

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.

Chas. H. Fletcher

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

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 37 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

AN EXCITING RAILWAY RIDE

Thrilling Experience of a Wartime Paymaster.

In the autumn of 1863 I was ordered as a paymaster in the United States army to take \$100,000 from Cincinnati to the Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga. Wheeler's cavalry was at that time anywhere and everywhere between me and my destination, and, of course, if I happened to meet any of the detachments it would be a great gain to the Confederacy and a great loss to the United States.

I reached Nashville safely and deposited the safe containing the money in the bank. In the evening it was taken out through the back door, sent to a train of freight cars standing in the yard of the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad and stowed away under the coal in the locomotive's tender. There were but half a dozen cars, and these were empty. Tim Sullivan, an enlisted man in the Ohio infantry and a locomotive engineer who had been running on the road since the capture of the country and knew the trick well, was to carry me through. He was recommended as perfectly reliable, and as I did not care to trust any one else with the secret I doffed my uniform, put on a pair of overalls and acted as fireman.

When we pulled out of the Nashville station the locomotive headlight showed several men standing together beside the track watching our departure. Sullivan looked at me, and when I asked him if anything was wrong he replied, "Dunno." The truth was he suspected our secret was out. I felt very uncomfortable and wished my superiors had not sent me without a guard.

A week's rain had ceased and left a clear sky, a bright moonlight night, so that we could see almost as well as in daytime. We had no sooner left the outskirts of Nashville than Sullivan put on enough steam to run at forty miles an hour—big time for a southern railroad in those days, especially through a hostile country. We did not meet an obstacle or a suspicious circumstance till we had passed more than half our journey, when we began to go down grade for several miles, with the prospect of having to do, as much up grade after reaching bottom. We had made about a mile of the decline when a brakeman shouted:

"There's a train behind, comin' like lightning!"

"How do you know?" asked Tim.

"Seen it in the moonlight."

"See a headlight?"

"There ain't no headlight. It's freight cars; must have broke loose."

"Well, there's a switch at the bottom. We'll have to make it before they catch us."

He hooked up to the first notch and threw the throttle wide open. The engine made a jump, and before we could say "Jack Robinson" we were tearing down the grade at sixty miles an hour. We hadn't far to go, but the question was whether the locomotive would stick to the rails. She swayed and pitched and shuddered and shook like a ship in a gale. We shot over a bridge and out where we could look behind, and there was the cursed train coming like the wind.

"How far to the switch?" I asked.

"Bout two mile and a half."

"Will we reach it in time?"

"Dunno."

We were now on a straight track and could see the switch light at the little station at the foot of the grade and the moonlight gleaming on the rails straight as a pair of arrows for miles.

"What's that standing on the track near the top of the grade?" I asked.

Tim put his head away out of the cab window and looked. When he took it in, his face was as white as the snow. He said in a hoarse whisper:

"It isn't standin' on the track. It's comin' for us!"

"Great heaven! What does it mean—a train behind, another in front?"

"Some one's bound to smash us up. There's no engine on either train. They've caught us in this scopped out country and give us the choice of bein' crushed from behind or in front."

"But we may reach the switch in time to avoid both."

"Whoever's done this job has been smart enough to lock the switch so that no crowbar will open it. We're done for."

Just then above the rattle there was a sound behind us as if a hill had toppled over, and, looking backward we could see tons of mud and stones pouring over the rails. In about a minute there was a crash, and the coming freight cars were piled in a heap at the landslide. The rain had loosened a bank, and we had shaken it off.

"Any chance now at the switch?" I asked.

"Not unless they have left one end unlocked, which they haven't."

Tim reversed his engine as he spoke and whistled down brakes. We came to a stop within a quarter of a mile of the bottom. The train coming in front dashed past the station and began to rise, soon losing its speed, and when within a hundred feet of us we stopped it with a log we had cut across the track. Then we boarded and took possession of it.

We found the switch locked and spent half an hour opening and getting past it. Just as we got on a speed up the grade faster than a horse could go a company of Confederate cavalry dashed into the station.

Some one had blundered.

"I am pleased to recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, as the best thing I know of and safest remedy for coughs, colds and bronchial troubles," writes Mrs. L. B. Arnold of Denver, Colo. "We have used it repeatedly and it has never failed to give relief." For sale by all druggists.

HAIR HINTS

Worthy the Attention of People Who Wish to Preserve the Hair.

Have your own brush and comb at home and at hair dressers. Never use a brush or comb in public places, they are usually covered with dandruff germs.

Wash your hair brush once a week with soap and warm water to which is added a disinfectant.

Shampoo the hair once a week with pure soap and water.

Use PARISIAN SAGE every day, rubbing thoroughly into scalp.

PARISIAN SAGE is guaranteed by Smith's drug store to destroy dandruff germs and abolish dandruff, or money back.

