

Good Health to the Children

Children especially are fond of dainties, and the housekeeper must look carefully to their food.

As good cake can be made only with good eggs, so also a cake that is healthful as well as dainty must be raised with a pure and perfect baking powder.

Royal Baking Powder is indispensable in the preparation of the highest quality of food. It imparts that peculiar lightness, sweetness and flavor noticed in the finest cake, biscuit, doughnuts, crusts, etc., and what is more important, renders the food wholesome and agreeable to young and old.

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Killing at Greensboro.

Dave Covington, familiarly known as "Skin," was shot at the house of Mattie Paine, on Dewey street, Thursday at 11 o'clock and died a few minutes later at the intersection of Dewey and Gorrel streets while trying to go home, in company with John Harris and Ed Harris, all colored. Mattie Paine, Ed Harris and John Harris were arrested by the officers and placed in calaboose pending an investigation.

The version of the affair given

light, which had been turned low, and turned the wick so as to give more light. At the instant the room was brightened by the light a pistol shot was heard. Covington staggered into the room saying he had been shot.

The two Harris negroes then volunteered to assist Covington home, but they had gone only a short distance when he fell to the ground. The negroes then summoned Dr. Bullock, who lives near the place, but Covington breathed his last just as the physician ar-

Gowan's Pneumonia Cure

External--for Croup, Sore Throat, all Pains in Chest, Lungs and Muscles

by Mattie Paine and the others arrested is to the effect that they were all sitting in one room of the house and were playing a guitar and singing. In an adjoining room was a negro whose name was unknown. He had come to the house early in the evening and engaged the room for the night, paying in advance for use of the same. After some time Dave Covington went into the room where the strange man was lying in bed.

They say that when Covington entered the room he went to the

rived on the scene. Dr. Bullock then phoned to the police headquarters.

Last night after the negro was shot four other negroes built a fire at the place where his remains are and kept a watch until day. The negro died sitting upright on the ground and with his back against a fence. He looked very life like as the light of the fire cast its flickering rays on the corpse. So real did he look that the ever-superstitious negroes looked on the scene with much awe.—Telegram.

SYLVESTER EVENING.

How the Germans Celebrate the Conversion of Constantine.

The evening of Dec. 31 is known in Germany as Sylvester evening. In European calendars, excepting that of England, the days of the year have names, and Dec. 31 bears the name of Sylvester, who was bishop of Rome in the time of the Emperor Constantine and was obliged to hide himself in the mountains to escape persecution. Then it happened that Constantine was smitten with leprosy, for which horrible disease the physicians could propose no other remedy than a bath in the blood of young children. For this purpose 3,000 children were gathered, but Constantine, moved to pity by the despair of the mothers, refused to avail himself of such a sacrifice. In the night he was advised in a dream to recall Sylvester and to accept the Christian religion, which he did.

This evening is everywhere in Germany a time of great rejoicing. Parties and balls are given, and friends gather to spend the last hours of the old year in merriment—games and dancing and, most important of all, auguries and divinations. Though these tricks are as old as the hills, they never lose their charm. Hot lead is poured into cold water contained in a basin, and in solidifying it forms itself into all kinds of shapes and figures, in which many meanings can be read by the initiated.

Empty walnut shells, in each of which burns a tiny wax taper, are put together in a basin of water to swim in opposite directions. If they meet two loving hearts will be united in that year, but if they separate the love affair of those represented by the shells will come to naught. Young girls throw slippers over their heads. If the points of the slippers face the door the owners will be married that year; if the slippers miss the wished-for direction the girls have to remain at home. Sealed cards on which words of good omen, of good advice or wishes have been written are passed around, read aloud and considered as indications of the future.—New York Tribune.

NEW YEAR'S BREAKFAST.

In Japan It is a Religious Rite and a Serious Matter.

To a devout Japanese breakfast on New Year's day is a religious rite rather than a vulgar satisfaction of the appetite. No ordinary dishes are consumed at this meal. The tea must be made with water drawn from the well when the first ray of sun strikes it, a potpourri of materials specified by law forms the staple dish, while at the finish a measure of special sake from a red lacquer cup must be drained by whosoever desires happiness during the coming year.

In the room is placed an "elysian stand," or red lacquer tray, covered with evergreen leaves and bearing a rice dumpling, a lobster, oranges, persimmons, chestnuts, dried sardines and herring roe. All these dishes have a special significance. The names of some are homonymous with words of happy omen; the others have an allegorical meaning. The lobster's curved back and long claws typify life prolonged till the frame is bent and the beard is long; the sardines, which always swim in pairs, express conjugal bliss; the herring is symbolical of a fruitful progeny.

These dishes are not intended for consumption, although in most cases the appetite is fairly keen. The orthodox Japanese not only sees the old year out; he rises at 4 to welcome the newcomer and performs many ceremonies before he breaks his fast.—London Chronicle.

