The High Point En

VOL XXI. HIGH POINT, GUILFORD COUNTY, N. C., OCTOBER 19, 1900.

IS IT FALL

OR

IS IT WINTER ?

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

TOTHER OR WHICH—DOESN'T MATTER TO US. We are Prepared for Both. Our High-Grade, Tailor-Made, Ready-to-Wear Clothes are Stacked on our Table.

DON'T NEGLECT the Opportunity of Buying Clothes to Fit. They won't cost you any more than the other kind, and they look lots NICER.

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Rankin, Chisholm, Stroud & Rees,

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We are prepared to do a general banking business and we solicit the accounts of firms, corporations, and individuals of Randolph and adjoining counties to whom we extend every accommodation consistent with conservative banking.

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SUNDERED.

O love, since you and I must walk apart,
Spare me one little corner of your heart—
A shrine
That shall be wholly mine!

Others may claim, and rightfully, the rest;
If there I know I am not dispossessed,
All bliss
I, eager, shall not miss.

And if so be you sometimes offer there,
Though but in thought, the fragment of a prayer,
No more
Can I, alas, implore!

But that its much and shall, forsooth, avail
To make my footsteps falter not nor fail,
Though far
Our pathways sundered are.

Then, love, since you and I must walk apart,
Spare me one little corner of your heart—
A shrine
That shall be wholly mine!

—Clinton Scollard in Harper's Bazar.

A FICKLE IMMIGRANT.

Her Experience With Two Lovers at Uncle Sam's Barge Office.

"There seem to be manifold opportunities among the immigrants coming to America on shipboard for falling in love, particularly on the slower steamers, when people are thrown together for a period of from 12 to 18 days," says John Gilmer Speed in Ainslee's. "In this case a worthy young Russian was cheated out of a very pretty bride by a likely Italian fellow traveler of the maiden. Strangely enough, she knew not one word of Italian nor he a word of Russian, yet the bride's countryman was jilted, and the pantomime lovers were married and set forth gayly and confidently to learn each other and the great new world they had entered at one and the same time.

"Another case was equally ludicrous. A Swedish maiden of somewhat fickle mind fell in love with a fellow voyager without apprising him of the fact that she was betrothed to another man whom she was to meet at the barge office and marry. It was her intention to hurry ashore with her new lover and outwit the former by a prior ceremony, but the red tape of the office prevented that, and the first lover came to welcome his bride. She then as promptly fell in love with No. 1. But when No. 2 pleaded and threatened, she could not decide which one she loved the better, so she was detained while the two men haunted the barge office, glaring at each other.

"When the detention time had elapsed, the bride, still not knowing her mind, was sent unceremoniously back on the same steamer that brought her over, both jilted lovers abandoning the field in despair. But on arriving on her native soil once more the maiden dared not face her people, so back she came, having just money enough to pay her passage, and sent for lover No. 1, declaring that she loved him the better. He replied that he was very much obliged, but as he had already married a handsomer girl in the interval he was compelled to decline to come for her. The maiden then sent word to No. 2 to like effect, but he declared that he had had enough of the fickle feminine, and thus in defeat the maiden was transported back again to face the leers and jeers of her native hamlet."

Why He Wanted a Receipt.

There was a lawyer in the Indian country who had none too good a reputation for honesty, says the Chicago News.

One of the aborigines employed him to do a little legal business. It was done to the client's satisfaction, the fee duly paid, and a receipt for it duly demanded. "A receipt isn't necessary," the lawyer said. "But I want it," replied the red man. There was some argument, and the attorney finally demanded his reason. "Since becoming a Christian I have been very careful in all my dealings that I may be ready for the judgment," answered the brave sententiously, "and when that day comes I don't want to take time to go to the bad place to get my receipt from you." The receipt was made out and promptly delivered.

Thrive Without Meat.

It is the religion of nearly all Asiatics to abstain from eating flesh, fish or fowl, because it is a sin to kill for food anything that has instinct, "lest it be hindered on its upward way." Besides, according to the doctrine of transmigration of souls, one might kill and eat one's grandmother. But, aside from that, vegetable food, it is claimed, makes better muscle and bone than meat. Anyway, it is well known that the stevedores of Constantinople and other eastern ports never eat meat, and that, as a class, they have no superiors anywhere in the world in physical strength.

