Soft Harness

You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as tough as wire by using EUREKA Harness Oil. You can lengthen its life—make it last twice as long as it ordinarily would.

EUREKA Harness Oil

makes a poor looking harness like new. Made of pure, heavy bodied oil, especially prepared to withstand the weather.

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes.

Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT FOR CONSTIPATION

Constipation is nothing more than a clogging of the bowels and nothing less than vital stagnation or death if not relieved. If every constipated sufferer could realize that he is allowing poisonous filth to remain in his system, he would soon get relief. Constipation invites all kind of contagion. Headaches, biliousness, colds and many other ailments disappear when constipated bowels are relieved. Thedford's Black-Draught thoroughly cleans out the bowels in an easy and natural manner without the purging of calomel or other violent cathartics.

Be sure that you get the original Thedford's Black-Draught, made by The Chattanooga Medicine Co. Sold by all druggists in 25 cent and $1.00 packages.

Morgan, Ark., May 25, 1901.
I cannot recommend Thedford's Black-Draught too highly. I keep it in my house all the time and have used it for the last ten years. I never gave my children any other laxative. I think I could never be able to work without it on account of being troubled with constipation. Your medicine is all that keeps me up.
C. B. McFARLAND.

—GO TO—

J W. TIPPETT

WITH YOUR EGGS AND CHICKENS.

Highest Market Prices for all Country Produce.

Franklinville N. C.

On the first and third Tuesdays of May, and June the Frisco System (Saint Louis & San Francisco Railroad) will have on sale reduced one way and round trip tickets from Birmingham, Memphis and Saint Louis to points in Arkansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas. Write W. T. Saunders, G. A., P. D., Frisco System, Atlanta, Ga., for information.

Dress Shirts

GENTLEMEN!

If you want a Nice Dress Shirt for 50 cents as good as you have been paying 75 cents to $1 for, Come to see us quick. We are Headquarters for Shirts, Collars, Cuffs and Neckties. Come!

Yours truly,

W. D. STEDMAN & CO

Furniture Store!

E. B. Kearns' Furniture Store is the place to buy furniture, picture frames, rugs, etc. Be sure to see him when in Asheboro.

Undertaker's Supplies

Such as coffins, caskets, etc. always on hand and furnished on short notice at reasonable prices. Good hearse at your command.

E. B. Kearns.

BURNS & PRESNELL,

REPAIR SHOPS.

We conduct a first class repair shop for Wagons, Buggies, Carts and Carriages, etc.

Also Horse shoeing and Painting a specialty.

We guarantee our work and and solicit your patronage.

BURNS & PRESNELL.

O. R. Cox, President.
W. J. Armfield, Vice-President.
W. J. Armfield, Jr., Cashier.

THE BANK OF RANDOLPH,

Asheboro, N. C.

CAPITAL..........$25,000.00

We are now prepared to do a general banking business; and we solicit the accounts of firms, corporations and individuals of Randolph and adjoining counties.

Directors:

J M Worth, W P Wood, P H Morris, C C McAlister, O J Cox, W F Redding, A M Rankin, W H Watkins, Hugh Parks, Benj Moffitt, O R Cox, A W E Capel, Dr F E Asbury, Joseph Parks, W J Armfield.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

The Courage to Face Ingratitude

People Who Look at Gratitude as a Protective Tariff on Virtue

WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

From "The Power of Truth," Published by Brentano's

INGRATITUDE, the most popular sin of humanity, is forgetfulness of the heart. It is the revelation of the emptiness of pretended loyalty. The individual who possesses it finds it the shortest cut to all the other vices.

Ingratitude is a crime more despicable than revenge, which is only returning evil for evil, while ingratitude returns evil for good. People who are ungrateful rarely forgive you if you do them a good turn. Their microscopic hearts resent the humiliation of having been helped by a superior, and this rankling feeling filtering through their petty natures often ends in hate and treachery.

Gratitude is thankfulness expressed in action. It is the instinctive radiation of justice, giving new life and energy to the individual from whom it emanates. It is the heart's recognition of kindness that the lips cannot repay. Gratitude never counts its payments. It realizes that no debt of kindness can ever be unloosed, ever be canceled, ever paid in full. Gratitude ever feels the insignificance of its installments; ingratitude the nothingness of the deed. Gratitude is the flowering of a seed of kindness; ingratitude is the dead inactivity of a seed dropped on a stone.

The expectation of gratitude is human; the rising superior to ingratitude is almost divine. To desire recognition of our acts of kindness and to hunger for appreciation and the simple justice of a return of good for good is natural. But man never rises to the dignity of true living until he has the courage that dares to face ingratitude calmly and to pursue his course unchanged when his good works meet with thanklessness or disdain.

