

THERE IS A REASON FOR CHEWING REYNOLDS' SUN CURED TOBACCO



Chewers becoming tired of heavily sweetened sun cured tobaccos caused REYNOLDS' SUN CURED to quickly win from the old brands...

REYNOLDS' SUN CURED

is not only pure sun cured, but it is made from choice selections of the genuine sun cured leaf grown where the best sun cured tobacco grows.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO. Winston-Salem, N. C.

LAND SALE. By virtue of authority contained in a decree of the Superior Court of Johnston County...

NOTICE! The undersigned having qualified as Adm. on the estate of W. S. Eldridge, deceased...

NOTICE! By virtue of the authority contained in a Judgment in the special proceeding entitled W. J. Adams, Adm. of W. H. Jernigan, vs. Ursula Jernigan and others...

NOTICE! By virtue of the authority contained in a Judgment in the special proceeding entitled J. W. Yelvington, J. H. Yelvington and others vs. Rupert Yelvington...

NOTICE! By virtue of power of sale, contained in a certain mortgage deed, executed by J. H. Boykin and wife, Mary Ann Boykin...

NOTICE OF LAND SALE. In the Matter of the Homestead of Pherebe Westbrook, widow, and W. A. Westbrook...

Have you been to look at that store full of Fine Furniture at Cotter-Underwood Co.'s?

WANTED!

I want to buy Cattle, Pork, Hides, and Country Produce. I run a

FIRST CLASS MARKET

and deal in Fresh Fish, Beef, Pork, and other Fresh Meats. I keep Fancy Groceries also.

Restaurant in Connection

and meals served at all hours. I ask your patronage. Give me a call.

Z. B. Stewart, BENSON, N. C.

Dr. R. F. Holliday, Dentist, Office Over J. W. Benson's Drug Store.

DR. J. C. JOHNSON, Dentist, Benson, North Carolina.

Harness—single and double—of all kinds just received at Cotter-Underwood Co.

A large lot of Second Hand Buggies for sale at your own price by The Ellington Buggy Co.

Cotter-Underwood Co. have just received another car load of that Ellwood Field Fence.

For Floor Coverings and Art Squares call on Cotter-Underwood Co.

Full line of Dress Shirts, Cuffs, Collars and Ties at W. G. Yelvington's.

W. G. Yelvington has put in a full stock of nice Clothing of the latest styles—all colors—for Men, Youths, and children...

Anybody wishing to buy a Mower and Rake will do well to see The Ellington Buggy Co. before buying.

Call to see The Ellington Buggy Co before buying Buggies.

If you want a Fine Surry or a nice Top Buggy see Cotter-Underwood Co., for they have just unloaded a large car of them.

If it's fancy candies, fruits or vegetables see J. O. Johnson.

KNIGHTAGE IN CHICAGO

Western Metropolis to Be the City of Chivalry.

SCHEME OF A SOCIETY WOMAN.

According to Mrs. Isabel Garrison, Leader of the Movement, Boys Are to Be Drilled to Be Bold and Chivalrous and Good When They Grow Up and Fight for the Right.

Cervantes must have turned over in his grave the other day. Three hundred years has he lain in peace, and during those years the adventures of the Don Quixote whom he made to live upon the printed page have driven from England and from France, from Italy and from his own Spain the feudal practices which he was the first to ridicule.

It has remained for Chicago to do the unexpected, says the Chicago Post. And Chicago has done it. Chivalry is to be the order of the day. Knights errant are to walk down State street and on Jackson boulevard; ladies fair are to reward with ribbons and with smiles the deeds of greatness done by their favored champions.

All these surprising things which are to happen to Chicago were made known at a luncheon given at noon as a farewell to Mrs. Isabel Garrison, who is to spend the summer in Europe. Mrs. Garrison is the leader in the movement for bringing the days of chivalry into the prosaic present.

When the coffee and the cheese had been placed upon the table Mrs. Garrison outlined her plans for the ennobling of the youth of the land and the beautifying of the city.

Orders of knights errant are to be organized among the boys of the grammar schools of Chicago. Each chapter is to be presided over by his majesty King Arthur and shall be named for one of the Arthurian knights.

Each boy who would be a knight errant must take the following oath: "Hereby I solemnly do promise service, loyalty and declare my allegiance to Chicago, my city chivalrous, to be her faithful knight henceforth."

Truth, gentleness, kindness to animals as well as to humankind, faithfulness and industry—these are the knightly qualities which the members of the order will be expected to exemplify.

