

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of **Dr. J. C. Ayer** and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Ayer

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

1,000,000 WOMEN RELIEVED

Reports received show that Wine of Cardui has brought permanent relief to 1,000,000 suffering women in the last few years. Because of Wine of Cardui, thousands of sufferers, seemingly on the way to premature graves, are now healthy women taking an active interest in the duties of life. Mrs. Mitchell was declining in health when Wine of Cardui "performed a miraculous cure" in her case. She suffered terribly with the agonies of falling of the womb, leucorrhoea and profuse menstruation. The weekly appearance of the menses for two months sapped her vitality until she was little better than a physical wreck. Her nervous system gave way under the terrible pain and aggravation. Then came the trial of Wine of Cardui and the cure. Mrs. Mitchell's experience ought to commend Wine of Cardui to suffering women in words of burning eloquence. The Wine is within the reach of all. Woman who try it are relieved. You can get as much benefit as Mrs. Mitchell received. Ask your druggist for Wine of Cardui. Send to the laboratory for the medicine if he tenders you a substitute.

WINE OF CARDUI

South Gaston, N. C., May 20, 1899.
Wine of Cardui and Theodore's Black-Draught have performed a miraculous cure in my case. I have been a great sufferer from falling of the womb and leucorrhoea, and my menses came every week for two months and became very painful. I was in a bad condition. My husband induced me to try Wine of Cardui and Black-Draught, and now I have no pain. The leucorrhoea has disappeared and I am in perfect health. Mrs. WILLIE MITCHELL.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.



Says a rural editor: "A smart man is never a success as a fisherman. We have tried it ourselves."

A WOMAN'S AWFUL PARIL.
"There is only one chance to save your life and that is through an operation" were the startling words heard by Mrs. I. B. Hunt, of Lime Ridge, Wis., from her doctor after he had vainly tried to cure her of a frightful case of stomach trouble and yellow jaundice. Gall stones had formed and she constantly grew worse. Then she began to use Electric Bitters which wholly cured her. It's a wonderful Stomach, Liver and Kidney remedy. Cure Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Try it. C. v. 50c. Guaranteed. For sale by all druggists.

There must be some mistake about death loving a shining mark, otherwise there would be fewer bootblacks in business.

HE FOOLED THE SURGEONS.
All doctors told Renick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the surest cure on earth, and the best sold in the world. 25 cents a box. Sold by all druggists.

A rural editor who offered to send a copy of his paper gratis for one year to any person sending him a club of ten, frequently finds a ten spot of clubs in his mail.—Chicago Daily News.

"A few months ago, food which I ate for breakfast would not remain on my stomach for half an hour. I used one bottle of your Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and now eat my breakfast and other meals with a relish and my food is thoroughly digested. Nothing equals Kodol Dyspepsia Cure for stomach troubles." H. S. Pitts, Arlington, Tex. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat.—At all druggists.

Six Million Boxes a Year.

In 1895, none; in 1900, 6,000,000 boxes; that's Cascarets Candy Cathartic's jump into popularity. The people have cast their verdict. Best medicine for the bowels in the world. All druggists, roc.

Conscience is the phonograph of the soul.

Mr. James Brown of Putnam, Va. over 90 years of age suffered for years with a bad sore on his face. Physicians could not help him. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured him permanently.

Love is a disease for which there is no vaccination. Danger, disease and death elow neglect of the bowels. Use DeWitt's Little Early Risers to regulate them and you will add years to your life and life to your years. Easy to take, never gripe. The bilious, tired, nervous man can not successfully compete with his healthy rival. DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous pills for constipation will remove the cause of your troubles.

It is better to follow a good example than to lead a bad one.

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Gases and prevents swollen feet, blisters, callus and sore spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for sweating, hot, aching feet. At all druggists and shoe stores 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

Speaking of plutocrats, a billion is not inclined to make bilious.

A SPRAINED ANKLE QUICKLY CURED.