Man should have only one court of appeals as to his actions, not "What will be the result?" "How will it be received?" but "Is it right?" Then he should live his life in harmony with this standard alone, serenely, bravely, loyally and unfalteringly, making "right for right's sake" both his ideal and his inspiration.

Man should not be an automatic gas machine, cleverly contrived to release a given quantity of illumination under the stimulus of a nickel. He should be like the great sun itself, which ever radiates light, warmth, life and power, because it cannot help doing so, because these qualities fill the heart of the sun and for it to have them means it must give them.

It is hard to see those who have sat at our board in the days of our prosperity flee as from a pestilence when misfortune darkens our doorway, to see the loyalty upon which we would have staked our life, that seemed firm as a rock, crack and splinter like thin glass at the first real test; to know that the lips of friendship at which we could ever warm our hands in our hour of need has turned to cold, dead, gray ashes, where warmth is but a haunting memory.

To realize that he who once lived in the sanctuary of our affection, in the [illegible] where conversation [illegible] our soliloquy, and to whom our aims and aspirations have been thrown open with no Bluebeard chamber of reserve, has been secretly poisoning the waters of our reputation and undermining us by his lies and treachery is hard indeed. But no matter how the ingratitude stings us we should just swallow the sob, stifle the hurt, smile serenely and bravely—seek to forget.

In justice to ourselves we should not permit the ingratitude of a few to make us condemn the whole world. We pay too much tribute to a few human insects when we let their wrongdoing paralyze our faith in humanity. It is a lie of the cynics that says "all men are ungrateful," a companion lie to "all men have their price." We must trust humanity if we would get good from humanity.

If a man receives a counterfeit dollar, he does not straightway lose his faith in all money; at least there are no such instances on record in this country. If he has a run of three or four days of dull weather, he does not say: "The sun ceases to exist. There are surely no bright days to come in the whole calendar of time."

If a man's breakfast is rendered an unpleasant memory of some item of food that has outlived its usefulness, he does not forswear eating. If a man finds under a tree an apple with a suspicious looking hole on one side, he does not condemn the whole orchard; he simply confines his criticism to that apple. But he who has helped some one who later did not pass a good examination on gratitude says in a voice plaintive with the consciousness of injury and with a nod of his head that implies the wisdom of Solomon: "I have had my experience; I have learned my lesson. This is the last time I will have faith in any man. I did this for him and that for him, and now look at the result!"

Then he unrolls a long schedule of favors, carefully itemized and added up, till it seems the pay roll of a great city. He complains of the injustice of one man, yet he is willing to be unjust to the whole world, making it bear the punishment of the wrong of an individual. There is too much vicarious suffering already in this earth of ours without this Lilliputian attempt to extend it by syndicating one man's ingratitude. If one man drinks to excess, it is not absolute justice to send the whole world to jail.

The farmer does not expect every seed that he sows in hope and faith to fall on good ground and bring forth its harvest; he is perfectly certain that this will not be so, cannot be. He is counting on the final outcome of many seeds, on the harvest of all, rather than on the harvest of one.

The more unselfish, charitable and exalted the life and mission of the individual, the larger will be the number of instances of ingratitude that must be met and vanquished. The thirty years of Christ's life was a tragedy of ingratitudes. Ingratitude is manifest in three degrees of intensity in the world—he knew them all in numberless bitter instances.

The first phase, the simplest and most common, is that of thoughtless thanklessness, as was shown in the case of the ten lepers healed in one day. Nine departed without a word; only one gave thanks.

The second phase of ingratitude is denial, a positive sin, not the mere negation of thanklessness. This was exemplified in Peter, who, in his selfish desire to stand well with two maids and some bystanders in the hour when he had the opportunity to be loyal to Christ, forgot his friendship, lost all thought of his indebtedness to his Master and denied him, not once or twice, but three times.

The third phase of ingratitude is treachery, where selfishness grows vindictive, as shown by Judas, the honored treasurer of the little band of thirteen, whose jealousy, ingratitude and thirty pieces of silver made possible the tragedy of Calvary.

These three—thanklessness, denial and treachery—run the gamut of ingratitude, and the first leads to the second, and the second prepares the way for the third.

We must ever tower high above dependence on human gratitude, or we can do nothing really great, nothing truly noble. The expectation of gratitude is the alloy of an otherwise virtuous act. It ever dulls the edge of even our best actions. Most persons look at gratitude as a protective tariff on virtues. The man who is weakened in well doing by the ingratitude of others is serving God on a salary basis. He is a hired soldier, not a volunteer. He should be honest enough to see that he is working for a reward. Like a child, he is being good for a bonus. He is really regarding his kindness as moral stock he is willing to hold only so long as it pays dividends.

