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## His Original.

Belongs to (1) Preceding Chapter of 'His Original.' The effort in this sketch is to depict probable appearances related to some individual occurrences, there for limited in scope and intended to be located near Mukden.

In the mind's eye of the reader and writer and as portrayed, the central figure of the piece supposedly in quest of war news would be situated varying at different view-points in the front lines of belligerents. If there was some fidelity to a drawing of something in a few particulars akin to human nature, not of a refined character, it was thought, excusable though not keeping with the motive of the piece. The heathen mind of Yed, a Japanese convert alternated between idleness and Christian teachings crudely imbibed and is not wanting in pathos of a kind in real life. We ought avoid literary precedent of a common quality even if it illustrate a moral.

Animadversion upon any one is not intended, anything invidious is certainly not merited and if any term of expression seems to have either of these effects, the fault ought be laid to the media. It perhaps may be excusable in a less painstaking effort, while something is chargeable to space limits. Some indulgence inclines towards a few admittedly perfervid tancies not exactly senile, if a mite mellowed by growing years. The ardent mind recreates in lettered effusions. As our scene is laid near Mukden and supposedly antecedent to the great battle threatened, Yed's former life is touched lightly and at random and only sufficiently to enable the reader to supplement desirable details. Allowance is asked for deviations not in a writer's control.

If there was reference to certain pronounced characters of military proclivities copied from real life. It was because of decided impressions made by them. Some of their exaggerations, though founded in fact, relate to thrilling incidents, belonging to past wars and told by survivors themselves, hoped not to be obtrusive should not suffer disparagement by a partial perusal to the exclusion of other and inter-related parts. K

## JUMPED FROM WINDOW.

### Thomas Munday Tries to Take His Own Life.

Thomas Munday, of West Salem, aged 23 years, leaped out of the third-story window of the south side of the old factory of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company at 1:30 this afternoon.

He fell a distance of about forty feet and sustained painful injuries.

A few minutes before jumping Munday attempted to cut his throat with a knife. The weapon was taken away from him by Mr. John Oyler, foreman of the smoking department, where Munday has been employed for five years. In his effort to get the knife an ugly gash was cut in Munday's hand. Mr Oyler also received a slight cut on one finger.

A love affair is said to have been responsible for Munday's attempt to take his own life. About a month ago he drank a bottle of laudanum and his life was saved by the prompt arrival of a physician.

Just before he leaped out of the window today Munday remarked that he was in trouble and proposed to kill himself.

Very Likely—Friend—How do you suppose your baby caught the whooping cough? He hasn't been near any other children.

Mother—He probably inherited it from me. I had it when I was just his age.—Free Press.

## ANCIENT DOG TONGS.

They Were Used to Eject Quarreling Canines From Church.

Among the many quaint customs existing in remote country parishes in Wales until early in the last century not the least interesting was the use of the dog tongs, known as "gefail gwn" in the vernacular. These curious and somewhat formidable instruments, it need scarcely be said, were intended for ejecting quarrelsome dogs from church during divine service.

The Welsh farmer, living in his solitary home, some distance from the church and combining his spiritual needs with his material occupations, would take his sheep dog with him to church, looking after his flocks and herds by the way. His canine friend was in some instances allowed to remain under the seat so long as he behaved himself and refrained from quarreling with other dogs within the sacred precinct. At the slightest sign of a quarrel the parish functionary, who was provided with a stool, "set at the church door for the officer that clears the church from dogs," forthwith ejected the offenders with the tongs, which were sufficiently strong and secure against any resistance.

The intrusion of dogs in church was not confined to Wales. As early as 1597 the farmers in the parish of Workshop took their sheep dogs with them to church, while as late as 1817 the same custom prevailed at Kirton-in-Lindsey. One of Archbishop Laud's reasons for ordering the erection of communion rails is said to have originated in his desire to keep dogs away from the altar and from defiling it. Sometimes these dog tongs were of wood, sometimes of iron.—English Country Life.

## A Protective Duty.

The whistling boy has been celebrated in sentimental poetry. It remained for a New Jersey farmer to clinch sentiment with a sound principle.

He wanted a boy to pick his grapes and went among his neighbors looking for one who whistled. He found such a boy without difficulty and sent him up the ladder with the order not to cease whistling until the last grape was picked.

Any one who has tried to whistle and eat grapes at the same time knows how little of the farmer's harvest was deflected into the boy's stomach. But the tale recalls that older one of the boy whose father sent him down cellar to draw a pitcher of cider and ordered him to whistle while he was doing it. The whistle ceased for a time, however, and then went on again. When the boy reappeared he was asked why he had stopped.

