

**GEORGE ADE "VILLAGE SAGE"**

Fred Kelly, Humorist, Most Cruelly Shatters the Story Teller's Bucolic Dream.

Fred Kelly, the Washington humorist, visited New York the other day. He fell in with a party of other literary lights. They began to discuss men and things. By and by the conversation turned on George Ade.

"He lives the ideal life," said one. "He has enough money to secure every luxury, he need not work except when inspiration comes and he is looked up to by every one in his community."

Those present nodded their heads solemnly.

"What one of us," demanded the speaker, passionately, "would not give up the bustle and hurry of this frantic city if in return we might be certain of the meditative quiet of a small and restful community. How beautiful are the days of the village sage!"

Silence for a time. Then Kelly drew:

"Do you think there's such a h—l of a demand for sages?"

**PHRASE PROVED AN OLD ONE**

Sultan of Turkey Known as the "Sick Man of Europe" in the Seventeenth Century.

Now a collector of old prints comes forward with the proof that the expression, "the sick man of Europe," so persistently applied for years to Turkey, really dates back to the seventeenth century, when John Sobieski drove back the Turks from the gates of Vienna. He shows an old engraving with the Turk on his sick bed in the center and the doctors representing all the nations of Europe gathered about him. As has been the case ever since, they cannot agree as to the treatment. All want to make an end of the Turk; but the Spaniard wishes to apply a bomb, the Pole wishes to give him steel, the Prussian would stifle him with his cloak, etc. Change the names and costumes of the doctors, and this cartoon of nearly three centuries ago would answer for any of the numerous congresses that have since then attempted to settle the vexing eastern question.

**FARMER PLANTING THISTLES.**

While farmers elsewhere are working overtime to kill off and stamp out the Russian thistles, E. O. Stuart, a Grant county farmer, is planting them.

"I made a fair test of the thistles last winter along with kafir, cane and prairie hay, and I am strong for the thistle for cattle forage," declared Mr. Stuart. "The thistles are cut and fed before they get hard stickers on them, and the cattle like them and do well on them."

Mr. Stuart is preparing acres of land for thistle as a feed chop, disking and cross-harrowing and then sowing the thistle seed.—New York Sun.

**JUST WHAT IS A "SNOB?"**

There is probably no connection between a cobbler, sometimes called a snob, and the slang word "snob" used of a low fellow trying to push himself into the society of his betters. At the universities it used to be common to speak of a "nob," from nobilis filius, a young nobleman or sometimes a college man. The letter "s" having a negative, or privative force, added to "nob," making the word "snob," would thus mean a disnoble, or ignoble mere townsman, as contrasted with the sons of colleges, or gownsmen. Hence it crept into use as meaning anyone ignoble from birth or breeding.

**HAD HIM THERE.**

"You say we people who indulge in debate are slow," said Mr. Longwood, with a grin.

"That is my opinion." "Well, you are wrong. The Panama canal itself won't be open till 1915. Debate on the subject of tolls has been wide open for some time."—Washington Sunday Star.

**EXPLAINED.**

Gabe—Jones is always in the hole. What's the matter with him? Eve—He spends all his time building castles in the air.

**BOTH FRENCH.**

—see that Arley has Corot. You don't say! Lana—Lantern.

**JOKE FOR ONCE ON K. OF K.**

That Intuition for Which He is Famed Has Been Known to Fall Britain's Great Soldier.

Here is a story of a rare occasion on which Lord Kitchener has given himself away. Lord K. has a great faculty by which he is able to size men up at a glance.

Shortly after De Wet fell like an avalanche on Lord Roberts' communications in the South African war Lord K. was down the line fitting out extempore mounted infantry columns. A large number of details had been dumped down at Vreddefort Road station. Lord K. determined to equip and send them into the field at once. He went to the waiting room to look for officers, and found a single man in occupation. He was smart and well dressed and pleased Lord K.'s critical eye.

"You will command a corps of mounted infantry I've just raised," said the general.

"Very good, sir; what will my duties be?"

"Don't you know your duties?"

"My own—yes, sir."

"Then don't argue. What is your regiment?"

"Blankshires, sir."

"What rank?"

"Master tailor, sir!"

Kitchener left hurriedly.

**RESULT THE SAME**



"Johnny, did you eat that apple?"

"I only ate half of it, mamma."

"What did you do with the other half?"

"I ate that first, mamma."

**BIG BEN'S TIME.**

A famous old clock is the one in the tower of the British house of parliament at Westminster, whose hours are struck on the bell known as "Big Ben."

It is an excellent time-keeper, as was proved the other day when the British Royal society visited Greenwich observatory and inspected the record of the imperial parliamentary clock. The statistics showed that on 5 days there was an error of only one fifth of a second; in 48 days the error varied between one-fifth and one-half of a second; in 83 days there was an error between half and one second, and in 91 days the error was greater than one second. On one of the last-named days the error exceeded three seconds.

With a record like that it is little wonder that Londoners swear by "Big Ben's" time.

**ONLY LOVE POSSIBLE.**

Mrs. Clarence H. Mackey, at a garden party, praised the working girl.

"How much nobler," she said, "to work than marry for money. I know a pretty girl who gave up a good position to marry a man of sixty-eight."

"I am marrying for love," she told her girl chum.

"And the old fellow," said the chum disgustedly, "is worth seven millions!"

