Judicious Advertising

RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Job Printing. All kinds Commercial Printing, Pamphlets, Posters, &c., neatly and promptly executed at NO. 45. lowest prices.

# 

Mens', womens', and childrens' SHOES 0 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 our shoes. If you want to be among the our shoes 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.

risk telling it.

MUD HENS HIS PREY.

He Thought Them Ducks and Blazed

Away at a Great Bate.

when the tragedy took place, a long

legged, gander shanked, country gawk.

I was at that time the possessor of a

new ten gauge breechloader and an in-

satiable appetite for killing game and

especially wild fowl-verily, a pitiless

combination. I wish to record it here

that I am not the least bit proud of my

share in the transaction, but it happen-

ed a good many years ago, so I will

"I had spent the day in the woods

chopping and was returning home

shortly after sundown, pretty well fag-

ged out and hungry enough to eat a

sawdust ham. Between the woods and

house lay a mile wide strip of low bot-

tom land, dotted with rice ponds and

small lakes, the favorite loafing place

for all the ducks and mud hens in the

country. It was late in the fall. The

blanket, the wild fowl had migrated

leaving the bottom deserted of bird

life. Nevertheless, as I crossed the

bottom, from force of habit, I suppose,

I was, as the boys say, 'rubbering' for

"In passing the foot of a long, nar-

row lake my vigilance was rewarded.

A quarter of a mile up the lake I be-

held, to my amazement, a big air hole

black with ducks. They were not there

den appearance, but as I gazed wonder

was replaced by a wild frenzy of ex-

ultation. I would get my gun and

murder the whole mass or as many as

possible before they flew and then brag to the boys of the number of

ducks I had killed at one shot. Noble

thought! Fatigue was forgotten, and

I barely touched ground as I flew over

slowly dimming all objects as a long

legged specter sneaked crouching along

the rush fringed bank of the lake up to

flash, a roar, and a swath was mow-

ed through the huddled fowls. I had

counted on their springing into the air

at one jump, when I would tunnel an-

other hole through them. To my utter

astonishment, not a bird of them offer-

ed to fiv-just sloshed around the air

hole a little and settled down, wonder-

ing where the earthquake came from.

Maybe I can kill them all,' I exulted.

Another swath was cut, leaving an-

other blanket of dead birds on the wa-

ter. Instead of flying the survivors only

huddled together the closer. 'Funniest

ducks I ever shot at. Must be a hole

full of cripples. If it is, I may as well

kill them and get them out of their

ashamed of myself and was apologiz-

ing. Another charge went tearing

"That time 'something come.' My

battery had been planted at such ef-

fective, range that nothing could stand

the fire and live. There was a general

exodus from that air hole, but I'm a

sinner if the whole outfit, instead of

flying, didn't crawl out on the ice and

run in all directions. Then for the first time I smelled a rodent. In slang lan-

guage, I 'tumbled.' I had been pour-

ing charge after charge into a belated

"I was disgusted. My feelings were

hurt, my pride was wounded. I took one

look at the objects of my unboly am-

bition and, shouldering my gun, sneak-

"'My son, you are a brilliant and

successful duck hunter. What you

know about the characteristics of

exceedingly valuable book for crema-

tory purposes. Had you possessed the

brains of a tumblebug you would have

seen at a glance the situation. Evi-dently the distance from the outside of

your cranium to the gray matter with-

in (if there is any) is a Sabbath day's

"The next morning I walked around

by the air hole. Thirty-five dead mud

bens lay frozen in the ice. The bal-

ance had migrated at night."-Minne-

Doors In Mexico.

cally unknown in Mexican houses, ei-

ther at entrances or between interior

and are fastened with bolts top and bottom. Exterior doors are always fit-

ted with glass panels, for they also serve as windows. All such doors

opening on the street or open court are fitted with solid shutters that are folded at the sides out of sight when

A Wondowful Discovery.

The last quarter of a century records many wonderful discoveries in medicine, but none that have accomplished more for humanity than that sterling ald household remedy, Browns' Iron Bitters. It seems to contain the very elements of good health, and neither man, woman or child can take it without deriving the greatest benefit. Browns' from Bitter's is said by all dealers.