"At one time I suffered from a severe sprain of the ankle," says Geo. E. Cary, editor of the Guide, Washington, Va. "After using several well-recommended medicines without success, I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and am pleased to say that relief came as soon as I began its use and a complete cure speedily followed." Sold by C. A. Raynor, druggist.

All people who throw bouquets at themselves are not contortionists.

Educate Your Bowels.

Your bowels can be trained as well as your muscles or your brain. Cascarets Candy Cathartic train your bowels to do right. Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, roc.

WOMAN AND HOME.

"LIEUTENANT MIMILE," HEROINE OF THE SIEGE OF BELFORT.

The Women She Has Met—The Dilatory Woman—American Girls Abroad—Don't Cramp Your Feet. About Growing Old.

Mme. Emilie Hobitz, then Mlle. Schwalm, became a national heroine in the Franco-Prussian war.

She has remained a heroine ever since and was the central figure at a banquet given by the survivors of the defense of Belfort on the thirtieth anniversary. The toast of the evening was in honor of "Mme. Emilie, lieutenant of the volunteer sharpshooters."

At the time of the siege Mlle. Schwalm was 23 years old. Burning with a desire to serve her country, in August, 1870, she



MME. EMILIE HOBITZ. [From an early picture.]

presented herself to General Crouzat and enumerated her accomplishments. She could ride, handle a gun with cleverness and speak German as well as French.

Greatly impressed by Mme. Emilie's versatility, General Crouzat appointed her a lieutenant of the volunteers. The next day she was assigned to the Mirecourt regiment of sharpshooters, under Captain Bastien. This company was on the point of being sent to Mulhouse, whence they might rush to save Neuf-Brisach.

Lieutenant Mimile, brave as any man, remained at Neuf-Brisach until the town was taken. She was then charged with carrying dispatches to General Cambriels at Belfort, a perilous mission, to accomplish which it was necessary to cross the enemy's lines.

But the besieged forces had chosen their messenger well. Lieutenant Mimile reached her goal safely. At Mulhouse she left her horse, and a special train was put on to take her to Belfort. This was even more dangerous, as the train was riddled by German bullets.

At Belfort the lieutenant was rejoined by her own captain, Bastien, who had escaped from Neuf-Brisach in the costume of a priest to obtain money. The lieutenant sewed the gold within his cassock and begged to return with him to Neuf-Brisach in the disguise of a nun, but was dissuaded.

Obliged to remain at Belfort and deprived of further exercise of her military talents, she established an emergency hospital, where she tended the wounded during the siege. Under these circumstances the lieutenant's romance blossomed, for Mr. Hobitz, her future husband, was one of her patients.

Women She Has Met.

It is always amusing, writes Lady Jeanie in a great daily, when abroad to try to guess the nationalities to which women belong by their appearance and dress before one hears them speak. English, American and Austrian women are generally thin, and the others are almost always fat.

An Austrian woman has strong characteristics. She is generally tall, slight and has an air of breeding. Even among the middle class and shopkeepers the women are good looking and soignée in their appearance, added to which an Austrian generally carries herself well and walks easily. One can almost always tell a well bred Austrian by her walk and figure, but she also, as so many foreign women, has a shrill voice, pitched high, and she talks incessantly, not, however, mercifully, in so loud a tone or in such a piercing note as her Russian sister, whose voice is almost as high and broad as her Kalmuck cheek bones. The Austrian woman also behaves well at table d'hôte. She eats her food quietly and slowly, and she is not greedy, nor does she drink much.

Frenchwomen are unmistakable. Old or young, they are always quiet, distinguished in manner and appearance, and they eat but little in comparison with the German women. A Frenchwoman is always well dressed, however simply, and her voice is low and the tone soft. She is often fat, but not in an aggressive manner. She is pleasant if one speaks to her, enchanted with one's bad French, which she protests is perfect, and is full of sympathetic chitchat and gossip.

