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Notice: Having qualified as administrator of Thomas Kearns, Dec'd, all persons holding claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them on or before the 15th day of August, 1904, or this notice will be deemed to have been waived.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence of Courier.

Washington, D. C., October 19.—Official Washington is amazed and astounded at the revelations made under oath by Leroy Dresser, late President of the Trust Company of the Republic, relative to the thimble rigging in connection with the sale of the Bethlehem steel plant to the Shipbuilding Trust. It has shocked even Wall Street, hardened as it is, and appalled the people. According to Mr. Dresser, J. Pierpont Morgan, Charles M. Schwab, and their partners in "high finance," in return for a property worth \$7,200,000, received \$30,000,000 in the securities of the trust, together with an agreement that none of the stock or bonds of the trust was to be marketed until the holdings of Morgan, Schwab et al. had been sold to the confiding public. What was this but a double intended cheat on a gigantic scale? A cheat on investors by taking their money for water, and a cheat on the stockholders of the trust by depriving them of a market for their securities until the holdings of the "captains" had been transmitted into money. What is the difference, in its moral quality, of the action of these "captains of industry"—these financiers who practice arts for the pillaging of the community, from those which land small swindling rogues in jail? Yet these discredited men have held, and still hold, the financial welfare of multitudes throughout the United States in the hollow of their hands. And among these are persons, who posed as democrats during Mr. Cleveland's last term, and were conspicuous among the bolters of 1896 and 1900. They are the same smug hypocrites who have the brazen effrontery, the inflexible gall, to attack an American patriot like William Randolph Hearst. They are the same bandits who unctuously talk about protecting the conservative business interests of the country, who want to pass upon the "safety" forsooth, of the democratic presidential candidate, and who, under cover of a sanctimonious demagoguery, want to put forward one of their tools as the standard bearer of Jefferson's party. The Shipbuilding Trust's records show that "Mr. Morgan got his first."

Well, there doesn't seem to be such a marked difference between Mr. Morgan's methods in this instance and when President Cleveland handed over to Mr. Morgan an entire government bond issue to "float." Mr. Morgan took the bonds at a good deal less than the market price and two days later peddled them out at a profit of 5 or 6% a bond. Again, "Mr. Morgan got his first." The New York newspaper headlines explain in their terse way: "Morgan got \$5,000,000 for a bond," in the shipbuilding swindle. What did he have to give for the government bond flotation inquiry?

Remember that the gentlemen who engineered the shipbuilding deal, the exposure of which has started even the moral psychoderms of Wall Street, are the same who tell us that they must name the democratic presidential candidate. Will the people stand it? Will they allow the men who are pillaging the people, and who are being helped in their game by the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Treasury, by loaning them the money in the United States Treasury, to name the candidate of the democratic party for president? If they do they know what they will get.

The republicans in Ohio are getting scared. Hanna has lost his head and is swearing and storming at Tom Johnson like a maniac. He answers logic and reason with curses and epithets. Verily, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." The republicans are going to import about 1,800 spellbinders into the state to demolish Tom Johnson and John H. Clarke. One of these spellbinders is Mr. Roosevelt's Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Leas M. Shaw. The voters in Ohio seem to be trying to arrive at an honest conclusion in this strenuous campaign and they are asking many questions.

The republicans are trying to make the campaign on national issues and endeavoring to dodge state issues. It is presumed, therefore, that the honorable Secretary of the Treasury will confine his speeches to national issues of finance and taxation. In that case suppose some good farmer should invite him to answer these questions:

Is it just to continue taxing the people \$50,000,000 a year in excess of the needs of the government?

Would it not be better as well as more equitable to leave the money not required for the expenses of the government in the pockets of the people who earn it, rather than to deposit it in favored banks without interest?

Why should not Congress at the coming session repeal or reduce the duties on steel and other trust-made products that are manufactured cheaper here than they can be abroad and are actually sold in foreign markets at prices lower than to our own consumers?

When will the republicans repeal or reduce duties that are no longer needed for either revenue or protection, but that, in the language of the Iowa republicans, "smelter monopolies?" Does the Secretary think the "day after never" a satisfactory date? Or is it his opinion that the time and character of tariff revision should be fixed by the monopolies that benefit by the duties?

Capdid answers to those questions without quibbling or shuffling will

SAM JONES' LETTER.

Rev Sam P Jones Writes of the Joys of Country Life.