Heavy, single doors, such as are sed in the United States, are practi-

ms. All doors open in the middle

swarm of worthless mud hens.

ed off home soliloquizing:

journey."

apolis Journal.

across the water.

You see, I was getting

" 'Bully! They're dazed with the cold.

the air hole where the unsuspecting

the bottoms.

were covered with an ley

"I was somewhere along in the teens

őooooooooooooo

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING BY MAIL.



the world.

Our 50t page Catalogue is full of suggestions a bout everything to Eat, Wear and Use, and offers particular bargains in:

Bookcases, Biovoles, Brass China Closets, Candles, Couches, Commodes, Desks, Oraperies, Fancy Chairs, Yancy Tables, Fountain Pena Joid Panelle 7 Braperies, Fancy Chairs, Fancy Tables, Fountain Pens, Gold Pencils, Groceries, Handkerchiefs, Jewelry, Mumers, Lamps, Musical Instruments, Neckties, Ornaments, Pocket, Hnives, Pictures, Rockers, Shoes, Silverware, Sterling Silver Novelties, Stools, Tables, Watches, etc.

Our Lithographed Catalogue shows Carphets, Russ, Portieres, Art Squares and Lace Curtains in their real colors. Carphets sewed free, lining furnished free, and freight prepaid.

Our Make-to-Order Ciothing Catalogue with samples of cloth ottached offers Suits and Over-



Our Made-to-Order Clothing Catalogues with samples of cloth attached offers Suits and Overcoats from \$5 % to \$30.00. Expressing poid on clothing everywhere. We also issue a special Catalogue of Pianos, Organs, Sewing Mackines and Bicycles. We will make your Christmas buying more satisfactory than it has ever been before. Which Catalogue do you which a decease this way: JULIUS HINES & SON. BALTIMORE, MD. Dept

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

→ JACOB A. LONG, ← Attorney-at-Law,

GRAHAM, - - - - N. C Practices in the State and Federal courts.
Once over White, Moore & Co.'s store, Main
Street. 'Phone No. 3.

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

BYNUM & BYNUM,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Practice regularly in the courts of Alamance county.

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 practice regularly in the courts of Al-



The Coming of Baby

brings joy or pain. It's for the mother to decide. With good health and a strong womanly organism, motherhood but adds to a woman's

MoELREE'S Wine or Cardui

takesaway all terrors by strengthening the vital organs. It fits a mother for baby's coming. By revitalizing the nerve centres it has brought chubby, crowing youngsters to thousands of weak women who feared they were be an It purifies, heals, regulates and strengthens, and is good for all women at all times. No druggist would be without ft. \$1 00 Foradvice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Rubber Stamps

Rigid and cushion, daters, numberers, inks, pads, and all kinds of not in use. rubber stamp supplies. Stamps 10с пр. W. P. EZZELL, Burlington, N. C.

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1899.

TO A BIRTHDAY.

What boots it if our natal day Has not forever come to stay, But year by year slips one away: What odds if here and there appears A strand of silver from the years

Have flowed in bitternem? Although Toars are not always, since wasknow. That smiles to little wrinkles grow.

What difference if the years go by As white clouds in a windy sky If those we love are ever nigh?

The years are very kind. They pass With equal speed for lad and lass, From christ'ning song to requiem mass, And, though they bring us age, forsooth, It must be happy as our youth If we may know in living truth

That, hand in hand, in smiles or tears, With those we love we meet the years And always hear the voice that cheers

And always look into the eyes That see for us the bluest skies, That find for us the dearest prize. What boots it if our natal day Has not forever come to stay, Since, passing with it till time ends, Are all the birthdays of our friends?

AN EXCHANGE OF SOULS?

Story Which May Account For Many Strange Things We See In This World.

BY CHARLES A. HARTLEY.