A Story of Wellington.

It is related of the Duke of Wellington that once when he remained to take the sacrament a very poor old man went up the opposite aisle and, reaching the communion table, knelt down close by the side of the duke. Some one came and touched the poor old man on the shoulder and whispered to him to move farther away or to rise and wait until the duke had received the bread and wine. But the eagle eye and quick ear of the great commander caught the meaning of that touch and that whisper. He clasped the old man's hand to prevent his rising and in a reverential undertone said: "Do not move. We are all equal here."

Splitting Paper.

Wet both sides of the paper with a weak solution of glue and stick a piece of calico on each side, taking care to keep the paper flat, so as to leave a double margin all around.

When the glue, which should be of good quality, is quite dry, place it all on a flat surface, and fix by tacks or otherwise the under piece of calico. Now turn back the upper piece and pull gently until it comes away, bringing with it one-half of the paper, which will split in two. The paper and calico can be separated by soaking in lukewarm water.

Glossing the Boot.

The teacher of English was hopeful, although he had met with disappointments at every turn.

"Now, here is an interesting situation," he said eagerly. "Let us analyze it. Just what is the meaning of the line, 'Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?'"

"Why, I take it to mean that Brutus, being in a hurry, had come off without his boots, sir," said the pupil, with his usual promptness.—Youth's Companion.

ONE SUIT FOR FIFTY.

But it Made It Possible For These Indians to Vote.

"Talking about voting under difficulties," remarked a congressman from Minnesota a few days ago, "I remember in my state in former times there was a popular law that Indians who wore clothes could vote. The woods were full of Indians, but suits of clothes were mighty scarce around there, especially with the Indians. Whenever there was no special interest in the election or it was all one way the ingenuity of man was not stirred up sufficiently to put two and two together in such a way as to get those Indians to vote, but one day votes were mighty valuable, and an energetic worker set out to get Indians.

"The red men were as thick as flies, but every last one of them had a blanket wrapped about him, and very few of them had ever had on the clothing of civilization. The proposition to let them vote if they wore clothes was made in order to encourage them in the ways of civilization and also with the idea that a man who had on clothes would be a pretty intelligent Indian.

"Well, the demand for votes stirred up one of the hard workers, and he got an old suit of clothes and took it to a hut near the voting precinct. One by one the Indians were brought in dressed up in the clothing of civilization and voted. As soon as an Indian had been voted he was hurried back to the hut and his clothing was transferred to another Indian. The idea spread, and other enterprising political workers set up the same kind of business. The number of Indians that could be voted with one suit of clothes was merely limited to the number of changes that could be made. Each suit of clothes was easily good to vote fifty Indians. The lightning change acts that were performed by the Indians would be an object lesson to lightning change artists on the stage."—Washington Star.

She Was Worth More.

In the midst of their busy and troublous experience, where pathos, tears, perplexity and distraction confront them in ever changing combinations, there sometimes comes a gleam of fun to the attorneys of the New York Legal Aid society. In their east side branch office not long ago they were investigating a claim preferred by a poor woman against an express company for damages to her furniture. By the rule of the society no applicant who can be rated as worth at least \$100 is entitled to sue through them as a poor person, and the woman was being questioned on the point. She could not speak English, and her husband acted as interpreter.

"Is your wife worth \$100?" the attorney asked him.

The man stared blankly for a moment of painful doubt. He thought it was an offer to buy his wife. Doubling up his fists pugnaciously, he shouted:

"Vas! Iss dis what you do? I wouldn't change her for \$10,000!"—New York Press.

She Stocked Up on Prayers.

One little girl that I know of is so sleepy when she starts for bed that it is occasionally hard work for her to make up her mind to finish the good night prayer. A few nights ago she dropped her head upon the pillows earlier than usual. She wasn't very sleepy and at once began to dash off a prayer in refreshing style. The first prayer over, along came another one, and still a third. About this time her mother, surprised at the turn proceedings had taken, asked the little one what she meant by so many prayers.

"Why," explained the little girl, "I'm going to say twelve prayers, now I'm awake, and then I can go two weeks without saying one."—Lowell Courier.

Willing to Compromise.

The poor but honest young man had bearded the millionaire in his den.

"Sir," he said, "I want to marry your daughter."

"Impossible, sir, impossible!" exclaimed the old man. "Why, I would rather give up every dollar I have than part with my only daughter."

"Oh, very well," calmly rejoined the diplomatic youth. "If that's the way you feel about it, I won't be too heavy on you. Just write me out a check for half a million and we'll let it go at that."—Chicago News.

The First Letter.

In London one evening I was looking for the Alhambra, said an American traveler. Not knowing exactly in which direction to go, I stopped to inquire of a passerby, when suddenly the name of the theater escaped me entirely, so I was obliged to ask: "Do you know where that large theater is near here? It begins with an A." The man replied at once, "Oh, you mean the 'Aymarket, sir.'"

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