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GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1900.

NO. 51.

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RAYES PURNISHED ON APPLICATION

We have been in bsiness 4 months. We have been in bsiness 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 on shoe department is too full. To rebuyers for next few weeks. For any- othing to put in you home to make it others to be and beautiful and others. duce stock we offer special prices to more comfortable and beautiful and for all kinds of shoes, see

AL FURNITURE & SHOE HOUSE.

Main St., Burlington, N. C.

THE NILE CROCODILE.

His Live Toothpick, His Tears and

His Way of Getting Caught.

To say that the crocodile has seen

his best days is but feebly to express

the rapidity with which he is lapsing

into the class of extinct animals. As a

feature of modern Egypt he is perhaps

rather a curiosity than a plague, and

the traveler has to get far beyond the

regions of the delta before he can be-

gin to hope for the chance of being in-

troduced to one. Crocodile stories are

trust to the sea serpent. Nothing can

make the crocodile attractive, and even

the man with the camera is shy of

treating him as a subject-whether for

personal or artistic reasons is not quite

clear. Possibly the crocodile resents

being focused, as he formerly shrank

from confrontation with a mirror, an

ordenl which often led to his dying of

chagrin, as was supposed, at the sight

of his own ugliness. Moreover, the

experienced photographer is wise in

"taking no risks," remembering that

the crocodile's tears are only a natural

solvent which the saurian applies to

And this is where the legend of the

toothpick properly comes in. Herodo-

with a particular bird, which he al-

lowed to enter his mouth in order, as

the writer supposed, to rid the reptile

of the leeches which infested his laws.

considers the complaisance of the

uralists described it as being as large

tion the narration of Herodotus, sub-

ject to qualification, as it must be, is at

least to be taken seriously and no lon-

ger regarded as the visionary idea of a

In the Egyptian hieroglyphics the

crocodile is represented by a single

wavy line, so perfectly suggestive of

the contour of the animal that it is

meaning. It might stand as an excel-

lent contemporary illustration of the

text of Herodotus, neither author nor

artist overstepping the modesty of na-

ture. This was reserved for later

times, in which arose so many of the

myths and extravagances which we

are ready to impute to the lack of prac-

tical knowledge by the classic writers.

When Fuller lucubrated so learnedly

of the crocodile, he doubtless felt that

he was correcting the erroneous idea

of an earlier period, and the following

example of his erudition may serve to

show how he set about the task: "The

sovereign power of saffron is plainly

proved by the antipathy of the croco-

dile thereto, for the crocodile's tears

are never true, save when he is forced

where saffron groweth, whence he hath

the name of saffron fearer, knowing

himself to be all poison and it all anti-

dote." As to legend of the crocodile's

tears, it can only be regarded as a

myth grafted upon some of the rep-

tile's observed habits. Probably be-

cause they could offer less resistance

to his attacks, women and children

were especially liable to them, the of-

fice of the former as water carriers

bringing them often to the Nile and

the children naturally finding a play-

Herodotus gives an amusing account

of the manner in which the Egyptian

brothers of the angle used to fish for

procedile, from which it would seem

that they had taken a leaf out of the

reptile's own book of strategy. They

salted the book with a large piece of

hog's fiesh, with which they made a

real angler's "cast" into the middle of

the river. And they employed a very

sait, consisting of a vigorous young

porker, which they anchored Irish

fashion, on the bank and incited by

divers irritating arts into energetic

quealing. Entranced with the melo-

lious sound, the crocodile was drawn in the direction from which it came

and, being unable to get at the pig.
put up with the baited book instead.—
London Globe.

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round on its shores.

quite impossible to escape from its

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strengthens 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 Cardui. 81.00 a bottle.

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TROMAS J. COOPER, Tupela, Miss., 1911.—My sister suffered from irragular and shalled monatoration and declors could a pilers for, and also helped my mother through the Chicago of Life.

lubber Stamps

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

WHEN PEGGY GOES TO MARKET.

When Peggy takes her basket up

And off to market goes, I'm stupefied with wonder at How very much she knows. She makes her way between the stalls And with judicial air

Decides that this is "so and so" And that is "pretty fair." She knows if fish are fresh or not,

And, wise as any owl, the differentiates between A chicken and a fowl. She thumbs the breastbone of the one And pulls the other's legs; She squints her pretty little eyes To test the new laid eggs.

The veg'tables must be just right, The veg'tables must be just right,
For with a critic's eye
She scans them, not inclined to pass
Their imperfections by.
She calls the market folks by name;
Ah, what a lot she knows
When Peggy takes her basket up
And off to market goes!

When Peggy does the marketing, My heart with pride she fills; I go along, a uncless thing. Except to pay the bills. hastone Murray in New Orleans Times

THE SHADOW

OF A DREAM ‡

BY HELOISE DURANT ROSE.