To stop hair from falling and scalp from itching, or money back.

To put life and beauty into dull faded hair, or money back. Price 50 cents.

Claude Seeks a New Phrase.

New York Sun.

"Lucinda!"

"That was brother Claude speaking, and the interrogative occasion in his enunciation indicated that he wanted to ask her a question. He always asks Lucinda when he wants to know anything."

"Lucinda," he went on, "I've been invited to dinner by Algernon, and I want to tell him that, of course, I'll come in evening clothes, but I don't want to say just that to him; it would be too formal, and I don't exactly want to say that I'll come in my glad rags, for that would seem too informal, and also it's too commonplace and worn. Can't you think of something that I could say instead of glad rags?"

"Why, certainly," said Lucinda; "tell him you are coming in your glesome paraphernalia."

"Oh, no!" says brother Claude, "you know that wouldn't do. He'd only laugh at that."

"Well, then," said Lucinda, "you might say that you will appear in your joyous habiliments."

"Joyous habil—dear, dear!" says Claude. "That's almost as bad. I don't want any long words in it, nothing fancy and flowery. I want something jolly and pleasant, and lively, not grand and overpowering."

"Well, Claude," said his patient and ever helpful sister, "just write him that you'll come in your merry regalia. What would you think of that?"

But that didn't strike Claude quite favorably, either, though he liked it better, but he wanted something simpler still, whereupon Lucinda suggested to him: "Make it happy tons," but brother Claude only frowns at that and says no, that won't do, and he says they won't any of them do, and he guesses he'll have to just write it glad rags and let it go at that.

And that's what he did.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets do not sicken or gripe, and may be taken with perfect safety by the most delicate woman or the youngest child. The old and feeble will also find them a most suitable remedy for aiding and strengthening their weakened digestion and for regulating the bowels. For sale by all dealers.

Always interesting pictures at "heats."

SHE WAS LOYAL.

Likewise Honest Enough to Tell Lincoln the Truth.

During the war between the states Miss W., a high spirited Virginia young lady, whose father, a Confederate soldier, had been taken prisoner by the Union forces, was desirous of obtaining a pass which would enable her to visit him. Francis P. Blair agreed to obtain an audience with the president, but warned Miss W. and rather impulsive friend to be prudent and not betray her sympathy for the south. They were ushered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln, and the object for which they had come was stated. The tall, grave man bent down to the little maiden and, looking searchingly into her face, said:

"You are loyal, of course?"

Her bright eyes flashed. She hesitated a moment, and then, with a face eloquent with emotion and honesty as his own, she replied:

"Yes, loyal to the heart's core—to Virginia."

Mr. Lincoln kept his intent gaze upon her for a moment longer and then went to his desk, wrote a line or two and handed her the paper. With a bow the interview terminated. When they had left the room Mr. Blair began to upbraid his young friend for her impetuosity.

"Now you have done it!" he said. "Didn't I warn you to be very careful? You have only yourself to blame."

Miss W. made no reply, but opened the paper. It contained these words:

Pass Miss N. She is an honest girl and can be trusted. A. LINCOLN.

What She Wanted.

They had been married but two months, and they loved each other devotedly. He was in the back yard blacking his shoes. "Jack," she called at the top of her voice, "Jack, come here, quick!"

He knew at once that she was in imminent danger. He grasped a stick and rushed up two flights of stairs to the rescue. He entered the room breathlessly and found her looking out of the window.

"Look," said she—"that's the kind of gown I want you to get me."—Harper's Magazine.

The Eyes of the Japanese.

A Japanese friend of mine once saw among my papers a picture of an Englishwoman dressed in Japanese clothing.

"She is no Japanese," he said. "She is European."

"How do you know that?" I asked him. "Her costume is correct; her hair is straight; she has no ornaments."

"Yes," he replied, "but look at her eyes. Her eyes look out on the world as though she understood it. The Japanese woman never looks like that."—From "England Through Yellow Spectacles."

Light of the Firefly.

Professor McIntosh says that a temperature approaching 2,000 degrees F. would be necessary to make a light equivalent to that emitted by an ordinary firefly. The enormous waste of energy in all industrial methods of producing light is a matter of common knowledge, and the example of the firefly remains unimitated by man.—Argonaut.

A Helpless Invalid

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

A woman who is sick and suffering, and won't at last try a medicine which has the record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, is it would almost seem, to blame for her own wretchedness. Read what this woman says:

Richmond, Mo. — "When my second daughter was eighteen months old I was pronounced a hopeless invalid by specialists. I had a consultation of doctors and they said I had a severe case of ulceration. I was in bed for ten weeks, had sinking spells, and was pronounced to be in a dangerous condition. My father insisted that we try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and brought me six bottles. I soon began to improve, and before it had all been taken I was as well and strong as ever—my friends hardly recognized me so great was the change."—Mrs. Woodson Branstetter, Richmond, Mo.

