

Mr. Dooley on the Simple Life

By F. P. DUNNE

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"Was Chas Wagner has been havin' th' fine old time over here," said Mr. Dooley.

"Is that th' man that wrote th' 'Simple Life'?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "That was Cal. This is Chas Wagner, an' he's th' author iv th' two hundred thousandth book that Prisdint Rosenfelt has read since th' first iv November. 'Tis called 'Th' Simple Life.' He couldn't find in France no more lookin' fr' it among th' simple an' pastoral people in this country. He found it. He come over in a large but simple ship iv twinty thousand simple horse power, an' was escorted to th' simple Waldorf an' installed in a room simply decorated in purple and plugh. That evening he attended a meetin' iv th' Fifth Avenue Female Simplicity Club. A lady wearin' a collar iv dimon's, whose value was simply fabulous, recited passages fr'm 'Th' Simple Life.' Atter this a simple supper iv terra-cotta an' champagne was served. He then took a simple Pullman train to Wash'nton, where he attended a reception at which a lady iv th' diplomatic corps, who is no less a simple diplomatist nowadays, poked th' wife iv a Congressman with a lorgnette fr' goin' into supper ahead iv her. Later he was received by th' simple Prisdint, who said to him: 'Chas, he says, 'I've been preachin' ye book to my countrymen,' he says. 'Simplicity an' a strong navy is th' watchword iv this administration,' he says.

"Since then Chas has been whoopin' up th' simple life. They've showed him ivrything simple we have. He's seen th' subway, th' drainage canal, th' stock exchange, Tom Lawson, Jawn D. Rockefeller, an' Mrs. Chadwick. He's looped th' loops, shot th' shoats, had a ride in a pathral wagon, played th' races an' met Dave Hill. Th' las seen iv him he was climbin' into a private car in a furnished coat an' plug hat. When he gues home to his simple life in Paris, he's goin' to have a flicker put in his study. He is underhanker to favor sellin' copper on bulges.

"I haven't read his book, but Hogan says it's a good wan. I'm not goin' to read it, but I've read th' Bible an' Emerson, which Mike Ahearn recommended to me th' year iv th' big fire. Th' idee is that no matter what we are, ye must be simple. If ye're rich, be simply rich; if ye're poor, be simply poor; if ye're nayther, be simply that. If ye're a farmer, be a farmer; if ye're a lawyer, be a lawyer; if ye're a doctor, be a doctor; if ye're a simple, be a simple. He makes a strong point iv that. (Regards to Russell Sage.) It isn't niciary to open yer purse, say Chas. If ye're a miser, be a simple miser. It isn't insial to be a poor man. A poor man walkin' th' street is far less simple than a rich man jollin' back in his carriage an' figurin' out simple ivntious iv th' rich man, but th' rich man is not envious iv th' poor man. If ye're a flower, say he, be a flower; if ye're a burrd, be a burrd; if a horse, a horse; if a mule, a mule; if a hummin-burrd, a hummin-burrd; if a pole cat, a pole cat; if a man, a man; if a simple, be a simple. It's ever so complex.

"Th' an'y thing Hogan an' I can't make out fr'm th' book is what is simplicity. I may be a simpleton, Hinlissey, but I don't know. Father Tom Burke was forty years writin' a book on 'simplicity,' an' he never got beyond th' first chapter. It's a simple an' simply impossible to define simplicity. It ain't simple to be poor; it ain't simple to be without clothes; it ain't simple to be pious or sober. Ye're pretty simple to believe all I tell ye, but ye're not simple to do it. I think I'm a simple. There are a good many counterfeits an' a lot iv th' counterfeiters be in circulation. I haven't any question that I take in many iv them over me intellectional bar ivry day, an' pass not a few. Some iv th' counterfeiters has as much precious metal in

them as th' rare goods on'y they don't bear th' government stamp.

