

# DON'T GET THE NAMES MIXED

## DR. MCKANNA'S THREE-DAY-LIQUOR-CURE

is not in any way connected, nor has it anything to do, with the name of "Keeley." The McKanna Company has never failed to effect a complete cure, neither has the McKanna Company ever lost a single patient. Is this not an enviable twenty-year record? Please do not apply the name "Keeley" to any of our sanitariums.

Splendid sanitarium at Reidsville,  
N. C. Private baths, watchful attendants, electric Bells, etc., etc.

We Do Not Use The  
Deadly Hypodermic  
Injection

Wire, 'phone or write us for testimonials from grateful Carolinians and for terms and further particulars.

## How Much Has it Already Cost You to Drink

in money, misery, heartaches, lost opportunities? And what will be the end—Ah! friend, how often have you and your loved ones spent the dark hours of the night tortured by just such thoughts?

**LIFE IS WORTH THE LIVING—BE A MAN AGAIN**

# THE MCKANNA 3-DAY-LIQUOR-CURE COMPANY

## REIDSVILLE, N. C.

### JACKSON'S WEDDING

#### "AN" TELLS THE STORY

...Account of an Event Has Been Overlooked in Biographies of the Great Warrior—Ceremony at Cottage Home a One Jackson's Objection to Parts of the marriage vows Letters to Professor Fishburn—Pleasant Days Around Davidson.

...world loves a lover and a... of the world loves a marriage... of it or the tale of it... is apt to do well, with... those details which he thinks... men—and surely all who... the marriage of the one... records; and a romancer... school which finds its in... the maturer years of life... stronger and steadier tempta... youth is April.

...the storm, the wind and... sun—and in winter storm...—even that school man... affairs between his accounts... the tale of a wedding... be of the minor charac... glimpse of sunshine is... between the sombre pages.

...the three notable biographies... Jonathan Jackson not two... given to the story of his... of these biographies was... the woman who stood by... at that climacteric mo... it seems somewhat strange... all the many stories and anecd... in late years upon his... friend nor realistic nor atten... related anything of that wed... Cottage Home, in Lincoln... North Carolina, on the 16th of... 1870, so nearly, so very nearly... century ago.

...STONEMAN'S BEST MAN.  
...then, one day not long ago... brought Stonewall Jackson's... my way he found a ready...

...was warm enough for the... be inviting. It was near sun... the big mountain ash in the... and three long shadows across... walk and green grass.

...house was one to rouse tender... for in it Fitzhugh Lee had... quarters during a period... while Curtis was... the way, and to it... retired when more ac... was wrested from him to... memoirs of his general, Rob... The story broke in upon a... looking on these things.

...I was one of Tom Jackson's... You might call me his best... suppose, since I went across... Morrison's with him and saw... was sadly added: "It has... 30 years ago, and of all... Mrs. Jackson and I alone... we are all."

...Jonathan Jackson was... in his Mexican gamb... the fascinating senoritas... the home he soon... Lexington when the... was named the... Jackson's first and... had been in

and in his Virginia home there was ever a readiness to give woman her due meed.

But Jackson was no society man. He was too taciturn, too given to saying what he meant and keeping silent when that had been done; too apt to like few people and leave all others alone.

#### HIS FIRST MARRIAGE.

When Anna Morrison went up from her home in the Old North State to visit her sister, Mrs. Hill, at Lexington, Jackson was among the first of the college set whom she met. The rumor of his engagement to Miss Junkin was already abroad, but he himself was desperately silent concerning it.

He made a most useful friend to the young visitor and her younger sister, who had accompanied her, and when he reappeared one day in August from the absence during his vacation he was hailed with delight. The sisters spent a merry hour with him, sang him his favorite songs, and the next day heard that he had been married the night before and already departed on his bridal tour. This not through any real attempt at foolery, but because many a bride of those middle years of the century was unwilling to have the matter talked of and prided herself perhaps, on the secrecy with which the engagement was kept up to the very date of the marriage, or at least the summoning of the guests. And Jackson acted in accordance with Miss Junkin's wishes.

In all this pleasant drama of visits and friendship-making and even courting and bridal the future best man bore his part. He, too, like Jackson and Hill, was of the college faculty and allied to some of them by marriage. But Mr. Fishburn soon connected himself with Davidson College, near Miss Morrison's home, in Carolina, a college of which Dr. Morrison had once been president, keeping up his friendship with Jackson and Miss Morrison alike. There he heard of the death of Jackson's wife 14 months after their marriage and from there he played his part as friend in the marriage to Miss Morrison a little more than two years afterward.

