

Danderine

Grows hair and we can prove it

Hair Becomes Soft, Fluffy, Lustrous and Beautiful Immediately After a Danderine Hair Cleanse

Get a 25 Cent Bottle Now and Forever Stop Falling Hair, Itching Scalp and Dandruff



A little Danderine now will immediately double the beauty of your hair—No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair taking one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Try as you will after an application of Danderine, you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or a loose or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting all over the scalp.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its life-producing properties cause the hair to grow abundantly long, strong and beautiful.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and prove to yourself tonight—now—that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that it will surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it, if you will just try a little Danderine. Real surprise awaits you.

Treasonable Truth-Telling

Editor of The Gazette-News:

Now that the summer season has well-nigh ended, and the limit of the longest-lived excursion-ticket is about to expire, it may be pardonable to remind the good and bad people of Asheville that this town is not the only pebble on the beach by any manner of means. (Will anybody tell me what in this world or the next "manner of means" means?) That is to say, namely, and to wit: that there are other localities in or on this sub-lunary "sphere" besides the "Queen City," however queenly she may be and however firmly she may be entrenched in the affections of those who "never knew no better." For therein lies the delusion or illusion—whichever it may be—of thinking there is no other place as fair—ignorance of facts. There are several.

But there is one section in particular to which attention is sought in this faultless effusion—that of Linville, on the beautiful Linville river, 75 or 80 miles north of Asheville as the crow does not fly; as mighty few cross that ever I saw fly in a straight line, but go flopping here and there till they find what they are after. Still, if you will take the early morning train for Marion—or, preferably, let it take you—and two miles further east of that piedmont city board one of the trains of the Carolina, Clinchfield & Ohio railroad—the finest in the south—you will have made a mighty good start for a visit to the most attractive section, essentially, in the North Carolina mountains. But this C. C. & O. train will not land or water you at Linville by a long shot, as it passes no nearer than a little station called Linville at the foot of the Blue Ridge, about eight miles east of that picturesque locality known as the Linville country.

Some of these days, believe, some of these days, as the old hymn used to go, and may still be going for all I know, some capitalists like the ones who developed the "beautiful Sapphire country," will call the world's attention to the far more beautiful Linville country, and the world will

clap its hands and come a-running. For it is a far more beautiful section than Sapphire ever dreamed of being—and that is saying lots. Now, saying "lots" is meaning of a "whole heap of things, as the children say; and that is "des" exactly" what I am trying my levellest best to do today, with all my might and main. Which leads me to ask, en passant, as the French say, what is the meaning of "main" in connection with "might?"—isn't that rather crowding the monkey? I dunno.

Now, if you are going to take your foot in your hand, as I did a year or two ago, and tramp up that steep mountain side to Linville village near the falls, then you are going alone or in company with someone else; for I am going to stay on that C. C. & O. train as it threads—that's the word—threads its way from the North cove of McDowell county to Alta Pass, at the top of the Blue Ridge. I said "thread" was the word, and it is, for that train acts the part of a thread and the 27 tunnels it passes through on its way up are so many needles' eyes—all of which shows how easy it is for a rich man to enter a certain desirable place if only the eyes of the needles are made large enough. And every one of these tunnels is large enough to admit the richest man or the largest camel and still leave daylight enough on either side of both to see to read by.

Well, when we get to Alta Pass we are ten miles from Linville falls, although we have been traveling something like a score of miles since passing Linville station. Why, oh why? you will ask, did you do such a numbskull thing as that? Because I preferred to have that steam engine haul me up the side of that steep mountain on a two per cent grade to climbing those eight miles from the station on a 20 per cent grade, going up what is locally called the "wind-ing stair," but what is in reality several zig-zag ladders. Having reached Alta Pass—which ought to mean High Pass, if altitude means height—I am going to strike out on top of the Blue Ridge along a road I know, when I

don't forget and take another one which leads somewhat else, and proceed with more or less speed to Linville falls proper. I say proper because I am not going to go to any improper falls, if I know it.

Somewhere in the intricacies of this one-streeted village, created, organized, existing and operating under the name of Linville Falls, lives a brother of United States Clerk Hyams, and on the opposite side of the same street another man, who shall be nameless here forevermore, because, for the life of me, I can't remember what it is, or was, or ever will be, world without end, amen, come again, thank you ever so much, etcetera, and so forth and so on. (That little aberration is simply another instance of "His Master's Voice." This old typewriting machine has been so accustomed to write from dictation that whenever it hears its Mistress' Voice, it just takes the bit in its teeth and runs away in spite of all I can do to restrain it.) But, in one of these houses I am going to find a bed and board, mensa et thoro; as the law books have it when speaking of a certain kind of divorce—the pious kind, because it still leaves you tied hard and fast while depriving you of all the joys of matrimony. That is, I am going to find bed and board if I happen to have the price of both; and if I have, from there I am going to ramble back and forth, and sideways and fifth, and crosswise and sixth, till I see every blessed thing in sight if it takes me till doomsday and a week later in this clear October weather—and my money holds out.