There is in such living always a touch of the pose; it is waiting for the applause of the gallery. We must let the consciousness of doing right, of living up to our ideals, be our reward, or life will become to us but a series of failures, sorrows and disappointments.

A Plea For Courtships After Marriage

By WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

Human affection is fed by signs and tokens of that affection. Merely having kindly feelings is not enough; they should be made manifest in action. The parched earth is not refreshed by the mere fact of water in the clouds; it is only when the blessing of rain actually descends that it awakens to new life. We are so ready to say, "He knows how much I think of him," and to assume that as a fitting substitute for expression. We may know that the sun is shining somewhere and still shiver for lack of its glow and warmth. Love should be constantly made evident in little acts of thoughtfulness, words of sweetness and appreciation, smiles and hand clasps of esteem. It should be shown to be a loving reality instead of a memory by patience, forbearance, courtesy and kindness.

This theory of presumed confidence in the persistence of affection is one of the sad phases of married life. We should have roses of love, ever blooming, ever breathing perfume, instead of dried roses pressed in the family Bible merely for reference as a memorial of what was instead of guarantee of what is. Matrimony too often shuts the door of life and leaves sentiment, consideration and chivalry on the outside. The feeling may possibly be still alive, but it does not reveal itself rightly. The rhymed poetry of loving has changed to blank verse and later into dull prose. As the boy said of his father, "He's a Christian, but he's not working much at it now." Love without manifestation does not feed the heart any more than a locked bread box feeds the body; it does not illuminate and brighten the round of daily duties any more than an unlit lamp lightens a room.

There is often such a craving in the heart of a husband or a wife for expression in words of human love and tenderness that they are welcomed no matter from what source they may come. If there were more courtships after marriage, the work of the divorce courts would be greatly lessened. This realization is often one of the things that come too late.—From "The Power of Truth," Published by Brentano's.

Sizing Up Humanity In Epigram

By WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

Some men will cheat even in solitaire.

One ounce of prevention is worth six pounds of coroner's inquest.

When a man permits a torchlight procession to parade through a powder magazine, it is not courteous for him to refer to the subsequent explosion as "one of the mysterious workings of Providence."

Real success in life means the individual's conquest of himself. The great question is not "What have I?" but "What am I?"

Truth is not a dress suit consecrated to special occasions; it is the strong, well woven, durable homespun for daily living.

Like the blind Samson struggling in the temple, the individual whose life is based on trickery always pulls down the supporting columns of his own edifice and perishes in the ruins.

He who thinks all mankind is vile is a pessimist who mistakes his introspection for observation.

Profuse expressions of gratitude do not cancel an indebtedness any more than a promissory note settles an account. It is a beginning, not a finality.

The man who lies to save a nickel merely proclaims that he esteems a nickel more than he does his honor.

The man who keeps his religion in camphor all week and who takes it out only on Sunday is not true.

Marrying a man for his money means marrying the money and taking the man as a mortgage on the property.

Life is not a competition with others. In its truest sense it is rivalry with ourselves.

Butting Into Society

Hank Cut Ice In Circle City, but Wasn't Worth Beans In Boston

From "Letters From a Self Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer. By permission of Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston

I never see a fellow trying to crawl or to buy his way into society that I don't think of my old friend, Hank Smith, and his wife Kate—Kate Botts she was before he married her—and how they tried to butt their way through the upper crust.

Hank and I were boys together in Missouri, and he stayed along in the old town after I left. I heard of him on and off as tending store a little and farming a little and loafing a good deal. Then I forgot all about him until one day a few years ago when he turned up in the papers as Captain Henry Smith, the Klondike gold king, just back from Circle City with a million in dust and anything you please in claims. There's never any limit to what a miner may be worth in those, except his imagination.

I was a little puzzled when a week later my office boy brought me a card reading Colonel Henry Augustus Bottes-Smythe, but I supposed it was some distinguished foreigner who had come to size me up so that he could round out his roast on Chicago in his new book, and I told the boy to show the colonel in.

I've got a pretty good memory for faces, and I'd bought too much store plug of Hank in my time not to know him, even with a clean shave and a plug hat. Some men dry up with success, but it was just spouting out of Hank. Told me he'd made his pile and that he was tired of living on the slag heap; that he'd spent his whole life where money hardly whispered, let alone talked, and he was going now where it would shout. Wanted to know what was the use of being a nab if a fellow wasn't the nabbiest sort of a nab. Said he'd bought a house on Beacon Hill, in Boston, and that if I'd prick up my ears occasionally I'd hear something drop into the Back Bay. Handed me his new card four times and explained that it was the rawest sort of dog to carry a brace of names in your card holder; that it gave you the drop on the swells every time and that they just had to throw up both hands and pass you the pot when you showed down. Said that Bottes was old English for Botts and that Smythe was new American for Smith; the Augustus was just a fancy touch, a sort of high card kicker.