"What th' divvie is simplicity annyhow? Simple is a foolish wurrd whin ye come to think iv it over. Simple, simple, simple. It's a kind iv a mixture iv silly an' dimple. I don't know how to go about bein' simple. Th' Lord didn't make me that way. I can imagine simplicity, but I can't just put me head on it. No more can Chas Wagner. Tell me, Chas, how to lead th' simple life. Tell me, Thyadore Rosenfelt, simple soul, what I must do. I'll go as far as ye like. Hand out th' receipt. I'll make meself a simple man if I have to bake in a stew oven to do it. 'What'll I do?' Throw away th' superfooties, says Hogan, out iv Chas, his book. But what are th' superfooties? I'll turn out th' electric light, shut off th' furnace, an' destroy th' cash register, or which complex meself. I'll keep meself fr'm robbin' meself. But am I anny more simple because I'm holdin' out on meself with frozen fingers be a tallow dip? Was th' wurrd ivry anny more simple than it is today? I don't know. I think there was a good deal iv talk about Adam an' Eve dressin' ostentatiously an' havin' th' King iv Bellium's ancestor to supper with them. Hogan was readin' me out iv a book th' other day about th' simple fathers iv th' world. It was a turrible shock to me. This fellow says that Robert Morris, who I supposed sacrificed his fortune fr' liberty, innoced th' government to pay good money fr' bad; Jawn Adams wanted to make a king; George Wash'nton, he acted like a coal-oil Jawn whin he went to th' White House, an' his wife put on insufferable airs an' had such bag table manners that this here patriote was compelled to leave th' room to run home to put it down in his diary.

"An' there ye are. Th' more I think th' less simple simplicity becomes. Says Wagner via Hogan, a man shud be like a lamp an' th' more light he sheds th' better man he is. That's th' trouble with ivrybody that tries to advise me to be something I ain't. Whin I run him into a corner an' say: 'Come on now an' make good. Show me th' way,' he tells me to be simple, or a burrd in a gilded cage, or a paint brush or a ship, or something else. But says I: 'I'm none iv these fine things. I'm a kind iv a man, an' I'm not mentioned in th' bible, nor in th' mass book, nor in th' other books th' mass book is givin' light, which is wan iv th' poorest things they do nowadays. Rothchil'd thrades in them, th' German Imp'ror thinks they are on'y useful to throw at his inmates, an' my business is to fill them with kerosene.

"No, sir, they ain't anny simple life. There's on'y one. It's a kind iv an obstacle race. Sinner, repintin'; sinner, repintin'. Some can jump high; some can't jump at all. Thim that jump high have th' farrest to fall. Those that go farrest are ruled-off fr' foulin'. O man's no more than a man, an' he has as many things in him, anny wan iv thim th' bible to wrong without a moment's notice, as all th' indies, tools, lamps an' other hardware figures iv speech in a prize poem. He has to make his clumsy repairs while under full headway. Lucky man if he staggers into port without havin' caused too many shipwrecks on th' way over. It isn't th' most successful passage that has caused th' most shipwrecks. Ye see, Hinlissey, I'm a kind iv a Chas Wagner meself, on'y better. He gets his out iv a Fr-rrench head, an' I got mine out iv th' hard reader that a little boy oft in here who come fr' a pint iv simple refreshment fr' his father's complex thrist."

"I don't think ye know such a lot about it," said Mr. Hennessy. "I know more about th' simple life," said Mr. Dooley.

THE WILY MOUNTAIN FOX.

A CHASE IN WILKES COUNTY.

Red Buck and a Party of Mountain Hunters Listen to the Music of a Winning Pack on Old Vandy's Peak—A Great Difference Between Hunting in the Mountains and in the Low Country—The Horse Not Used—Some Interesting Facts About an Exciting Race.

Written for The Observer. Chasing Reynard in the mountains of North Carolina means work for hound and hunter. The mountain tops are high above the valleys and trails are long and rough. I promised in my last story to tell of a race that Col. Horace Greely Minton, Mr. Kernel R. Lonsford, Mr. George Bradley, Charlie Lonsford and myself had in Wilkes county.

We spent the night in the home of Mr. Lonsford; the dogs were kennelled outside, by 2 o'clock we were all buried in comfortable beds an' the alarm clock had been set for half-past one. Having driven 20 miles over muddy roads I felt like rest and sleep, and soon after retiring was unconscious. It was 1:15 when Charlie Cranon, my youthful, ruddy bed fellow, aroused me by making a heavy rattle in the bed. But I was ready to wake anyway.

In all of my hunting in Mecklenburg and Cumberland counties I never had thought of stirring before daylight, but the mountain hunter must be up and going if he would start a fox. I have long ago decided to adapt myself to existing conditions; when in Rome I do as the Romans do. Therefore, I crawled out of my snug place between the clinging covers and dressed. My teeth almost chattered from cold, but the fox-hunter never lacks courage. His pocket is often empty but his heart is always full of sterner stuff.