The very first thing I am going to do is to visit Linville Falls themselves—for there are several all jumbled up together in wind and rainy weather like the represented tenants of McNally's row of flats.

But alas, alack and alannah, stary banner, slavery days, boys, every one—Linville Falls are not what they once were. They have been standing where they still are several years, I am told. They surely were there in 1874, for I saw them with my own eyes. They were two things of beauty and two joys forever, then. But Time's strong hours, indignant, worked their wills since then, and "beat them down and marred and wasted in presence of—". That's about as "fur" as I can get with that quotation, and if you don't think it good English just make your complaint to the literary executors of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, and make them correct it. Frost and logs and several other things formed a conspiracy some years ago to break down some of the everlasting stone ledges which used to uphold the river at that point and just left it more of a cascade than a distinct fall. Still, it is well worth a visit from anyone who is in search of the wild, the picturesque and the grand, for all these are found about the falls, from the top of which one or two or three or a dozen can look into the wild and weird magnificence of the yawning gorge through which the foam-flecked river goes dashing. Or, one or two or three or a dozen or more can look up through the twilight of noonday from the base of the falls into and among the gigantic masses of granite cliffs and stones hemming in the white water as it plunges into the still, black pool beneath. Selah.

(How's that for thrilling descriptive writing? Hey?)

Having climbed down the precipitous side of the falls into the gloom of the gorge below (tho's "gloom of the gorge" for alliteration?) if I didn't have any more sense than some people I have seen, I would go on with the right bank of that lovely stream till I came to what the French would call would be what the French would call an "impasse,"—which in this case would be what the natives call a rock cliff, jutting out into the stream in such a way as to forbid further progress along that side of that river. I say the natives call it a rock cliff, and I say also that the natives in so doing are nearer right than we, their betters (in our own estimation) in calling it cliff, with the "i" left off.

For why? (Now isn't that a queer question?) And yet, the French for "why" is pour, "for," and quoy "what." Vindicated again, be jabbers. Because there is an old rhyme which calls for "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." I think "cleft" is nearer cleft than is cliff; for what we call a cliff and the natives a cliff is the same thing meant by the hymn's cleft. That is the rock was broken off, or cloven in twain, which is still another way of saying that it was cleft in two. (Another triumphant vindication, Oh, Philologists!)

Now, having proven all my contentions (a. e. d.) to my own satisfaction, I proceed to tell what those fool people would have done when they got to that French impasse or North Carolina rock cleft. They would have waded the river and gone down on the other side till they came to another one of the same kind of things, when they would have waded back to the other side, and have kept this fool thing up till dark. Then they would have built a fire on this side of the river or on the other side, depending entirely on one's view point, and have eaten whatever they had brought along with them, and then stretched out on the bank of the stream and tried to go to sleep all next morning.

I speak, advisedly—I say "tried to go to sleep" for that is all they would succeed in doing. The next morning they would have begun to fish, and later in the day they would have been glad enough to get out of that gloomy gorge and go back home to the valley and sit down to a regular table with "vittles" on it, and climb into a bed with pillows and sheets and blankets and things and wonder why they hadn't had as much sense as I had when I turned around and "clomb" back up to the top of the falls and went back to the house to food and bed and sleep. They will never find out "des zackly" why that was unless I tell them, and that I most emphatically am not going to do.

Having acted so sensibly by remaining at home, I am going to get out of my virtuous couch early the next morning and go over to Bob Franklin's at Alta Mont, two or three miles from the falls. Now Bob Franklin is called "Bob" merely because that is not his given or bought or Christian or first name at all. It is not even Robert. I am not going to tell you anything more about that man's first name. Enough for you to know that his last name is Franklin; and if he is not a direct blood descendant of the Great Benjamin himself, it was no Bob's fault. He is what some of Old Ben's descendants early were—a fine schoolmaster, and a devout and consecrated Methodist preacher, and a liberal, with skill and enthusiasm enough to have outshined him to have



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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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

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Vegetable Preparation for Simulating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Clears the Nose and Throat, Relieves Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Teething Troubles, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness, and LOSS OF SLEEP.

NOT NARCOTIC.

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness, and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Be Careful of the Signature

Small Copy of Whipple.

come down or gone up from the great Isaak Walton in his prime. I am sure that if Bob had had any idea when he was young that anybody wanted any lightning brought down out of the clouds on a string to a key fastened on "tother end" of that cord, he would have "flowed" that kite himself. But he never saw any sense in any such a fool trick as that, and turned his attention to catching fish instead. That beats fooling with things you don't know nothin' 'tall about, no how you can fix it.