After three weeks of rest and recuperation, and still I have not rested or recuperated. I wonder how long it takes to rest and recuperate. But I am learning to enjoy it more, and feel the calves, colla and pigs and watch the dairy man milk and churn, etc. I write of my condition and new habits, not for want of other things to write of but because there are so many overworked acquaintances and friends of mine, who are like myself, worked down and worn out nervously. My advice is not to go west, but take to the woods, to the hills, to country life. The crowded resorts are splendid resorts for those who are worn out doing nothing, but if a fellow is worked down, then quiet and calm and colts and pigs are splendid companions and the country life his best resort. The cotton picking season is in full blast now and when all hands get in about sunset with baskets full of cotton and see the weighing process and the smiles on the darkies' faces who had the heaviest baskets and the jeers of the others, it's real amusing, 'possums are ripe now and soon I hope to be able to go 'possum hunting.

I am thankful for a home in the country with my daughter, away from the noise and hustle of town and city, from the crowds, to the quiet of nature at its best. The rural life delivery gives us the daily papers about noon each day, and we spend a few moments reading of railroad wrecks, cyclones, floods, murders, etc., and feel serene and undisturbed because it seems so far off to us. I tell you distance lends enchantment in that case. We have been reading with interest of the war among the police force of Atlanta, and we are all on chief Ball's side, and we know he will come out on top, in spite of the factions in the police board, and wouldn't it be a good thing to hang one or the other factions and turn Chief Ball loose? If he was unhungered and free he would make one of the best chiefs in America, and there are a big lot of people in Atlanta who think more of Chief Ball than they do of all the police board in a heap. It's the powers that be; that's the rub in all our cities. Justice for the masses and special privileges for the few is what makes dirty politics and dirty gangs. Catch some law breakers, but give other law breakers notice that you will be on hand a certain hour to catch them. That's like the fellow who told the negro he would give him ten dollars a month and find him, and the negro says, "Boss, give me the ten dollars now and you can find me when you have leisure." No, gentlemen, I think if factions would fight, it's all right, if they will get out of the corporate limits to fight, and fight it out, but to fight and fight in town and never skin a nose or black eye, it's poor business.

CHARLES A. EDWARDS.

Of Interest in the Kitchen.

The culinary pages of THE DEMOCRATOR for November breathe the spirit of the Thanksgiving feast, but they are not filled with the trite recipes that it is customary in many publications to resuscitate at this season. The title of the paper in the "Charlotte and I" series, An Old-fashioned Thanksgiving, might suggest the contrary, but the dishes there-in explained are of such age that they are disregarded in this day, to the great loss of modern commanders, and will merit retelling. Likewise the wording of "A Colonial Dinner for Thanksgiving" is misleading for it is not the New England dinner enjoyed by our forefathers, with fair, denominated in a Russia and, doubtless, as delectable. A Witch's Supper for Halloween and Some Sweet Sauces are both enticing, and Mushrooms in Delicious Form contains some worthy suggestions for the housewife. Two illustrated pages of Cakes for Special Occasions are an attractive feature. —The Delinquent.

Putting Up Hogs to Fatten.

Hogs should be penned for fattening early in the month. It is a time when their instincts lead them to stray away in search of mast of roots. Unless put up and fed they are apt to be lost or at least to become unmanageable. Hogs do best when allowed a considerable range. Small pens are not so conducive to their health as large ones, and not less than one acre for ten head should be provided. Forcibly feed feeding which brain may be substituted in part for corn. Feanuts, groundnuts, sweet potatoes and sorghum are all valuable for fattening hogs and are much more economical for that purpose than Indian corn. The best substitute for corn is the cowpea. A succession of lots should be sown at intervals during the months of June and July, and the hogs turned in as fast as the peas show signs of maturity, but before the vines have become yellow. They are eaten greedily by the hogs, upon which they fatten quickly. It is said that an acre of ripening cowpeas will pasture from fifteen to twenty hogs for a week or more. The farmer will be richer by several hundred pounds of meat for every acre of cowpeas he feeds to his hogs. Two weeks before slaughtering the hogs should have no other feed but corn. This hardens the flesh and keeps the lard from being oily. Ashes and salt should be placed so that the hogs may have easy access to the mixture. In case they are infected with lice, sulphur should be added, and the hogs sprinkled with lard once at intervals of a week or two. If they should show any inclination to eat gravel, charcoal or bituminous soil should be given to them to correct this morbid appetite. Hogs never fatten when they eat gravel. If they should persist, let them be changed to a new pen. —Col. J. B. Killebrew.

The way Wilfrid Steis, clerk, got his wealth and joined the smart set is the theme of a complete novel by Frederic Reddall in LIPPINCOTT'S for October. There is much truth as poetry in transformation. —Lippincott's Magazine.

Ex-Sheriff Robt. McArthur, of Forsyth county, is dead.

Do We Eat Too Much?

The question whether or not we eat too much is just now agitating the scientific world and among direct and practical efforts are being made to answer the query. Professor Chittenden, of Yale, has taken the matter in hand, and with the sanction and aid of the War Department, is about to institute some food experiments on a select group of sturdy soldiers. They are to be fed scientifically, and due note is to be taken of the chemical constituents of various viands and their relative nutritive quality.

