Large and increasing circula-

RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Judicious Advertising

Job Printing. All kinds Commercial Printing, Pamphlets, Posters, &c., NO. 49. neatly and proneatly and promptly executed at

ton in Alamance and adjoining counties—a point for advertisers. VOL. XXV.

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1900.

We have been in bsiness 4 months, and they have been most successful ones. During 1900 we expect to 9 add many new names to our already @ large list of customers. Let us put @ large list of customers. Let us put your name among the first. Our of shoe department is too full. To re-oduce stock we offer special prices to buyers for next few weeks. For any-oduce to put in you home to make it thing to put in you home to make it more comfortable and beautiful and @ for all kinds of shoes, see

AL FURNITURE & SHOE HOUSE.

Main St., Burlington, N. C.

An Unexpected Egg.

and sometimes mirth provoking, and a

Plymouth Rock did novel and amusing

things, to the joy of a carload of pas-

sengers, on a recent trip from Brad-

dock to Pittsburg. The Pittsburg Com-

Carrying a hen proudly, a man who

was evidently a foreigner got on the

trolley car at Braddock. He was drow-

sy and not quite sober, and he crossed

his legs, set the hen on his lap and

Four miles out of Braddock the hen

suddenly woke from its own reverle

and cackled. Its owner opened his

eyes and found himself and his hen ob-

jects of interest. He was annoyed, but

the passengers had more or less excuse

for staring. They had discovered a

fresh egg resting snugly on the man's

No one could speak the man's lan-

guage, but every one was bound that

he should know what had happened.

Twenty index fingers pointed to the

same direction. Finally the stranger

Then he was wide awake. With his

might see: with his right hand he af-

fectionately stroked the hen. Every-

of the seat to open a way to the inte-

Emplated Hannibal.

seems to have been with almost any-

Between Admiral Dewey and his sis-

timate nature. In one of his letters to

kind letter and also for your prayers

A Newspaper of Colonial Days.

We have just read a copy of one of

the oldest newspapers in America. It

"containing the freshest advices, for-

eign and domestic." A full account of

the Boston massacre is printed in the

in harmony with the rebellious spirit

of the times against the unjust taxa-

tions of a despotic monarch. Bitter as

not yet ready to throw off the yoke.

By a perusal of its editorial page it is

seen that men fought with the pen-

even at that early date. One article is

directed against a man who signed

himself "Bostonian" in The Chronicle,

In the same paper is published

resolution boycotting English goods,

which had been passed by the towns-

people. The names of persons who re-fused to abide by the agreement are

published and people warned against

A very graphic account of the Boston

massacre is given, surrounded by broad black borders.—Portland Tele-

A Matter of Color.

Wanderer (returned after several years)-Well, well, I'm mighty glad to

see you. How are you, and how are

Stayathome-Ob, we're all right and

Wanderer-And how is the Widow

Stayathome-She isn't so Green as

Stayathome-Yes; married Samuel J.

about five years ago, and she's been

the Widow Brown for the last two

How Are Your Eldneys !

Stayathome-No; she's Brown

Wanderer-You don't say?

-What's the matter? She

getting along as well as could be ex-

They only wanted the right of self

rior and swallowed the egg.

thing pertaining to war.

ward as a result.

Who knows?"

government.

another paper.

trading with them.

all the good people?

isn't gray, I hope?

Wanderer-Brown?

pected

she was.

was revealed.

mercial Gazette tells the story.

The ways of a hen are often original

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING BY MAIL. We have made preparations or taking care of the wants







JULIUS HINES & SON. PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

-> JACOB A. LONG, 4 Attorney-at-Law,

GRAHAM, Practices in the State and Federal courts. Odice over White, Moore & Co.'s store, Ma reel. 'Phone No. 3.

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

Attorneys and Counselors at L. GREENSBORO, N. C. Practice regularly in the courts of Ala-

DR. J. R. STOCKARD

Denfist,

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 House.
With ractice regularly in the courts of Al-



The Time Comes

to every elderly woman when an im-portant functional change takes place. This is called "The Change of Life." The entire system undergoes a change Dreadful diseases such as cancer and consumption are often contracted a

MoELREE'S Wine of Cardui

rengthens and purifies the entire system, and brings the sufferer safely over these pitfalls. Its effects have been wonderful. It is good for all menstrual troubles, but is especially recommended at this time. Ask your druggist for the famous Wine of Cardul. \$1.00 a bottle.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address the "Ladles' Ad-Department," The Chatta Medicine Co., Chattanooga

THOMAS J. COOPER, Tupelo, Missays: "My sister suffered from irregular a

menatruction and dectars could in bor, Wine of Cardul entirely cured also helped my mother through the of Life.