THE TASK.

Said Duty: "Take thy pen and write
Life throbbing lines, words weighed with import high!
Enough of sauntering on Sylvia's eye!
Enough of singing of her rose and white!"
I sit me down, when, lo, upon my sight
(My inner sight, since there is no one nigh!)
A vision flashes; thoughts of Duty fly
Like southering birds adown an autumn night.

O mentor stern, no task that thou canst set,
I care not whatsoe'er thou bidst it be,
Will far remove me from some dream of her!
Look, I am wearing Love for amulet!
And hence thou mayst as soon part land and sea
As thoughts of Love from Love's true worshiper!

—Clinton Scollard in Cosmopolitan.

THE SECRET SERVICE.

Tiresome Work of Reading a Cipher Dispatch of 2,000 Words.

Some governments make use of numerals for their ciphered communications with their agents abroad, others a mixture of numerals and words, and yet others exclusively words. Of course, the only problem that needs solution in dispatches of this kind is to ascertain the key number or key word. When that is accomplished, the remainder is easy, though generally very tedious. Indeed it is difficult to conceive of a more tiresome, head splitting piece of work than either to cipher or decipher a dispatch of some 1,500 or 2,000 words. The writer talks from sad and weary experience.

Some governments change the key word or key numerals with each dispatch, according to a settled arrangement. Others, again, change it every month. Sometimes it is placed at the beginning of the dispatch, at other times at the end. To the uninitiated a dispatch of this kind will appear in the nature of a Chinese puzzle, but to an expert cryptographer the deciphering of a government code dispatch is mere child's play.

Occasionally the dispatch will appear a mere jumble of consonants without any meaning, while at other times it will be so ciphered as to contain sensible and plausible sentences, the meaning of which appears on the surface. It was a code of this kind that was used by the Spanish secret agents in this country during the war with Spain, and the clever staff of secret service men employed by the United States government were in a very short time possessed of a key to the cipher in question.—New York Tribune.

A KAFFIR "SMOKER."

The Native Women Are Enthusiastic Devotees of the Weed.

In South Africa the native woman smokes incessantly. Your native servant smokes as she cooks and as she washes. The tobacco she uses is rank. The dainty cigarette an English or Russian lady of fashion enjoys, smoked through a quill, so that no nicotine can stain either teeth or fingers, would be sneered at by a Kaffir. "Give me a pipe and something in it I can taste," is in effect what she says.

The men Kaffirs are beyond tobacco. They smoke something so vehement that it makes them cough and splutter, lose their breath, choke and sneeze to an alarming degree. They like snuff, too, and are fond of offering and taking pinches of it ("schniff" they call it) when they meet and visit one another.

Regarding tobacco as too mild for their taste, the Kaffirs take another weed and smoke that. They proceed to arrange a smoking party, by squatting on the ground and getting ready their "pipe," a cow horn with a thin tube in it inserted half way down at right angles to the horn. The end of the tube is in a basin, and it is from it that the smoker sucks the strong stuff that makes him incapable of anything but a series of coughs and chokes for some time after he has had his turn at the pipe, which is passed around from man to man, until a perfect chorus of coughs rends the air.

The tobacco the Boers smoke looks like poor tea and is peculiar in flavor, yet Englishmen who have become used to it acquire such a taste for it that they never care for any other kind.—London Mail.

Relics of Former Ages.

The big tree of California is unique in the world. It is the largest, oldest and most majestically graceful of all trees. Scarcest of North Pole species, it is the best living representative of a former geologic age. It has come down through the ages simply by reason of its superb upward growth, defiant against beetle and blight. The bark is sometimes as much as two feet thick and is almost incombustible. The oldest specimens dated are still sound at the heart. Yet, with all its advantages, the big trees do not seem to have increased their range since the glacial epoch.—Washington Star.

WASTED ELOQUENCE.

A LOT OF JERICHO ORATORY THAT COUNTED FOR NAUGHT.