As the clock struck two Mr. Lonsford stood on the front porch blowing his horn, and the dogs began to howl with joy. Old Gin, the pack leader, whined for a strike, was switching about briskly. She knew full well what the coming of the strange men and dogs meant, and the blast of the horn simply announced to her that the hour for departing had arrived. Sing and West, two fleet-footed sisters, and Tom, a handsome spotted dog, were eager to go. These hounds belong to Mr. Lonsford, and are, that, Kate, and Flora were in the Cranon pack, the largest hound that I ever saw, is a curiosity. He was bred in Maryland and his splendid pedigree is as long as the moral law. He is 18 months old, measures 27 inches in height at the shoulder, and weighs over 90 pounds when fat. He moves with ease and grace and does not seem to tire. His tongue is strong and sweet, and he knows when to use it. Speed, Colonel and Billie, three very fine hounds, are the property of Mr. Herbert Green, of Wilkesboro. They are out of well-bred dogs, and run a fox to kill. Speed is very fast. She and Kernel Lonsford's Sing have not yet decided which is the faster when driving. Reynard, a dog kept by Mr. Bradley, must not be forgotten. He is old, and grey about the mouth, but has a sense of the rarest sort.

The horse is not a part of the mountain fox hunt. In some sections he may be used to good advantage, but in most cases he is in the way. The man on foot can travel where it would be impossible for the horse to go. Therefore, we walked. Kernel Lonsford, Mr. Lonsford carried a lantern and led the way. To the low country or piedmont fox-hound that kind of business would be fatal; there would be danger of rather than a fox strike. But the trained mountain dog understands that peculiar style of hunting. That morning, Jack and Gin, and Speed and Tom, and Sing and Mose were afield and noted high and low for a bit of fox scent.

We had not gone far when Mose, the giant, and Kate, his companion in sire, started a Mollie Cotton-tail. For ten minutes the wily hill side was resounding with music, but the other young dogs joined in and swelled the volume. But the older dogs kept going; they were after a different odor. At a point about two miles from the place where we started, a crossing, the muffled note of old Jack was heard. He had gotten wind of Reynard under a persimmon tree, where he had tarried to search for a taste of his favorite fruit. I heard the call of Jack, but mistook it for the language of a big hoot-owl. I have heard many dogs make a strike, but Jack gives vent to his blissful feeling in a different way from any other dog that I recall. But Bradley and Lonsford knew the tongue, and could not refrain from encouraging Jack with a yell. Soon old Gin showed her faith in Jack by barking loudly. She gave a lonesome call, signifying that the scent was of the proper kind, but a moment later the ambitious little lady, came up and put in with Gin and Jack. But it was about as Col. Minton suggested, that the fox had gone along about 9 o'clock the night before. Nevertheless, Jack is not the sort of dog that gives out one scent; he goes to work to find others. While the hunters and the young dogs stood about and knew not what to do, Gin and Jack were hustling, snuffing here and there, and uttering a scent. Ere long Jack called again, this time from far up the little stream that circles around the eastern skirts of Old Vandy Mountain. Gin gave tongue ahead.

"That's the way he has gone," shouted Bradley and Lonsford in unison. Their favorite dogs were moving on. Lawrence Williamson, of Fayetteville, would not have raised in his horse if his dogs had had a cold trail as the one Jack had found. Foxes are plentiful in Cumberland to foot with a dead track. When hunting there we ride on till the dogs get a hot trail. But not so in Wilkes. Foxes are hard to start. The one that started us on our large territory. Hence the strike and trail dogs count for more in Wilkes than they do in Cumberland. Their services are in great demand. It is no wonder then that Col. Minton, Mr. Bradley and Mr. Lonsford kept encouraging Gin and Jack. We were following slowly on, as best we could, and trying to get the younger dogs to take hold. Little Mose, although she was crippled in two legs, one behind and one in front, kept up with Gin and Jack. Bradley left us and went in close to encourage Jack. We got the direction they were going and crossed the branch and climbed Old Vandy's Up and up we went until we were near the very top. Far below we could hear the dogs. The trail seemed to be improving, and more dogs were trailing. We lay down in the leaves an' listened. The clear, enthusiastic yell of Bradley made us believe that the dogs were doing better. We could hear indistinct barking, but that was all. The carrying voice of Tom was plain now and then. Finally, however, all sound died, and we could hear nothing but the frequent yell of Bradley. Every time he bellowed somebody would say: "Bradley hears the dogs. They must have gone on across the ridge." While we waited and strained our ears the call of old Mose came to us from across the valley. He was following a cold trail of some sort.