Rubber Stamps

Rigid and cushion, daters, numberers, inks, pads, and all kinds of rubber stamp supplies. Stamps W. P. EZZELL Burlington, N. C.

Stayathome—Yes. Wanderer—Well, by goah, if she's willing to change color again, I'll ask ber as sure as my name's Black.

The year is done; the books, with flattering voice, Tell me I'm rich, yet I cannot rejoice! This massive marble pile, this countless gold, Seem worthless dirt for which my life is sold. How gladly would I give it all to bring Once more into my life its flowery spring— To feel the thrill of happiness again That I so well remember! It was when Louise was with me, and could wealth but buy The past all mine I'd yield without one sigh, To have, enjoy in hopeful love once more, Our home above the little corner store.

How poor we were! But what is poverty To youth'ul hearts that love devotedly? How hard we worked and planned and schemed To realize the things our hope had dreamed! In every thought and action each had share; Life was to us a partnership affair,
For each invested one true thing heart
And bore of loss and gain an equal part;
Not equal, no, for every loss and pain
Each craved to give the other joy and gain;
The croaking bird of self ne'er hovered o'er The home above the little corner store.

When trade was dull and creditors severe, Her sing of faith and hope; and, when she'd sung.
I thought it was an angel's heavenly tongue
To guide me through each dark financial flood. Twas strange how perfectly she understood! When I'd deplore of ever gaining ground, How gently would she draw my arm around Her waist and laughingly make me confess
This life had been for us a grand success!
Then how much brighter grew than e'er before
The home above the little corner store!

Ofttimes those blissful days come back to me When loneliness plods on too wearily, And memory brings Louise in spirit here To change this tomb into that home so dear I hear her speak of duties of the day, Of cheerless hours while I was away; The flowers in her hair, her neat attire, How proud I was that I should them inspire; She'd often take my hand between her two And say, "I'm happy if I just please you;" I kissed her when we parted at the door, At home above the little corner store.

Like music borne away on summer's breeze From'out this lower life passed my Louise; But in my heart still lives her becuteous love To comfort while along earth's course I move. cenful, famous now I'm called, but, oh Successful, famous now I'm called, but, oh, My desolation none can ever know!

Last night I sat before my fire and dreamed I was not old and rich—all changed I seemed; I heard her laughter, then a rustling near, And on my check—I started! "Twas a tear That whispered as it ran, "No, nevermore, The home above the little corner store!" -Paul Lossing McKenrick in Success

hen, and 40 eyes were turned in the "Dirty niggers," General Grub mum- of the past hours, caught the muffled bled, mopping the perspiration from sound made by feet on spongy ground, lifted the hen tenderly, and the secret his snub nosed countenance, for, al- and as he looked again the shadow at though the tent flap was raised to let the side of the road moved and crept stealthily toward him. He raised his in whatever air was stirring, it was left hand he held the egg aloft, that all very hot, and the general, like the rest of us, preferred, no matter how unbody smiled. All at once it seemed to justly, to vent his wrath on some one occur to him that refreshments were in be disliked. Outside the tent the light order. He grinned at his fellow pas- night wind rustled through the tropical undergrowth about the camp, and sengers, tapped the shell on the edge from the black cook's quarters the tinny tinkle of a banjo danced into the darkness in curious contrast to the to the white light, he took in the Rem regular beat of sentries' feet.

