to get work, was penniless and stary

NO. 42.

Judicious Advertising "Keeping Everlastingly at brings

RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Job Printing. All kinds Commercial Printing, Pamphlets, Posters, &c., neatly and promptly executed at

Mens', womens', and childrens' SHOES to close out at once to make room for an entirely new line of gooods.

Remember we are the men who carry @ the largest line of Furniture and House @ Furnishing goods in the county and we must have the room now occupied by our shoes. If you want to be among the bargain getters, don't fail to see us. bargain getters, don't fail to see us.

A nice line of Christmas Furniture and novelties on hand.

DAVIS FURNITURE CO.,

Main St., Burlington, N. C.

How the Dean First Came

People in Raleigh, at least, will re-

member with pleasure the eloquent dis-

courses here some time ago of Dean

Hart of Denver-the clergyman with

an Irish face and an English voice. He

had the eloquence of one and the ro-bustness of the other. This robustness

is not confined to his sincere treatment

and simplicity. It is in the man where,

after all, eloquence resides. Here is an interesting story told me by a promi-

nent gentleman in Raleigh who knows

something of the early life of the dean.

It was in Denver during the cowboy

and desperado days. There was a row

of barrooms-they constituted about the

chief business houses along the narrow

streets of the pioneer prairie town.

Dean Hart was then a young man, and

his force was making itself felt even

among these almost abandoned men.

The gamblers and drink house keepers

grew restive. They could not stand any

shock of good deeds, but they had a

oertain kind of open handedness and

brutal frankness with all their wayward

habits of life. They gave the young

preacher so many days to get out of

town. He refused to go and kept on

with his work. Pluck is a pet quality

with these men, and the young man had

One of the most desperate of the

dance ball keepers came to bim and

said: "Young man, I like you because

you are game. Come to my shanty to-

night and preach, and no one shall harm a hair of your head." The young

man was there, and his audience! A

cloud of smoke and wide brimmed bats,

with pistols and knives in their belts.

The stage was crowded with the same

kind. But the boss man and his follow-

ers kept their keen eyes primed for busi-

ness, and the young man proceeded. He

staid there. He has been there ever

since. He built at first a small church.

He is now dean of the Denver cathe-

The Unchanging Snowdrop.

There is no more constant timekeeper

although hard frost may retard the

snowdrop. Unless the outside be really

frost bound the protected flowers will

keep exact pace with those in the lawn

turf. Botanists do not admit the snow-

drop as a true native of Britain. From

the Cancasus to central Germany, they

say, is its legitimate range, but there is

no pretty weed which has established

itself so firmly as . British colonist, in

climate suit it. In the Scilly isles,

strange to say, where bulbous plants

are cultivated to produce hundreds of

tons of early blossoms, the snowdrop

will scarcely live, while 400 miles to

the north, on the misty Atlantic sea-

board, it spreads from garden to lawn,

banks with mimic snow .- Pall Mall

Her Way.

shoved aside by men behind me when I

man out of a seat. They have paid

ing up beside me makes a wild leap for

the stamp window of the postoffice, as

many women think it is their privilege

possible at such short range, say, 'After

you, sir!' It never yet has failed to

work. But I expect some day to be disappointed."—New York Press.

Ostrich "Telephoning."

of California are at the point of hatch-ing, says Charles P. Holder, a curious

side the eggs endeavoring to break out.

Phose which cannot easily emerge are

absisted by the mother bird, which

will sometimes break an egg from

which the telephoning is heard by pressing it carefully and will then ald

the chick to get out. At the Pasadens farm the sight of a boy riding an ostrich as he would a pony may some

When the eggs on the ostrich farms

dral.—Raleigh News and Observer.

őooooooooooooo

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING BY MAIL. We have made preparations for taking care of the wants of our two million customers who live in every portion of





JULIUS HINES & SON.

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→ JACOB A. LONG, ↔ Attorney-at-Law,

GRAHAM, --- - N. C

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IOHN GRAY BYNUM. W. P. BYNUM, JR, BYNUM & BYNUM,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Practice regularly in the courts of Ala-

DR. J. R. STOCKARD



Dentist. GRAHAM, N. C. Office in the Vestal Building, over Albright's drug store First-class work at moderate prices. Call on me.