I didn't explain to Hank, because it was congratulations and not explanations that he wanted, and I make it a point to show a customer the line of goods that he's looking for. And I never heard the full particulars of his experiences in the east, though from what I learned afterward Hank struck Boston with a bang all right.

He located his claim on Beacon Hill between a Mayflower descendant and a Declaration signer's great-grandson, breeds which believe that when the Lord made them he was through and that the rest of us just happened. And he hadn't been in town two hours before he started in to make improvements. There was a high wrought iron railing in front of his house, and he had that gilded first thing, because, as he said, he wasn't running a receiving vault and he didn't want any mistakes. Then he bought a nice open barouche, had the wheels painted red, hired a nigger coachman and started out in style to be sociable and get acquainted. Left his card all the way down one side of Beacon street and then drove back, leaving it on the other. Everywhere he stopped he found that the whole family was out. Kept it up a week, on and off, but didn't seem to have any luck. Thought that the men must be hot sports and the women great gadders to keep on the jump so much. Allowed that they were the liveliest little lot of dead ones that he had ever chased. Decided to quit trying to nail 'em one at a time and planned out something that he reckoned would round up the whole bunch.

Hank sent out a thousand invitations to his grand opening, as he called it; left one at every house within a mile. Had a brass band on the front steps and fireworks on the roof. Ordered forty kegs from the brewery and hired a fancy mixer to sling together mild drinks, as he called them, for the ladies. They tell me that when the band got to going good on the steps and the fireworks on the roof every Beacon street [illegible] out the windows to see what was doing. There must have been 10,000 people in the street and not a soul but Hank and his wife and the mixer in the house. Some one yelled "Speech!" and then the whole crowd took it up, till Hank came out on the steps. He shut off the band with one hand and stopped the fireworks with the other. Said that speechmaking wasn't his strong holt; that he'd been living on sourdough in the Klondike for so long that his gas pipe was frozen, but that this welcome started the ice, and he thought about three fingers of the plumber's favorite prescription would cut off the frost. Would the crowd join him? He had invited a few friends in for the evening, but there seemed to be some misunderstanding about the date, and he hated to have the good stuff curdle on his hands.

While the crowd was making for the door a Mayflower descendant was telephoning for the police from one side and the signer's great-grandson from the other, and just as the crowd yelled and broke for the house two patrol wagons full of policemen got there. But they had to turn in a riot call and bring out the reserves before they could break up Hank's little Boston tea party.

After all, Hank did what he started out to do with his party—rounded up all his neighbors in a bunch, though not exactly according to schedule. For next morning there were so many descendants and great-grandsons in the police court to prefer charges that it looked like a reunion of the pilgrim fathers. The judge fined Hank on sixteen counts and bound him over to keep the peace for a hundred years. That afternoon he left for the west on a special, because the limited didn't get there quick enough. But before going he tacked on the front door of his house a sign which read:

> Neighbors paying their party calls will please not heave rocks through windows to attract attention. Not in and not going to be. Gone back to Circle City for a little quiet. Yours truly,
>
> HANK SMITH.
>
> N. B.—Too swift for your uncle.

Hank dropped by my office for a minute on his way to Frisco. Said he liked things lively, but there was altogether too much roughhouse on Beacon Hill for him. Judged that as the crowd which wasn't invited was so blamed sociable, the one which was invited would have stayed a week if it hadn't slipped up on the date. That might be the Boston idea, but he wanted a little more refinement in his. Said he was a pretty free spender and would hold his end up, but he hated a hog. Of course I told Hank that Boston wasn't all that it was cracked up to be in the school histories and that Circle City wasn't so tough as it read in the newspapers, for there was no way of making him understand that he might have lived in Boston for a hundred years without being invited to a strawberry sociable. Because a fellow cuts ice on the arctic circle it doesn't follow that he's going to be worth beans on the Back Bay.

Woman In Business

As Illustrated by the Pathetic Story of Toby

From "Letters From a Self Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer. By permission of Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston

I never do business with a woman that I don't think of a little incident which happened when I was first married to your ma. We set up housekeeping in one of those cottages that you read about in the story books, but that you want to shy away from when it's put up to you to live in one of them. It was just the place to go for a picnic, but it's been my experience that a fellow does most of his picnicking before he's married.