There are literally hundreds of thousands of women in the United States who have been benefited by this famous old remedy, which was produced from roots and herbs over thirty years ago by a woman to relieve woman's suffering.


Read what another woman says:—

Jonesboro, Texas. — "I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for myself and daughter, and consider it unequalled for all female diseases. I would not be without it for anything. I wish every mother in America could be persuaded to use it as there would be less suffering among our sex then. I am always glad to speak a word of praise for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and you are at liberty to use this testimonial."—Mrs. James T. Lawrence, Jonesboro, Texas.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering from the same trouble?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for her advice—it is free and always helpful.



HUNTING TRUFFLES.

In France They Train Dogs to Find the Prized Fungi.

Truffles, like mushrooms, belong to the family of the fungi, but are a distinct and very peculiar genus. They are cryptogamic plants and subterranean, their position underneath the soil varying from two to three inches to two feet in depth.

They have no root, stem or leaf and vary in color from light brown to black. They are sometimes globular in form and vary in size from that of a pecan nut to that of a duck's egg. Their surface is warty and covered with a skin. Their exact method of growth is not precisely known. They are, of course, regarded as a great luxury by the epicure.

Truffles are mentioned by Juvenal, Pliny, Plutarch and Martial. The Athenian epicures were acquainted with them, and a story is told of a bon vivant who freed a whole family of slaves who had invented a delicious method of preparing them.

France has the credit of producing the finest truffles. Dogs are commonly bred to search for them.

The method of "breaking" these dogs is to give them for a time pieces of truffles every morning before they are allowed to partake of any other food. After a certain period, when their appetite for truffles increases, pieces are hidden in the ground, and they are made to find them. Thus they are gradually taught their business, though it often takes as long as eighteen months before a dog becomes skilled in the art.

In some parts of France—Poitou and Perigord, for instance—plus are trained for truffle hunting, and by some they are deemed to be better fitted for this work than dogs.—Harper's Weekly.

Lost Opportunities.

"Once I could have bought the site of Chicago for \$10 in Mexican money." "I know how it is old chap. I had a chance to buy a beefsteak once for 11 cents a pound."—Washington Herald.

The Measure of His Intelligence.

Fido's Mistress (sobbing)—I've lost my dog; my sweet little innocent pet! Friend—I'm so sorry. Have you put an advertisement in the newspaper?

Fido's Mistress—Oh, what would be the use? The poor darling doesn't know how to read.—Woman's Home Companion.

OLD AGE

Comes to Everyone, but Its Visits May Be Postponed.

Old age is not a question of years. Some men are old at forty, others are young at sixty.

It's a mighty hard proposition to look young, no matter how young you feel if your hair is falling out and your head becoming bald.

Perhaps you are tired trying ineffectual remedies for this evil. We don't blame you if you are. Why not try an effective one for a change.

Newbro's Herpicide kills the Dandruff germ, which is the cause of the whole trouble.

"Destroy the cause you remove the effect."

Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c. in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich. One dollar bottles guaranteed. Smith's Drug Store, special agent.

Tactful.

"Johanna, please go to the pawnbroker's and pawn my gold watch. The poor man, I understand, is not getting much business, and I think we should help him along."—Filegende Blatter.

Still Worse.

"Mrs. Fastleigh has given up cigarettes."

"Did the smoke make her ill?"

"No. The smoke made her dog ill."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Sort.

Alice—What kind of a girl has Jack engaged himself to?

Rose—Oh, she's the sort of woman you never dare ask to luncheon for fear she'll stay to dinner.—Harper's Bazaar.

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LOGAN

Merchant Tailor

The Largest stock Imported Woolens in the state is shown here---new arrivals now on display. Fabrics that will appeal to the most exacting, some of the season's prettiest patterns

ON THE SQUARE

ASHEVILLE, N. C. PHONE 797

An Innovation in Oil Heaters

The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater, with its drums enameled in turquoise, is an ornament to any room, whether in the country or city home.

No home is quite complete without a Perfection Oil Heater. It is a necessity in the fall and spring, when it is too warm to start the regular heating apparatus, and too cool to be without heat. In the midst of winter it is often convenient as an auxiliary heater, as there are always some cold corners in a house.

The enameled heater always presents a nice appearance, as the enamel will not tarnish or burn off. It is not an "enameled paint," but it is the same as the enamel of your cooking utensils.

This Perfection is the most reliable and convenient portable heating device you can find. An automatically-locking flame spreader prevents tumbling the wick high enough to smoke.

PERFECTION
SMOKELESS
OIL HEATER

Standard Oil Company

PERFECTION

Standard Oil Company

PERFECTION

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