But the woman who pervades all foreign parts is the American. Her dress, walk and general appearance are unmistakable long before the well known accent proclaims the fact. American women are always well dressed, beautifully set up, almost always thin and, finally, good looking. No American girl is ugly. She has an air which makes it impossible to see her as anything but a bright and originality which are most captivating and which no one can resist. Americans are full of interest, curiosity and sympathy in return. There is no false shame, no reserve. They will tell you all about themselves and would like to probe the most sacred recesses of your heart, which is not done from an idle love of gossip or wanting to know things for the pleasure of repeating them, but from a genuine desire to know you and all about you. You can tell an American woman anywhere by her back, by the quick turn of

her head, by the lightning glance that takes in everything.

The English woman is shy, diffident, unobtrusive.

The Dilatory Woman.

There's a stern and haughty young man of this town, says the Baltimore News, who has made a Mede and Persian like law for his own observance. It is never to wait, no matter what the occasion, more than 15 minutes for a young woman. Thus when he calls at a house he takes out his watch and looks at the time when he enters the drawing room. He looks at it again and again, and when the quarter of an hour has elapsed if the young woman upon whom he is calling has not yet made her appearance he calmly walks out and goes somewhere else.

And this young man's principles on the subject are so well known that he rarely has to study the patterns of the furniture for an interminable time while his hostess assumes her newest frock. He is greeted promptly, but some of his brothers tell pitiful tales of woe on this subject.

One calling on a feminine friend at 7 o'clock the other evening waited exactly an hour for her appearance. When she finally came in the room, she found monsieur deeply interested in a book. He arose then and said "How d'ye do?" and "Goodby" in a breath.

"You are not going?" asked mademoiselle, aghast.

"Yes, I am," asserted the young man amiably. "I had an hour that I wished to spend pleasantly, and I have passed it here in your library. Now I must catch a train north."

"Of course, if you will come at unholly hours!" began the woman, but the man had gone.

To be just, the woman of today is fairly prompt. She considers it bad form not to be ready for visitors when they call, but she doesn't consider ten minutes much to take to add some finishing touches to her toilet, and that, it might be whispered, is the reason that one-half of the theater audience comes in when the first act is well under way, that the first numbers of the concert are ruined, the first part of the lecture rendered unintelligible and that the german commences half an hour later than it should.

American Girls Abroad.

The Americans are so unmistakable in Paris as they are everywhere else. The golf skirted, felt hatted ones have not come yet, and it is hard to decide just how you can tell your fellow countrywomen so quickly. A friend with whom I was walking the other day told me she thought it was the shoes. We were on the Rue St. Honoré and were attracted by a pair of tall, well framed, athletic looking girls walking on the other side.

They had muscular, but slender figures, very long legs, fine broad shoulders and large feet. They were dressed with a sort of sleek masculine neatness, in tailor suits and turban hats, dogskin gloves and heavy patent leather shoes. We were speculating upon their nationality, knowing in an instant that they were not Parisians, when our eyes fell upon their feet, and my friend exclaimed: "Americans! Look at their shoes!" Americans are the only women who wear these manly looking ties of an amazing thickness and size.

Despite these idiosyncrasies of hers, which are regarded as the interesting follies of an eccentric but attractive being, the American woman is conceded to be a very superior creature both in looks, mind and character. All over Europe now her attractions are admitted. The points of beauty which all agree in praising are her figure, carriage and clothes. But I do not think it is her appearance that attracts so much as her manners. The frank and natural manner of the American girl, especially in her converse with men, is very unusual in a country where the feminine half of the population is brought up in the old traditional ruts. That a girl can talk with a man, walk with him, dance with him, laugh and joke and persiflage with him, without consciousness or boldness or arrive

penesse or sentimental relations in the background is hard for a European to understand, but when they once get it through their heads their admiration for the girl's cleverness and poise are augmented by their respect for her as a woman who knows how to use her liberty without ever dreaming of abusing it.—Geraldine Bonner's Paris Letter.

Don't Cramp Your Feet.

Many women spoil themselves by cramping and crushing their poor, unfortunate feet into shoes too small for them.

This is really a most idiotic thing to do, as it not only causes the most intense pain, often ruins the gait entirely, but frequently brings about, if not really serious injury to the foot, at any rate such painful, unpleasant and uncomfortable results as corns, bunions and other pedal disfigurements.

