The three characters in this little comr are two young artists continuing
r studies with Philadelphia outdoor
cools during the summer and a young
man in the higher walks of active
ind life in the city whom they often
d of and sometimes meet at semidie functions in the winter. One of
young artists is even on speaking
ms with her. Economical reasons
mpel the artists to take their meals at
any restaurant largely patronized besee of its wide range of choice at low
ces. Into this enters one hot night,
the the young men were dining, the
memerationed young woman. The
sits with a speaking acquaintance stepline promptly.

d up promptly.

My dear liss, Blank. In town for eday, I suppose. But do not remain ere. There is a ladies' room upstairs, one comfortable and cooler. In fact, I have not ordered yet. It would give me great pleasure if you would dine there with me."

thank you," as she smiled sweet-"Mother and I came up to the -Philadelphia Times.

The man who is never idle has no

A LEX. H SMITH.

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ASHIES AS

Season Fast Drawing to a Close—The Present Conditions. The past week was geneally unfavoralthough rain was needed, the am received was altogether beyond the requirements of crops. Rain began lightly on Monday, September 16th, and became very heavy on Tuesday and Wednesday, during the passage of the tropical storm along the Atlantic coast. The average for the State was

coast. The average to the state: was over 2.00 inches, or 1.90 inches above the normal. A sudden fall in temperature occurred Wednesday night, and the remainder of the week was very cool; the temperature for the week averaging 7 degrees below the normal daily. Light frost (was reported in the extreme west without doing any dam-

The heavy rainfall interrupted farm The heavy raintall interrupted tarm work, damaged much cotton by beat-ing it out of the bolls to the ground and soiling it, and injured some hay that was not housed. On the other hand it was beneficial to turnips, late peas and potatoes and to crimson clov-er; it will benefit immature cotton boils provided the temperature does not remain too low. The land has been not remain too low. The land has been placed in excellent condition for plowing, and preparations for seeding winter wheat and oats may be expected to make rapid progress during the next few weeks. Picking cotton was interrupted for four days, and the crop will undoubtedly come in very late; the damage to open cotton by the recent rains must be estimated as very considerable. Cutting corn and pullis siderable. Cutling corn and pullig fedder are approaching completion. There is still some tobacco to be cur, and the damp weather during the week caused unfavorable results in curing. Digging peanuts has commenced fair prospects. Turnips look well since the rains. There is considerable hay still to be cut. Winter apples are very poor, and the grape crop is apparently shorter than expected. The season was favorable for setting out strawber-

Rains reported: Auburn, 5.52 inches: Charlotte, 5.10; Foster, 2.25; Greens-boro, 2.76; Goldsboro, 4.80; Henrietta, 4.53; Hatteras, 2.40; Lamberton, 3.48; Mocksville, 2.30; Newbern, 2.66; Ral-cizh, 4.82; Saxon, 3.10, Wilmington,

cizh. 4.82; Saxon, 3.10, Wilmington, 2.20 and Weldon, 4.96.

NOTE: As most crops have now attained maturity and the influence of the weather is no longer a factor controlling the yield the Weekly Crop Bulletin will be discontinued with the issue of Sattamber 30th, 1601.

State News.

Commissioner S. L. Patterson, Dr. B. W. Kilgo, Professor W. F. Massey and others went to Tarboro, where they will conduct a farmers' institute Mr. Patterson and Dr. Tait Butler, the State veteringrian, have just returned from Hyde and other eastern counties, where they have been to do what they could to check the epidemic that has caused the death of so many horses. Mr. Patterson estimates that at least three hundred horses have died from the disease in Hyde county, and a proportionate number in the sections of Pamilco, Beaufort and other countles where the disease prevailed. Dr. Butler says the disease was toxic poisoning. due to eating mouldy and rotten food and drinking impure water. In some cases where the horses were given good food they were allowed to drink surface water, which came from plagidid into the lake. good food they were surface water, which came from places where there was a large amount of decayed vegetable matter, and this caused them to contract the disease.

I uttered a shriek. I made an attempt to reach Kaumai to kill her.

"MurJeress," I cried, "I will kill her.