OLIVER S. NEWLIN,

Attorney-at-Law, GREENSBORO, N. C. Office in Wright Building East of Court Will ractice regularly in the courts of Al-



Look in Your Wilrer

Do you see sparkling eyes, a healthy inted skin, a sweet expression and a grace ul form? These attractions are the result of good health. If they are absent, there is nearly always some disorder of the diss bearly always some disorder of the dis-sinctly feminine organs present. Healthy neustrual organs mean health and beauty very where

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

makes women beautiful and healthy uble. There is no menstrual dis-der, ache or pain which it will not re. It is for the budding girl, the order, ache or pain which it will not cure. It is for the budding girl, the busy wife and the matron approaching the change of life. At every trying crisis in a woman's life if brings health, strength and happiness. It costs \$1.00 of medicine dealers.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladius' Advisory Department." The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. 6

MRS. BOZENA LEWIS, of Generitie, Texas, sagas.—" was troubled at munchly intervals with terrible palso in my head and lack, but have been maintay selected by Wice of Christian.

Rubber Stamps

berers, inks, pads, and all kinds of rubber stamp supplies. Stamps

The sound is caused by the chicks in-Rigid and cushion, daters, num-10e up. W. P. EZZELL. Burlington, N. C.

REST.

Not with the ears I hear,
Not with the eyes I see;
Night and the day are near,
Yet they are naught to ma.
Green grows the grass above,
Birds to my graveside come;
Only the feet I love
Thrill through my lonely home!

Naked to God's clear eyes Since the warm vesture died, Here, where the body lies, Here doth the soul abide; Bred of the heart and brain, Child of their marriage-ho

Frail was its garb of pain! God's peace enwraps it now. When to my soul you come, Missing the body so, Think not that I am dumb-All of your grief I know;
It is my voice you hear,
When, loving life so well,
You feel no passing fear
With my glad soul to dwell!

Here, in this narrow bed, God gives me clearer eyes; All that I'did and said Lives on for paradise! So simple heaven is—
Life is but truly blest
When death in speechless bliss
Holds wide the door of rest!
—Fred G. Bowles in Literatur

A Conspiracy That Remained Unpunished For a Quarter of a

The recent trial in Marseilles, France, of Jules Ducraix for an alleged assault on his wife, Marie, led to the discovery of the real perpetrators of a great crime committed 25 years before and to the exoneration of an innocent man. The story of the trial, as told in a French newspaper, is dramatic.

Ducraix dealt in ship's stores and was supposed to be in good circumstances. In his defense he swore that his wife assaulted him with a knife, and he showed the unhealed wound on his left arm, made by the weapon when he endeavored to ward off what might have otherwise been a deadly blow. At this juncture in the trial a note was handed to the defendant's counsel. With permission of the court, he read the note, and asked to be excused for a minute or two. He followed to the corridor the man who had handed him the note and speedily returned. At his request the woman was recalled and questioned by him as

"Where were you born, madame?" "In Paris, I believe."

"Were you ever in Poltou?" "Were you ever in Brittany?"

"Never!" "Did you ever know or see a man amed Jacques Saupier?"

"I never did!" "Were you never married to a man of that name?

"Never!" "You swear that you were never married to one Jacques Saupier and never saw or knew him?"

"I do so swear." Counsel turned and, glancing round the audience that filled the courtroom,

than the snowdrop. It seems constitu-tionally insensible of temperature, for "Jacques Saupier!" Amid deep sllence and with all eyes blossoms by making the ground like fixed upon him, a man was seen moving forward from the outskirts of the iron, through which they cannot be crowd. He was tall, dark, clean thrust, they make their appearance si-multaneously with a thaw. On the other shaven, with a sloping forehead and a receding chin.

hand, this curious little plant will not "This way, Jacques Saupier!" counrespond to abnormal warmth, natural sel said, and the stranger moved slowor applied. You may coddle the bulbs ly forward, with his eyes fixed upon in pots and put them in a warm frame the woman. Within three or four feet with crocus, hyacinth, narcissus and of her he stood and looked at her with lily of the valley-these last will rea steady, unflinching gaze. She crouchward you by anticipating their natural senson by many weeks. Not so the

ed and turned away her head. Then counsel questioned her. "Do you know this man?" "Yes, yes; I do."