Pap Perkins, the Postmaster, Tells Why the Discussion Over Ornamenting the Top of the Town Hall Tower Was Abruptly Ended.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

Jericho has bin buildin a town hall fur the last six years. It was to hev a tower in the middle, and there has bin a good deal of discussion as to what should finish off that tower. Some stuck fur a gilt ball, some fur a rooster, some fur crossbars with the p'ints of the compass on 'em. The town board wanted to please the majority, and a meetin was called one night last week to settle what the thing should be. Nobody realized how intense the feelin was till the meetin opened. Squar' Joslyn headed the gilt ball party, and he got up and spoke fur 15 minits without stoppin to wipe the sweat off the back of his neck. He started in 250 years B. C. and come slippin down to now like soft soap glidin down the cellar stairs. He contended that a gilt ball on the top of a tower had allus bin considered an emblem of innocence. It would be the fust thing a stranger would look fur when enterin the town of Jericho. If he saw that gilt ball, he'd put up at the tavern and feel safe and go away

THE ROOSTER WAS AN EMBLEM OF GRIT AND INDEPENDENCE.

speakin well of the town. If he didn't, he'd set the folks down as vicious and desperate and drive on to Tarrytown or Dobbs Ferry. The squar' wanted that ball as big as a pumpkin, and he wanted real gold leaf fur gildin, and he closed his speech with an appeal to the people to continue to be innocent and happy. Deacon Spooner was chairman of the meetin, as usual, and when the squar' sot down the deacon said he'd made a p'int. Enos Williams was then called upon. He headed the faction who wanted a rooster. Enos didn't go as fur back as the squar'. He has asthma and is short of breath, and so he started out with Columbus to diskiver America. He had bin readin up on roosters. He couldn't find that roosters was an emblem of innocence, but he didn't want no innocence on a courthouse tower. The stranger would find innocence when he come to play checkers or trade hosses with a Jerichoian. The rooster was an emblem of grit and independence. He was a bird who went to bed at sundown, got up before sunrise and was hustlin around all day. A rooster on top of that tower would signify that Jericho could take care of herself and didn't bow down to any other town in the state. He was out of breath and had busted a suspender when he sot down, and Deacon Spooner rapped with a cane and said:

"Enos has not only made a speech equal to anything Henry Clay ever got off, but he's made a thunderin big p'int in favor of the roosterites. I was ag'in the rooster when I come here, but I've almost changed my mind. Let us hear from Silas Bebee."

Silas was one who wanted the p'ints of the compass put up. He was born in Jericho when the town had but three houses and had been turned around fur 50 years. The only way he could tell north from south or east from west was to make a black spot on Uncle Jim Green's barn door, and he never went to the back end of his own cornfield without gittin lost and bevin to whistle to his wife. His speech was up to date. He didn't go back over six months. He said that what had allus ailed Jericho and what would allus keep her down was the want of knowin the compass p'ints. He wasn't the only one who was turned around. Half the folks in town couldn't go huckleberryin without gittin lost and wandering around all night. Hogs and deeps walked around in a circle because they was confused, and every time there was a lawsuit most of the witnesses said west fur east. An emblem of innocence would be all right, and a rooster would be a thing of beauty, but both would be beaten by compass p'ints.

"Silas has made a purty good speech and a purty good p'int," says the deacon, "and I'm sorter lettin go of the rooster and leanin to his side. Though I've lived in Jericho fur 22 years, I can't make out yit whether my pigpen is on the north or west side of the house. I'm understandin that Elisha Taylor has sunthin to spring on this meetin, and we are ready to hear it."

Elisha was ready. He had bin watchin the growth of the town hall fur six long years, and he had had his eye on the tower day and night. He had looked at it from the street and from the roof of his barn. He had looked at it at noonday and squinted at it at midnight and had come to one unalterable conclusion—he wanted the figger of a gilt angel to finish off that tower, and he wanted that angel to be p'intin upwards, same as on a gravestone he saw in Buffalo. The angel would signify the goodness of Jericho, and strangers would no longer stop and raise a saw because they couldn't git a glass of beer or find anybody to take a hand at poker. Her p'intin upward would be an object lesson to the Sunday school children, and the sight of her would calm the feelin's of a man about to lick his wife.