Lieutenant Lane broke the silence When Admiral George Dewey and his younger sister were small children by rising from his stool at the farther together in Montpelier, Vt., they read end of the room and walking with dled together at one side, while the an account of Hannibal crossing the short, precise steps to where the gener-Alps. According to Max Bennett al sat, that he might hand him the dis-Thrasher, who relates the incident in patches he had been copying. He was leader, standing a few feet in advance, Self Culture, the boy was strongly im- an estimable young man-thin, baid pressed with the story, as, in fact, he about the temples, an face, with arched eyebrows and sunburned Roman nose, giving him the air Just back of the statehouse is a high of a harassed mosquito. His dispatches and very steep hill, at that time proba- were written with the scrupulous care bly bare of houses, since even now only of a mind given to detail, the one eraa very few have been able to perch sure, crossed by a neat line of X's, upon its slopes. Fitting-himself and adding to the precision of the whole. his sister out with such impedimenta When the aid-de-camp rose, Cassandra, as he thought suitable one winter day | General Grub's parrot and inseparable companion, who for the last half hour and naming the high hill the Alps, young Dewey started to cross them, he had been hanging head downward being Hannibal and his sister the from the ridgepole, straightened herarmy. It was cold, and the ground self, cocked a vicious eye at him and was covered with deep snow, but the silently slid to the ground. She hated endurance of the army did not give out him and waddled to the attack as until she had become so chilled that soon as his back was turned, every tail feather expressing her joyous wickedshe was sick in bed for a week after-

A moment later Lieutenant Lane ter existed a sympathy of the most in- jumped. "Ouch!" he said deliberately. "Fortunes of war," squawked the bird, "fortunes of war. Gur-rrr-rrrher after the battle of Manila he said: TTT-TTT-TTT."

"Just a line to thank you for your "It-it's that green parrot," Lane for my safety. Perhaps they did help. explained, as General Grub looked up ment, then his hands loosened, and quickly. "Found the calves of your legs, ch?" he asked, laughing.

The thin aid-de-camp visibly stiffened and slowly turned a beetlike red; is the Boston Gazette of May 12, 1770. he was not a man of impulse even when he blushed. "Keep 'um out of the way, keep 'um out of the way," the general continued, half impatiently. four three column pages. Its tone is It always irritated him to hurt any one's feelings.

"As if any one could keep his legs out of that green parrot's way," Lane the people seemed, however, they were grumbled to himself on his way back to the desk at the farther end of the room, where every pen, pencil, rubber and scrap of paper lay in its accus tomed place, the bits of string be had conscientiously saved with great waste of time and patience piled neatly together in a Japanese basket. Lane was a precisionist; order and routine were the breath of life to him, and he was happlest when he could do the same thing at the same hour of the

same day the year round. For another 20 minutes silence reigned. Then General Grub raised his voice, and the aid-ie-camp, who could never remember that a dog does not bite every time he barks, jumped nerv-

"Orderly." In answer to General Grub's call a oldier stood at attention, his well knit, taut figure blotting out the square of darkness left by the raised tent flap. "Tell Lieutenant Fielding to report for orders at once." The man saluted

and disappeared. ent later Fielding entered. He was a tall, slimly built fellow, with deep set eyes and a resolute chin. You felt on looking at him that he was a whose stendy hand on the bridle would give a nervous borse confidence under trying circumstances. Dressed in a loose coat, riding trousers and high boots, his lean face, naturally dark, hurned to a copper bronze by exposure, he might easily have passed, in the dim light of the tent, for a for only nephew of four rich malden aunts,

"Sit down, sit down," General Grub his youth up, but with little effect, for said, pointing with the toe of his boot viewed in the light of a spoiled darling to a camp stool near him. Then he he was a complete failure. But it had scratched his bullet shaped head, covered with bristly, iron gray hair, and in the university and in the hospital in dealt out the young man's orders. Vienna, where he had been a general There were dispatches to be carried favorite, merely confirmed him in this through the lines, and he had been so-lected for the duty.

View. On our declaration of war with most's Chocolates Lazative Quinine, the "One Day Cold Cure." Dr. Hobbs Scarages Pills care all bidney like Sen-lected for the duty.