Your ma did the cooking and I hustled for things to cook, though I would take a shy at it myself once in awhile and get up my muscle tossing flapjacks. It was pretty rough sailing, you bet, but one way and another we managed to get a good deal of satisfaction out of it, because we had made up our minds to take our fun as we went along. With most people happiness is something that is always just a day off. But I have made it a rule never to put off being happy till tomorrow.

I was clerking in a general store at that time, but I had a little weakness for live stock even then, and while I couldn't afford to plunge in it exactly I managed to buy a likely little shote that I reckoned on carrying through the summer on credit and presenting with a bill for board in the fall. He was just a plain pig when he came to us, and we kept him in a little sty, but we weren't long in finding out that he wasn't any ordinary root and grunt pig. The first I knew your ma was calling him Toby and had turned him loose. Answered to his name like a dog. Never saw such a sociable pig. Wanted to sit on the porch with ma. Tried to come into the house evenings. Used to run down the road squealing for joy when he saw me coming home from work.

Well, it got on toward November, and Toby had been making the most of his opportunities. I never saw a pig that turned corn into fat so fast, and the stouter he got the better his disposition grew. I reckon I was attached to him myself in a sort of a sneaking way, but I was mighty fond of hog meat, too, and we needed Toby in the kitchen. So I sent around and had him butchered.

When I got home to dinner next day, I noticed that your ma looked mighty solemn as she set the roast of pork down in front of me, but I strayed off, thinking of something else as I carved, and my wits were off woolgathering sure enough when I said:

"Will you have a piece of Toby, my dear?"

Well, sir, she just looked at me for a moment, and then she burst out crying and ran away from the table. But when I went after her and asked her what was the matter she stopped crying and was mad in a minute all the way through. Called me a heartless, cruel cannibal. That seemed to relieve her so that she got over her mad and began to cry again. Begged me to take Toby out of pickle and to bury him in the garden. I reasoned with her, and in the end I made her see that any obsequies for Toby, with pork at 8 cents a pound, would be a pretty expensive funeral for us. But first and last she had managed to take my appetite away so that I didn't want any roast pork for dinner or cold pork for supper.

That night I took what was left of Toby to a storekeeper at the Crossing, who I knew would be able to gaze on his hams without bursting into tears, and got a pretty fair price for him.

I simply mention Toby in passing as an example of why I believe women weren't cut out for business—at least for the pork packing business. I've had dealings with a good many of them, first and last, and it's been my experience that when they've got a weak case they add their sex to it and win, and that when they've got a strong case they subtract their sex from it and deal with you harder than a man. They're simply bound to win either way, and I don't like to play a game where I haven't any show. When a clerk makes a fool break, I don't want to beg his pardon for calling his attention to it, and I don't want him to blush and tremble and leak a little brine into a fancy pocket handkerchief.

A little change is a mighty soothing thing, and I like a woman's ways too much at home to care very much for them at the office. Instead of hiring women I try to hire their husbands, and then I usually have them both working for me. There's nothing like a woman at home to spur up a man at the office.

Weak Hearts

Are due to indigestion. Ninety-nine of every one hundred people who have heart trouble can remember when it was simple indigestion. It is a scientific fact that all cases of heart disease, not organic, are not only traceable to, but are the direct result of indigestion. All food taken into the stomach which fails of perfect digestion ferments and swells the stomach, puffing it up against the heart. This interferes with the action of the heart, and in the course of time that delicate but vital organ becomes diseased.

Mr. D. Kauble, of Nevada, O., says: I had stomach trouble and was in a bad state as I had heart trouble with it. I took Kodol Dyspepsia Cure for about four months and it cured me.

Kodol Digests What You Eat

and relieves the stomach of all nervous strain and the heart of all pressure.

Bottles only. $1.00 Size holding 2½ times the trial size, which sells for 50c.

Prepared by E. O. DeWITT & CO., CHICAGO.

Sold by W A Underwood.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.

Cures Grip in Two Days.

AN OLD ADAGE SAYS

"A light purse is a heavy curse" Sickness makes a light purse. The LIVER is the seat of nine-tenths of all disease.

Tutt's Pills

go to the root of the whole matter, thoroughly, quickly safely and restore the action of the LIVER to normal condition.

Give tone to the system and solid flesh to the body.

Take No Substitute.

Ladies and Children Invited.

All ladies and children who cannot stand the shocking strain of laxative syrups, cathartics, etc., are invited to try the famous Little Early Risers. They are different from all other pills. They do not purge the system. Even a double dose will not gripe, weaken or sicken; many people call them the Easy Pill. W H Howell, Houston, Tex., says nothing better can be used for constipation, sick headache, etc. Bob Moore, Lafayette, Ind., says all others gripe and sicken, while DeWitt's Little Early Risers do their work easy and easy. Sold by W. A. Underwood.