"Is this Jacques Saupler?" "Oh, yes, I believe so." "Is he your lawful husband?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, let me go!" "What has become of your paramour, Lacruse?" "He is in prison for life-dead to me, those districts, at least, where soil and

"What has this to do with the case?" the court asked.

"This woman is a criminal," answered the counsel, "and I ask you to de tain her on a charge of a double murder, committed 25 years ago." The complaint against Ducraix was

from lawn to woodland and sheets the dismissed, and the woman was handed over to the police. The narrative which follows is gathered from a report of the proceedings already mentioned. Marie Rozan was the associate of "I have found a way," said the girl thief, sometimes called Crascras, but who works down town, "to avoid being whose real name was Lacruse. Early in May, 1873, Lacruse and one Pascot am trying to get on an 'L' car in the planned a robbery at Lemans, province evening to go home. I don't want men to offer me their seats in the car, and I of Maine, where Pascot had once been employed as a coachman. Marie acalways avoid the appearance of staring companied them. Pascot was arrested and Lacruse fied and abandoned Marie their money and are entitled to their to her fate. She managed to escape seat if once they get it. Nor do I object from the neighborhood and wandered so much when a sent in front of me is on, suffering from want and exposure, vacated if the man who has been standuntil she reached Morlaix in Brittany She continued on up one of the valleys until she came upon a comfortable homestead, where lived Henri Saupier "But I do not like being shoved around and pushed to one side from behind so that men who are farther with his wife and only son. M. Saupier owned some 20 acres of land adjoining from the car platforms than I am can his home and was in good circumget in first. I don't try to break into a line when getting theater tickets nor at stances, being considered, in fact, the wealthy man in the district. The sou, Jacques, was not particularly bright and had carned a bad reputation in the to do. Yet a woman can hardly fight to neighborhood, having twice stolen keep her place on the 'L' platform. So when they push me too roughly I turn one side and, making as low a bow as money from his parents and gone off with it. He was never fond of work,

the truth of the matter being that he had been spoiled in the bringing up. Just before dusk on the evening of May 30, 1873, Saupier sat in the garden smoking. Looking up, he saw a miser-ably clad woman, standing with her

hand on the gate and her eyes directed

"Wife," said Saupier, calling to Mme. Saupler, who was in the house, "see what this poor woman wants," Apparently encouraged by the kindly tones of the old man, Marie-for it was she-opened the wicket and entered the garden. To bushand and wife she told her story, saying that her name was Marie Rozan, and teiling how her fa-ther, a fisherman, was drowned, and

at once and be as far away as possible by daylight." Louis was in the act of turning how her brother was in the navy a great way off, and how she had no pists friends or relatives, and being unable per:

"What was that?"

Mme. Saupler took the young tramp in, gave her the means to wash herself, provided her with decent clothes and treated her with the utmost kindness. The wretched outcast was soon pistol. transformed into a rosy faced, hand-"For the good Lord's sake, don't some, cheerful young woman. She won her way into the hearts of the old

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1899.

people by her handiness and diligence, and it was soon understood that she to be astonished, but both soon recovwas to stay and receive wages as a ered their composure, for they had domestic. Jacques began before long to cast his eyes on Marie, and, as she and more than once. was well behaved and industrious, his parents offered no objections. In Sep-

tember of the same year, Jacques and Marie were married and continued to a dead man. live at the homestead. Within a month of the wedding, Ma-Then he explained the cause of his unrie showed her husband a letter, which

she said was from her brother, announcing his arrival at Cherbourg. "Oh, how I should like to see him!" she exclaimed. "It is years since I last saw him."

