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Who Said "Suit"?

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

AL FURNITURE & SHOE HOUSE,
Main St., Burlington, N. C.

THE SALLOON MAN.

Sure a terrible time I was out of the way. Over the sea, over the sea, I'll come back to Ireland one sunny day. Better for me, better for me! The first time the foot got the feel of the ground, I was strolling along in an Irish city that hasn't its equal the world around. For the folk that is sweet as the girls that are pretty.

Light on their feet now they passed me an' sped. Give you no word, give you no word! Every girl had a turn of the head. Just like me, just like a bird! An the lasses so thick round their beautiful eyes. Shins to tell ye 'twas fair time of day 'em!

Back in me heart, wit' a kind of surprise, I think how the Irish girls has the way 'em!

Och, man alive, but it's little ye know That never was there, never was there! Look where ye like for that, long may ye go! What do I care? What do I care? Plenty as blackberries, where will ye find? Rare pretty girls, not by two nor by three of 'em!

Only just there where they grow, 'ye mind, Still like the blackberries, more than ye see of 'em!

Long, long away, an' no matter how far, 'Tis the girls that I miss, girls that I miss. Women are roan' ye wherever ye are, Not worth a klan, not worth a klan. Over in Ireland wasn't the one? Well do I know that has sodin' to say 'em! Sweeter than anything under the sun. Och, but the Irish girls has the way 'em! Maura O'Neill in Blackwood's.

OLD TIME DINNERS.

The Way the Well to Do in the South Lived Before the War.

An old fashioned gentleman growing eloquent on the subject of southern hospitality and the viands that were set before friends and neighbors when invited to a feast, a reporter said: "Will you state your recollections of what was served on such occasions if I write it down for you?" "Of course I will," was the reply. "I can see such a table in my mind's eye right now. First, there was soup, of course. If it was cold weather, we had oyster soup, or perhaps fish. If it was in the midst of the vegetable season, we had rich, high colored beef soup, with plenty of tomatoes, okra, grated corn and such like, well proportioned and well seasoned with pepper and a little onion.

"When the soup plates were taken off, and after the tureen was set aside, then a fine home raised ham took its place in front of the hostess. I can discern the delicious flavor right now in my recollection. Sometimes the skin was peeled off and the outside plentifully sprinkled or dusted with black pepper, and that delicious meat was good as long as a piece was left on the bone. For my part, I liked it best with the skin left on, because the meat was cured so perfectly that even the skin was toothsome and preserved the juices until the meat was consumed.

"At the other end of the table, in front of the host, you would see a fine roast turkey—if the season was winter or early spring—garnished with parsley and slices of cold boiled eggs. The dressing was rich, made of bread crumbs if you had them, otherwise a pan was filled with thick rich butter, plenty of eggs, plenty of butter, daintily seasoned, and cooked until the stuffing was of the right consistency, and then the fowl was packed full, and little cakes of the dressing, baked along in the pan, to garnish the sides of the great turkey dish. If the time was mid-summer, the turkey was replaced by huge dishes full of fried chicken and baked chicken, sometimes with the fowl smothered. The chicken menu was varied if the time was ripe for kid meat or fat mutton, as it happened. Late in the fall a shoulder of fat pig or a whole young pig was seen, roasted to a turn.

"All along down the table you would find bowls of apple sauce, green or dried; stewed peaches, sweet and choice; rice, every grain standing alone; pickles of all kinds, potatoes, butter, honey, light bread, nice butter and such desserts. Mince pies, apple and peach pies, the crusts crisp and flaky; apple dumplings, rich with sugar, spice and butter; cakes that were nice enough, sponge jelly and pound cake that had been made to make and three to cook. Fruit cake that was better six months after it was made than at first, jellies, preserves, boiled custards and syllabub that it makes my mouth now water to recall them in such bountiful profusion. Gracious plenty was in the kitchen as well as the house, and no chef in a million could have done it better than the old time cook, whose head kerchief or turban was as white as her fresh apron was spotted whenever her mistress called her name and introduced her to the ladies who lingered at the table after the men folk had gone to the piazza or the parlor for an after-dinner smoke."—Atlanta Journal.

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

Good Value and a Good Fit.

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, 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 to get better acquainted with you anyway. We will treat you nice if we can't sell you.

WILL H. MATTHEWS & CO.,
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CARPETS.

You can have a better carpet, a prettier carpet and a more durable carpet than you can get anywhere else. We have a full line of all the latest styles of carpets, from the finest to the most durable. We have a full line of all the latest styles of carpets, from the finest to the most durable. We have a full line of all the latest styles of carpets, from the finest to the most durable.

JULIUS HINES & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD., Dept. 909.

TALKATIVE BARBERS.

THEY ARE VALUABLE BECAUSE CUSTOMERS DEMAND IT.