Do You Enjoy What You Eat?

If you don't your food does not do you much good. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the remedy that every one should take when there is anything wrong with the stomach. There is no way to maintain the health and strength of mind and body except by nourishment. There is no way to nourish except through the stomach. The stomach must be kept healthy, pure and sweet or the strength will let down and disease will set in. No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, sour risings, rifting, indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles are quickly cured by the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. Sold by W A Underwood, Randleman.

FOR SALE.—One first-class corn mill, one automatic lathe machine one set tinner's tools, cheap, for cash, or in exchange for lumber. Apply to COURIER OFFICE, Asheboro, N. C. 4-9-tf.

Extremely Low Rates

TO

MANY POINTS

VIA

Southern Railway

The Southern Railway Company announces the sale of tickets at extremely low rates, from points on its lines for the following special occasions:

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Southern Educational Association, June 29-July 3, 1903.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Southern Student Conference and Convention Y. W. C. A., June 12-22, 1903.

ATHENS, GA.—Summer School, July 1-August 8, 1903.

ATLANTA, GA.—National Convention B. Y. P. U. of America, July 9-12, 1903.

BOSTON, MASS.—National Educational Association, July 6-10, 1903.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Summer School, June 23-July 31st, 1903.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—General Assembly Presbyterian Church, May 21-June 2, 1903.

MONTEAGLE, TENN.—Bible school, July 1-August 30, 1903.

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Peabody College Summer Schools, June 1-July 30, 1903.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Saengerfest of North American Saengerbund, June 17-20, 1903.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.—Summer School, June 26-August 7, 1903.

ABOVE RATES OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.

Tickets will be sold to above points from all stations on Southern Railway.

Detailed information can be had upon application to any Ticket Agent of the Southern Railway, or Agents of connecting lines, or by addressing the undersigned.

R. L. VERNON, T. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA, Randolph County. } In the Superior Court.

R. M. Welborn, T. J. Redding, Exrs, et al. vs. Mary A. Fentress, et al. } Order of Publication.

It appearing to the Court from the complaint in the above entitled special proceeding, which is duly verified, and from the affidavit of T. J. Redding, both filed in the office of the Clerk of the Clerk of the Superior Court of said county, that Andrew C. Welborn is a legatee under the last will and testament of T. C. Fentress, Sr. deceased, and as such is a necessary party to the above entitled special proceeding commenced by the executors, plaintiffs, for account and final settlement, and that the said Andrew C. Welborn can not be found in the state of North Carolina after due diligence. Now, therefore, it is ordered by the Court that notice be published once a week for four consecutive weeks in the Asheboro Courier, a paper published in the town of Asheboro, County of Randolph, and State of North Carolina, giving the title of this cause directing the said Andrew C. Welborn to take notice that the above entitled special proceeding was instituted by the executors for an account and final settlement and to give the legatees an opportunity to come into court and contest their respective claims and requiring him to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Randolph County on June 22nd, 1903, and answer or demur to the complaint, otherwise the proceeding will be heard exparte as to him.

W. C. HAMMOND, C. S. C.

This 19th day of May, 1903.

Mortgage Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage deed executed to Job Allen by S E Lowdermilk and wife M J Lowdermilk, on the 31st day of January, 1891, which mortgage deed is duly recorded in the office of Register of Deeds of Randolph County, in book 78 page 164, we, the undersigned executors of Job Allen now deceased, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash on the premises, on Saturday, the 20th day of June, 1903, at 12 o'clock m. the following described piece or parcel of land: Beginning at a Hickory in T Trogdon's line by the side of an old road, and running in a southerly direction the various courses of said road 17 chs and 25 links to a small sweet gum on W side of said road, thence S 5 deg W 13 chs to a post oak, thence E 36 deg W 4 chs to a Spanish oak, thence W 7 chs to a stake in the road leading to Delane Williams', thence the various courses of said road in a southerly direction 4 chs and 14 links to a stake in the road D Williams corner, thence W 13 deg N 16 chs and 25 links to a stone in an old field, thence W 20 chs to a pile of stones on the east side of a sourwood D Spoon's line, thence N 5 chs and 25 links to a sourwood thence E 7 chs and 75 links to a white oak D Spoon's corner, thence N on his and J Trogdon's line 25 chs to D Spoon's corner, thence E on J and T Trogdons line 43 chs to a black oak T Trogdons corner, thence S on his line 7 chs to his corner, thence E in his line to the beginning containing 133 acres more or less. Said sale is made to satisfy the debt secured by said mortgage.