There was a howl of derision as Elisha sot down, and the deacon said that no p'int had bin made. He was a deacon of the church and a good man, but he'd never consent to h'ist a gilt angel on top of the town hall. She might p'int upwards or downwards or any other way, but angels didn't belong on towers. He called upon Beverly Jones fur his views, and Beverly jumped up and declared himself in favor of the American eagle. If a rooster signified grit and independence, an eagle signified all that and a dozen things more. An eagle stood fur liberty, freedom and equal rights. It was the emblem of a glorious republic. Its wings sheltered the helpless as well as the strong, and its soft cooin lulled the infant to sleep, while its scream sent the father to the field of battle to fight fur the grandest principles of mankind. It was a rattlin speech, full of redhot patriotism, and Deacon Spooner said that Daniel Webster never approached it in his palmiest days. It didn't affect the other factions, however. They stuck out fur the gilt ball, the rooster, the compass p'ints and the angel, and each one declared he'd fight to the bitter end.

As a compromise, Jim Shorely, who didn't care what they put up, moved fur a gilt goat, and Abraham Scott, who was goin to move away and had lost all interest, moved fur a monkey, but they was hooted down and everybody began to jam his elbows around and call everybody else a hog. There was every sign that the meetin would break up in a free fight, when there comes a flash and an awful clap of thunder, and at the same time Lish Billings walked in to git out of the storm. Deacon Spooner appealed to him to save the honor of Jericho by bringin about harmony, and Lish looked around and replied:

"As I understand it, this crowd is divided as to what shall ornament the top of the city hall tower?"

"That's it!" yells everybody.

"And you've bin jawin and speechifyin fur the last three hours without settlin on anything? Waal, I don't see no use of any more bein said."

"But what's your idea, Lish?" asks the deacon.

"My idea is that that fust thunderbolt knocked your blamed old tower into a Continental cocked hat, and that you kin save your breath to pick up the silvers fur kindlin wood."

And the crowd rushed out and found that Lish was k'rect. M. QUAD.

THEIR NEIGHBORLY WAY.

Didn't Wait Long to Begin Borrowing Things.

A young woman of Washington birth and rearing, who has made her home for these three years past in a small Indiana town, says that for tact and diplomacy she knows nobody to equal her neighbors out there. She had scarcely settled herself in her new home when one day she heard a hen proudly cackling in her back yard. She went out to see what could have brought a strange hen into her yard and found that the fowl had just laid an egg in the woodbox outside the kitchen door. While she was still wondering where on earth the creature had come from the shock head of a thin and tall girl of 12 rose over the fence which divided the yard from the yard of the house next door.

"Hello," said the girl.

"Good morning," answered the Washingtonian.

"We got plenty of eggs," remarked the girl. "Maw says you kin have that one our hen jes' laid in that woodbox of yourn."

"Thank you very much," said the Washingtonian.

The girl still hung on the fence.

"We ain't goin to charge you nothin fer it," she went on.

"That's very kind, indeed," answered the new neighbor.

"It's a gift," remarked the girl.

Then there was silence for a few moments. The girl still clung to her side of the fence.

"Say," she said finally, "maw says now you're acquainted with us folks she'd like to borry a tack hammer."—Washington Post.

Preparing For Moral Suasion.

"Don't you believe in moral suasion?" asked the neighbor.

The indignant father stopped with the switch poised in the air.

"Of course I do," he answered. "I tried it once, and I'm going to try it again just as soon as I lick this boy hard enough so that he'll know enough to be ruled by it the next time I try it. Yes, sir; moral suasion is a great thing, and I'm going to teach this boy how good it is if I have to wale the life out of him to do it. He doesn't appreciate its advantages yet."—Chicago Post.

A Great Baby.

Tommy—Did you know about that baby that was fed on elephant's milk, pop, and gained 20 pounds a day?

Tommy's Pop (indignantly)—No, I didn't. Whose baby was it?

Tommy—The elephant's baby, pop.—Scraps.

There are only three remaining of the original 13 crosses built by King Edward I to mark the resting place of Queen Eleanor's funeral procession. One is near Northampton, one Waltham Cross, the third at Charing Cross.

Four miles from Bath, England, is a mysterious monument known as the Three Shires Stone. From it you can see parts of Somersetshire, Gloucestershire and Wiltshire.

Thin Gold.

Goldbeaters, by hammering, can reduce gold leaves so thin that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch. They are so thin that, if formed into a book, 1,500 would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper, and an octavo volume one inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well-stocked library of 1,500 volumes with 400 pages in each.