ain't likely to come out of this scrape to the government and had had the with a whole skin," General Grub said. good fortune to be sent to the front al-Then after a moment's hesitation be stuttered, "Hot, ain't it?" He looked something in good luck, though perup with a pleased, childlike smile, that haps more in good manners. a cherub might have envied, stuck a worked as he was in General Grub's cigar into his mouth, and, bunching division, he still found time to be misthe dispatches together, put them into erable over the fact that Kathlyn a solled linen envelope, tied it with a Schuyler had refused to marry him for bit of pink tape extracted from his the excellent reason that she was going pocket, sealed it and handed it to to marry some one else. She had con-Fielding. Pink tape and battle were fided this fact to him under the innomuch more in General Grub's line than cent impression that anything which red tape and drawing rooms. When made her so tremendously happy must this was finished, he rose, the sword be good news to him, and the poor junso much too large for him in the time for surgeon was made to feel for the of peace, so much too small in time first time the bitterness of the old adof war, clanking at his side. age that what is one man's meat is "Good night, sir," Fielding said. another man's poison. He sighed again "Good night, sir; good night, and as he stuck his hand into the pocket these niggers be hanged." where he kept one of the girl's short, "As you like, sir," Fielding answered, characteristic notes, wondering who smiling, and when his superior officer's the lucky fellow was, for no name had

hand, with its grubby finger nails bitbeen given him. The rhythmical beat of faraway ten to the quick, grasped his and gave it a jerky shake he felt a sudden, overhorse's hoofs broke in upon his thoughts whelming enthusiasm for the task set abruptly. While he listened, his heart him. It seemed glorious to ride through hammering against his ribs, for the the enemies' line with every chance of sound coming out of the stillness of being butchered by them at their own the early morning was as thrilling as a midnight extra cried through deserted convenience. The night on which he began his return journey to General streets, the soft piping of birds in the Grub's encampment was propitious, forest turned into an expectant silence. for a cold, drizzly fog had set in. For and it seemed to the junior surgeon six long hours Fielding picked his way that he alone in all the big, dim world through the wet underbrush, his mare around him was waiting for the solislipping on the boggy ground, while tary borseman. dripping branches that he could not

see struck him in the face with the

sting of a lash. At the monotonous galt

necessary the hours seemed like eter-

nities spreading out into the pall-like,

expectant silence about him. He would

fill the woods with a shout or spur his

horse into a breakneck gallop-any

thing seemed more bearable than the

endless creeping forward, with nothing

but the interminable drip, drip of the

rain on the leaves to break the still-

ness. At the crossroads he mounted

and rode on a little more rapidly for a

few moments. Then his horse stopped

short, with a frightened whiffle. Field-

ing, erect, his hand on the trigger,

peered into the baffling darkness. In

the silence the watch in his pocket

ticked out the time with nervous rapid-

ity, the minutes seeming to tumble

over each other in their haste to get

away. Seeing nothing, he was on the

point of urging his mare forward

when his cars, sharpened by the strain

revolver, but, before he could fire, his

"Parada!" shouted a number

Fielding took deli

could more than recover herself Field-

ing's pistol was knocked from his

hand, his arms were pinned to his side,

while he was nearly lifted from the

saddle by the bearlike hug of a man

who had ridden suddenly upon him

from the side of the road. A short

sharp struggle began, both men fight

ing to win, the newcomer, who was

the fresher and more beavily built, get-

ting the better of the American. By a

sudden wrench Fielding freed his left

hand and struck out, with closed fist, at

what in the darkness he took to be his

opponent's head. The fellow cursed

him roundly, gripped tighter for a mo-

Fielding knew from the dull thud

made by a heavy body falling to the

earth that he was free of his trouble-

some companion. His mare started

into a breakneck gallop for home, the

rideriess horse following from sheer

fright, the rapid beat of its hoofs

The worst of his scrape over, Fielding

had time to become conscious of a dull

ache in his shoulder and leg and on

putting his hand into his boot found

"Hello!" he said. "I'm hit. You must

"Love," said the junior surgeon, "is

a mighty queer thing. It's inspiring.

but it isn't happy." He plunged into

his tub of cold water and came out

shaking like a Newfoundland. The one

candle, flickering in the draft, sent his

shadow-that of a pink and white

young giant, whose countenance was

cheery and pleasant-dancing upon the

blew out the light, pulled up the tent

dap and looked out at the silent excep Life was not all beer and skittles, be

thought, but a mass of cross purposes

when the girl for whom one cared

cared for another fellow, and the emp-

ty feeling at the pit of his stomach

which every one has felt on occasions

of great disappointment or after a long

who believe in the enduring quality of

The darkness about him was chang

ing to the cool, silvery light of the

dawn. Somewhere in the distance a

early risers proud of being the first one up, and in the forest the drowsy

tweedle of little birds grew with the

The junior surgeon had been born

one might say, with a silver knife, fork

and spoon in his mouth and, as the

had been systematically spoiled from

their afflictions can sigh.

