and vegetables. Warblers and vireos hunt the leaves and buds for moths and millers. Flycatchers, swallows and night hawks are busy day and night catching flies that bother man and beast. Hawks and owls are working silently in daylight and darkness to catch moles, mice, gophers and squirrels.

Insulted.
A traveler relates a story illustrative of life in Spain. Alighting at the door of an inn, a man extended his hand, and, naturally supposing him to be a porter, the traveler offered him his valise.

The man stepped back, tossed his head and frowned scornfully.

"Do you take me for a porter?" he demanded. "I would have you understand that I am no porter."
"Indeed!" said the traveler apologetically. "Then may I ask, senor, what you are?"
"I am a beggar, sir, and asked you for alms!"

Making Sure.
An electric wire had fallen under its heavy weight of snow. The line-men found a crowd around the grounded copper and an inquisitive Irishman lifting one end from the ground.
"Man, alive, don't you know what a risk you're taking? That might be a live wire!" he ejaculated.
"Sure an' Oi thought of that meself, an' Oi flit of the wire good before Oi picked it up at all!"—Everybody's.

Making Him Happy.
Marks— "I know your wife didn't like it because you took me home unexpectedly to dinner last night. Parks— "Nonsense! Why, you hadn't been gone two minutes before she remarked that she was glad it was no one else but you."—Boston Transcript.

A Gifted Barber.
"The barber told me a very interesting story as he shaved me."
"Indeed?"
"Yes, and also illustrated it with cuts."—Washington Herald.

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity.—Johnson.

"There could be no better medicine than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. My children were all sick with whooping cough. One of them was in bed, had a high fever and was coughing up blood. Our doctor gave them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the first dose eased them, and three bottles cured them," says Mrs. R. A. Donaldson, of Lexington, Miss. For sale by All Dealers.

STAGE REALISM.

Clara Morris' Study of a Victim of Heart Disease.

No actress ever surpassed Clara Morris in the care with which she studied for a part. When she was studying the part of Cora in "Article 47" she visited an insane asylum in order to learn the signs of insanity. Cora was not only insane, but she was disgraced by a hideous scar as well. Miss Morris spent weeks in trying to secure a correct representation, and one day she saw in a street car a woman who had exactly that kind of disfigurement. She studied it and reproduced it, but her kindness of heart shrank from reproducing it in such fashion that the sufferer might recognize it if she ever saw the play. So she worked over it until she made enough alterations to feel certain that no one, not even the owner of the original scar, could ever suspect the imitation.

When she was studying the part of Miss Moulton, who was to die of heart disease, she visited a specialist who had a number of patients suffering from that trouble. He showed her one of his patients and then, to her surprise and horror, ran the sufferer up a flight of stairs that Miss Morris might see the symptoms as produced after an excitement of the heart. Miss Morris was filled with pain and pity. She made the poor patient a present of a bank bill as she was leaving. The woman accepted it and then as she was studying it into her glove caught sight of the figure on the note. The size was so large that it brought on a recurrence of all the symptoms—the starting eyes, the gasping breath, the widening nostrils. This time the heart excitement was caused by joy, not pain, but Miss Morris was so overcome with horror and sympathy that she hurriedly left the house.—Ladies' Home Journal.

HIS FIRST WIG.

John D. Rockefeller Was Timid About Wearing It in Public.

When John D. Rockefeller first donned a wig he was apparently somewhat timid about showing himself with it in public. H. M. Briggs, who was for a number of years very closely connected with Mr. Rockefeller as his personal bodyguard, writes in the American Magazine of the oil king's debut in his new hairpiece:

"One morning Mr. Rockefeller came to church in a wig for the first time. As he arrived some time before the services very few were present. Dr. Eaton, the pastor of the church, laughingly said, 'Mr. Rockefeller, we love you with or without it.' I went with him into the Sunday school, and we passed a reporter, who did not recognize him. I told Mr. Rockefeller of this, and he said, 'You surprise me.' He inquired if there was a mirror in the church, and I took him into Dr. Eaton's office. He stood in front of the glass, and, finally getting it adjusted, he asked me if it looked all right. I asked him if it was comfortable. I really did think the wig made a great improvement in his appearance. He said that it was going to be quite an ordeal to enter the church for the service. I said, 'Mr. Rockefeller, you have gone through worse.' He shrugged his shoulders, and we passed into the church together. If his presence on previous occasions never failed to attract attention the stir that followed his entrance on this particular morning must be left to the imagination. After the service, when the 'wedding' was over, he seemed as tickled with his wig as a boy with a new pair of red topped boots."

Pirate's Coins.

The doubloon, that famous coin of romance, is still in circulation. The Isabella doubloon, worth \$5, still remains current in Cuba. The doubloon is so called because when first coined it was double the value of a pistole—that is, it was worth \$8. The name was given later to a double doubloon current in the West Indies. Pieces of eight, with which every reader of "Robinson Crusoe" is familiar, are also in circulation. They are simply Spanish dollars of eight reales. A doubloon dated 1787—there are said to be only six of that date in existence—sold a year or six ago for \$6,200.—New York Press.

A Condition, Not a Theory.

A sociologist in conversation with a practical person from the middle west concerning the labor problem in her part of the country thereby learned the lesson of the situation.