"Ask him to pay us a visit," the husband said, and so in a short time a dark skinned, fairly good looking young man arrived, whom Marie intreduced as her brother, Louis Rozan. Marie embraced him affectionately, and for a week or more they were constantly together, Mme. Saupler relieving her daughter-in-law from much of the household work to enable her to stroll around with her brother. At the end of ten days Louis left, saying that he must return to his ship. On Dec. 1 Marie received a letter from him, sayand drove me into the stable, and you ing that his ship was ordered on a long cruise and that he intended to visit her you were about to decamp with the once more before he sailed. On Dec. 15, Jacques informed his wife that a vou-thus!" man in sailor garb had met him and told him that Louis had met with an accident and was detained at Morlalx and wanted his sister to come and nurse him. Marie said that she was not well enough to undertake the task, and urged her husband to go and do

readily consented and started for the train at Morlalx the same evening. The next morning, Dec. 16, some la borers passing the Saupier homestead were surprised to find the place closed and no one about, as usual. Looking around, they saw the hand of a woman waving at an open window. The men entered the garden and found the front door open. They went in and heard greans proceeding from a room up stairs. Ascending, they entered the apartment from which the groans proceded and found Marie lying on a bed close to the window. She was gagged, and her feet and left arm were bound to the bed. The right arm she had apparently got partially at liberty. The men released her, and she exclaimed: "They've murdered M. Saupler and

what he could to help her brother. He

his wife!" Then she went off in a faint. The inborers found in an adjoining room Saupier and his wife lying on the bed, ruthlessly backed to pieces, the ax which had done the foul deed lying on the floor. While they were gazing on the dreadful scene Marie entered and

in a frenzied manner asked: "Have they murdered my brother

Marie accompanied the men while they searched around. The strong box in which the old man kept a considerable sum of money was open, the key being in the lock. Everything of value was gone. While the search was going on a knocking was heard, proceeding, as t was found, from the stable.

"Oh, that must be my brother!" Marie said. "The murderers must have locked him in the stable."

The stable was found locked, but Marie discovered the key lying on the ground a few feet away. The door was opened, and a young man appeared, whom Marie embraced with much

effusion, saying! "Oh, my dear brother, I was afraid they had killed you too!"

"I heard you scream," he said, "and ran up stairs. I was sleeping on the couch in the kitchen, you know. When I reached your room, I saw two men gagging you, and one of them with a pistol in his hand seized me, forced me down stairs and into the stable and locked me in." "Yes," Marie said, "I was awakened

by a noise in the bedroom occupied by M. Saupler and his wife, and as I was in the act of getting up to see what was the matter two men entered and seized, gagged and bound me. I recognized one of the men as my husband by his voice. I heard him say:

'T've settled the old folks, and that's

"'I'm sure it was Jacques,' Louis added, for in the struggle I tore off the tail of his coat, and here it is."

The story told by Jacques Saupler on the trial of Marie presented a very different condition of things. Jacques swore that when he got about half way to Moriaix, which took him some time, as the night was stormy and the roads were bad, he found that he had lost through a hole in his pocket nil the money he started with, except a few sous. This fact and the increasing severity of the storm induced him turn back, and it must have been 11 o'clock when he reached the homestead. To his surprise, he found the door open and a light in the kitchen. As he stood wondering, he saw Louis and Marie coming down the stairs and he slipped into the pantry that opened into the kitchen, which they entered.

Louis carried Mr. Saupier's japanned money box and a leathern bag in which Jacques knew his father kept gold of large denominations. Louis said: "The job's done, and we must clear

They talked together in a low tone, and Marie seemed considerably alarmed. Louis said:

"Don't you see that when Jacque finds out that your brother isn't there he'll start back home, and there is no chance such a night as this of any one's having identified him, as all the inns in Moriaix will be closed long before he gets there?"
"Well," said Marie, "but he will say,

Where is my wife? She must either have been murdered, too, or have had

head, when Jacques, to prevent his being discovered, closed the pantry door, leaving only the space of an inch. The door creaked. Louis started, drew a pistol and said in a frightened whis-

"Then here goes for it, whatever it may be," said Louis as he raised his ics, there are systems in India not based

hiding place. It was the turn of Louis and Marie

been together in as bad a fix before "Look here," Louis muttered savage-

ly, "we want no spies upon us. Say your prayers, for in a minute you'll be "Wait and hear me," said Jacques.

expected return. "Now we have you," Louis said. "You, Jacques Saupler, have murdered your father and mother and robbed them. You pretended you were going to Morlaly to see me, because a messenger had brought you word I was ill.