growing light.

or, he sighed as only young people

fast, getting the better of his sense of

tent walls. When he was dressed, he

run all the faster, Betty," he added,

it full of blood.

patting the mare's neck.

ghostly echo of those of his mare's.

horse, shying violently, bolted.

him.

hold relief

Pushing the tent flap hastily aside, he ran with long strides past the canvas colony to the clearing beyond. The sentry, alert with the fear of the some thing unknown which was drawing nearer, saluted him as he put the queshave given everything he possessed to tion which was in his own mind:

> "What is it?" "Something queer, sir. Listen to the birds."

"Was the general expecting news?" "Nothing's expected, sir; it nin't nothing that we're expecting. Nothing but a ha'nt rides so deadly quick."

"A ha'nt!" "One of them as has been killedugh!" The soldier drew in his breath with a frightened, sucking sound as a bay mare, covered with sweat, cantered into view. She stopped short on seeing the camp, then with a half pleased whinny at being among friends again

Her rider hung an inert mass from the saddle, and the junior surgeon wondered as he lifted him down what had kept him from falling under the horse's "By Jove!" he exclaimed suddenly as the man's face came into view, and the sentry added, as though it were a sol-

emn response: "Lieutenant Fielding,

sir! The pity of it!" When everything necessary had been voices, while unnumbered "paradas" beat a wavering retreat into the forest. Fielding turned quickly in the saddle, from the wound in his arm and in so to be blinded for a moment by the doing spilt the contents of one of the glare of a dark lantern turned upon inner pockets on to the floor. Some pa-When he had grown acustomed pers, bound together by an elastic, which snapped with the jar of the fall, brandtlike scene in the road behind were scattered to right and left, and him. A group of half a dozen men, in slouch hats and long capes, stood hudphotograph, lying face upward under would mean increased taxation. stream of yellow light from the lantern his hand. "Kathlyn!" he exclaimed in In a recent address Miss Harber held aloft by one of them fell upon the and threw his head and shoulders into

aim and fired, as a bullet carried away "Only come back, my dearest," it his hat. In answer the lantern fell to the ground with a metallic clang and a year or do anything else you want darkness sprang toward him over the The men behind him were still firing kill you. I would ever so much rather at random when his mare stumbled you ran away at the first shot-so long almost on to her knees. Before she

as you ran back to me." The junior surgeon turned toward the man on the cot. "So it was Fieldeyes suddenly blotted out the scene about him, but not the vivid remembrance of a slim, tallish young girl. whose face and figure, fresh and erect as daffodils, held out the alluring hope of fuller beauty later on-the hope

which makes spring so adorable. An hour later the junior surgeon was usbered into General Grub's tent. where that testy little fighter sat enting his breakfast of soft boiled eggs. toast and coffee, while Cassandra wabbled about the table in search of crumbs. To see the general eat eggs was a monstrous spectacle, for it is a disheartening fact that good table manners and greatness rarely dwell together. They had known each other many years-were, in fact, friends of long standing-since it had been on the auspicious occasion of the junior surgeon's first pair of breeches that General Grub had offered his hand and beart to Miss Lucretia, the junior surgeon's youngest aunt. For purely personal reasons Miss Lucretia had refused to marry, but she had not the power to keep that pighended officer from considering her ever after as the

only woman in the world. "How the deuce did you find Fielding?" he asked when the junior surgeon had spoken. The young fellow told his tale with a simple brevity natural to him, yet at the end the listening general was conscious that Fielding de served every honor that could be conferred upon him. "Bad wounds?" he asked testily.

"Yes," said the junior surgeon. "Goin to die?"

"Die?" squawked Cassandra. "Die?" She burst into an affected giggle and added, "It's the fortunes of war-the fortunes of war!"

The junior surgeon turned upon her savagely. "Blank that bird!"-Short Stories.

Experiments are now being made

by some enterprising Britishers to

cultivate pearl shells and, by arti-ficially introducing the necessary ir-

ritating substance in the flesh, to produce the pearl scientifically, but cock burst into a shrill crow, like all the success of such an enterprise has not yet been demonstrated.