**BIDDEN TO THE WEDDING.**  
As an older man, Mr. Fishburn displayed a joyfulness of disposition, a tenderness of consideration, a quick warm sympathy and readiness to express it that must have been a delight to such a man as Jackson.

Mr. Fishburn's jest was ever ready; Jackson was at least reserved; his friends admit the word; those who liked him less wrote it stern. The quick and easy speech and joyful laughter of this particular intimate supplemented Jackson's quietness and Jackson's unchanging friendship and regard were something of a surprise to the man on whom they were bestowed. Still that friendship was at first a part of their everyday life. It was well kept up when one was still at Lexington, but the other across country in a line almost due south at Davidson.

Fishburn knew that Jackson was in Europe, that he returned, visited Dr. Morrison's house and corresponded with Anna Morrison. So it was no surprise when the young member of the faculty received a letter directed to "Prof. C. D. Fishburn, Davidson College, N. C."

It was the day before the ceremony late in the afternoon and near dusk, when Jackson made anxious signs to his groomsmen to slip away from the gay crowd on the lawn and have a word alone with him. They managed somehow to get away from the crowd undisturbed or, rather, unclaimed, and walked down the lane in silence. Mr. Fishburn's jests were hushed when they were unlistened to.

At the gate Jackson paused. "Clem," he said, "Dr. Lacy has a form of marriage ceremony he always uses."

"Yes; I asked him about it. I will get him to write it out to-night for you, so that you can look it over."

"I already have it." He took a piece of paper from his pocket and unfolded it and looked down at it frowningly. "He uses something of the Episcop-

would he officiate as groomsman for me about the middle of July next, when I am to be married to Miss Anna Morrison," in such beautiful and courteous English, with such a holding back of himself and a thinking of the other's convenience that it is most regrettable that Mr. Fishburn considers his old friend's letters, written but to himself on an occasion when a man is most apt to have his heart, and that even after this half century, when the writer of them has long ago proved his belonging to the big world at large, has played his great part in it and slipped away to the Infinite—that these letters are yet to be kept sacred.

**JACKSON'S TWO LETTERS.**  
There are two of them, and the first is dated May 25, and this, according to that old tradition of the mid-century, asked, even though addressing his groomsmen-to-be, that the matter be not spoken about, "as the time is somewhat distant, I have as yet mentioned the subject only to friends."

The next is dated June 3—a longer letter, warmer, friendlier and also in most choice English. "Please to accept my thanks for consenting to officiate as groomsman." "From a letter written on Tuesday last," the writer goes on quaintly to explain, "I see that the date named is later," and the letter proceeds to narrate arrangements.

About a month after this last letter Jackson joined his friends at Davidson. The commencement exercises of Lexington, with all their many occasions, were then over, but those at Davidson were in full swing. They attended them together, Miss Morrison this year not coming up to the great social event, and when they were ended the two friends set off in a buggy across country for a drive of 25 miles to Dr. Morrison's plantation.

Cottage Home is a typical, roomy, comfortable Carolina home, with magnificent oaks about it. Here the bride waited, and here for two days before the wedding the groom and groomsman tarried, a merry party of close friends and relatives gathering in the hospitable house.

In religion Jackson was Presbyterian, as was Miss Morrison and her father, and Mr. Fishburn was strongly inclined to that creed. There was no question as to who should perform the ceremony. Dr. Morrison, a minister, declared his inability to officiate in his own family, and an old friend and favorite, Dr. Lacy, was invited.

**OBJECTED TO THE SERVICE.**  
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ally impaired, of course, and I was weak and nervous. One day I was at my son's home, and after dinner I was taken, as usual, with one of those terrific catarrhal headaches. My daughter-in-law had been giving Mrs. Joe Person's to her little boy for eczema, and it had cured him. She suggested that I try it, as a bottle was then on the mantel. I did so, and the very first dose I took relieved that headache. I continued it that night and the next morning, and even on the second day after I commenced it, I did not have to lie down at all, for the first time in several weeks.