"Are there many men out of work?" he asked.
The lady admitted that there were quite a number.
"What," said he then, "do the unemployed do?"
"Nothing," said the lady. "That's the trouble."—Youth's Companion.

His Only Hope.

A lawyer of New Orleans tells this story: An old negro was brought up before the judge charged with chicken stealing, and when the usual question was propounded, "Guilty or not guilty?" he said, "I don't know, boss. I jest throw myself on the ignorance of the court."—Case and Comment.

Her Title.
"He married her for her title."
"You mean the other way about, don't you?"
"No; her title to a lot of valuable real estate."—Boston Transcript.

A Pretzel.
"Faw, what's a pretzel?"
"A cracker with cramps, my son. Now go to bed."—St. Joseph News Press.

Z. T. HADLEY
OPTOMETRIST
Eyes, Examined and glasses fitted.
Graham, N. C.

DEFIED THE COMMODORE.

Pinkham Was Insubordinate, but He Saved Vessel and Crew.

Reuben Pinkham, a native of Nantucket, made his first trip as third lieutenant on the ship Potomac, which crossed the north Pacific, a region little known to naval vessels in the early thirties. Pinkham had been on several whaling voyages and was familiar with those waters. The author of "The Island of Nantucket" says that one day, near sunset, he had the watch, while the commodore was packing up and down the deck.
Suddenly Pinkham gave the order, "Man the weather braces!"
"What's that for?" asked the commodore.
"We shall have wind in a moment." The commodore went to the lee rail and scanned the sea and sky. "I see no signs of wind," he returned. "Let the men leave the braces."
The crew dropped the ropes.
"Keep hold of the braces, every man of you!" called out Pinkham, and the men resumed their grasp. The commodore flushed with anger and exclaimed in peremptory tones:
"Let the men leave the braces!" and again the braces were dropped.
"Don't any of you dare to drop the ropes!" shouted Pinkham, shaking his trumpet at the crew, who once more took hold. Just then the wind dropped entirely; not a breath stirred.
"Taut, taut! Haul, all of you!" called Pinkham, and the ponderous yards swung to reversed position. The wind came out of the opposite quarter and struck the ship like a sledge hammer. The vessel staggered, shook the spray from her bows and dashed ahead. The commodore disappeared into his cabin without saying a word.
Presently he sent the first lieutenant to relieve Pinkham, requesting to see the latter immediately. When Pinkham entered the cabin the commodore said:
"I consider that I am indebted to you for all of our lives, but I will tell you frankly if that wind hadn't come I should have put you in irons in two minutes."

FEEES FOR ITS FLASHES.

San Salvador Uses a Live Volcano as a Lighthouse.

The republic of San Salvador is the only government on earth that collects lighthouse fees on account of a volcano that it owns and without the slightest cost of upkeep.
The volcanic beacon is about eight miles inland from the port of Acajutla, and its pillar of cloud by day and its fire sky by night are visible for many miles out at sea. It bursts forth every seven minutes and is just as accurate as any revolving light that warns mariners of danger in any part of the world.
This volcano has been keeping up this seven minute series of eruptions even since any one can remember. It is a favorite amusement of visitors to sit by the hear during the lazy afternoons and, watch in hand, to time the eruptions till they tire of the occupation and fall asleep. No one has ever caught the volcano napping, however.
Every vessel that puts in at Acajutla has to pay its lighthouse fee. There is no other lighthouse than the volcano, but that is a sufficient excuse for the government of Salvador to make a charge for its services. The explosions that accompany the eruptions sound the detonations of heavy charge of dynamite, but fortunately they are not sufficient to shake the ground perceptibly more than about a mile or two from the summit of the crater.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Fountain at the Corner.

Beranger is best known for his bacchanalian songs. One night he was at supper with Dumas the elder. The younger Dumas, who was present, was passing through his college course and at that period was exhibiting those characteristics which unfortunately developed in later life. Noticing that Beranger had drunk only water, he somewhat indirectly asked, "Where do you obtain, M. Beranger, all the wine which we find in your songs?"
The poet's reply was, "From the fountain at the corner, my boy, and you would do well to make that the source of your inspiration."

Invisible Logic.

Donald (who is seeing his more prosperous cousin off by the train)—"Ye might like to leave me a bob or two to drink ye a safe journey, Willie. Willie (fearing regret)—"Ma! I canna. Ma' my spair shullin' I gie to my auld mither." Donald—That's strange, because yer mither told me ye never gie her anything. Willie—Weel, if I dinna gie my auld mither anything, what sort o' chance dae ye think you've got?
—London Punch.

A Great Relief.

"Gee, ain't it a great relief when you've been suffering from a toothache to summon up your courage and go to a dentist and have it over with?"
"I guess so. Did the dentist relieve you?"
"You bet! He wasn't in!"—Toledo Blade.

Too Low Down.

"Why don't you name your mule, Uncle Jackson?"
"Ain't no name ornery 'nough to fit dis mawl, sub."—Buffalo Express.

Dangerous Moonlight.

Moonlight most intense sometimes causes sore eyes in felps, and the natives navigate and perambulate with umbrellas and parasols.

Just The Hat

For you is what I have, but I have a lot of them, and they are all pretty and attractive. Come and let me select you a hat becoming your complexion and beauty. I always strive to please.

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Miss Margaret Clegg
Graham, N. C.

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