Made Young Again.

One of Dr. King s New Life Pills each night for two weeks has put me in my 'teens' again'' writes H. Turner, of Dempseytown, They're the best in the world Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Purely vegetable. Never gripe. Only 25c. st T. A. Albright & Co.'s drug store.

The One Day Cold Cure.

IN ILLINOIS.

Work as Yet Is in the Experimental Stage-Good Soft Roads the Present Aim-Taxes Should Be Paid In Cash Loss Caused by Mud.

There is a great stir in Illinois upon the subject of good roads. The great enthusiasm created by a series of county and district conventions held during the fall in different parts of the state culminated in a state convention held recently at Springfield in connection with the state fair.

"If we can evolve a method by which we can give every farmer a good road to his farm and market and schoolhouse, we will have taken one worthy step in the great closing era of the nineteenth century."

Such were the words of Professor Hunnicut on behalf of Governor Atkinson of Georgia in his address of welcome to the national road parliament at Atlanta in October, 1895. Professor Hunnicut made another strong point when he said. "The annual los that comes to farmers by reason of bad roads is beyond computation." General Roy Stone, director of the

office of road inquiry, department of agriculture, said the other day that more activity is now being displayed in road improvement than has been shown for years.

At the present time no state seems to be tackling the good roads proposition with more vigor and earnestness than Illinois. During the last summer



AN ENGLISH ROAD. allowed the sentry to catch her bridle. Miss Relia C. Harber, secretary of the State and Interstate Good Roads and Public Improvement association, traveled extensively through Illinois.

The State and Interstate Good Roads association, represented by Miss Harber, embraces 22 or more states and is the outgrowth of a state convention beld in Missouri in 1897.

In her travels and missionary work to promote the sentiment for good roads in Illinois Miss Harber claims to done for Fielding, the junior surgeon have been very successful in enlisting picked up the coat he had to cut away the co-operation of commercial bodies in different towns. Among farmers, however, she had some difficulty in explaining that the association she represented was working not for hard roads, but for good roads. The average farmer, she found, easily became frightened on stooping to pick them up he gave a at the proposal for hard roads, for that start of surprise at the sight of a small makes them think of macadam, which

bewilderment. "How the devil?" He said: "Our sole aim at present is to stared at it a moment, then absently make good soft ronds, which in years charge of robbing the jewelry store. It turned it over and read the writing on to come will furnish foundations for good hard roads. As an association we regard our work as experimental and ran, "and I will marry you on nothing educational. We aim to have at each of our conventions manufacturers and me to. I know now whether I love machines for constructing sample you, and, oh, Dick, I do! Don't let them pleces of rond, that farmers may see in a practical demonstration how a road should be built to be of value to the community. The object lessons show how a road should be built so that water will drain off, how culverts should ing!" he said gently. The tears in his be constructed and arranged in order properly to fulfill their mission and how really inexpensive it is to make good roads when the work is done intelligently and systematically.

"We do not intend to increase taxation one penny, for we know that the \$4,000,000 annually expended by IIIInois is sufficient to build good roads throughout the state. But we do ask that the farmers will let the state do the work according to an approved system and not work out their poll tax by pretending to build good roads, not that they do not mean to do their best, so far as they know or have the ability, but they have not the facilities and ennnot do the work as it should be done. We know that under the proper system a good rural road can be made for less money than it now costs. We want, if possible, to see the poll tax reduced to \$1, but want the farmer to pay that dollar into the state treasury. nstend of working it out, as is now the case, and we expect to convince him that it will be to his advantage to do It." Professor W. C. Latta of Purdue

university, Indiana, has pointed out that permanently good roads would prove financially beneficial to farmers n these ways. They would economize time and force in transportation be tween farm and market, enable farmers to take advantage of market fluctustions in buying and selling, permit transportation of farm products and purchased commodities during times of comparative lessure, reduce wear and tear on borses, harness and vebleies and enhance the market value of

real estate. It is certain that as long as rural roads remain as they are rural free mail delivery will often be a physical impossibility. General Stone states that one of the latest electrical carringes, or automobiles, for two persons weighs only a little over a ton, including passengers and battery. One horse power will move this vehicle over a good stone road at 15 miles per hour. or 1,000 miles per week, by daylight. This gives a journey of 1,000 miles for two persons for \$1, or at the rate of about one-fortieth of the cost of railway travel. This is progress enough is the art of transportation to suffice

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Beauty is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

the Chart Heteline

"Hope you've said your prayers; you states posthaste to offer his services GOOD ROADS CRUSADE COORDER COORDER

most immediately. There is, after all, MOVEMENT FOR BETTER HIGHWAYS 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 neighor-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 ustomer 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 get better acquainted with you anyway. We will treat you nice if we un't sell you. WILL H. MATTHEWS & CO., 304 S. Elm St., Greensboro, N. C.