It was the night before that memorable charge up San Juan hill. Private Carter was a fragment of that long, thin blue line in support of the rough riders. He was a volunteer and had never experienced the baptism of fire. He was afraid of the morrow. His heart almost shriveled up in his broad chest at the thought of what he might expect to face, and then in turn it expanded to almost suffocation. He was afraid of himself. Would he walk up bravely to whatever fate was in store for him, or would be shrink and quail before the foe? were questions that he asked himself as he looked up at the twinkling southern stars. By right of his physique his place was at the head of the first four of his company. At the preparatory camps he had learned the foot maneuvers and manual of arms with an aptness that placed him in line for promotion to that of a noncommissioned officer if nothing better. He was the right pivot for his four. Would the conduct of any of the other men turn on his actions in the action when I passed in the morning, and I of the morrow? Would be come out a was at a loss to account for their sudcorpse, a craven coward or a man

worthy of promotion? His thoughts flew away, skipping over the waters with the swiftness of a bird. Nothing impeded their progress as they went back over the track of the vessel that had brought him to this unfamiliar southern clime. His body lay back in a drowsy state, and soon he slept soundly, but his mind, his soul, was somewhere else. It touched lightly at New York city went on out into the rural districts with a bound. He saw his comfortable home. At that very moment his ducks were sporting. There was a seed father was reading from a daily paper to his anxious mother while she sat with clasped hands on the opposite side of the lighted lamp. He could see that they were deeply interested in the story of the impending battle at the great southern gate to Cuba. The very dread on his mother's face almost made him sorry that he had enlisted against her wishes. But something seemed to pull him on from that beloved spot. There was the old family dog curled up in his kennel. He saw him as plainly as day as he passed out the back way. He felt like stooping down and patting the old fellow on the head as he passed. Strange to him, the dog did not even look up. Always before the dog had been ready to bounce to his feet at the approach of his young master in anticipation of a caress. Notwithstanding fond recollections of the dear old home caused him to linger, Private Carter could not stay. Some unexplainable power drew him onward. He was off on the wings of thought again. A touch here and a touch there brought him back to Camp Alger. The great Washington monument flashed on his vision as he passed, the same as it was the day the cars bore his regiment to the seaboard for

embarkation for the front. There was neither pause nor delay until be walked into ward 8 at the corps hospital. He passed down the narrow alsie between the cots. He brushed against the Red Cross nurses as they went to and fro ministering to the dying, but they paid no attention to him. They did not seem to see him. At last he stood before No. 21. The card on the curtain gave the record of ducks and mud hens would make an the fever patient for the day. To one not familiar with it it looked like a plain card with lines drawn across it at right angles to each other and a beavy, wavy line running from left to right and as crooked as the average river line on a map, the variance being

several degrees in crossing half the Private Carter had been there before and knew exactly what that card He looked closely and saw meant. that in the previous hour the wavy chart line had taken a decidedly upward tendency, indicating that the fever was high. The patient was talking in a rambling sort of way, and the nurse was trying to soothe him, but he did not appear to recognize her or what she was doing for him. He did not seem to know that there were 500 other poor fellows languishing on all sides of him in that great tented hospi-

tal. Private Carter stooped to bear what his comrade was saying. He and John Spear had been boys together. They left home the same day to enlist. Their names went down on the muster cards one after the other. They had bunked together, were "rookies" in the same four, had been next to each other in the long, bot days of extended order drill, so generally practiced in modern infantry warfare. Spear was stricken by that much dreaded disease, typhoid fever, a few days before the regiment was ordered to the front, and the next man in height fell into his place and man in height fell into his place and by his comrades in regard to his actions under the first galling fire of the place and t

The morning Spear bundled up his blanket and few belongings and was enemy. His superior officers recommended him for promotion, and the taken from his quarters by the ambuless fortunate in the company envied lance he told Carter that he feit that him his great courage and bravery in his days of drilling were over. As the ambulance rumbled down the company the face of the enemy. The victors made themselves as comstreet he held up his throbbing head fortable as possible the night after the and took a farewell look at his com-

rades, who were drawn up in line for morning drill, and wondered whether or not he would ever see them again The white tents danced before his eyes like fleecy clouds. Now as Carter stooped over his fevered comrade he could hear him murmuring in his delirium: "Oh, if I only could have gone with the boys! I know I could have gone up with them to the very mouth of the Spanish guns. Now, there's Car-

ter. Won't he be brave and come back a hero? What cruel fate keeps me here in this accursed place?" The sultry July night wore on. All was quiet, except the sentries calling the hours. Carter listened to the heavy voiced sentry sending the word, "Eleven o'clock, and all is well!" to his piping voiced comrade on the next beat and marked the contrast. But he hovered about the cot of his dying comrade. Even the rattle of the sword of the passing officer of the day did not detract his attention from the pinched face of Spear. Once he flung a thin, almost transparent hand over the edge of the cot, and Carter attempted to take it between his hands and cool it, but somehow it seemed something intangible, and he could not grasp it. The surgeon came along and, pulling the curtain aside, glanced in. The