The shield for the chapters will bear three C's, for "Chicago, City Chivalrous," and the shield for the chapter royal shall be the Arthurian shield upon an American eagle, with the words from Tennyson, "And Arthur shall come again."

Mrs. Garrison offers a prize of \$25 to the boy who shall do the most for the furthering of the orders, and while in Europe she will secure a full suit of armor which shall be worn by the King Arthur of the Chevalier de La Salle.

"We hope to make Chicago a safer place to live by teaching the citizens of tomorrow the lessons of uprightness and honesty," said Mrs. Garrison recently. "The stories of the knights will take the places of the vicious dime novels, and the use of the chivalric symbols will appeal to the dramatic instinct in the boys. We do not intend to take the matter up with the board of education, but hope to have the help of teachers in forming our orders."

MRS. LONGWORTH'S PET.

A Cat Rescued From London Gamin by the President's Daughter.

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, the president's daughter, has picked up a mascot, says a London cable dispatch to the Kansas City Times.

Soon after her arrival in London she started from Dorchester House one morning to do some shopping. As she drove down Park lane she saw two small boys with a black cat, which they were apparently trying to strangle with a piece of string.

"What are you two young imps doing?" she asked.

"Please, miss, we think 'e's mad," said the elder, "and we are going to choke 'im, so as nobody can't catch kdrofby from 'im."

"If you don't give the pussy to me at once," said Mrs. Longworth, "I'll see that a policeman catches you."

The gamins immediately handed over the kitten and fled headlong.

Mrs. Longworth, before resuming her shopping tour, drove back with the cat to Dorchester House. She has christened it "John Bull" and has announced her intention of taking it with her to America as a mascot.

There is a story told of the late Dr. Tait, archbishop of Canterbury, when he applied for his letters to some village postmaster in the Land o' Cakes. "And ye'll be the archbishop noo?" cried the little shopkeeper, peering urbanely at his grace over his spectacles.

This is the month, says the Columbia State, when Oyster Bay has an I. in it.

BUYING WIDOWS.

Matrimonial Trafficking in the Days of Chivalry.

"Of all the matrimonial trafficking in the age of chivalry the ways of widows," says a writer in an English magazine, "are at once the boldest and most comprehensive. As a rule their methods seldom resort to blandishments. It is remarkable when tenderness is an item in their bargain. Speed was their maxim. It was one that King John honored, for he profited by it. Yet one of the rarest exceptions in the way of delicacy to these commercial negotiations has evidently been prompted by a widow who had quite an exceptional lover. In 1206 William de Landa, either one of the most famous of the crusaders or his son, offers 50 marks and a palfrey for having to wife Joan, who was the wife of Thomas d'Arosey, 'if he may be pleasing to the said Joan.'"

"One of the most rampageous of the northern English borderers manifested the like delicacy. Young Walter de Umfraville, son of Gilbert, had left a widow, Emma, presumably in the very blush of her charms. Peter de Vaux had fallen at her feet, but he declined to obtain her in border fashion, and this fact is the earnest pledge of the chivalry of his love. If he would not steal her he was bound to buy her, and coin with the De Vaux was always a scarcity. So he offered the king 5 palfreys for her 'if she wished it,' and with what would read as a graceful acknowledgment of the borderer's pure chivalry John absolutely drops the commercial from his reply and simply orders Robert Fitz Roger, the sheriff, 'to permit it to be done.'"

The Mosaic Law and Marriage.

More than two centuries ago a tailor living in Currie was admonished by the kirk to stop courting his first wife's half brother's daughter. Instead of yielding obedience he fled to England with the woman and there married her, according to the Dundee Advertiser. A jury unanimously found him guilty, and the court ordered him to be beheaded. The reporter suggests that on the death of a wife her sister is no longer within the degree forbidden by the Mosaic law, nor is his brother's wife on the death of that brother. In fact, to marry a brother's widow was an express injunction of that law, and if the surviving brother declined the match the widow was entitled by that elegant and dignified system of jurisprudence to spit in his face.

One Better.

An Englishman who was entertaining his American cousin was continually annoyed by being reminded of the superiority of things American. A number of attempts to show young Jonathan something that distanced American progress all resulted unsatisfactorily, and the Englishman in desperation escorted the cousin to Mount Vesuvius.

"Well," exultingly exclaimed the Englishman, "you haven't anything like that in America."

"Well, no," replied the American as he watched the outpouring of smoke, "but we have a little Niagara falls over there that would put the whole thing out in a minute."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Warning of the Green Light.