"Only to wet my whistle," he said.

## Escaped In Time.

"Is that the way you always get off a street car?" exclaimed the policeman as a man leaped off a trolley car and barely missed bringing about a collision.

"No, sir, it isn't," was the reply, "but there was special need for hurry in this case."

"Try a bogus nickel on the conductor?"

"No. A man asked me whether Caesar killed Brutus or Brutus killed Caesar, and I got a hump on me."

"Couldn't you have told him?" "I could have told him that Brutus was the man who did the killing, but then the durned fool would have kept on and asked me what he did it for, and I wasn't going to stay there and admit that I didn't know!"—Chicago Tribune.

## Righteous Indignation.

A lawyer making a specialty of divorce cases was recently consulted by a woman desirous of bringing action against her husband for separation.

The lady related a harrowing story of her ill treatment at the hands of her better half. Indeed, the lawyer was so impressed by her recital of woes that for a moment he was startled out of his usual professional composure. "Madam," he exclaimed, "from what you say I gather that this man is a perfect brute."

Whereupon the applicant for divorce rose with dignity and said:

"Sir, I shall consult another lawyer. I came here to get your advice as to a divorce, not to hear my husband abused!"—Harper's Weekly.

## Hard Work Done by the Heart.

I have always considered the heart the most perfect organ of the animal economy and one that never shirks its duty. Without one second's rest, night or day, often without the intermission of a single pulsation, at every beat it propels two ounces of blood through its structure. At 75 pulsations per minute 9 pounds of blood is sucked in and pumped out; every hour, 540 pounds; every day, 12,960 pounds; every year, 4,730,400 pounds; every 100 years, 473,040,000 pounds. Verily, a good organ!—Medical Brief.

## The Taking Cold Habit

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## HAWAIIAN SHARK FISHERS.

How the Great Man Eaters Are Caught by the Natives.

It appears that the Hawaiian chiefs of some years ago were much addicted to the use of human flesh as bait for sharks. It came cheaper than pig, was equally acceptable to the shark and gave the chief an opportunity to kill any one whom he disliked. The victim was cut up and left to decompose for two or three days in a receptacle. Kamehameha I. was a great shark hunter and kept those of his victims who were intended for bait penned up near the great temple of Mookini.

Mrs. Beckley gives a particularly interesting account of another method of capturing the huge niuhi, or man eating shark, followed by the natives. They first of all captured a large number of the small common shark, saved their livers with a portion of the flesh, wrapped them in ki leaves and baked them underground. From fifty to a hundred canoes were loaded with the baked meat and large quantities of the pounded roots of awa, mixed with a little water and contained in large gourds. The fleet would sail many miles out to sea in the direction in which the niuhi is known to appear.

Arrived at a comparatively shallow place, the canoe containing the head fisherman and the priest and the sorcerer, who was supposed to be indispensable, would cast anchor. Meat and a baked liver would be thrown overboard, a few bundles at a time, to attract sharks. After a few days the grease and scent of cooked meats would spread through the water many miles in radius. The niuhi would almost always make its appearance after the third or fourth day, when bundles of the baked meat were thrown to it as fast as it could swallow them. After while it would become comparatively tame and would come up to one or the other of the canoes to be fed. Bundles of the liver with the pounded awa would then be given it, and it would become not only satiated, but also stupefied with awa.

A noose was then slipped over its head, and the fleet raised anchor and set sail for home, the shark following, a willing prisoner, and the occupants of the nearest canoes being careful to feed it upon the same mixture from time to time. It was led right into shallow water until it was stranded and then killed. Every part of the bones and skin was supposed to confer unflinching bravery upon the possessor, and the actual captor—that is, the one who slipped the noose over the niuhi's head—would also ever after be always victorious.—Forest and Stream.

## The Impossible Proofreader.

Former Employee—And what's become of old Ballemup, who used to be working in the proofroom?

Editor (sadly)—Gone. Hated to part with him too. But the pressure became unendurable. Although he made me say that old Munnybags, who died, had "by industry and frugality accumulated a lonesome future," when I wrote it "handsome fortune," I forgave him and let him stay on. But when he had me say in a society item that Miss Fitznoodle's coiffure "was frightful by reason of the awkward derangement of her soft brains," instead of "delightful by reason of the careful arrangement of her soft braids," the pressure brought to bear by influential citizens was something I could no longer withstand.—Baltimore American.

## His Mistake.

A parrot in a country district escaped from its cage and settled on the roof of a laborer's cottage. The laborer had never seen such a thing before and climbed up with a view of securing it. When his head reached the level of the top of the roof, the parrot flapped a wing at him and said, "What d'ye want?"

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