dying soldier and smoothing back the hair from the pale forehead. "At the detected. turn of night his troubles will be over," the surgeon said, dropping the curtain of thin mosquito bar and passing out. "Why could I not have died on the field of battle?" murmured the passing defender of his country's flag. must I be stricken down by a camp disease and die without the honor of

having fired a gun at the enemy?" Like the first cock crow at the dawn of day, a lusty sentry at the guardhouse of a distant regiment took up the call, "Twelve o'clock," and before it had reached the starting point and he had added the words "and all is well?" the same cry was going around all the other regiments in that great

nurse was moistening the lips of the

camp of preparation. But Private John Spear in the great long hospital tent did not hear or heed the call. His cyclids fell, his hands lost their tension, and he remained strangely quiet. The nurse softly tucked a sheet about his form and pulled a latticed screen on each side of the cot, so that those adjoining might not know what had happened, and softly retired. Private Carter still stood and gazed on the form of his inanimate companion from boyhood. He did not seem to know what had happened. He had never heard of thought transference, the sending of the soul out on missions, or any other of the modern theories on this and kindred subjects. He thought he was there. Who can say he was not? His body was lying on Cuban soll in a state of relationship next akin to death. His body was there. But who knows where his soul was? And who

have brought about? The body of Private Spear lay in the hospital cot, but Private Carter hovered over it. Somehow he could not

That night and the next day passed, and the remains of the dead soldier did not show all the symptoms of death. There seemed to be a lingering spark by an interrogation point. But, if the somewhere about him. His parents had been advised by telegraph of what had apparently happened and asked whether the remains should be shipped home or buried in beautiful Ar-

The shrill bugle brought the body of Private Carter to his feet with a bound at the foot of San Juan hill on that fateful morning. He did not feel just like himself. At first he did not seem to know just where he was. The surroundings looked strange. Looking down the line, he saw his comrades struggling to their feet to get into position for roll call. When the name of Private Carter was called, he did not answer, but glanced to the right as if expecting to see some one not within his line of vision. He was at the head of the company and intuitively side stepped to the left to make room for the man on the pivot. The first sergeant looked up from his book, saw Private Carter in his place and check-

ed him as present. After the company was dismissed for whatever breakfast could be procured Private Carter astonished his comrades by asking strange questions. He wanted to know, among other things, bow they had got there and why i was they were out without tents and

camp equipage and what was going on.
"You'll find out soon enough what's going on," volunteered one of the boys who belonged farther down the line. Look out there at the Spanish sentries. They'll give you a taste of their Mausers before the day is over."

It was not long until the rough riders went up that famous hill with the rush of a prairie fire. The volunteer line as support advanced wavered and seemed uncertain in its movements. The Buffalo soldiers in the rear came on with a yell and seemed about to trample down in their rush to the front any one in the way.

At the bugie call to the charge Pri-

vate Carter seemed to awaken from a dream. He threw up his head, and his eyes glistened. His body came into a oldiery position as if by magic. Already the spiteful Spanish bullets were finding their marks. The sharpshooters were seeking those wearing the stripes of officers and "noncoms." The corporal at the left of Carter went down after a stumble in the long grass. A private in the same four dropped his ringfield and clutched a wounded arm. Private Carter paid no attention to what was going on around him. From the time the order to fire at will had been given be advanced without flinching, firing as he went. Much of ish works and had two prisoners when his captain came up. After the fight was over he was warmly congratulated