It is quite likely that the minimum estimate of quantity and quality of nutrient material required will be surprising to most people. The assumption is predicated on the generally acknowledged fact that the present generation is very much overfed. We may go even further by saying that the Americans as a class are notable examples of their overindulgence. Dyspepsia is a veritable American disease, due as much to the overloading of the stomach with rich food as to the hasty manner in which the act is accomplished.

As regards the actual nutrition to be obtained it is the old story of the choked grate and the deficient draught. The appetite is driven with a loose rein and is spurred by the multiplied trickeries of fancy dishes. In the old times, when food was plain and physical labor was the rule, healthy hunger took care of itself. It was not a good question of pampered persuasion for this or that dish, as to much what the boy had to eat, but how much of good bread and butter he was allowed to eat. He never had occasion to think of his stomach, save to fill it at the right time.

The good doctor who advised the rich dyspeptic to take only one meal a day and first eat it was perhaps an extremist, but for his particular patient he evidently had the right view. Another medical man has written a book to prove how many cases of chronic invalidism he cured by insisting that but one meal of meat should be taken daily. It is astonishing to read how these sickly ones took a fresh spirit on such a diet. We must admit that he was somewhat of an enthusiast, as, with unconscious humor, in attempting to prove that too much animal diet gives a desire for strong drink he cites the example of Noah, who when permission was given him to eat flesh proceeded to get drunk! But it is the radical fellows after all who stir up argument and make us think on new lines.

The man also who advocates the no breakfast theory are evidently cutting off the wrong end of our supplies, as most people cannot make a good start with a faint stomach. Much better might it be to skip the heavy lunch, with a reasonable and more natural appetite for the evening meal, and dodge altogether the bird and "cold bottle" at midnight. In the meanwhile we may conscientiously await the scientific report of the experimenter. —New York Herald, (11d.)

Sunset Glories.

I watched a glorious sunset, marveling at the beauty wherewith the evening skies were all ablaze and adorning Him who gave them their matchless coloring. On the next evening I resorted to same spot, hoping to be again enraptured with the gorgeous pomp of ending day, but there were no clouds and, therefore, no glories. True, the canopy of sapphire was there, but no magnificent array of clouds to form golden masses with edges of burning crimson, or islands of loveliest hue set in a sea of emerald; there were no great conflagrations of splendor or flaming peaks of mountain of fire. The sun was as bright as before, but for lack of dark clouds on which to pour out his luster, his magnificence was unrevealed. A man who should live and die without trials would be like a setting sun without clouds. —C. H. Spurgeon.

Aycock and the Negro.

"The Disfranchisement of the Negro" is the subject of a very thoughtful and manly article by Governor Aycock, of North Carolina, in the October number of "The World Today," in which he states briefly what the disfranchisement amendment to the Constitution of North Carolina really means. He makes no defence of the amendment. He says frankly that under its provisions a great number of negroes have been eliminated from voting population of the State, while the voting privilege has been preserved to the native born whites. "Speaking for North Carolina," he says, "I know that an honest, persistent effort was made to obtain safe government without resorting to the elimination of negro suffrage. The effort was a failure. We sought in vain to make the theory of universal suffrage work out good government and private virtue. We found by actual trial that it could not be done." Conscious of the rectitude of their own purposes and true to themselves, the white people of North Carolina then resolved that the negro should be eliminated as a considerable political factor in their State, and as a consequence the amendment to the Constitution was adopted, and, for the present at least, effectively retires the negro from any dangerous participation in the politics of the State. —News and Courier.

The town of Marion, N. C., has no set.

The Lone Star State.

Mr. Editor:—Will you give me a small space in your most valuable paper. I must say, I think it one of the best county papers I see anywhere—it continues to improve. As I have not seen anything in your paper of the reunion of the Old Veterans at New Orleans and as it was my time to go, I wish to write a few lines. As I boarded the train at Luling with a few of the old Texas boys all dressed up in good trim, for the trip of 515 miles through one of the finest countries in the south and at every station new ones getting on all the way until the twelve coaches were well packed. The conductor said just before he handed us that it was the best behaved crowd he had ever had in his cars. One old man said that was the way Texas people did things. Cap, and it was nice, but he should remember a lot of that crowd was from the old States, then we had some fun out of our old friend. We got to the city at 4 in the evening and were sent to our quarters. There we met quite a crowd of our old comrades, all having a good time telling long yarns.