Charles Rippey, a deaf mute, was sent by the telegraph operator at Shelby to deliver a message. He went to the home of J. M. Black, Mrs. Black was at home alone. The negro could not make her understand the inission on which he was sent, and she became frightened and shot him with a pistol. The bullet cut the negro's sleeve and the side of his coat, but did not wound him. Mrs. Black raised the alarm, and the negro was 'm danger of being roughly treated by the neighbors, when he explained his troubles to the Chief of Police and was allowed to return home in safety. But he intimates that it will be some time before he carries another telegram at night.

ROBERTS WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD TO PRODUCE THE EQUAL OF ROBERTS' CHILL TONIC FOR CHILLS. FEVERS. Night Sweats and Grippe, and all forms of Malaria.

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NORTH CAROLINA CROPS.

TWO GENTLEMEN of HAWAII.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONTINUED. My two guards were still with me, and we took our position near Kaumai. I was almost in a stupor. I hardly knew what I was doing, so intense was the strain I was under. Yet I had a horrible thought that I was aiding them to murder my sister. Whatever hope had been aroused by Kaumai's words, fled when she appeared and fanned the frenzy of the excited priests. Kaumai, with a high-priest on each

Kaumai, with a high-priest on each side of her, stood facing the lava-lake, and as here and there steam-jets would appear, she bowed and exhorted Pele to subdue the tumult and promised that a sacrifice worthy of the goddess would be made.

would be made.

would be made.
Nimolau and Patua the fisherman withdrew.
While the fervor of the priests was at its highest, Nimolau, and Patua reappeared, carrying between them a burden wrapped in the black sacrificial robe that had been thrown on Winnich by the priest. Winnie by the priest.
I sprang forward and seized Kau

nai's arm.
"Woman!" I cried. "Priestess Devil! Whatever you are, will you let them murder my sister in cold blood! Will you still believe the damuable

trash that I told you was not true: Speak the word that will save my sister now." A look of entreaty, blended with lear, came into her face.

A high-priest took me roughly by

the arm. the arm.
"You must not auger Pele," I reared.
"The devil take Pele," I reared.
"And you, too! They are murdering
my sister! Is there no God to pretent this? Can it be that we are forsaken by heaven and earth as well?"
Kanvai draw hereaft up in queenly Kaumai drew herself up in queenly dignity, and motioned for the priest to take me aside. Nimolau and Patua advanced with

Nimolau and Patna avanced with their unconscious burden to the brink of the lake. They poised the body of my poor sister, and waited. "Pele." said Kaunai, with one hand raised, "we send to you a chosen

one to become your servant in Halea kala. This beautiful girl that comes to you to-day has many friends by this act will become followers and oy this act will become followers and worshipers of you. We pray you, Pele, Goldess of Power, of Right, to stay the fires under Kapatoli, and saves us from the wrath of the violent

I shook with horror and fear as these words, so utterly destroying hope, came from the beautiful sorce-

My strength was leaving me. Fet-ters were useless. I could do noth-

CHAPTER XXV.

I think the first glimmer of return fng consciousness was the recognition of Gordon's voice. There was an indistinct hum about me, people talking in subdued voices and soft footsteps moving about. I was aware that I lay in a comfortable bed, and that the pure, sweet air from an open window wafted gently across my face. I must have given some sign of my return to a conscious state, for some one gently lifted my head and placed a glass or

have given some sign of my return to a conscious state, for some one gently lifted my head and placed a glass or apoon to my lips. A bitter, though atimulating mouthful was forced into me, and I swallowed it.

Then I opened my eyes, as if awakening from a sound sleep. At first I felt a queer sensation, as if I was half dazed. Gordon sat in a chair by my beside holding my hand. I remember that at first I felt no surprise at seeing him, so feeble was my memory. Doctor Tilling was bending over me.

I made an attempt to rise, but was unable to lift myself from the pillow. I lay exhausted after the effort.

"Don't do it, boy, don't do it," eaid Doctor Tilling, gently. "Remain per-fectly quiet. You are all right now. Prefly soon you will be able to g.

"The glad to see your eyes lookin at me as if they knew me, Tom, of man," sa'd Gordon, and there was "What—what—is the matter wit me?" I asked. I thought I was goin to speak the words loudly and clearly but my voice was but a whisper. "You have been ill, that's all," sai Dester. "Illing. "Be, perfectly qui

Doctor Tilling. "Be perfectly quie now. Do not attempt to talk. Prett soon you may talk to General Gordo and learn all about it. But new you

must rest,"

I feebly attempted to ask him what
my illness was, but he nut his floor

000000000000000000 the true significance of the charge.