That messenger was your accomplice." "My accomplice?" "That's it exactly-your accomplice in this double murder. He has escaped. We have got you. After pretending to start for Morlaix, you returned after we-Marie and I-were fast asleep. While you murdered the old man and woman with an ax your accomplice gagged and bound Marie. Then when I was aroused and came up the stairs your accomplice met me with a pistol

He raised the pistol. Jacques fell on his knees and entreated Louis to spare

one condition," said Louis. "On "Clear out, decamp, put yourself out of the way forever; never return to this place, leave France. Go straight to Brest and find one Santeur, at the Red Gantlet, on the quay, near the custom house. Say 'I am the friend of Crascas, who desires you to put me across.' He will understand."

Louis opened the leather bag and took out several goldpieces and handed them to Jacques.

"Here," he said, "this will pay your fare. Never set foot in France again, for if you do you will go to the guillo-Remember, you twice robbed your father before and escaped. This time you won't escape, unless you do as 1 say."

Jacques was thunderstruck. As already said, he was not over bright, and to him the situation, as described by Louis, was overwhelming. He had robbed his father before. It was well known not only to people around, but to the police also. That would go far to condemn him. Still be hesitated. "See," said Louis, "here is a piece of your coat which I tore off when I was struggling with you."

Louis exhibited the rag; this settled the case. Louis took the money and departed. He found his way to Brest, discovered the man he wanted and was landed at Jersey. Thence he was transferred to a town on the south coast of England. Later he came to this country and then went to Hongkong, where he managed to make money. he sailed to England and afterward made a journey to South Africa, where he increased his fortune. Next he visited India, and on his way by the Suez canal back to England, landed at Marsellies. It was merely a matter of curiosity that led him into the courtroom, where he recognized in the person of

Mme. Ducraix his wife Marie. The statement as made by Jacque Saupler was corroborated in every particular by Louis Lacruse, released from prison to testify, who gave a full account of the murder of Saupler and his wife just as it happened. As for the messenger, be was a confederate of Louis who used him to get Jacques out of the way. Louis locked himself in the stable and threw the key through a hole in the door. The money was hidden yway, and after the funeral of the old people and the failure of the police to trace Jacques, Marie sold all she could sell, and she and Louis departed, not forgetting to take the money with them. Their future career

is not necessary to the sequel. As the judge on the trial of Marie said, the plot to murder the old man and his wife was at once clumsy and shallow, and any ordinary detective ought to have been able to see through Marie is undergoing the punish ment due to her crimes.-Brooklyn

Taking the Wrong Boats. Dwight L. Moody, in addressing his great Bible class in The Ladies Home Journal on regeneration, illustrates his teachings with this excellent story: "A Methodist minister, on his way to a camp meeting, through some mistake took passage on the wrong boat. He found that, instead of being bound for a religious gathering, he was on his way to a horse race. His fellow passengers were betting and discussing the events, and the whole atmosphere was foreign to his nature. He besought the captain that he would stop his boat and let him off at the first landing, as the surroundings were so distasteful to him.

"The story also goes on to relate how, on the same occasion, a sporting man, intending to go to the races, by some mistake found himself on the wrong bont, bound for the camp meeting. The conversation about him was no more intelligible to him than to the man in the first instance, and he, too, besought the captain to stop and let him off the boat. Now, what was true in these two cases is practically true with every one. A true Christian is wretched where there is no fellowship, and an unregenerate man is not at ease where there are only Christians. A man's future will be according to what he is here pre-"My God! I never thought of that," according to what he is here pre-Louis said. "Anyhow, we must get off pared for. If he is not regenerate, heaven will have no attractions for

Appropriate. Assistant-How would you designat paper devoted to palmistry?

Editor—Call it a hand organ.—Chica

One Minute Cough Cure, cures

THE JAINS.

"It came from the pantry," Marie Men and Women of India Who Strive to

Besides Hindoo or Vedic metaphyson the Vedas and Upanishads, and therefore classed as heterodox by the fire," Jacques cried, coming from his Vedista. These are the Buddhist and Jain systems. Much has been written and spoken on Buddhism, but very little on Jainism.