M T & N J ALLEN, Extrs of JOB ALLEN, dec'd.

This May 19th, 1903.

Notice.

Having qualified as administrator on the estate of John E Glass, deceased, before W. C. Hammond, Clerk of the Superior Court of Randolph County.

All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present them to the undersigned duly verified, on or before the 8th day of May, 1904, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery, and all persons owing said estate will come forward and make immediate settlement.

This 8th day May, 1903.

JOHN W. GLASS, Admr.

E. MOFFITT, Atty.

Land Sale.

By virtue of the power vested in me as executor of the last will and testament of Parnell S Wood dec'd, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, on the premises on the

11TH DAY OF JULY 1903,

at 1 o'clock p. m. the following real estate to wit: A certain tract or parcel of land lying and being in the County of Randolph and state aforesaid on the waters of [illegible] creek, bounded and described as follows, Beginning at a [illegible] on W. [illegible] line, thence West [illegible] chains and [illegible] links to a small black gum sapling on the David-son county line, thence with said line south [illegible] chains and [illegible] links to a large black oak, A. C. [illegible] corner, thence [illegible] chains to a [illegible] hickory sapling, thence [illegible] chains and [illegible] links to a white oak, thence East [illegible] chains and [illegible] links to a pine knot, thence North [illegible] chains and [illegible] links to the beginning, containing [illegible] acres more or less also a sewing machine and other articles of personal property too tedious to mention. Terms of sale, personal property for cash, real estate one half cash and balance on 6 months credit with approved security, deed to be made on payment of purchase money.

L. C. WOOD, Exr.

This June 6th, 1903.

Driven to Desperation.

Living at an out of the way place, remote from civilization, a family is often driven to desperation in case of accident, resulting in Burns Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, etc. Lay in a supply of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the best on earth., 25c, at Standard Drug Co.

NEW THINGS IN

CLOTHING!

These cuts represent some of the new things that we are now opening up direct from the manufacturers. Call in and see the latest and best in men's wearables,

THE MERITT-JOHNSON CO.

308 S. Elm St. Greensboro, N. C.

—FOR—

Rock Bottom Prices

On GROCERIES and BEST PRICES for your Chickens and Eggs be sure to go to

W. H. Jennings.

Franklinville, N. C.

Near Depot.

NEW GOODS

Have arrived at the Millinery Store and we are now ready to sell all the ladies a new Easter hat. We will be glad to see all interested; and will take pleasure in showing you through our store.

MRS. E. T. BLAIR.

Land Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a deed of trust executed April 8th, 1901, by Fred A Silver to Wm E Fulton to secure the payment of certain notes therein described, said deed is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Randolph county in book of mortgage deeds 101, page 162, and there having been default of payment in accordance with the terms of said deed of trust, now, therefore, in accordance with the terms of said deed of trust the undersigned will sell at the Court House door in Asheboro, N C, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash on

June 23rd, 1903,

the following described real estate, lying and being in the county of Randolph, State of North Carolina, and bounded as follows, viz:

First Tract: Lying on Caraway Creek adjoining the lands of John Beckerdite, T J Redding and others and, beginning at a stake northwest corner of the old survey and running thence south 4 deg east 53 chs to a bush by a branch thence north 68 deg east down a branch 11 1-4 chs to Caraway creek, thence south 68 deg east 8 1-2 chs to a bend, thence south 41 deg east 5 chs to a stake in John's ford, thence south 80 deg east leaving the spring on the north side 28 chs to a stake in Davidson's line, thence north on said line 14 chs and 23 links to a pine, thence east 13 chs to a stake, thence north 4 1-2 chs to a black oak, thence east 2 1-2 chs to a stake, thence north 27 chs to a post oak, thence west 62 1-2 chs to a large black oak Beckerdite's corner, thence north on his line 8 chs to a stake, thence west 22 1-2 chs to a stake, thence south 15 chs to a post oak in the original line, thence west in said line 24 chs to the beginning, containing 340 acres more or less, being the Alexandria Sawyer Gold Mine tract.

Second Tract: Situated adjoining the first tract and, beginning at a post oak northwest corner of the old survey and running thence south 54 deg east 34 1-4 chs to a white oak, thence south 45 deg west 14 chs to a pine on the south side of the Ridge road, thence south 10 deg and 15 chs to a small post oak in the Morehead line, thence west on said line 24 chs to a stake, thence north 30 1-2 chs to the beginning, containing 115 acres more or less, being the Enoch Sawyer Gold Mine tract, said two tracts being the same property conveyed to E W Lyon by J M Worth, A Fuller, T J Redding, A S Causey and W O Jones by deed bearing date April 30, 1891.

