

little housemaid says  
now is the time for  
that carpet



the new house that you've moved into needs some new things don't you find? Your home is where you all stay most of the time and should not your home be the loveliest of all places? We have many things to make homes lovely why not let it be your home? Our Furniture is moving too, because we sell it so cheap.

Come to see us. Yours truly,  
THE ROYALL & BORDEN CO.  
Main Street, Opposite Citizens National Bank.

# The Recorder Job Office

Everything in the Printing Line  
Executed Promptly and Neatly

Letter Heads, Cards, Posters, Envelopes, Bill Heads, Statements, Wedding Invitations, Etc.

We have a number of satisfied customers and would like to add to that list. Call to see our work Secure our prices before you give an order for anything in our line.

**THE RECORDER,**  
Durham, N. C.

# Big Bargains

WE HAVE several second-hand ORGANS, some just shop-worn; will sell from \$15.00 up to \$50.00. Pianos for \$150.00 up. Easy Terms.

Drop Us a Card and We Will See You.

**THE CABLE CO.**  
108 Church St., Durham, N. C.

## The MOUTHS OF BABES.

By TROY ALLISON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by C. H. Suttcliffe.

"I'd like to come over there," said a small feminine voice somewhere from the neighborhood of the hedge-row.

Drayton, sitting on his garden bench with a newspaper and a cigar, turned toward the hedge that separated the two gardens and located his visitor. She was evidently standing on something high enough to enable her to overlook the adjoining territory.

Drayton went over to the hedge and looked down into some exceedingly blue eyes, surrounded by a fluff of yellow hair, surmounted by a still fluffier blue bow.

"Hello!" he said, looking down from his six foot height. "Where did you come from?"

"I've been here often and peeped through," she confided. "Lift me over," she commanded in the tone of one accustomed to being obeyed, holding out her arms.

He lifted her over to his side of the hedge, and she ran directly to his rustic seat.

"I'm not prepared to entertain ladies." He stood with his hands in his pockets and smiled into her upturned face. "What can I offer you, madam?"

"I'll take chocolate, please." She settled her skirts over her chubby little legs and smiled back ingratiatingly.

Drayton looked dubious. "Er—I'm sorry to say the chocolate is all out. Wouldn't grapes do?" he suggested.

"Yes; I dess dwapes will do very nicely, thank you." And Drayton imagined she was probably giving a very good imitation of her mother's manner.

When he returned from the house with a bunch of grapes and a huge peach, he found that she had filled her lap with his choicest roses and was hugging them to her face.

"I'm doing to live here always. I'm doing to marry you," she announced.

Drayton, thirty-six and a bachelor, actually felt his face turn red.

"Er—when?" he asked feebly.

"Just as soon as you can det the be-dagement ring."

"Of course, of course, anything you say, but what might be the name of my future wife?"

"Louise. It's mamma's name too."

"It would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I could stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would certainly be unique. I see you would be able to plan things like a real housewife should, but do you think you could stand the pipes?"

"You could keep all your pipes in one room, and I could have a little blue and white room and not have any pipes in my room."

"That's the scheme. We'll plan that blue and white room right away," he agreed heartily.

His housekeeper was surprised when the paperhangers came next day and did the south room in blue. She was still more surprised when the van drove up with all the furnishings for a dainty little bedroom. She felt hurt, considering how long she had been in his service. It was a special slight for Drayton not to tell her, first of all, that he intended to be married.

But Drayton, following a whim, was fitting up the room according to the child's fancy.

Late one afternoon he strolled down the garden path and found little Louise waiting for him to lift her over the hedge.

"Your blue room is all finished, little wife," he said, tossing her in the air, to her great delight. "It's ready for you to look at. I told the housekeeper a young lady was going to visit her this afternoon."

"Are there blue roses on the wall?" she asked eagerly.

"Bunches of them—and little white frilly curtains, and a dear little white bed—and fairy tale pictures on the wall."

"Oh—oh—but I certainly do love you." She clung to his fingers as they walked toward the house. "Did you det the Sleeping Beauty picture?"

"Yes—and Princess Goldilocks—it's a grand room, all right."

"Well, I'll marry you the first thing tomorrow, and nurse can send over all my dolls and things."

"Isn't this rather—sudden? Perhaps your mother would prefer your waiting until you are a week or so older?"

"No, indeed," airily. "Mamma lets me do anything I want—that is, most anything."

"But she'll miss you, and your papa will miss you."

"Oh, didn't you know? I haven't had any favor for a long time—most seven years, nearly."

Drayton took in the five-year-old dignity of her in an amused glance.

"But if you haven't any papa I'm sure your mamma will get very lonely if you marry so young."

"But I'm going to bring her over here to live, too—and nurse, and doggie, and my cat, and my white kitty."