Harmony Regardless of Expense.

"Beg pardon," said the postal clerk who had sold her the stamps, "but you don't have to put a 5 cent stamp on a letter for Canada."

"I know," said she, "but the shade just matches my envelope, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

An Embarrassment of Riches.

"What's the matter, Bobby?"

"Grandpa, they's too many folks a-bringin me in. I'd get along better if I on'y had you."—Indianapolis Journal.

HIS START IN LIFE.

IT WAS A GOOD ONE AND WAS THRUST ON HIM BY ACCIDENT.

The Incident Wouldn't Have Happened if a Shortsighted Real Estate Auctioneer Had Not Forgotten His Eyeglasses.

"I owe my start in life to the fact that an estimable old gentleman forgot to put his eyeglasses in his pocket one morning," said a prosperous business man from a sister city. "It's rather a curious story," he went on, "and I'll tell it as briefly as possible. A good many years ago, when I was a young fellow of 25 or thereabouts, I drifted into Louisville in search of a job that didn't materialize, and the upshot of it was that I found myself practically broke in a strange city. Up to that time I had always worked for small wages and had never succeeded in accumulating as much as $50, but I had an abiding faith that if I could once get hold of a modest stake I could launch out for myself and make some money.

"One morning, when I was wandering about with only two or three silver dollars in my pocket, looking for a chance to go to work at anything that might offer, I dropped into a big down stairs room where some real estate was being sold at auction. A large crowd was present, and there was an indescribable feeling of tension in the air that warned me something unusual was about to happen.

"While I was standing there, only vaguely interested, the auctioneer, who was quite an elderly gentleman, put up a piece of improved city property and after a considerable pause received a bid of $200. I could see that the smallness of the amount excited surprise, and I was also aware of a commotion in one corner where half a dozen previous bidders were gathered together in an excited group. They seemed to be quarreling about something, and meanwhile the auctioneer was indignantly appealing for a respectable offer.

"'Make it $2,500!' he shouted. 'Does any gentleman bid $2,500?' He looked directly at me, and I made a gesture of denial. 'Thank you!' he exclaimed, greatly to my surprise. 'The gentleman over there bids $2,500, and, if I can help it, no combination of buyers is going to be allowed to dictate prices at this sale!' With that he suddenly knocked down the property to me.

"No sooner was this done," continued the story teller, "than a great uproar of protests arose from the group in the corner. They insisted that they had been given no chance to bid, but the auctioneer stood firm and, calling me to the platform, requested my name and address and a 20 per cent cash deposit on the $2,500.

"By that time I realized, of course, that some extraordinary chance had thrown a fine piece of property into my hands at a fraction of its real value, and I did some quick thinking. 'I've sent a messenger for the money,' I said as coolly as I could, 'and I'll have it here in 15 minutes.'

"The auctioneer looked at the clock. 'All right,' he replied, 'I'll give you that limit.'

"Then I took a desperate chance. I pushed through the crowd, which was already interested in the next sale, and beckoned to a little fat man who had been one of the loudest kickers a few moments before.

"'Look here,' I said, drawing him aside. 'Do you want to be my silent partner for an hour or so?'

"'What d'you mean?' said he.

"I gave him the truth in a dozen words. 'Now let me have that $500 deposit money,' I added, 'and we'll share the profits, whatever they are.'

"The little man looked at me shrewdly. 'This is a big joke on all of us,' he said, grinning, 'and I guess I'll risk the deal.'

"At the same time he counted out $500 and put it in my hands. I raced back to the desk with the cash, clinched the sale and before noon had the deed in my possession. Then, to make a long story short, my silent partner offered me $1,000 cash for my interest, and as $1,000 looked about as big as a mountain at that stage of the game I promptly accepted. That thousand, fortunately placed, gave me the start that has kept me going ever since.