Jain (or, more properly speaking, Jains) means a follower of Jina, which is a generic term applied to those persons (men and women) that have conquered the lower nature - passion. hatred and the like-and brought into prominence the highest. The Jain philosophy, therefore, bases its doctrine on the absolute necessity (for the realization of truth) of conquering the lower nature. To the undeveloped or insufficient ly developed observer, it is the conquering of the lower nature; to the fully developed, it is the realization of the

There lived many such Jinas in the past, and many will doubtless yet be born. The philosophy of the Jainatherefore is not essentially founded en any particular writing or external revelafion, but on the unfoldment of spiritual consciousness, the birthright of every

The Jain philosophy teaches that the universe-the totality of realities-ir infinite in space and eternal in time, but the same universe, considered from the standpoint of the manifestations of locked me in, removing the key. Then | the different realities, is finite in space and noneternal in time. Particular parts money when I came upon you and shot of the universe have their cyclic laws corresponding to the laws of evolutior and involution. At certain periods ar hats, or great masters (saviors of mankind), are born, who, through love, sac-rifice of the lower nature (not of the rea! self) and wisdom, teach the true doctrine. Referring to that part of the world known as Bharata-Khandia (India), the last arhat, Mahavira, was born 598 B. C., in a town called Kundagrama, in the territory of Videha. He lived 72 years and reached moksha

(the perfect condition) in 520 B. C. The Jain philosophy also teaches that each soul (atman) is a separate individuality, uncreated and eternal in existence; that each individual soul has lived from time without beginning in some embodied state, evolving from the lower to the higher condition through the law of karma, or cause and effect; that so long as the karmas (forces generated in previous lives) have not been fully worked out it has, after physical death, to form another body, until through evolutionary processes it unfolds its absolute purity. Its full perfection is then manifested. This perfection of the individuality is the Jain Nirvana, or mukti. The individuality is not merged into anything, neither is it annihilated. The process of this development, or salvation, may be said simply to consist in right realization, right knowledge and right life, the details of which are many.

Personality is changing every moment. The individuality is for every moment the particular stage of unfoldment of the ego itself and is concequently the bearer of the sins and sorrows, pleasures and enjoyments, of mundane life. In absolute perfection this bearing nature is thrown off like a of the two men. The flickering hight busk, and the ego dwells in divine and of the candle shone dimly on the sternal bliss. It is not destroyed, nor is finshed faces as they watched each it merged into another ego or in a su- other warily out of the corners of preme being, and if the question be asked whether in this state of mukti (deliverance) there is one ego or a plurality of egos I would answer in the words of the Jain master: "That atman by which I experienced myself and my essence through self realization—that I am; neither masculine, feminine nor neuter, neither one, two nor many." The Vedanta metaphysics teach that

salvation comes through knowledge (of Brahman). It is not the potential that through effort and conquest becomes the actual, and we are further taught that that which is is real now. On the other hand, Jainism teaches that from the ideal and transcendental standpoint you are Brahman, but its eternality, tha real mukti, comes from work and knowledge together, not from one alone. Through work and knowledge, Jainism says, the individual develops and unfolds the potential. Therefore the statement, "I am Brahman," would be interpreted by a Jain to mean I am Brahman only inherently or in embryo; I have the capacity or the actual possibility of Brahman; what I am implicitly must become explicit. There is a vast difference between the implicit and the explicit. Those who do not recognize this difference would never make an attempt to become rational and free.-Virchand B. Gandhi in Mind.

New York the Railroad Center. "Reasoning Out a Metropolis" is the title of an article in St. Nicholas, written by Ernest Ingersoll. Mr. Ingersoll says: Railroads began to be built about 1830, and the New Yorkers were soon pushing them out in all directions, supplying the money for extending them farther and farther north and west and connecting them into long systems controlled by one head. Other men in other cities did the same, but by and by it was seen that no railroad between the central west and east could succeed in competition with its rivals unless it reached New York. The great trunk roads, built or aided by the Baltimore men to serve their city, and by the Philadelphia people to bring trade to them, and by the capitalists of New England for their profit, never succeed ed, therefore, until they had been push ed on to New York, where the volume of commerce was coming to be as great as or greater than that of all the other American ports put together. Now New York has become the real headquarters of every important railway system is the United States; that is, it is bers that the financial operations—the money part of the management—are conducted, though the superintendents of its trains and daily business may keep their

Might Have Been Worse. Mr. Gibbs went to an entertains and by mistake set on his neighbor's silk hat, reducing it to a shapeless mass. The owner of the hat was natur-ally indignant and breathed threats of vengeance. "Sir," said Mr. Gibbs caimly, "I am very sorry and must ad-mit that I was awkward. But," he added complacently, "it might have

"I don't see how it could have been, roared the victim.
"Ob. yes, it could," said Gibbs. "I
might have sat down on my own hat."