A Great Crop if Only For Family Use,

assault on San Juan hill. The next day after the apparent leath of Private John Spear at the Camp Alger hospital his remains were removed to the deadhouse to await word from his home as to the disposal of the body. He lay there all the suceeding night, with no sound to break the stillness except the sentry's measured tread. Just as the relief was approaching in the morning the sentry thought be noticed a disturbance in side. The regimental band was play ing to the colors, which at that instant were mounting the tall pole at head quarters to welcome the rising sun, and all the companies were in ranks with uncovered heads, so he did not give much heed to the noise. However, just as the corporal with his relief came up the noise was repeated. The sentry pulled back the flaps of the tent and looked in and was considerably startled to see Private Spear sitting up holding his head. The hospital call was sounded, and in a few noments two hospital men bore Private Spear back to the hospital on a stretcher. He was assigned to his old cot and from that hour improved rap-In a few weeks he was back with his company. The surgeon said he must have had a sinking spell at the time his fever turned and had been so nearly dead that life could not be

The first day he was back in the hospital Private Spear told the Red Cross nurse of a strange dream he had had. He said he dreamed that he was no sick at all, but was with his regiment in Cuba and that they had been in a fight in which there was a lot of cavalry and white and colored infantry, that the Spanish had been vanquished and that he was never so happy in his life as when he plunged into the works and captured two Spaniards.

When Private Carter awoke the next morning after the rough riders had become famous the world over, he seem ed at a loss to account for where he was. He did not remember many things his comrades talked to him about When one jocosely asked how soon he was to be measured for stripes, he looked at the questioner in blank astonishment. Finally he made up his mind that he must have been so great ly excited that he did not know what had happened. He did not see how he could have earned promotion and not know about it. This matter puzzled him greatly, but he bore the promotion modestly and went on doing his duty. . . . . . . .

Second Lieutenant Carter and Sargeant Spear are now both soldiering in the Philippines in the same company both having re-enlisted after their discharge from the Spanish-American war. They often discuss those queer notions that got into their heads in those early days in July, 1898. Neither of them believes in the supernatural, knows what mysterious things the at- but both are at a loss to account for tachment of these two friends may some impressions that they cannot get It is a little difficult for mortal man

to tell just who did go up San Juan hill in the rear of the famous riders in leave. He wanted to remain beside the guise of Private Carter. And who or what was it that kept the spark of life in the body of John Spear those long hours he was thought to be dead? All such questions must be followed souls of those two men exchanged tenements on that momentous night, who was it deserved promotion-Private Carter, whose real self was not there, or John Spear, whose body was in Camp Alger? The regimental officers settled that. It was Private Carter's body at any rate which faced the Mausers, and that was all they could burt.-Pemeroy (O.) Tribune-Telegraph.

> Both Used the Same Basin. A man in an office building went to the lavatory to wash his hands. As be withdrew them from the basin and was rubbing them together he saw beneath the edge of the marble top

> what seemed to be a tiny pair of hands going through the same motions. Stooping down to assure himself that he was not the victim of a delusion, he saw that there was a gap between the top and the basin and that a young rat was perched upon it.

> The rodent seemed to think that he was as much entitled to the use of city water as was his big neighbor, for he was dipping his fore paws into the water alternately and licking them off in order to satisfy his thirst.-Chicago News.

The Mule's Delusion.

The pack mule is quite as much an nstitution as the team mule and is absolutely indispensable in the moun tains. Mule packing is a fine art, and with a well trained animal and a skillful packer you can safely transport anything from a plane to a bag of oats When the packer has finished his job in an artistic manner, the animal may buck or back, kick or rear or roll, but he cannot rid himself of his burden, and he finally gives it up in despair After two or three experiences he will submit to his destiny and fall into line with the rest of the train every morning to receive his lond from the pack er. A well trained pack mule is al-ways proud of his load, and if by any means it gets loose he will step quietly out of line and wait until the master comes along to tighten it.

The most serious objection to the mule, which you sometimes find in human beings also, is the delusion that he can sing. One who has never heard a mule solo cannot appreciate the extent of his mistake; but, like everything else about a mule, his song is strictly original. It belongs to no other animal. No one can describe and no ne can imitate it.-New York Mail and Express.

LaGrippe with its after effects, annually destroys thousands of peofiring line and, contrary to the usual ple. It may be quickly cured by Cholera and Diarrhora Remedy, conduct of a private, was exhorting his panions to greater speed. He was remedy that produces immediate ag the first to push into the Span-results in coughs, colds, croup, Bronchitis, pneumonia and throat and lung troubles. J. C. Simmons

THE RIBBON CANE.