I then bought a dozen bottles and took nineteen bottles before I stopped. My condition was brought on by malarial fever, which I had contracted in Texas fifteen years ago and from the effects of which I have been suffering ever since.

Any one to see me now and before I commenced taking Mrs. Joe Person's Remedy, would hardly know me for the same person. For the first time in fifteen years I AM WELL and my health has been restored. This is my opinion, summed up, of Mrs. Joe Person's Remedy:  
**It is the Best Medicine Compounded in This World.**

Only stick to it long enough to eradicate the trouble from the blood it will cure, and it is perfectly harmless in every respect. For fifteen years it is the first thing I have ever found that counteracted that malarial trouble contracted in Texas.  
**MRS. MARY AMANDA NASH.**  
Lumberton, N. C., Dec. 7, 1905.

Women have decided that in case they cannot vote, they will cut out the "Stork" proposition. Perfectly proper. Take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It is good for most everything. 35 cents, Tea or Tablet. R. H. Jordan & Co.

That day of July 17, 1857, dawned fair and grew blazing hot. The ceremony was to be in the afternoon. It is almost too natural to be true to know of the groomsman, ready attired, going into the bridegroom's room, while relatives and intimates waited in the rooms below and the buzz of their talk came up the stair, and the bride perhaps waiting, and finding him, alas! wrestling with his collar. His white linen breeches were spotted and uncleaned, his fatigue coat, which he always wore, hung on a chair, but, wilted, his collars strewed the bureau and the bed. The last one of them was in Jackson's hands and when with trembling fingers, he fastened it in the place the buttonhole burst and the button flew out.

Surely it must have been a blessing then to have a jolly groomsman, one who fell on his knees in the search and remembers yet his laughter over it, who went for his own collar supply, and the two together, moistening the buttonhole and handling the stiff linen gingerly, at last had the groom ready.

Perhaps it was this trial which made Jackson's countenance severe. The preacher administered his vows as he was accustomed to do; he duly swore the bride to obedience; but, after one look at Jackson's face, he put a few more words into the ceremony. He required an extra vow from the bridegroom that he should be an indulgent husband, with an emphasis upon the adjective.

**FIFTY YEARS AGO.**  
Of the supper in the big basement dining room of the plantation house the groomsman remembers only how bountiful it was, how pretty were the girls, how fine the speeches.

The letters asking his assistance and making due arrangements are slipped into a worn envelope, marked simply "Two letters from J. Jackson." The man to whom they were written likewise played his part from 61 to 85. He came through those years unscathed and settled in Charlottesville.

A better loved and more honored man has not trod her streets. One well sees the charm of Jackson's friend. And of all that gay wedding party 50 years ago but two are left—Stonewall Jackson's widow and his groomsman and friend.

**LUCY MEACHAM THURSTON.**  
It is the Best Medicine Compounded in This World.

For more than two years I was a severe sufferer from chronic dysentery, brought on by acute indigestion. Almost daily I had to take something for relief. It also brought on a catarrhal headache, from which I suffered daily, and which debilitated me to such an extent that I had to lie

—The News and The Observer baseball teams played yesterday morning at Latta Park. The News team won by the narrow margin of 12 to 1. A member of the defeated Davidson and Guilford Monday interest continues to increase in game of baseball which will be played Monday afternoon at Latta park 8:30 between Davidson and Guilford College. A snappy game is predicted and the supporters of both teams were oiling up their throats at a hour last night. Since it is the game of the season, the crowd probably be a record breaker.

Mr. Goodfellow—Make "Her" Happy  
Stain—That floor  
Enamel—That bath tub  
Paint—That porch furniture  
Gild—That picture frame  
Revarnish—That piece of furniture  
Black—That gas range  
Paint—That kitchen floor  
Enamel—That iron bed  
And have us—Paper that room

**Torrence Paint Company**  
Floor Stains, Enamels, Alabastine, Gold Paint  
Aluminum Paint, Paint for all purposes.  
10 N. Tryon.

**THE MARGUERITE SHOP**  
An elaborate Coiffure has never been so popular as at the present moment. We carry a full line of Hair Goods, Puffs, Curls, Transformations and all the new things. A complete stock of the three best Corsets made—Redfern, La Grecque and La Marguerite. Also La Grecque Tailored Underwear.

The most exclusive designs in Millinery. A new shipment of Pattern Hats on Monday.

**THE MARGUERITE SHOP**