An old sea captain was talking about the colored signal lights of ships. "In the past," he said, "all lights were white. The colored light is a comparatively recent invention. I once knew a young Scottish sailor to whom the new colored lights were an unknown thing. As he stood at the wheel of his sloop one night a big steamer hove in sight, and the boy saw the great red and green lights for the first time.

"He rammed down the helm with a loud yell.

"Preserve us!" he shouted. 'We're goin' right into the 'pothecary shop at Peebles!'"—Detroit News.

Well Recommended.

There is a story told of the late Dr. Tait, archbishop of Canterbury, when he applied for his letters to some village postmaster in the Land o' Cakes. "And ye'll be the archbishop noo?" cried the little shopkeeper, peering urbanely at his grace over his spectacles. "Well, I've hard tell o' ye frae my son, who is weel placed in London and has hard ye preach. And, indeed, he was verra weel satisfied wi' your discourse."

SOME CHINESE JOKES.

Having Fun With the Barber, Portrait Painter and Doctor.

If there is any truth in what expert jesters tell us, the world's stock of good, original jokes is ludicrously small—a dozen or two at the very outside. An early investigator into this momentous question, a certain Hierocles, who lived some 1,500 years ago, put the number in his day at exactly twenty-one. The researches of Hierocles probably did not extend so far eastward as China, so there is no impropriety in asking now whether some of the jokes which abound in the literature of the Celestial empire are entitled to the honor of originality or not. Here are three specimens:

A careless barber, trimming a customer's ears—Chinese barbers pay particular attention to this part of the human anatomy—put his patient to great pain and uneasiness. "Are you doing my left ear now?" asked the victim. "No, sir; I've not quite finished the right ear yet." "Ah, I fancied you were trying to pass through to the left without going around!"

A portrait painter without clients was advised by a friend to paint a likeness of himself and his wife and hang it in some conspicuous place, so that would be customers might judge of his skill. He did so, and his father-in-law the next time he called immediately saw the picture. "Pray," asked the visitor, "what woman have you represented there?" "Why, sir, do you not recognize your own daughter?" "My daughter!" was the indignant answer. "If you intend that to represent my daughter, how dare you paint her sitting thus intimately with a man whom I have never seen before and who must be an entire stranger to her?" The painter's feelings need not be described.

The gibes at doctors are innumerable. The following is a typical example:

One of the judges in the nether regions dispatched an imp to this world of ours to seek out and bring back a good doctor. "When," the imp was instructed, "you come to the house of a doctor before which you desery no complaining ghosts you will know you have found a man of the kind wanted." The messenger set out, but in front of every doctor's door he came to there was an immense throng of angry spirits proclaiming the wrongs they had suffered when in the flesh at the hands of the medicine man. Finally, however, he reached a house where there was but one solitary ghost flitting backward and forward. "This is my man," he said to himself. "He must surely be a clever fellow." When the imp came to make inquiries, however, he learned that the practitioner had barely been in practice for a day.—Grand Magazine.

Nothing Unusual.

Two neighbors were confiding their troubles to each other over the back yard fence that separated their premises.

"You know," said Mrs. Higgins, "that my husband is a carpenter?" "Yes."

"Well, I give you my word that all our upstairs rooms are unfinished, and the roof leaks whenever it rains, and I can't get Henry to do a thing to 'em!"

"You're not any worse off than I am," said Mrs. Clingham. "You know my husband used to be a fireman on a locomotive?" "Yes."

"Well, just as true as I stand here, I always have to get up in the morning and make the fire!"—Youth's Companion.

Apology Unnecessary.

In the days when it was common for the younger son to go into the church one of these young gentlemen had charge of an outlying chapel. A Sunday or two after his ordination he found himself there in the afternoon with only the sermon in his pocket that he had preached there in the morning, and so the unfortunate curate had to give it over again. He began after service to make profuse apologies to the clerk, when that functionary politely stopped him by saying:

"Lor' bless ee, Master Charles, don't ee take on so! We never listens to ee!"—London Tit-Bits.

Last Call For Bargains In Iron.

An enterprising ironmonger in a small country town recently posted the following announcement in front of his shop:

"The reason why I have hitherto been able to sell my goods so much cheaper than anybody else is that I am a bachelor and do not need to make a profit for the maintenance of a wife and children. It is now my duty to inform the public that this advantage will shortly be withdrawn from them, as I am about to be married. They will, therefore, do well to make their purchases at once at the old rate."—London Telegraph.