Says a Texas Farmer. This is one of the great crops of the south, yet it is not raised as much as it ought to be. Persons living in the part of the south where this cane will grow ought to raise it by all means, if it is only a small crop for family use, to make sirup or molasses. It pays in some places to raise this cane, for the stalks sell for 21/2 cents a piece at many of the towns through the country. It should be one of the main crops, as the sirup is always in demand at a good price. As to yielding, it hardly ever fails, and you do not have your sirup to buy. It is one of the staple articles for sale at the stores At the time when it is ripe you will see it for sale at the store at 5 cents per stalk, for it is nice to eat. The cane takes the place of candy and is much better flavor. Many prefer it to candy and other sweets. This will pay a farmer if he is where there are can't sell you. not many raising it. As to the sirup, it turns out much more than the sor ghum and is much nicer. Plant early in the spring by laying the canes down in the furrows, which are 31/2 feet apart. Cover with the plow or hoe whichever you please. Keep it clean with the plow and hoe when it comes up. Work it until it is too large to plow. Keep the weeds and grass from taking it, as it is, when it first comes up, a very tender plant. It will not | crowd, and when I get a whole grist of bear much dirt, but plow just as close femininity within hearing distance I'm as you can to it, so as to clean it. You going to preach at them for all I'm will find that you will have to use the hoe somewhat to keep it clean. Get an Tooth.' Why you women will persist evaporator and make your own strup or molasses and some for your neighbors when you cannot do anything else, writes a Texas farmer to The Southern Cultivator.

Ten Growing to the Fore Again. The problem of raising tea in the growing of ten on the Pinehurst estate at Summerville, S. C., began about ten years ago, and the crop for the season of 1890 amounted to nearly 3,000 pounds. Now over 50 acres are planted in tea. When the plants arrive at full bearing, the yield should be at least 10,000 pounds. Dr. Shepard, who is in charge of the experiments at Pinchurst, has prepared a report for the department of agriculture. The report states that, from the results obtained on the Pinehurst plantation, it seems probable that the cultivation of tea can be made profitable in the warmer portions of the United States in two ways. One is by establishing a plantation with capital sufficlent to carry the work to a point where the product can be offered on equal terms with teas holding an established place in the markets of the United States. The other is to grow tea for home use in the farm garden. In either case ten growing can be undertaken safely only where the temperature rarely goes below zero and where a liberal supply of water can be depended upon. Irrigation should, where possible, be provided for in

Handling Corn Fodder. No other grain is so well adapted to the requirements of the cattle feeder as cheap corn, and for roughness there comfort would coax the broods of the are few feeds equal to corn fodder. A Kansas man says in the Ohio Farmer that in preparing the corn crop for feeding cattle the common small grain thrasher has been used with good suc-



cess. The shredded fodder as it comes from the machine is run directly into a pen or rack right in the feed yard and large enough, as a rule, to hold at least a day's thrashing, say 16 by 24 or 16 by 32 feet. A sort of manger is made around the rack, into which the fodder passes through an opening at the bottom of the rack, as illustrated.

Brief Mention.

A Louisiana truck grower says green onions or shallots, fall planted on highly enriched ground, will be found re-The greatest expense is bunching the crop.

An early seed bed for tobacco should

be situated on lands sloping from north to south, protected on the north by forests and open on the south to let in the midday sun. It is safer to protect these early beds by covering them with I'll warrant you've been annoyed by cheesecloth stretched on frames made his scratching up a garden bed-your around and over the beds.

seed corn the selected ear be neither husked nor separated from the stalk take to digging. That is their breed, on which it grew, but the stalk and the and they're after the animals that bur unbusked ear be hung up in a dry row in the soil. Of course there are place until the planting season shall the truffle dogs, who are educated to have come round. The claim is that locate the plant and to dig for it, but seed so kept has greater vitality and that isn't a natural instinct. Aside produces more vigorous plants.

is not only that they will live and ply dulling the surplus growth of his flourish where sheep would starve, but nails. Dogs, you know, have no manthey will browse and clear up worthless brush land which would otherwise remain untilled for years.

select them with care. Many men he will be grateful.—Cleveland Plain have grown rich by doing this. Young Dealer. man, are you hunting a profitable posi-tion? Then get a farm and make it a seed farm. There are money, pleasure and independence along this line," advises The Southern Cultivator. Owing to the comparatively inexpendamp smudge fires they seem the best

My son has been troubled for years with chronic diarrhora. Some time ago I persuaded him to take some of Chamberlain's Colic, cent size he was cured. I give this testimonial, hoping some one similarly afflicted may read it and be benefited. -THOMAS C. BOWER, Glencoe, O. For sale by T. A. Albright & Co., druggists.