A woman who persists in wearing shoes too small for her cannot long remain in good health, for she learns to dread exercise because of the pain and difficulty involved. A shoe that is either too short or too narrow is such an instrument of torture that one would think no really sensible woman would ever have recourse to it.

Nevertheless every shoemaker knows that not a few fashionable women habitually undergo this self imposed penance, and though they are invariably wrinkled and aged before their time and a pained, anxious and even disagreeable expression becomes permanently fixed on their once pleasant features, they still persist in thinking the game worth the candle and that the possession of "a pretty little foot" atones for all the pain, discomfort and misery which are their constant portion.

A squeezed in foot, however, can generally be detected and as a rule is anything but a thing of beauty. The whole shape is often altered until the foot is almost deformed at length into the Chinese variety.

About Growing Old.

A writer on feminine subjects has been kindly advising women how to grow not old, but middle aged, with grace and dignity. Is it so difficult? The married woman takes up with her changed position in the world a self assurance and importance that in themselves mark the quitting of the follies of youth. The spinster who does not grow middle aged naturally will not be likely to let herself be taught the process, I fancy. It is quite possible, too, for a woman to cling so obviously and innocently to her remnant of youth that the very weakness makes her charming.

At worst, trying to be young is a sign of a desire to please. Was there not



Through Chair Cars to Texas.

All Cotton Belt trains carry handsome Free Chair Cars, Memphis to Texas, without change. You can adjust the chairs in these cars so that you will have an easy seat during the day or a comfortable place to sleep at night.

Besides Chair Cars, Cotton Belt trains carry Pullman Sleepers at night and Parlor Cars during the day.

Write and tell us where you are going and when you will leave, and we will tell you the exact cost of a ticket and send you a complete schedule for the trip. We will also send you an interesting little booklet, "A Trip to Texas."

H. H. SETTON, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.
E. W. LARSEN, G. P. and T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

something pathetically lovable about Mimile, in "Romola," when, her soul touched by a call to highest hopes, she parted with her little false lips, contradicted, the "rouge, beads and embroidered velvet berretta?" Though Romola, assured her she looked better less adorned, is not our sympathy with her as she cries out, "What an old scarecrow I am!"

When sorrow drives the youthfulness out of our hearts, we grow middle aged quite easily. The dear trivialities of life are precious no longer, so we let them pass away unregretted, but when a woman is still basking in the sunshine of love, plenty and peace, for one, would have her be young, look as young as possible, wear "young" clothes even, dimple when she smiles, blush at compliments and get excited over buying new dainties of headgear. The youthfulness that isn't mere imitation is never unsuitable, not even to a great-great-grandmother.

Ideal Hostesses.

The English woman is said to be the best hostess in the world, because she is mistress of the art of letting alone. It costs little time and no money to find out what one's guest wishes to do with her day and to permit her to be happy in her own way. This surely is the truest hospitality. A hostess who invites people to visit her has two very important duties to perform, two serious extremes to avoid—one, not to neglect her guests, and another, quite as important, not to weary them with too constant attention, says the Detroit Free Press.

Never give a guest the impression of "being entertained," which is more than sufficient to reduce a sensitive woman to the very depths of misery. Just follow the daily routine of your household, taking care that your guest is neither neglected nor treated with discourtesy. The hostess who allows a guest to feel that she is the cause of inconvenience violates the first law of hospitality.

Of course the pleasure of two friends is generally mutual, but occasionally it is quite the reverse, and where tastes and habits differ each should respect the peculiarities of the other, and the guest should have the enviable privilege of spending the day as she pleases. She need not talk unless she chooses to do so. She may take a book and wander off under the trees in summer or in winter seek the seclusion of the library. She may pass a quiet morning in her own room writing letters or nursing an early headache. Even the best of friends give up the pleasure of social intercourse for an hour of solitude and find it most refreshing.

Japanese Housekeepers.

Even the highest class Japanese woman, and no matter how rich their family may be, are brought up to be able to sew, cook and attend to their homes. In Japan the higher class of women never go to market.