"Love! I'll have to add a wing to the house, sure as we're living! I'm afraid, little one, we'll have to postpone our marriage until I can have a few more rooms built. You'll not mind, will you, sweetheart?"

"Not if you bring me some more

caramels like the ones you brought me yesterday," seriously.

She was silent a moment, evidently evolving a new thought.

"I have such a lovely plan," she gurgled. "I've decided not to be your wife. I'd rather have a favor. It's been such a long time since I had any favor."

Drayton caught her up in his arms. "Sweetheart, you are the dearest little girl a father ever had," and his eyes were moist.

When the room had been admired, and the picture of Princess Goldilocks gazed fervently, and the housekeeper had given her a cream puff, they went back to the garden.

A slender girl in the other garden ran to the dividing hedge.

"Oh, Louise, mamma has been so very uneasy about you! Where have you been, dearie?"

"I'm afraid it's my fault," Drayton said contritely. "I took her to look at some pictures, and we forgot the time."

The child held on to his fingers impulsively. "Oh, mamma, this is my new papa. You are doing to marry him at once, and we are doing to live in his house. You know you said his garden was ever so much prettier than yours."

The woman's face, vivid crimson, looked into the embarrassed face of her neighbor. Finally a twinkle came into her eyes, and a dimple wavered near the corner of her mouth.

He saw the twinkle and thought it and the dimple the most fascinating combination he had ever seen.

"I'd be glad to come over and arrange the details with you at your earliest convenience," he suggested audaciously.

"Mamma, do marry him, please—please do!" begged the child. "Mamma, he'll bring you lovely caramels."

"Will you really?" the mother laughed.

"Pounds of 'em!" emphatically. "May I come over soon and get acquainted?" he begged.

She looked at his well cut features and saw the frank admiration in his eyes.

"I suppose it's proper, Mr. Drayton, you see, I know your sister."

"Then I'm coming over this evening and sit on your front porch. If you know my sister, you'd be greatly lacking in hospitality if you didn't let me call."

"I would hate to seem inhospitable." There was a note of shyness in her voice.

He reached over the hedge and put the child in her mother's arms. She put her plump little arms around his neck in an overflow of affection.

"Goodby, favorer," she said.

"Goodby, baby," he called after her, and as the mother went toward the house in the gathering twilight she was suddenly conscious of the loveliness of the rose garden and the scent of the roses in the air and that in her heart there was a tiny new feeling, warm and tender.

### Longest Year on Record.

The year B. C. 46, by order of Julius Caesar, the then reigning Roman emperor, contained 445 days. To clear away all the confusion which had previously existed in reconciling the lunar with the solar year, Caesar, with the help of Sosigenes, an Alexandrian astronomer, undertook a thorough reform of the calendar. He effected it by making the year now called 46 B. C., "the year of confusion," consist of 445 days and the succeeding years of 365 days, with the exception of every fourth year, which was to consist of 366. This method is called the Julian calendar.

The number of days in the months from January to December before Caesar's time had been respectively 29, 28, 31, 29, 31, 29, 31, 29, 29, 29. These numbers Caesar changed to 31 and 30 alternately, with the exception of February, which was to have 29 in ordinary years and 30 in leap years. In honor of himself he changed to July the name of the month that followed June. The pontiffs in applying the Julian calendar went wrong by inserting leap year every three years instead of every four years, and this continued till the year now called 8 B. C., when the Emperor Augustus ordained there should be no leap year for twelve years, which made leap year occur in 4 A. D. At the same time Augustus gave his own name to the month following July, adding one day to it, which he took away from February.

### Character in the Eyebrows.

An arched eyebrow does not indicate the highest order of intelligence, but is expressive of great sensibility. Scant growth of the eyebrows denotes lack of vitality. On the contrary,

heavy, thick eyebrows indicate a strong constitution and great physical endurance. They are not beautiful on a woman's face, however much they may signify either mental or bodily vigor, and when they are not only heavy, but droop and meet at the nose, they are disagreeable and are said to accompany an insincere and prying nature. Long, drooping eyebrows, lying wide apart, indicate an amiable disposition. Where the eyebrows are lighter in color than the hair the indications are lack of vitality and great sensitiveness.

Faintly defined eyebrows placed high above the nose are signs of indolence and weakness. Very black eyebrows give the face an intense and searching expression. When natural, they accompany a passionate temperament. Very light eyebrows rarely are seen on strongly intellectual faces, although the color of the eyebrows is not accepted simply as denoting lack of intelligence. The form gives the key to the faculties and their direction. Red eyebrows denote great fervor and ambition; brown, a medium between the red and black.—Exchange

### A Crestfallen Inspector.

When former Minister Wu Ting Fang left this country he was accompanied by an extensive retinue and attended to the steamer by a delegation of local Chinese merchants. The customs officials, who then were also immigration inspectors, carefully took the names and count of the local Chinese as they went on board. This precaution was to prevent some deported or otherwise not welcome Celestial from effecting a landing by joining the merchants as they came ashore after taking a ceremonious farewell of their distinguished countryman. Half an hour or so after Wu and his friends had gone on board one of Wu's secretaries arrived on the dock and was hurrying up the gangplank when a customs inspector seized him by the arm and pulled him back on the wharf.