"Yes," was the reply, "it's the seven millions I'm in love with."

**VOICES OF THE NIGHT.**

"Well? . . . No, this isn't a doctor's house. Central's given you the wrong number."

"Ge! Out of gasoline, tire punctured, past mid-night, and fifteen miles from home! Think you can walk it, Maria?"

"Mandy, tell 'im it's time to go! You musn't stay out on that porch any longer!"

"Shay, off'sher, I'm Bill Blinkum! Wher'd I live?"

**HOW IT WAS.**

Irate Father—Ah-h! How is it I catch you holding my daughter in this fashion? Answer me, sir! How . . . Young Man—Fine! Very fine, indeed, sir!—Puck.

**STOMACH TROUBLE FOR FIVE YEARS**

Majority of Friends Thought Mr. Hughes Would Die, But One Helped Him to Recovery.

Pomeroyton, Ky.—In interesting advices from this place, Mr. A. J. Hughes writes as follows: "I was down with stomach trouble for five (5) years, and would have sick headache so bad, at times, that I thought surely I would die. I tried different treatments, but they did not seem to do me any good. I got so bad, I could not eat or sleep, and all my friends, except one, thought I would die. He advised me to try Thedford's Black-Draught, and quit taking other medicines. I decided to take his advice, although I did not have any confidence in it. I have now been taking Black-Draught for three months, and it has cured me—haven't had those awful sick headaches since I began using it. I am so thankful for what Black-Draught has done for me." Thedford's Black-Draught has been found a very valuable medicine for derangements of the stomach and liver. It is composed of pure, vegetable herbs, contains no dangerous ingredients, and acts gently, yet surely. It can be freely used by young and old, and should be kept in every family chest. Get a package today. Only a quarter.

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**MULES PINE FOR OLD HOME**

Missouri's Prize Products, Transported to Minnesota, Feel Pangs of Nostalgia and Refuse to Eat.

Homesick for the cornerrib with the open door and the old barn that creaked when the wind blew, lonesome for their lost master, two big Missouri mules have been raising pandemonium in Hans Jensen's stable, while the police are looking for Thomas Erickson, owner of the mules, says a Minneapolis (Minn.) dispatch to the New York Sun.

Minnesota clover, hay, corn, oats, dandelions, new beet tops, onions and mint juleps have failed to appease the hunger of the homesick mules.

Peter Jensen, Hans' son, burst into police headquarters at the court house and told the story. "I've fed those mules everything that grows in Minnesota, and tried to make them drink a pail of mint juleps," said Peter, "but they won't touch it. They're so lonesome they'll die unless the neighbors, who have not been asleep since they arrived, take matters into their own hands."

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Dr. James E. Patrick.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**

Having qualified as Administrator of John Windham, deceased, late of Pitt County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned within twelve months from this date, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This January 21st, 1914.

B. M. LEWIS, Admr.

F. G. James & Son, Attys.

**JUST A WAY THE GIRLS HAVE**

Of Course She Wasn't Going to Marry "Him," but There Was Another Chapter to Story.

Once upon a time there was a fellow and a girl. The fellow came a-calling. He meant business. After a while the friends of the girl began to twit her about him, asking her when it was going to be and all that. She replied. Among other things she said:

"Marry that pill? I guess not."

"That snippy little thing? Not for mine."

"I wouldn't marry him if he was the last man on earth."

"Oh, he's well enough in his way, but he's not 'my' notion of a husband."

"I wish you people would stop your nonsense. He's absolutely nothing to me."

"I guess you think I must be pretty hard up to want to marry that."

Sequel: And did she subsequently marry a prince? Not exactly. She married "that." They all do.

**THINKING IS A LOST ART.**

A little hard thinking will supply the place of a great deal of reading; and an hour or two spent in this manner sometimes lead you to conclusions which it would require a volume to establish. The mind advances in its train of thought, as a restive colt proceeds on the road in which you wish to guide him. He is always running to one side or the other, and deviating from the proper path, to which it is your affair to bring him back. I have asked several men what passes in their minds when they are thinking; and I never could find any man who could think for two minutes together. Everybody has seemed to admit it was a perpetual deviation from a particular path, and a perpetual return to it; which, imperfect as the operation is, is the only method in which we can operate with our minds to carry on any process of thought.—Sydney Smith.

**WILLIE WANTED TO KNOW.**

"Pa," said little Willie, "what does takew mean?"

"Askew?" repeated the old gentleman. "Why askew means gone wrong, crooked. Why do you ask?"

"Why, I notice that after your name on all your letters they put E-S-Q, but I didn't know you'd ever gone wrong or was crooked, pa. What did you do?" asked little Willie.—Harper's Weekly.

**LUCKIER.**

"How did you find the roads up around Jingleville Corners?" asked Bilkins of Slatheberry, who had just returned from a motor trip.

"Oh, I wasn't particularly stuck on them," said Slatheberry.

"Really?" said Bilkins. "Well, I guess you're the only man that wasn't. I was stuck on 'em for a whole day last year."—Harper's Weekly.

**DIPLOMACY AT SUMMER HOTEL.**

First Guest—You don't mean to say you don't like the scenery around here? You're the first man I ever heard express such an extraordinary opinion.

Second Guest—Well, didn't you notice that the landlord was around when I said that? Think I want to make his . . . if any bigger than it is already?—Puck.

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