The market comes to them—that is, the dealers call and offer their wares for sale at their customers' doors. The fish merchant brings his stock and if any is sold prepares it for cooking. The greengrocer, the sake dealer and nowadays the meat man all go to their patrons' houses.

Nearly all Japanese women make their own clothes; at all events, even the very richest embroider their garments themselves. Dinner is served at or a little before dusk the year round. A small table about one foot square and eight inches high is set before each person. On this is a lacquer tray, with space for four or five dishes, each four or five inches in diameter.

There are definite places for each little bowl and dish. The rice bowl is on the left, the soup bowl in the middle. One's appetite is measured according to the number of bowls of rice one eats. A maid is at hand with a large box of rice to replenish the bowls. If a few grains are left in the bottom of the bowl, she is aware that those eating have had sufficient, but should one empty his bowl she will once more fill it.

Women Writers.

"I would know that book was written by a woman even if there was no name on the title page," said the thoughtful theorist as he put the volume down. "Of the heroine it says 'she looked down at him with dull, unseeing eyes,' and that's an infallible sign. I don't know what the fascination of that use of the word is to feminine writers, but it has become a fad with them recently. When the heroine gets in trouble, her eyes get dull. Only yesterday I picked up a novel without looking at the title page and began reading. Presently I ran across the statement that 'she looked at him dully,' and I immediately said to myself, 'Written by a woman.' I was right too. Understand, I am not finding fault. I'm only commenting on a peculiarity that has impressed itself upon me. No doubt in the past sharp glances have been used so extensively in literature that they have just naturally become dulled, but so far as I have noticed no one but woman has expressed it that way, and with her it seems to be becoming more popular with every passing day. I wonder why it is?"

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*

At all druggists, roc.

WO RACKS O EXAS

Effective March 10th, 1901, the

FRISCO LINE

announces the Opening of its Red River Division

Denison and Sherman, Texas.

Through Train Service will shortly be established from St. Louis and Kansas City over the

Shortest Line to Texas

Carolina & North-Western Railway

TIME CARD:

Northbound	Passenger	Mixed
Chester	Leaves... 7:40 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Yorkville	"... 8:46 a.m.	10:40 a.m.
Gastonia	"... 9:58 a.m.	11:51 a.m.
Charlotte	"... 5:48 a.m.	7:30 p.m.
Lenoir	"... 10:45 a.m.	1:01 p.m.
N. W. ton	"... 11:31 a.m.	4:30 p.m.
Hickory	"... 12:09 p.m.	5:10 p.m.
Hickory	"... 12:15 p.m.	5:50 p.m.
Lenoir	Arrive... 1:16 p.m.	7:50 p.m.
Southbound	Passenger	Mixed
Lenoir	Leaves... 7:30 p.m.	8:30 a.m.
Hickory	"... 8:02 p.m.	8:50 a.m.
Newton	"... 4:30 p.m.	9:30 a.m.
Yorkville	"... 4:20 p.m.	11:10 a.m.
Gastonia	"... 5:20 p.m.	12:50 p.m.
Charlotte	"... 5:30 p.m.	1:15 p.m.
Yorkville	"... 6:40 p.m.	8:25 p.m.

General offices, Brevard, N. C. Local schedule, effective Sunday, May 26, 1901.

No. 2 (No. 4) (Eastern standard time) [No. 1 a.m.] STATIONS [p.m.]

4:10	Lv. Hendersonville.	Ar. 12:47
4:35	" " " "	" 12:12
4:50	" " " "	" 11:57
5:10	" " " "	" 11:40
5:30	Ar. Brevard.	Lv. 11:20
9:30	Lv. Brevard.	Ar. 11:10
9:55	Ar. " " " "	" 10:45

*Flag stations. No. 2, daily except Sunday. Connects at Toxaway with turnpike line to the resorts of the Sapphire Country—at Hendersonville with Southern Railway for all points North and South.

Platt's Chlorides

As your household disinfectant



Rely upon Platt's Chlorides as your household disinfectant

At all druggists, roc.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. No other if C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.