# 

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

Good Value and A Good Fit.

We do a cash business and have

# Only One Price.

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, gharanteed 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 to get better acquainted with you anyway. We will treat you nice if we can't sell you. WILL H. MATTHEWS & CO., 304 S. Elm St., Greensboro, N. C.

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The Thread Tooth. "Some day I'm going to get up a lec-ture and advertise it to be delivered before women only," said a dentist. "In that way I'll be sure to draw a big worth. My text will be 'The Thread in doing such senseless things when you know the result is going to be more or less harmful is something I can't for the life of me understand, but it is a fact that nine out of ten of you who use the needle, be it much or little, will go on biting as if nothing better than teeth had ever been invented for outhern part of the United States has the purpose of severing thread. I veribeen discussed for many years. The ly believe that if a woman had a dozen pairs of shears within reach she would bite her thread instead of clipping it

which really doesn't take a second longer.
"'But I don't bite hard,' my callers always protest when I expostulate with them. Great Scott, what an argument! Just as if a person had to bite clear through a millstone to break in dormitories, all free-tuition apthe enamel on a tooth. A thread is a fine, delicate thing, to be sure, but so are some saws and files, and all are sure to cut their way through almost any substance if applied persistently. When I get my lecture ready, I'm going to say all this and a good deal more, and I'm going to wind up with the advice that I'm giving now to every woman who handles a needle: 'Don't bite your thread. break it or do any other old thing with it, but don't, if you value your incisors and your cuspids and your bleuspids, saw it off with your teeth."-New This Hen Had Sense.

My sister lived on a farm in Woodbury, Conn., and raised a great many

fowls. One hen turkey was very unfortunate with her broods, losing them by taking them into the tall grass some distance away. She was an excellent mother, but lacked judgment. She mourned sincerely for them and for other turkeys and hens to follow her. One morning about 4 o'clock my signature ter was awakened by a pecking at her face. Springing up, she found a her on the bed. It was the mother of young brood of chickens. She ponder

ed a moment and then said to her bus band, "I believe that old turkey is call ing Biddy's chickens away." Going to the door, the hen in advence, there indeed was the childless fowl clucking to the chickens, which were toddling along after her. The mother hen had given the alarm, but the mystery was how she had gained

an entrance to the house.

Upon looking about it was found that a window had been left open in an m per hall, just below which was a shee It was not very high, but the anxiou mother had flown upon the shed and from there to the window, then, going down the stairs, which opened into th kitchen, the door of which was open had gone across the room into the bed room and awakened my sister. She rescued the trunkt brood, gave the old turkey a sound scolding and restored them to their affectionate and natural parent. And hens are accused of being he most stupid of creatures.-Spring field Republican.

Let Your Dog Scratch. "It's a bit curious," said Mr. Dave Wilson, the bird fancier, "how animals are actuated by instinct. Have you ever owned a dog? Well, if you have, own or another's. And yet the dog It has been suggested that in saving does not mean to be mischievous. Some dogs there are who naturally from these instances, when a dog be-A great claim made for Angora goats gins to scratch up the dirt, he is simicures, and so they must get rid of their surplus claws as best they may Don't blame the dog when he scratche "Farmers, grow your own seed and the dirt. Cut his claws carefully, and

Another Sure Thing.

To make hens lay, says a correspondant. feed them one day with rough rice, the next with charred corn, the third with meal and parched red peppers and sive character of the materials used in the fourth with wheat cracklings and corn. Once or twice a week give them cornmeal into which you have put a adapted for common use in frost pro-tection for orchards, vineyards and little powdered sulphur. At least once a month put a little copperas into their watering dish. Provide plenty of coal ashes and charcoal dust for them to roll in, and always have a box of gravel near by. Fish are excellent food for positry, largely increasing the produc-tion of eggs. They are superior to nearly all the patent egg producing



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