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A TROPHY OF BURGLARY.

Drummer Carries a Gold Watch as a Souvenir of His Deed.

"This watch was part of the spoils of a burglary in which I participated in 1881," said a guest in the St. Charles lobby to a reporter, drawing out a handsome gold timepiece with a curious spiral pattern engraved in heavy relief on the lid. "It was my first affair of the kind, and I regret to say I bungled it and got caught almost immediately. What is the joke, did you ask? There is no joke; it is perfectly

true. It happened like this: "In the fall of 1881, when I was quite young and green, I got a job traveling for a Chicago grocery house, and one of the first places I visited was a small town in northern Ohio. I arrived about 11 at night and went out to take a stroll and smoke a cigar before going to bed. Passing through a side street, I noticed a light in the little jewelry store and also that the door was ajar. That reminded me I had recently broken the mainspring of my watch, and I sauntered in to leave it in dormitories, all free-tuition apfor repair. "As I entered a young man arose from

the further end of the counter. He seemed startled, which was not ungained his composure while I explain- teachers. ed the purpose of my visit and told me he had closed some hours before, but tion, address happened to remember some things that had been left out of the safe and returned to put them back. When I handed him my watch, I asked him to lend me another to wear in the meantime, and he gave me one at random from a tray on the counter. This is it on my chain now.

"Next morning," continued the story teller, "I was lounging in the hotel of fice, when the town marshal tapped me on the shoulder.

'Let me see your watch,' he said. "I pulled it out mechanically and was at once placed under arrest on the seemed that it had been burgiarized during the night, and somebody in the hotel had noticed my peculiar looking. watch and reported it to the police. It was promptly identified as part of the stolen goods, and, needless to say, my story as to its acquisition was laughed to scorn. I was obliged to admit that it seemed a little gauzy myself, and I can't say I blame the authorities for declining to give it credence.

"At any rate, I found myself in the deuce of a fix. My old watch had been carried off by the thief, and there was absolutely nothing to confirm my statement except the bare fact that none of the other goods was found in my pos session. That, however, went for very little, for it was argued that I had had shandant time to conceal my plunder. In my agitation and excitement I must have presented a perfect picture of guilt, and the townspeople came near mobbing me on the way to jail. They kept me there for exactly three hours, the agony of which will dwell with me of I live to be a hundred.

"Meanwhile the sure enough burglar had been bagged in an adjoining town with all the lour including my time-plece, in his valise, and when I was finally released he was bundled into my cell. If he hadn't been caught, I don't know what might have happened. I don't like to think about it. The authorities made groveling apologies, and the jeweler was especially abject. placate me he offered to let me keep the new watch in exchange for my old one, and I accepted the proposition. I carry it as a sort of tragic-comic souvenir."-New Orleans Times-Democrat

It Was Dewey's Treat. "In 1886," said Colonel Frank Small, advance agent for a theatrical company, "I was in Washington with Rose Coghlan, playing at what was then Albaugh's Opera House. One after-noon I was in the box office chinning with the ticket manipulator and watching the matinee girls when three ladies came in, followed by 100 children, boys and girls. "One of the ladies stepped up to the

window and said, 'We have just an even 100 children here and here is a check for \$25 to pay for the tickets for them.' She handed in a check signed by George Dewey, and the tickets were passed out to the lady. The happy youngsters were soon enjoying the

"I didn't know George Dewey from Adam's off ox, and I asked the ticket man who he was. He told me that Mr. Dewey was a navy officer and that it was not the first time he had handled his checks in that way; that once each season anyway the children from some of the several orphan asylums were given such treats by the gentle man, but that he seldom attended a performance himself." - St. Louis

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