To claim that our modern Franklin has gotten any great pecuniary reward from his fishing proclivities would be to make a statement wide of the mark—which seems to me to be as expressive as to say, narrow of the target. Well, neither did the elder Franklin get any cash out of that lightning he enticed down that string, did he? So, the two Franklins are even so far. But our Franklin—the one who never has seen Philadelphia and who did not found the Saturday Evening Post—has done better than to get money out of his scientific knowledge of fish and fishing. He has got something far better—opportunity for holding great communion with nature in her rapt solitudes and reflecting upon the vanities and vexations of life when soothed by the many reeded flutes of Pan. P-a-a-g-z—Boom! Ah-h-h—

So, if Bob has good luck, I shall have a mess of trout for supper and a comfortable bed to lie in on the bank of the loveliest stream—barring only the Nantahala—in the mountains of North Carolina, which is tantamount to saying in the known world. (I like that word tantamount, tantamount, and Ab-h! Why, I can roll it as a sweet morsel under my tongue, it is so mouth-filling—though my practice is to roll sweet morsels over my tongue instead of under it, as is, I believe, the habit of everybody but these eternal and everlasting brass-makers.)

Now, you will have noticed, as the Scotch say, that I have thus far failed to give any description whatever of this lovely country. What little I have said has certainly been most meager or meagre, either you choose.

No, I am not going to budge another foot! I know that Linville Lake and Linville City are just a few miles away; that Saganaw—not Michigan, but Saganaw, North Carolina—is even nearer; and that Montezuma—not the Aztec chieftain, but Montezuma, Mitchell county—are even nearer yet; and that the great Grand Father mountain itself is looming and glooming in the purple distance; but I just haven't a-go-to to budge another foot for a whole week unless Bob Franklin turns me out into the big road, and if he does, I am just going round to the back door of his house and go right in at that door and stay there. I really ought to have quit before I started, anyhow. BUD WUNTZ.

tion on the part of the multitude of theatergoers who have patronized it so far this season. This latest musical offering is booked at the Auditorium, matinee and night, Saturday, October 21. There are 40 people in the cast and on the stage when the curtain is up, led by the clever prima donna, Miss Perle Bartl, late of "The



PERLE BARTL, FIELDS AND SCANLON
In "The Winning Widow," Auditorium, Matinee and Night, October 21.

Kissing Girl" and "The Broken Idol," and those always funny men, J. M. Fields and George B. Scanlon. While neither a chorus nor a series of vaudeville acts were necessary to the success of the comedy, Max Spiegel has lavishly provided for both. The richness and brilliancy of the costumes, admirably set forth the charms of the young ladies comprising the chorus, and those competent to speak critically of such things, say that there never was more artistically or humorously gowned chorus than the one in "The Winning Widow."

The comedy is the joint work of three of the most successful writers of musical comedy. They are Frank Kennedy, who is responsible for the book; Will Heelan, who wrote the graceful and humorous lyrics, and Seymour Furth, the composer of the music. A few of the song hits include: "What Would We Do Without the Moon," "I Love You," "The Light That Lies in Woman's Eyes," "There's Something Awfully Cute About a Soldier," "Never Get Cross With a Girl," "Don't Get Peevish, Pet," etc.

Lame back is one of the most common forms of muscular rheumatism. A few applications of Chamberlain's Liniment will give relief. For sale by all dealers. Vaudeville and Picture Opera House.

Morgan Monument Unveiled.
Lexington, Ky., Oct. 19.—This city was the mecca yesterday of Confederate veterans, their sons and daughters from all over the west and south. The occasion for the gathering was the unveiling of an 18-foot bronze equestrian monument to General H. Morgan, the Confederate leader.

Governor A. E. Wilson made the address of welcome to visiting veterans and daughters on behalf of the state of Kentucky. Dr. Charleston Lee, of Baltimore, Md., delivered the unveiling address.

Battery Park Greenhouse Chrysanthemums for sale at Raynor's Drug Store.

AUDITORIUM

SCHLOSS THEATRE CIRCUIT
Saturday, Matinee and Night, Oct. 21.

MR. MAX SPIEGEL PUTS FORWARD THE MOST ENTICING MUSICAL COMEDY TREAT OF THE SEASON

THE WINNING WIDOW

PERLE BARTL - JIMMY HAZAS - GEO. B. SCANLON
AN REMARKABLE SINGING COMPANY OF FORTY.
CHORUS OF BEAUTIFUL SHOW GIRLS
20 - BIG SONG NUMBER 5 - 20

PRICES—Matinee, 25c to \$1.00. Night, 50c to \$1.50. Tickets go on sale Thursday morning at Whitlock's Clothing Store.

AUDITORIUM

SCHLOSS THEATRE CIRCUIT
MATINEE AND NIGHT
Monday Oct 23rd.

A. H. Woods offers for your approval the sensation of the year Exceeding the Speed Limit

The Girl in the Taxi

An all star cast, the sensation of Europe. Has received the endorsement of America.

PRICES—Matinee 25c to \$1.00. Night 50c to \$1.50. Tickets went on sale at Whitlock's clothing store this morning. A big rush was experienced.

LOGAN

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