"Washamalla you, John? I no takee name, you no can come back. Who you belong?" said the inspector, smiling at some girls with whom he had been talking.

The Chinese shook loose the inspector's hold on the loose sleeve of his silk robe and with quiet dignity remarked:

"This violence is unnecessary, sir, and my name is a matter of no interest to you. I am a member of his excellency's suit. I go on board this steamer to leave this country never again, I hope, to return."

That customs inspector is still on the force, but never since has he tried to be funny with a Chinese gentleman.—San Francisco Call.

### Where Hat Straw Comes From.

In Italy to raise straw employed in making hats the wheat is sown as thickly as possible in order that the growth of the plant may be impoverished as well as to produce a thin stalk having toward the end from the last knot the lightest and longest straw. The wheat blooms at the beginning of June and is pulled up by the roots by hand when the grain is half developed. If allowed to remain in the ground a longer time the straw would become brittle. About five dozen uprooted branches the size of the compass of two hands are firmly tied together into little sheaves and stowed away in barns. Then the straw is again spread out to catch the heavy summer dews and to bleach in the sun. After additional bleaching the straw is put into small bundles and classified. Finally it is cut close above the first joint from the top and again tied up in small bundles containing about sixty stalks each and delivered to women in almost every private dwelling of the poorer classes.

### John Was Huffed.

In the olden time a woman in the north of Scotland went to visit her husband, who was condemned to be hanged upon the following day. The man began to give his last instructions to his wife preparatory to bidding her farewell, when all at once she broke in on the conversation and exclaimed, "By the bye, John, whaur will I plant the tatties this year?" The unfortunate man, as may be imagined, grew exceedingly indignant at the indifference of his wife and exclaimed angrily: "What need I care whaur ye plant them? I'm no likely to need any o' them." "Hech," replied the woman, turning to the warder, with a wag of the head, "poor John's huffed because he's gaun to be hanged in the morn'" and marched out of the cell.

The Sweet Thing—Are you going to Charley's wedding tonight? The Horrible Thing—No; I'd rather remember him as he was in life.—Puck.

### Socrates' Little Joke.

Socrates had his joke. It was his custom to forego that now and then with a convivial circle of philosophers, geometers and others. On such occasions at the stroke of 2 a. m. he would rise (it is reported of him that he always could rise) and address the chair. "Mr. President," he would say, "I move you that this circle now go home and square itself."

And his credit was such and people were so used to taking him seriously that it came to be believed that the squaring of the circle was an impossible thing.—Puck.

### Thousand Dollar Flight.

Airship flights for a thousand dollar cup will be the feature for Aeroplane Day at the Jamestown Exposition, Sept. 14th, at which time many members of the Aero Club and a number of well known aeronautical men of Europe will be guests of the Exposition.

The feature of the day will be the competition for the Scientific American flying machine trophy, in which will be entered only flying machines of the heavier-than-air type.

In an interview with Israel Ludlow, Director of Aeronautics of the Jamestown Exposition, the first list of the probable contestants has been secured.

Mr. Ludlow himself is now putting the finishing touches on his latest aeroplane, which will enter the contest. The engine for the machine has just arrived from the builders, and the aeroplane will be tried out some time during the present months. Mr. Ludlow states that this machine is 40x25 feet in size, and twice as large as any he has heretofore constructed. When it enters the Scientific American contest, Capt. T. T. Love will be the navigator. The machine is on a pontoon boat and its designer expects to have a torpedo boat to tow it on the day of the contest.

The contest will take place over Lee's Parade grounds and the waters of Hampton Roads, just off the Exposition grounds. The rules governing the competition, which have been published, were formulated by the Aero Club of America. The trophy offered by the Scientific American is valued at \$1,000.00 and it is open to competition by inventors the world over.

This will be the inauguration of a series of competitions which will in the future be held annually. The machine which accomplishes the required flight in the shortest time and with the best display of stability and ease of control, shall be declared winner.

C. H. GATTIS,  
Traveling Passenger Agent.

**Fruit Trees**  
APPLES, PEACH, PEAR, Etc. Fine Trees, Healthy and True Stock. Fine 2-year Rose Plants. WRITE FOR OUR CATALOG and Pamphlet on "How to Plant and Cultivate an Orchard," Free.  
We ship to any price direct to you. Prompt and satisfactory service.  
J. VAN LINDLEY NURSERY CO.  
Pomona, N. C.  
Established 1868. 430 Acres.