Being very partial to Mose, Col. Minton never had an opportunity to slug his praise. This time, however, he said: "Mose is right. He is after the fox, and is taking him through the gap." It began to look like the old

dogs had gone ahead. We thought we could hear Tom and Sing and Speed far ahead of Mose. "They are running. They have started him!" the boys would exclaim.

The thought of an early race inspired us. We climbed to the summit, for there we could hear the carrying voice of Bradley, as he uplifted it in the wilderness, assured us that something was doing. The lonesome, but strong and sweet note of Mose kept coming to us, but the silence of the valley made us feel certain that he was in the wake of the running pack.

Here I shall deviate from the truth, and tell what should have been, and in all probability would have been, if the ground had not been so dry.

As we sat on the very highest point of Old Vandy we heard the dogs trail that fox. The scent kept improving all the time. Mose caught up with the more excited dogs. Day after day the sun was just beginning to melt the frost. Tom and Speed led the pack into a thick place on the side of the mountain and a big grey fox, with long neck, big tall ears, red legs slipped out. There was a storm of noise and the race began. Sing and Speed came down the mountain side by side, nearly flying. They ran so fast, and struggled so hard for the lead that neither took any rest. They gave a bark and they just grunted. The rest of the dogs were close behind, and when they passed near Bradley he gave a keen yell that set them on fire. On top of Old Vandy Bradley was not heard. Every man held his breath and listened. The race was on and we were in a good place to hear it. The dogs backed well, and the fox was running straight.

It was then a question of speed and endurance. For when the valley could see Sing, with her light-colored head raised high, and hard by her side ran a dark-hued dog, and that was Speed. Neck and neck, nose and nose, they came a-bounding down the front of the foot-hill. On and on, crying at every jump, they went out of sight and out of hearing. Big Mose led the second bunch and seemed to be wild with joy.

Ten minutes, then twenty and thirty passed before we heard a sound. "They have crossed to the mountain beyond," said Lonsford. "but the fox will come back. He will pass through the gap, and then turn around Old Vandy."

"As sure as death the mountain fox will return," said Col. Minton.

I felt assured and rested patiently. Charlie Cranon built a fire and we formed a circle round it. Col. Minton became reminiscent and began to talk of days spent on Old Greasy after the night ride. But in the midst of one of his yarns he was interrupted by Mr. Lonsford, whose sharp, practical ear, had caught the distant sound of the returning hounds. It took close attention for several moments for me to catch the sound, but when I did get it I knew that Mr. Fox was traveling faster than he would be out of my ear and nearer, and louder and louder, the strains of music came. It was not long before the shrill, clear scream of Sing could be distinguished. At the very close of the sharp, sweet yell of Speed quietly tapped at my ear. The race was to the good. Sing and Speed were driving hard to win. The speckled dog had the advantage of having run over the same country before, but Sing was older and had more experience. Both were schooled in the mountains.

"But listen!" said Col. Minton, as the pack came nearer. I hear the tongue wagging from Kernel Lonsford's attention to Mose, who came in full tilt after Sing and Speed with young Kate at his heels.

The race continued to Vandy brook, and round Old Vandy's skirts. The boys on the mountain top stood on tip toe and listened.

Reynard was bawling hard. He seemed to realize that death faced him. But the mountain fox is hard to catch. His final resort is a hole in the cliffs and that is where this sly rascal went. When hard pressed he approached the hole, and when he had reached it the dogs seemed to be fairly well satisfied, having done their best. Mr. Lonsford tooted his horn and we went home, where we found a good breakfast and a cordial reception.

H. E. C. B.

MISS PECK RETURNS.

Womans Mountain Climber Returns From Month's Sojourn South American Mountains.

Miss Ann Peck, the mountain climber, arrived yesterday from Colon on the Panama Railroad Company's steamship Advance, bronzed and athletic looking, after an experience of five months among South American peaks.