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There are two things we give to every purchaser Who buys a suit or an overcoat, viz:

> Good Value and A Good Fit.

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Everybody pays us the same price. You buy as cheap as your neighbor—your neighbor buys as cheap as any one. We think this is the only way to do business so that it will be mutually beneficial both to the customer and ourselves.

200 pairs all wool pants, guaranteed not to rip \$2.00 110 suits all wool black Clay worsted, 18 oz. \$10.00 Pants for regular, lean, extra sizes and stout men.

Come to see us we will convince you that our prices are right-we want o get better acquainted with you anyway. We will treat you nice if we an't sell you. WILL H. MATTHEWS & CO., can't sell you. 304 S. Elm St., Greensboro, N. C.

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AN ISLAND IN THE JACK POT. It Is Now Part of Minneapolis and Is

Worth Many Fortunes. At one of the most interesting games of poker ever played in Minneapolis Nicollet island was put in the jack pot by a man who thought | ing it almost immediately. If you want quick he understood the game, but found relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by there were others who understood it T. A. Albright, druggist, Graham, N.C.

Fifty-five years ago Pierre Bottineau took up a claim on the spot land he had almost given away would in a few years be the site of a great city. For a small sum he purchased a large portion of what is lis and put up a log cabin on a little mound in the center of Nicollet is-

Half a dozen of the old settlers,

Bottineau among them, had a little

poker club. One evening the stakes kept growing larger and larger, until every jackpot contained a small fortune. Mr. Bottineau had been losing heavily, but at last was dealt a hand upon which he hoped to regain his losses and win something besides. He was given four queens, and, drawing one card, secured an ace, leaving four kings as the only hand by which his could be beaten. He thought he saw one of the players discard a king, and he considered his hand invincible and played it accordingly. Soon all but Bottineau and the man opposite him dropped their cards and retired to watch the game. The table was heaped with money and the personal belongings their eyes. All of Bottineau's possessions lay on the table, and it was his bet. He looked at his hand carefully and then said that all he had left was Nicollet island, which he would bet against \$200. The bet was called, and Bottineau laid down his four queens with a smile of triumph. Amid a dead silence his opponent laid on the table face up four kings and a tray. It was so still you could have heard them breathe. Then Bottineau called for writing materials and made out a deed to the is land. From that day he never touch ed a card or countenanced gambling

in any form. After drifting around the country he went to Red Lake Falls and tool up a claim and remained there until the time of his death. He was emrloyed as a guide and scout and was one of the principal members of the Sibley expedition. He knew every foot of the northwest country, having traversed it ever since he was 10 years old, when he guided Lord Scl. kirk's colonists from old Fert Garry When he died, the last of the old time Canadian voyagers and guides, who were such an important factor in the upbuilding of the northwest, passed away.—Minneapolis Trib

A noted joke immortalized in Lever's "Charles O'Malley" was actually perpetrated by Mr. Frederick Welcome, a student in Trinity college, Dublin.

Mr. Welcome pretended to hear voice in the sewer and persuaded the mob that a prisoner had escaped into the sewer from the jall and that be was perishing there. The mob excavated the street. The troops were called out, and a riot followed.-St. Louis

The Watch Oak Tree. The Brooklyn Times gives an interesting account of a fine oak tree which stands on the grave of a Presbyterian minister in the cemetery at Hunting-ton, N. Y. The clergyman's son has encircled the tree with a bronze tablet with the following inscription: "Thistree was grown from an acorn taken

from the historic watch oak tree of

England and planted by the Rev.

James McDougal, 1882."

The watch oak tree referred to stands near the town of Battle, Eng-land. The place was formerly called Senac. It is near the spot where Harold II, the king of England, gathered his army for a battle with William the Conqueror on Oct. 14, 1066. Tradition has it that the oak tree stood in a prominent position and that from its branches Harold's man observed the movements of the invading Normans. The name watch oak was given it, and as such it has been known during the centuries since that memorable battle.

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