According to One of the Most Abused Professions, It is the Knight of the Razor, Not the Victim of It. Who is Bored by the Flow of Words.

The little barber was inclined to be uncommunicative and confined his attention strictly to shaving his customer. This rather unusual mood bothered the customer, and after several ineffectual attempts to engage the little barber in conversation he asked: "Why don't you say something more than 'yes' and 'no'? Usually you are perfectly willing to talk and especially so when the man you are shaving wishes to be let alone."

"That's my right," retorted the little barber as he made a vicious dash with his little brush and managed to insert the tip of it in his victim's mouth. "That's my right. Of course we barbers always want to talk—no, it's just you people that come in here expecting to be entertained while you lie back in the chair that cause barbers to keep up a conversation while they are shaving you."

"It's a funny idea that everybody seems to have that a barber is a sort of encyclopedia, anxious to furnish information on every conceivable subject. The truth of the matter is that the barber would rather that there should be no conversation. It takes his mind off his work, and then, unless he agrees in every particular with the man in the chair, the latter is very apt to take offense and quit the place.

"That may seem drawing it rather strong, but it is true. One day last week there was a man in this chair who made about the same remark that you did just now, and I told him just about what I have said to you. He wanted to make a bet, and I accompanied him. I bet that the great majority of men who came in during the day would begin the conversation, while he took the opposite view.

"We each had a piece of paper, and after we had noted down 27 men he handed me the money and went out without a word. Out of that 27 all but four had started the conversation and had done their best to prolong it.

"The first man had a small package wrapped up in a newspaper in his hand when he entered. As I was lathering him he asked, 'Do you know what is in that package?'

"I handed to assure him that I was no mathematician and was willing to let it go.

"Well, I'll tell you,' he said. 'It's a couple of pieces of gaspate that are being subject to electrolysis and are curiously worn.'

"And with that he started to talk about the thing and tell what a great scheme he had to prevent electrolysis and what a fortune he would realize from it. He was still talking about it when the boy helped him on with his comb, and then he talked to a man sitting in one of the chairs and waiting for his turn until the man went over to the stand in the corner and had his shoes shined to escape from him.

"Next came a man who knew all about prizefighting. I had to listen to the history of every fighter of the past 25 years. And it was only when a man in the next chair turned and called him down for slipping up on a date that he stopped talking. At that he waited until the man who had called him down left the shop and then informed me that he could prove what he said.

"Then there was one of these real wise guys came in and wanted a shampoo. He was pretty near the limit. There wasn't a single newspaper in his hand, but he was thoroughly informed on—in his own estimation. And he wanted everybody in the place to know what he knew. He could give you more information in less time than anybody I ever met before. One of my regular customers came in then, and as he appeared good natured I smiled at him. 'Who told you about it?' he asked when he saw me smile.

"About what?' says I.

"Why, my little adventure with that toupee you picked out for me,' he answered, and then he went on and told me all about it.

"It kept up that way all morning—religion, politics, sport, business and everything you could think of. And I had to appear interested in each subject. Out of all the men who came in that day not two began the conversation. Half but four began on the same subject. I had dared to disagree with their views, and the other half probably say me down as a fool. And yet you talk that the barber always wants to talk. Come in here some day and sit for an awhile and then wonder why I don't care to do a rapid fire conversation with you to every man that sits in the chair."

"Tay at the desk. Thank you, sir. Next."—New York Sun.

THE SURGEON'S VACATION.

He Went Away For a Rest, but Could Not Stop Benefiting Others.

BY W. R. ROSE.

The great surgeon frowned and hurried forward. Just as he was about to pass the girl turned and looked back. She was a comely young woman of perhaps six and twenty, with clear, honest eyes and pretty nut brown hair and a singularly gentle expression.

When the surgeon came back from his long stroll along the ridge, the young woman and the boy were seated on a low stone wall half way up the hill. As the surgeon passed, the little fellow, whose head rested comfortably against the girl's arm, looked directly at her some seconds before he went on. It was just a lazy little hamlet—a church, a general store, a score of straggling white houses with green blinds, and that was all.

Here the surgeon meant to bury himself for his precious four weeks' outing. He could have gone to Europe as the guest of a millionaire he had said word. He knew he needed Marion instead.

The great surgeon had been sadly overworked. All through the summer months he had promised himself that he would stop and rest. It was late in September before he finally started. He felt that his nerves were giving way, and one September morning he noticed that the marvelous steadiness of his good right hand was slipping. He knew then that he had enough.

He went away with all the precautions of a defaulter. He left no address. He desired no mail, no telegrams, to follow him. For a month he meant to drop his professional existence. He picked out his destination at haphazard from the big map on his office wall. He was influenced, as he said, by the fact that the little village was off the line of travel. He bought his ticket for a point beyond the railway town that was Marion's nearest connection and then doubled back.