Among the Peck's feats were the ascent of Sorata, a Bolivian mountain, whose height is variously estimated at from 20,000 to 25,000 feet. Miss Peck said last night that she did not reach the summit of either peak, but that she got within 600 or 800 feet of the top of Sorata, which, from Sir Martin Conway's descriptions, is a greater height than that attained by Sir Martin, and is, therefore, a new record. Miss Peck went 19,000 feet up the east slope of Huancaran, and 18,000 feet up the west side, where she made the best previous marks on both sides by at least 1,000 feet. The daring climber, therefore, is greatly pleased. She is also enthusiastic about the scenery and people and things of interest which she saw in South America. She is stopping at the Hotel Albert.

Altogether, Miss Peck was on Sorata for five days in August, and she thinks that she might have reached the summit had not the men of the party refused to go higher on account of the danger. At the height they reached, they were obliged to climb icy slopes, and once Miss Peck found herself at the very brink of a dangerous crevasse. The man who should have been attached to the other end of the rope is no lighter than his own weight, and that he let go, leaving Miss Peck without safeguard. In this climb the party spent the nights in tents, and the temperature, at the highest altitude which they reached, was 29 degrees below zero.

President Harrison's Memoirs.

Among the private papers of the late President Harrison his literary executor is said to have found a complete history of his presidential administration with frank, but calm and judicious discussion of all its political incidents, including the action of Mr. Blaine and his friends. It is said this will not be published at present, and may not be published at all, though Gen. Harrison's biographers will have the benefit of the information it contains. The document ought to be published while it is of great interest. A century hence it might interest a few historical students, and that is all.

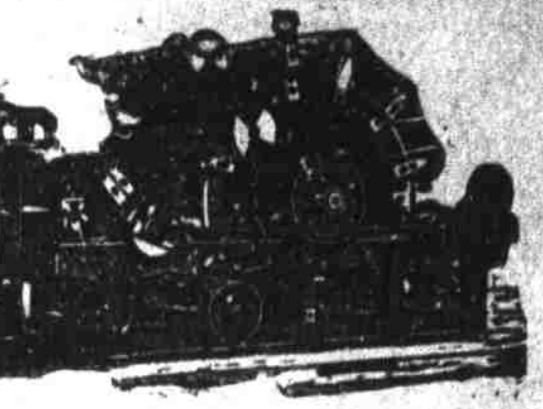
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Chicago Tribune. Mrs. Ferguson—What did Dr. Southwick preach about this morning? Mr. Ferguson—Well, he preached about half the congregation to sleep.

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GAUGED BY YOUR TIPS.

An Observant Man Takes Notes of the Power of Filthy Lucre. New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Money is a prosaic theme perhaps, but it is an ever-present theme and one we cannot get away from very easily," said an observant man, and I was just thinking of a few small indications which indicate the power of what we are pleased to call a filthy article. We would you have a first-class service in any first-class hotel, you must give money in order to get it. You must be generous in the distribution of tips, and if you happen to give less than some other fellow, though you may give more than your purse can really stand, the other fellow will get just as good a service. But his generosity will be merely the hedgehog of the kitchen. Nor, in many instances, will the waiter be polite enough to thank you. Rather will he look upon you as withholding something from him which belongs to him as of right. When you sneak out of the place you will do so shamefacedly and feeling very much as I imagine the thief feels when he escapes with his booty. You seem to be slipping away with something which does not belong to you. Money! That's the cause of the whole thing. I am working for the best man I have ever known," said a friend of mine the other day. "Why, how that I asked. 'Why, just the other day,' he continued, 'he raised my salary \$5 a month. Money! Ye gods! I had expected my friend to tell me of some kind words spoken or of some good deed bestowed upon him or upon some other person. But his employer was the 'best man' he had ever known because he opened his purse to him. It is the way of the world. Money seems to count for everything—at least with some folks, but not with everybody. I am glad to say."

Laughter a Cure for Dyspepsia.

Dyspepsia is now to be systematically cured by laughter. It is stated that a doctor, in return for a large fee, admits patients into his private institution, where the mirth treatment is administered. The method sounds simple enough. A few dyspeptics sit round a room and begin to smile at each other. The smile must never be allowed to fade away.

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Notice is hereby given that on November the 8th, 1904, the undersigned, a duly qualified administrator of the last will and testament of the late W. I. Van Ness, and any person holding a claim against the estate of the said testator, is notified to present the same for payment to the undersigned on or before November the 19th, 1905. All persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt settlement.

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