"But what about the eyeglasses, did you say? Why, the auctioneer, as I afterward learned, was very nearsighted, and on the morning to which I refer he had forgotten his glasses. That was why he mistook my gesture of disavowal for a sign of assent and forced me, in spite of myself, into a good thing. I never understood the exact true inwardness of the deal, but the facts in the rough were that a clique of speculators had formed a combine to keep down prices, but, owing to some misunderstanding, failed to bid promptly on the property which I secured. The auctioneer was on to the game and anxious to break it up; hence his precipitancy in knocking down the lot to yours truly. I heard, later on, that my portly silent partner made $8,000 out of the transaction, but I didn't begrudge him the money. The $500 he gave me on faith that morning was worth fully 10 per cent a minute."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Just as Advertised.

"But suppose," one of the spectators said, "the parachute should fail to open after you have detached it from the balloon—what then?"

"That wouldn't stop me," answered the daring aeronaut. "I'd come right on down."—Chicago Tribune.

In the center of the plaza in Lima is a pretty bronze fountain that was erected in 1578, a gift from some noble Spaniard, and is probably the oldest fountain in America.

How He Broke It.

An irascible old gentleman had met in early life with an accident which left him with a broken nose, a deformity about which he was known to be a little sensitive.

One day a new inquirer prepounded the old question, "How did you manage to break your nose?"

The old gentleman answered solemnly, "To tell the truth, my friend, the accident was caused by my poking it into other people's business."—London Answers.

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relates the following absurdities in
which some victims of this disease
have fallen:

A bridegroom of 24 hours left his wife, strolled around to his mother in-law's house and asked her if her daughter was at home. This came from force of habit. He had been calling there daily for some time, and it probably occurred to him that he had not paid his usual visit.

A Chicago bank president is unable to account for three-quarters of an hour of his life. He went into a restaurant as usual and ordered his lunch. Nearly an hour later he found himself in his office chair and suddenly remembered the order.

He went back across the street and asked if the luncheon was ready. The clerk informed him that he had eaten, paid the bill and gone away some 15 minutes before, that he had put his hat on as he went out and that he (the clerk) had not noticed anything peculiar in his actions.

The bank president congratulates himself that he can be trusted to behave like an ordinary mortal even when he doesn't happen to have his mind with him.

An editor of a daily paper has laid himself open to unkind remarks by trying to take up a collection in his office. Happening to want a small coin, he turned to his fellow workers and asked for a quarter.

"Haven't got it, but here's a dollar," the man replied as he tossed it across. The editor put the dollar in his pocket and immediately turned to a special writer at the next desk and said:

"Miss ——, could you lend me a quarter?" Then, seeing the man from whom he had got the dollar grin, he added hastily: "Oh, never mind. I just got a dollar from Brown."

In analyzing his conduct he said that Brown's reply that he did not have a quarter was apparently the only part of the transaction that made any impression upon him. But he is under suspicion in that office and will probably never be able to live it down.

HOW ZULU WOMEN SEW.

They Use Skewers For Needles and Giraffe Sinews For Thread.

The skill of the Zulus of South Africa in sewing fur is a household word in South Africa, and some of the other tribes compete with them. The needle employed is widely different from that used by the ordinary needlewomen. In the first place, it has no eye; in the second, it is like a skewer, pointed at one end and thick at the other.

The thread is not of cotton, but is made of the sinews of various animals, the best being made from the sinews in the neck of a giraffe. It is stiff, inelastic, with a great tendency to "kink" and tangle itself up with anything near it. Before being used it is steeped in hot water until it is quite soft and is then beaten between two smooth stones, which causes it to separate into filaments, which can thus be obtained of any length and thickness. Thus the seamstress has a considerable amount of labor before she commences with the real work in hand.

Finally she squats on the ground (for no native stands to work or do anything else who can possibly help it) and, taking her needle, bores two holes in the edges of the rug or garment on which she is working. The thread is then pushed through with the butt of the needle, drawn tight, and two more holes are made with a like result, the skewer progressing very slowly, but fast enough for a country where time is of no value whatever.

The skin upon which the seamstress is working is damped with water before she commences, and as the damp thread and hide dry out they bring the work very closely together.

His Sympathy.

An old housewife in the country was bemoaning her poverty to an unsympathetic husband.

"Things ain't as they used ter be," she complained. "Why, I ain't got anything like I used ter hev. I ain't got quilts enough ter go round the beds, there's two of the best chairs broken, an I ain't got no dress that's really fit ter go ter meetin, an if I was ter die ternight I wouldn't hev a cap ter be buried in."

The old man had stood the whining as long as he could.