"And now," he said, as he alighted, valise in hand, from the mail stage that brought him over, "here's an end to the surgeon shop. For a month I'm going to be a stranger here, and I'm going to be a stranger here, and I'm going to be a stranger here."

"The best we could secure—a doctor from Bridgeville."

The stranger's frown deepened.

"It was botch work," he said, almost harshly. "The boy should never have been like this."

The girl turned quickly.

"Then you are a surgeon?" she said, with a wondering flash in her dark eyes.

"Murder faintly smiled. 'I didn't mean to hear that title for a solid month of forgetfulness. But never mind. I intend to see this matter through. Come, I must examine the boy more to my leisure.'

His eyes sparkled as he arose with the slight figure of the child in his arms, and together they passed down the hill.

"If you are a surgeon," said the girl after a little hesitation, "perhaps you will be kind enough to give me some advice on a subject that—that deeply interests me. It is my ambition to become a hospital nurse. I feel that I am called to the work. I have had a little experience in nursing here in Marion, and when they had a typhoid epidemic in Millersburg they sent for me to come over. But what I need is a chance in some city hospital." She paused and looked appealingly in his eyes.

"It is painful and disagreeable work," he said.

"Yes, I know," she quickly cried. "I have thought of all that. I own several books on nursing and medical practice and know quite well what to expect. I would have started out for myself months ago if it hadn't been for Artie here. He needs constant care, and while my stepmother—my father died last winter—is very kind to him, I did not think it right to put all this burden on her shoulders. But the desire to grow stronger and stronger every day."

The stranger's eyes sparkled again at her eagerness.

"It looks to me now," he said quite gravely, "as if there would soon be a chance to prove your capabilities. If you come out of the ordeal in a satisfactory manner, I think I can safely promise you a berth in the big hospital with which I chance to have some connection."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" she cried. "And what is the ordeal?"

The stranger looked down at the face of the crippled lad.

"The little chap is asleep," he softly said. "With your permission I mean to straighten this tortured back and

MYTHS OF MOONLAND.

Curious Notions in Various Nations About the Silvery Orb.

The moon has been worshipped among nearly all the nations of the world from time immemorial. Indeed her cult has been asserted to be much older established than sun worship.

Somewhere and the people of Borneo adore her yet, and the Caribs come from their homes at new moon and raise a great cry in her honor. Swart Nubians rejoiced in the new moon's rising, just as did the cultured Greeks, who pictured her as a wild huntress. Moslems clasp their hands at the sight of the new moon. The Finnish girl, Christian though she be, drops a courtesy and a piece of greeting to Kun as his silver mask shines whitely over her. The Peruvian peasant hurries home out of the cold moonshine, afraid of the stern eyes of Mama Quilla, and the Egyptian fellah lounges across the sand where the sphinx's shadow lies black at his feet with a prayer on his lips or in his heart to Thoth—Thoth, the master of wisdom, the lord of the Ibis, in whose absence the fair land of Khen has been brought down very low.

Swabian girls refuse to spin by moonlight, "lest they should anger her," they say vaguely, and in Germany children firmly believe in Hesel or Hoida, whose boat is the moon, whose flower is the fax and whose delight is to reward industrious little maidens. Dante makes the man in the moon Cain; in Egypt he is Horus, held to the breast of Isis, his mother, and the moon; in France he is Judas, and in some parts of England the fancy obtains that he is a man who broke the Sabbath by gathering sticks from a neighbor's forest.

In Hantum the man in the moon is a giant who at flowing tide stoops to pour water on the earth and at ebb tide stands upright in order that the waters may subside. Devonshire folks say that the figure to be seen in the moon is that of a dog. Other people say that it is Endymion, or Isaac, bearing on his back a burden of wood for his own sacrifice on Mount Moriah. Danes fancied that the moon is a cheese made from the milk that has run out from the Milky Way. Pearls and all other white stones, except diamonds, are in sympathy with the moon, according to the Hroecucians, and should be worn on Mondays.

A curious eastern fancy is that the figure in the moon is that of the pattern wife, Ina, who weaves the clouds into white cloth and who after the lapse of many years sent her immortal husband back to earth by the rainbow bridge in order that death might not delude her heavenly home. The cat and the pautner are both connected with the moon in some vague and occult fashion. Indeed in Australia the moon is represented as a native cat and also in Egypt. In China the Celestials say that there is a frog in the moon, a metamorphosed beauty called Changoo.—All the Year Round.

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Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New GAZET" SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE. This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male and female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing (it almost immediately). If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by T. A. Albright, druggist, Graham, N. C.

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For colds in the head and sore throat see Kermond's Chocolate Laxative Quieter, the "One Day Cold Cure."

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