Gordon and Tilling sat near me, mute as statues, watching me, I thought.

I began to feel a delicious drowsiness coming over me. I closed my eyes and seemed to be dropping into a sweet slumber. Even then, as if the

voice came from a great distance, I heard Doctor Tilling say:

"He is going to sleep. That is the best thing that could occur. It will be the first natural sleep that he has had, and will do more to restore his streaget than all my medicing. Let strength than all my medicine. Let him alone until he——"

Consciousness ended there, I was

I do not know how long I slept, but I awoke with a start. I thought I heard some hateful voices chanting a weird, wild song to Pele. When I awoke, the awful scenes I had been thought at I awoke. awoke, the awful scenes I had been through at Lanai came over me in a flood of terrible recollections. The high-priests, the ornel, hateful priestess who pretended to believe me and love me, afd yet who had consigned my sister to a horrible death.

I was alone in my chamber.

Turning my head on my pillow I noticed a small table standing near me, and upon the table a small callbell, evidently placed there for my use in the event of my waking when no attendant was near—as really oc-

no attendant was near—as really oc

The bell seemed to be within easy each. I lifted myself upon one arm —and the effort was very great—and reached out the other to ring for some one to come. The attempt was too much for me. I reached the bell and gave it one feeble blow; then I lurched forward and fell from the bed onto the floor, knocking over the table and sending the bell clattering across the

Instantly Gordon came rushing in. "My!" he exclaimed. "What did you

and essayed to smile.
Gordon looked disheveled. He was in his stocking feet. He looked thin and worn. It was as if he had spent himself watching over my sick-bed, and while I was in my sound sleep he had thrown himself down partly dressed to get a little rest.

dressed to get a little rest.

He stooped down and picked me up in his arms. I had never realized how powerful he was. I was but a babe in his hands. He replaced me on the bed.

on the bed.

"There, old fellow," he said, with a half-glad smile on his face, "you just lie there and keep still. No more acrobatic feats and bell-ringing athletics. You'll not be left alone again."

"What's the matter with many contractions are supported by the said of the said o "What's the matter with me, any-how?" I asked, my voice still little

better than a whisper.

"You have had brain-fever," he re plied, as he picked up the table and placed it in another portion of the room and put the bell also out of my

"Gordon, come here!" I said. He came close to me. "Where is she?" I asked.

A white, pained look came into his "We have never found her. We do not know where she is, Tom. All we know is what you raved about when you were ill."

what you raved above you were ill."

"I know—I know," I said feebly.

"Winnio is dead. I saw her killed myself. It was the last thing I saw.
That was what sent me off. But the other. That accuract priestess.

Where is she? Did they kill her?
Where is she? Who found went away How did I come here? Who found me? And, Gordon, you went away suddenly. Where were you when I looked for you?"
"Here, here!" he said, in a misera-

ble attempt to be playful for my bene-fit. "You are talking too much, and you remember too much. If Tilling catches me letting you gabble like that he will order me shot. Now lie still, Tom, old man, and get strong. Then we can talk."

"Where is Uncle Tom?" I asked.

"Why does be not come to see we?

Why does he not come to see me? "There, now, please bequiet," he bleaded. "Uncle Tom-is-sleeping.

pleaded. "Uncle Tom—is—sleeping. You try and sleep some more. It is what you need most."
"I know—but that horrible sight, forden. Is she anywhere? Did any one see her? Who found me, Gordon? Fell me, or I can't sleep aby more."
"I found you," he said. "Never nin! how. Tant will keep. Get trong first and wise afterward."
"But the priesses.—Kannai?"

"But the priesters—Kaunai?" A puzzled look came in Gordon

"You spoke of a priestess, you called Kaumai, but I didn't see any. I hink you were decaming it all.". "Dreaming! If you saw it you couldn't say I dreamed it. That Kaumai is too horribly real. I am going to kill her, Gordon."

"Yes, yes, I know," said Gordon, now looking worried. I think he was alraid I was losing my senses again. "Now go to sleep and keep quiet till Tilling comes. He will be here soon.

It is time for your medicine now. I will give it to you."