Few cities in the South offer such attractions to the ordinary visitors, but her sufferings and hardships render her doubly dear to the heart of every Confederate. It was upon her old men too far advanced in age to take up arms, and her noble women, that were heaped all the barbarities the ingenuity of a brutal buller could imagine. Within her borders was the home of the gallant Ben, regard at whose command the first shot of the war was fired, the hero of the first Manassas, the able engineer who planned the defence of Charleston Harbor, which so successfully resisted the terrible attacks of the powerful federal fleet. Here lived and died the beloved George Morraun the inspiration and life of the great order of the United Confederate, for which he toiled night and day and to whose efforts its wonderful success is entirely due.

Here for a while resided the precious ashes of Albert Sidney Johnston, before their removal to their home in the state of Texas. In that great city passed away the only President of the Confederate States of America, Jefferson Davis; Mr. Lester is growing too long, I was glad to meet Col. W. P. Wood, of your city, there he was in good trim. The last time I met him he told me privately that he was invited to dine with the prettiest lady said to be that there was in New Orleans, that she was a widow from North Carolina. I did not meet him any more after that. I went to his room but he had gone somewhere. I could not tell whether he had gone home or to dine with the widow. Yours respectfully, W.

Prohibition in Goldsboro.

The prohibition election in Goldsboro last Thursday resulted in a victory for the Anti-Saloon League, which has waged warfare against the whiskey traffic for several months. While the advocates of prohibition worked at the polls, the women gathered in the First Baptist church to pray, and the solemn tones of the bell from the tower sent inspiration to every heart engaged in the cause and was a signal that the women were praying while the men were working.

Right Brother.

It is indeed a poor salesman who can't sell a customer what he wants when the customer comes into the store and calls for it. But the idea is first to get the customer to come to your store. There is no better way to do this than to send to him each week a statement of what you have to offer him. And there is no better and cheaper way of sending him such a statement than through the columns of your local paper.—Waxhaw Enterprise.

Silver Threads Among the Gold.

Darling, I am growing old—Silver threads among the gold Shine upon my brow today—Life is fading fast away—But, my darling, you will be Always young and fair to me! Yes, my darling, you will be Always young and fair to me! CHORUS—

Darling, I am growing old—Silver threads among the gold Shine upon my brow today—Life is fading fast away—Life is fading fast away—You have never older grown! You have never older grown! CHORUS—

Darling, I am growing old—Silver threads among the gold Shine upon my brow today—Life is fading fast away—Love is always young and fair, What to us is silver hair, Waded checks or aye grown slow, To the heart that love will know Never winter's frost and chill; Summer warmth is in them still; Never winter's frost and chill; Summer warmth is in them still! CHORUS—

Darling, I am growing old—Silver threads among the gold Shine upon my brow today—Life is fading fast away—Life is fading fast away—Eben E. Rexford.

EGZEMA, Old Sores, Itching Piles, Skin Diseases, ABSOLUTELY CURED. HERMIT SALVE, 25 AND 50 CENTS A BOX. Sold by all Druggists. Take no other. Old Family Remedies, 25 cents.

AGNES REPPLE contributes to the October LIPPINCOTT'S a timely and lively paper called "The Tourlet." Miss Repple is new abroad, and some of her views as a traveller are really hit off in her inimitable way.—Lippincott's Magazine.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

The North Carolina Furniture Manufacturers' Association held an important executive session in Greensboro recently to take action relative to better insurance and freight rates. Forty-five of sixty-five factories in the state were represented. Final action was postponed for another meeting to be called by the president.

Mr. A. E. B. Alford has come into possession of a gold medal which his father, Dr. H. M. Alford, lost over twenty years ago. It has been in possession of a colored man named West all these years. Mr. Alford got word that West was wearing a medal with the name of H. M. Alford on it and he had Officer Buice to go and see West. West accepted a reward and gave up the medal. He found it while in the service of Greensboro Female College. Dr. Alford no doubt, having dropped it while in attendance upon one of the commencement occasions. The medal was one which was awarded him by Trinity college. With another medal and his diploma it was forwarded to him after he had left college to accept a commission in the confederate army.—Greensboro Patriot.

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WOOD'S GOODS.

FOR FALL SOWING.

Farmers and Gardeners who desire the latest and fullest information about Vegetable and Farm Seeds should write for Wood's New Fall Catalogue. It tells all about the full planting of Lettuce, Cabbage and other Vegetable crops which are proving so profitable to southern growers. Also about Crimson Clover, Vetches, Grasses and Clovers, Seed Oats, Wheat, Rye, Barley, etc. Wood's New Fall Catalogue mailed free on request. Write for it.

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Undertaker's Supplies Such as coffins, caskets, etc. always on hand and furnished on short notice at reasonable prices. Good horse at your command.

E. B. Kearns.

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Birmingham to points in California \$32.50
Birmingham to Portland, Ore., Tacoma and Seattle, Wash. \$42.50
Memphis to points in California \$25.00
Memphis to Portland, Ore., Tacoma and Seattle, Wash. \$27.50
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