"Blast it all, then," he fiercely ejaculated, "why didn't yer die when yer did hev a cap?"

Fire and Mosquitoes.

Italian peasants living in swampy regions still follow the old custom of lighting fires for the purpose of purifying the air of malarial poison. As a matter of fact, this is the worst thing they could do, as the fire attracts mosquitoes, which are now known to be transmitters of malarial fever.

At Peckforton, Cheshire, England, is to be seen a very queer beehive. It is in the shape of a castle on an elephant's back and is carved in stone.

Next to opium in power are certain kinds of grasses, notable among which is hemp, which causes intoxication and anæsthesia.

HER ANSWER.

"Dear Nell," he wrote; "these violets
I've made so bold to send to you
Shall be my mute ambassadors,
And tack shall tell how deep and true
The sender's love is, craving yours
For him. What messages more meet?
Are they not typical of you?
They are so sweet!"

"Dear Jack," she wrote; "your violets
Have just this moment been received.
Their message took me by surprise;
'Twas something scarce to be believed!
I send my answer back with them;
What fine messages for you!
Is typical of how you'll feel,
They are so blue!"

—Catholic Times and Standard.

sale by Geo. A. Ma

Mothers endorse it, children like it, old folks use it. We refer to One Minute Cough Cure. It will quickly cure all throat and lung troubles. W A Ring.

Chinese are dangerous enemies, for they are treacherous. That's why all counterfeiters of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve are dangerous. They look like DeWitt's, but instead of the all-healing with hazel they all contain ingredients liable to irritate the skin and cause blood poisoning. For piles, injuries and skin diseases use the original and genuine DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. W A Ring.

That Throbbing Headache.

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and build up your health. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Geo. Matton, druggist.

The wolf in the fable put on sheep's clothing because if he traveled on his own reputation he couldn't accomplish his purpose. Counterfeiters of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve couldn't sell their worthless salves on their merits, so they put them in boxes and wrappers like DeWitt's. Look out for them. Take only DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures piles and all skin diseases. W A Ring.

Feelings of safety pervade the household that uses One Minute Cough Cure, the only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. It is infallible for coughs, colds, croup and all throat and lung troubles. It will prevent consumption. W. A Ring.

$100. $100

DR. E DETCHON'S ANTI DIURETIC

May be worth to you more than $100 if you have a child who wets bedding from incontinence of water during sleep. Cures old and young alike. It arrests the trouble at once. $1.00. Sold by Geo. A. Matton, druggist, High Point, N. C. jan 10-99

The best means of cleansing the liver is the use of the famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Easy to take. Never gripe. W. A Ring.

Do not get scared if your heart troubles you. Most likely you suffer from indigestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and gives the worn out stomach perfect rest. It is the only preparation known that completely digests all classes of foods; that is why it cures the worst cases of indigestion and stomach troubles after everything else has failed. It may be taken in all conditions and cannot help but do you good. W. A. Ring.

Dr. W. H. Lewis, Lawrenceville, Va., writes: "I am using Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in my practice among severe cases of indigestion and find it an admirable remedy. "Many hundreds of physicians depend upon the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in stomach troubles. It digests what you eat, and allows you to eat all the good food you need, providing you do not overload your stomach. Gives instant relief and a permanent cure. W. A. Ring.

We want every lady who nurses a baby to read the following: A Greensboro lady told us she had a young baby, her breast hurt her so much she couldn't keep from crying; she said she thought it would kill her. One good rubbing with Goose Grease Liniment cured her in a few hours. She wants every mother to know this therefore we publish it. jl-tf

If your neck, chest or arm gets very sore use Goose Grease Liniment, and you will find it will relieve the soreness, in one night. Don't use it on place that is vaccinated, it will heal it up in a few days. tf.

Dancing Class

Inasmuch as the young men have engaged me to teach a dancing class at this place, I wish to say that any young lady wishing to join may do so at any time. Special class for children

For further information address or call at Mrs Harmon's boarding house or leave word at Enterprise office

A BUIST HART,
sep7-4t Teacher

This is the season when mothers are alarmed on account of croup. It is quickly cured by One Minute Cough Cure, which children like to take W. A. Ring.

One Minute Cough Cure, cures. That is what it was made for.