He gare me a spoonful of stuff and fixed the pillow under my head.

"But, Gordon, how did you find me?"
I asked.

I asked.

"Never mind. I found you. Now go to sleep," he scolded. "I am going to leave you done so you cannot ask."

I lay there in solitude, puzzling my weakened brain over the mysteries of my reappearance at The Corals. How did I get away from the volcano? How did I leave the island of Lanai? Did the priests escape as well as Kanmai, the murderess of my sister? Where was Uncle Tom? What did his strange absence from my sick-room mean? All these thems were hard for me to no. I feebly attempted to ask him what my illness was, but he put his finger on my lips and forbade me to speak. Gordon shook his head warningly, and I lay in silence, wondering what had come over me to take my strength away from me.

A dim recollection of horrid sights came to me—sights in which Winnie as being injured in some way that build not understand. I seemed to smember that I had been away from nome, yet the room I was in was distinctly my own room at The Corlas. But my mind was too feeble to grasp

nearly down himself. And I am going to put a nurse in here that you don't know and who won't listen to you or talk to you. There will be nothing left for you but to remain perfectly quiet and get well."

"But there are some things I am anxious to find out, doctor," I whis

"Never mind the buts. You do just what I tell you, and in a few days we will have the talk." Gordon came in and shook hands

"A good soldier never asks questions. Tilling orders me away, and I am go-ing. But he assures me you are out of danger, and in a few days will be able to handle yourself. Do as he tells you, and get well as fast as you can."

A new nurse was installed, was a little man, as quiet as a me and not more talkative. But he so familiar with the place and took so familiar with the place and took hold so readily that I surmised that he had been with me all the time but pretended to be a new comer that I might more easily be kept quiet.

"Two days passed, during which Tilling visited me; and I became considerably stronger. So much so that, on the second, the doctor promised me that if the next day showed a like degree of improvement in my condition

gree of improvement in my condition he would allow me to sit on the posch, if it was fine, in the afternoon, and Gordon might come to see me. But he said nothing about Uncle Tom, and I learned better not to ask him constitues.

CHAPTER XXVL

CHAPTER XXVI.

I had a good night. I had eaten a hearty supper—that is, hearty for a sick man—and had slept soundly all night. When morning came, I found I had made a gain in strength and enjoyed my breakfast and the prospect of an afternoon on the porch.

Dr. Tilling said that I was getting along very well and could stand it to see a few friends.

The morning seemed very long in passing. About ten o'clock I fell into a light doze and did not wake until dinner-time.

dinner-time.

In the afternoon, Malliauki en-gineered the operation of getting me onto the porch.

A large easy-chair was provided with cushions and pillows and placed by my bedside. Into this I was seated, or, rather, seated myself, for onto the porch.

I was strong enough for that, and two Doctor Tilling stood by with cordials ready in case the moving was too much for me. But they were not

It was a splendid afternoon. The cky was clear and the sun bright. A c. ol, refreshing breeze came from the ocean, and in the shade of the porch there was inviting comfort.

I had hardly got snugly fixed before fordon came galloping up the road, ife gave his horse over to a stableman and came tramping up the broad steps. He looked better than the last lime I saw him, haggard and worn through care and loss of sleep; but there was a look of melancholy on his face that showed sorrow and anxiety. As he came onto the porch he gave Tilling an inquiring look. There must have been an answer in Tilling's

he said, as he took my puny hand in his giant ones and pressed it. "We have you left to us, old fellow."

"Yes-what there is of me," I replied. "I don't get well as fast as I wish I could."

"You are doing wonderfully well," said Doctor Tilling. "No complaints or fretige now, or back you go to our bedroom."
'That settles the complaint, then,

out I must get well soon, doctor. There is so much to do." Gordon looked at Tilling again, and Tilling looked at Gordon

"There is something gone wrong which I have not been told," I said, which I have not been told," I said.
"Whatever it is, you may tell me withput fear of the result. I have susined the greatest shock, the greatest
forrow, the greatest loss, that I could
sustain. And yet I live. I will live
for revenge. I fancy this secret of
yours concerns Uncle Tom. If he
yere well he could be here with me,
Is would have been by my side one. Te would have been by my side coa-

(Te he continued.)

ANTI-STRIKE FUND RAISED.

People of San Francisco Propose to Protect Labor.