It was in the latter part of the last century and lacked 10 minutes of 5 by the white and gold clock on the mantel shelf in one of the finest salons of the Faubourg St. Germain, when the portieres were drawn aside and a dainty malden in flowered chintz gown,

draped over a gay petticoat, stepped "Pierre! Pierre!" she called, glancing at the clock, and a good looking young servant in livery toined her. "I know what you are going to say, no longer told. In fact, it is safer to

Mlle. Jeanette, but it is early yet." "Five by the clock, and Mmc. in Mar quise may be bome at any moment. You should have lighted the fire sooner, Pierre."

"It will be ready in a moment now." he answered good naturedly and, going to the richly carved woodbox in the corner near the fireplace, took out some pine cones and kindled them under the logs already laid on the audirons, Jeanette watching him the while. In the shadows of the autumn evening the flames lit up her trim little figure as they also revealed her pouting lips. Pierre, still kneeling on the hearth, looked up into his companion's face with a tender expression, but she took no notice of him.

tus noticed the fact, but seems to have "Always dissatisfied, Jeauette. What been misled as to the motive. He disis it you want now?" covered that the crocodile made friends "Nothing from you," she answered

rudely. Pierre sighed. He rose to his feet, dusted his knees, gave a last look at the fire and then, leaning toward

crocodile to be due to the satisfaction "You always have declared that no he felt in having his teeth picked by woman is reasonable." the bird. "He taketh so great delight "But you are more unreasonable than in this her scraping and scouring of most women. You will not even listen his teeth and jaws." Both authors to a compliment nor accept the small-

so unreasonable these days?"

speak of the bird as a wren; later nat- est gift." "Not from you." Jeanette replied with a toss of the head.

as a thrush, while it has been reserved for the present generation of travelers "You might do worse, my dear. Some to identify this useful friend of the grand gentleman must have turned crocodile as the spur winged plover. your head with his airs, and I, being Of the fact of the alliance there is not only a simple fellow, loving you honorthe least doubt. The operation has been frequently witnessed by numer- little coquette."

ous independent observers, one of the "I am not a coquette." latest of whom considers that the bird "When I offer you my hand and heart, what more do you want?" does actually perform the functions of a toothpick, "a process which the croc-odile enjoys." With such corrobora-

The girl hesitated. "I am young and"-"And pretty," put in Pierre.

"And pretty," echoed Jeanette, "and want to see life." "See life with me," urged her lover. "Can you not leave me alone? I want

no offers from you." "You are not only a coquette, but cruel."

"And you are not only cruel, but retorted Jeanette, turning stupid," away and bursting into tears. Pierre stood gazing at her, a picture

of dismay. He did not approach the girl, fearing to offend her still more. His honest face flushed as he said tim-idly: "My dear, only tell me bow I fdly: can please you. You do not know how unhappy your unkindness makes me."

"What does it matter?" began Jeanette, with a petulant stamp of her foot, when the rustle of a silk dress was beard and a tall, dignified woman entered the salon. "Take my cloak, Jeanette," she ex

claimed and crossed to the fireplace. "Put some more wood on the fire, Pierre. The air is chilly. Alack, how quickly the summer has fied!" As she spoke her eyes glanced from the girl to the young man.

"Has Mme. la Marquise any orders?" he asked.

"If any one calls, I am at home." Pierre bowed respectfully and left the salon. As the marquise unbuttoned her gloves she looked keenly at the

young girl. "You look and, little one. Not home-

"No, madame." "You have been crying. Jeanette. Has Pierre been unkind?"

"On the contrary, madame." The marquise kult her handson brow. As Jeanette was about to take the clock and plumed hat into the boudoir a gesture stopped her. you unhappy with me?" asked her mis-

"Ab, no, madame," replied the girl

with downeast eyes. "When my old nurse-your grandpother-wrote, asking if I could take you into my service. I thought I should lease you both by bringing you ber out If city life makes you and why then, little one, you must go home." "Ah, no, no." interrupted Jeanette quickly. "Madame is too good to send me back to my village."

"You are young," continued the marquise, seating herself on a sofa. "Your luties with me are light; a young man in my service asks you to marry him ous cures. It surpasses any other salve, lotion, ointment or balin for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Boils, Sores, Felons, Ulcers, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chapped Hands Office and Sores, Sores, Chapped Hands Office and Sores, Sores, Sores, Chapped Hands Office and Sores of Sores quise lightly rested her hand on Jean-ette's shoulder and, pushing her down, "I, madame, to sit down?"
"Yes, and listen to me."

iously up into the beautiful face bending toward her.

Who is he?" "He, madame?" "Yes; the man who made you weep."

"There is no one."