Third Tract: Lying on the waters of Caraway creek and known as the Dolly Sawyer Gold Mine tract, adjoining the Sawyer Gold Mine tracts, the lands of Jesse Coltrane, T J Redding and others and bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake at or near the original corner Spanish oak and running thence west on Gardner's line 47 1-2 chs to a post oak on the west side of Duggan's new road, thence south 9 deg east 5 chs to a stake in said road, thence south 15 degrees east 5 chains to a stake in said road, thence south 27 deg east 5 chs to a stake in said road thence south 45 deg east 14 chs to a stake in said road, thence south 64 deg east 5 chs to a stake in said road, thence south 73 deg east 12 chs to a stake in said road, thence south 80 deg east 1 [illegible] chs to a white oak Croker's corner, thence north 57 deg east 20 chs to a stake, thence north 11 1-2 chs to a stake, thence north 34 deg east 4 1-4 chs to a stake in the line of the Enoch Sawyer 115-acre tract, thence west 13 1-3 chs to the beginning, containing 100 acres more or less.

Fourth Tract: On the waters of Caraway creek and known as a part of the T J Redding [illegible] tract adjoining the Sawyer Gold Mine tracts, the land of John Redding and others and bounded as follows: Beginning at a bush by a branch and running north 34 deg west 13 chs and 79 links to a white oak, thence south 43 deg west 14 chs to a pine, thence south 10 deg west 15 chs to a post oak, thence west 43 1-2 deg east 19 chs and 50 links to a branch, thence down the various courses of the branch north 58 deg east 11 chs and 25 links to the beginning, containing 30 acres more or less, being the same property conveyed by H D Gurnishing, trustee, to the Sawyer Gold Mining Company party of the first part by deed dated Oct. 30th, 1891.

This May 19th, 1903.

Wm E. FULTON, Trustee.

Hammer & Hammer, Attys.

Three Times the Value of Any Other!

One-Third Easier. One-Third Faster

Agents wanted in all unoccupied territory.

Wheeler & Wilson Mnfg. Co

ATLANTA, GA.

For sale by MOFFITT & CO Asheboro, N. C.

W. W. JONES,

Dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE,

Sewing Machines, Parts and Attachments. Also have a lot of good clothing that will be closed out cheap.

Produce bought and sold. Your patronage solicited. Give me a call and I'll treat you right.

W. W. JONES,

Allen stand. Depot St.

—IF SICK?—

Consult the Following Remedies. Always Reliable, and Every One Guaranteed to Please or Money Refunded.

Vick's Tar Heel Sarsaparilla, best blood purifier.

Vick's Aromatic Wine of Cod Liver Oil, great Restorative tonic.

Vick's Little Liver Pills, mild, purely vegetable.

Vick's Magic Croup Salve, quick relief for Croup and Whooping Cough.

Vick's Turtle Oil Liniment, largest and best for man or beast.

Trade supplied by

L. Richardson Drug Co

(Wholesale only)

Greensboro, N. C.

BLANK DEEDS AND MORTGAGES.—Blank deeds and mortgages at 25 cents a dozen; chattel mortgages 10 cents a dozen, at Courier Office.

NORTH CAROLINA } Randolph County. }

W. T. Foushee, Adm. of Jno. B. Allen decd. vs J. A. Allen, W. P. Allen et al. } NOTICE.

The defendants J. A. Allen, W. P. Allen, Nellie Inman, Estelle Allen, Willard Roberts, Gurney Burner, Martha Millikan, Julius Allen, Gurney Allen, Ida Emery, Cora E. Scott, S. E. Allen, Janette Edwards, J. H. Allen, Charles Allen, Ella Stubbs, Clark Hill, Edith Hill, Daniel Hanley, J. C. Hanley, Gulla E. Moore, H. A. Hanley, Edna Hanley and Nora Livingstone, and any other unknown heirs at law of John B. Allen deceased will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Randolph County to subject real assets in the hands of the Clerk of the Court obtained from the sale of lands situated in Randolph county for the payment of the debts of the plaintiff's intestate, John B. Allen, deceased.

That the defendants will further take notice that they are required to appear before the Clerk of Superior Court of said county on the 20th day of June 1903 at the court house of said county, in Asheboro, N. C., and answer or demur to the complaint in said Action or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

W. C. HAMMOND, C. S. C.

This May 14th, 1903.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.

Scientific American.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

JOB PRINTING.—Job printing is a specialty with us. We print everything you want by steam power Call or send your work to THE COURIER Job office.

PATENTS

[illegible]