San Francisco, Special.—The mem-bers of the Pacific-Union Club have raised an anti-strike fund of \$100,000, which will be turned over to the city authorities. The money will be used authorities. The money will be used to arm and equip 200 special policemen to preserve order in the business district. This money will keep special policemen in service five months. The citizens are weary of the reign of terror inaugurated by the strikers and are determined that every man willing to work shall be protected.

Embezzier Caught
New York, Special.—Garrett Nuggent, 19 years of age, who is alleged
to have embezzied about \$10,000 from
his employers, Townsend and Me-Ilvaine, lawyers of this city, by means of false entries in the firm bank of laise entries in the firm bank book, has been arrested at Memphis, Tenn., according to information re-ceived here from the police authori-ties of that city. Nugent disappeared last March and has been traced al-over the country until he was appre-hended at Memphis.

Preacher Handled Roughly.

Binghamton, N. Y., Special.—

Binghamton. N. Y., Special.—A clergman who escaped from the crowd before his name could be learned, was knocked down and beasen in this ctr because he approved an article that appeared in a prohibition paper published here and which calumniated President McKinley, C. G. Fendell, editor of the paper, was waited on by a committee and talked to retract under threat of being thrown into the street with his entire p.in.ling plant. He made a retraction.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to arm that there is all least one dreaded dis-tinction of the second of the second of the stages, and that is Catarris. Hall's Catarri ure is the only positive cure now known to be medical fraternity. Catarris being a con-tended fraternity. reatment. Hell's Catarrh Gure is taken interally, acting directly thon the blood and muous surfaces of the system, thereby destroygithe foundation of the disease, and giving
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Unpleasant remarks are by no mea Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrap for children ecthing, soften the game, reduces inflamma-ion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25: a postice

I amsure Piso's Cure for Consumption savel my life three years ago.—Mas. Tsomis Ros Bins, Maple St., Norwich, N.Y., Feb. 17, 1934 Automobiling may be dangerous, but it locan't seem to be as much so as walking

What has the weather done that it should be talked about so much?

Ocean View, Va.

Is rapidly assuming precedence as a Summer liceort. Its accessibility, proximity to Norfolk, from which point it is reached by electric ears on a frequent and convenient schedule, and above all, its great natural adventages and attractions, and splendid horiel accommodations, easily place it with the forement of our reaside res rts. The Seebard Air Line is the direct route to Norfolk from all poin a South.

You can come pretty near judging per ple by their clothes when you see the fam ily wash out on the line.

Heat For the Bowels.

No matter what alls fon, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascanarie help nature, cure you without a gripe or pan, produce easy and iral movements, cost you finst 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascanaria Candy Catherite, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C.C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Sugar exists not only in the cane, root and maple, but in the sap other plants and trees.

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"For two years I suffered ter-ribly from dyspepsia, with great depression; and was always feeling poorly. I then tried Ayer's Sarsa-parilla, and in one week I was a new man."—John McDonald, Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't forget that it's "Ayer's" Sarsaparilla that will make you strong and hopeful. Don't waste your time and money by trying some other kind. Use the old, tested, tried, and true Ayer's Sarsaparilla. \$1.00 a bottle. All draggists.

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nt your moustache or beard a be nor rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE White

A BOY'S ESSAY original composition on the subject of water was recently credited to an American boy is an English newspaper; "Water is A BOY'S ESSAY ON WATER. an Euglish newspaper: "Water is found everywhere, especially when it cains as it did the other day, when our cellar was half full. Jane had to wear her father's rubber boots to get onlons for dinner. Onlons make your eyes water and so does horseradish when you eat too much. There are a good many kinds of water in the world—rain water, goda water, fire water and brine. Water is used for water and brine. Water is used for a good many things. Sailors use water to go to sea on. Water is a good thing to fire at boys with a squirt gun and to catch fishes in. My father caught a big one the other day, and when he pulled it out it was an ell. Nobody could be saved from drownthem out of. Water is first-rate to put fires out with. I love to go to a fire-see the men work at the engines. This is all I can think of about waterexcept the flood."

No Maude, dear, a storm of applause does not always greet the lightning change artist.

WEEK OF WONDERS

Oct. 7-12, 1901

RICHMOND CAPNIYAL ASS'N Hill E. Main St., Bichmond, Va.

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