The marquise smiled. "Fie, what untruths, little one! Your grandmother wrote that she wished you with me, knowing that you would be safe here. Now, why safe if there was no danger at home? And here with me, protected and in good bealth, living an easy life and having an honest fellow devoted to you, you weep. And why? There

can be but one answer-some one has bewitched that little head and stirred that little heart. Who can it be-let me think? The miller's son?" "Dubois? Oh, no, madame!" "Then perhaps the farmer Laudry?"

"Never, never, madame! He is so "Ah! Some one more refined. Could it be the cure's nepbew?"

"The idea of that boy!" "Some one older? Why, I know of none in your village. A stranger perhaps, but so few go there, and you have not been away from home. But stay, did you not go to the Chateau St.

and pictures showed the taste of an Reme for some weeks last spring?" "Yes, madame. I went there to belp artist. take care of the children, as the duchess had sent away her nurse for a holiday."

"Surely you were not so foolish as to get a heartache over a servant there?" "No servant, madame," was the answer in a low voice.

"Not a master!" exclaimed the "Ab, there were guests, of quise. course! Is it possible that you would listen to the idle flatteries of a penui-"He is not penniless, madame."

"Worse; a rich guest amusing himself with a little maid." "Not amusing himself, Mme. la Marquise."

"Really this is alarming! So an old

"Not old, madame." "Thin and little?" "Not thin and little." "Tall and stout?" "Not very stout."

"Black eyes?" "Blue, madame-beautiful blue." "A proud upstart of a mushroo family."

families." "Jeanette," cried the marquise, "you frighten me; a rich aristocrat making

"Ah, no, madame; one of the oldest

ove to a little country girl!" "Alas, madame, I know full well that I am unworthy of him, but he told me that he loved me."

"And did he wish also to marry you?" Jeanette sighed and after a moment's hesitation replied, "He has not settled Pliny says nothing of these pests, but Jeanette, said slowly. "Why are you a definite time, but promised he would

> "If you-if you-quick, quick, answer me!"

Jeanette's voice sank still lower as she said, "If I went with him to Paris." "I knew it-the traitor!" cried the marquise, springing up. "Oh, if we women tried to ruin an innocent life, how would the world deal with us? But these gay lords of creation cast their snares, kill their victims, and soclety continues to open its doors to them and lavish upon them its smiles Jeanette," and she paused before the young girl, who had risen from the footstool and stood downcast and silent, "who saved you from this man?"

Jeanette raised her eyes timidly. "My Tokay." grandmother arrived one day, kissed me many times as she said: 'You look pale, petite. I know that city eyes are looking too often into yours. We are plain country folk and must remain so. Come home, my child, with me,' and she packed my things and never let me out of her sight until we were home again. I tried to see him, but grandmother was like Iron. She has broken my heart," and the girl wept.

"Poor little field flower," said the marquise softly. "This first sorrow, like a heavy sorrow, bends your head low in the dust; but, like others, it will pass, and you will blossom again, fairer than before, in the sunshine of honest love."

"Never, never, Mme. la Marquise," sobbed the girl.

"Listen, Jeanette. You are young and do not know the world. This man meant harm. He soon would have grown tired of your simple ways and would have put you aside as he would toes away a faded flower, and then he would have married a lady for her for-

"Ah. no, no, madame!" "Yes, yes, Jeanette. Your grandmother has saved you from disgrace. Come, my child, dry those eyes and forget flattering words that were false as the man who uttered them. Poor little moth, you fluttered too near the fiame and singed your wings."

Then, seeing how sad the child looked, the marquise added kindly: "There, I shall not scold you more today. But be sure that your grandmother and I tre your truest friends. Believe in us. for we would shield you from harm."

Jeanette took the fair hand extended to her and kissed it respectfully. "Madame is too kind to interest herself in me and my little troubles. She has all my gratitude."

"Then show your gratitude by following my advice," answered the marquise, smiling. "I will try, madame," and, taking her cloak and hat, Jeanette quietly left the

As the door closed behind her the

marquise crossed to the fire and stood,

neditatively, with one arm leaning on the mantelshelf. The loose ruffles of her short sleeve falling back, revealed the round, white arm. On the taper fingers jewels flashed in the firelight. She was an aristocratic looking woman, adored by her friends and relatives, hough Parisian society deemed her a shade too serious to accord her the popslarity which her rank and wealth might otherwise have given her, but her wit and appreciation of talent filled her salons with artists, savants and men of letters. A certain simplicity of nanner had kept her free from the stilted affectations of the period, and her innate dignity gave little encour-agement to the ordinary scandalous gossip around her. At 18, to please her er, she had married an old courtier,

The girl sank down on the little satin she was still a widow, though suitors stool, and her troubled eyes looked anx- for her hand had not been lacking, among whom none was so devoted as the Comte de Vaugirard. No rebuff The marquise, still keeping her hand could daunt his ardor. He had proposon Jeanette's shoulder, asked abruptly, ed and been refused, yet persisted in

his suit. She was touched by his pertinacity and had grown to depend upon his continuous attentions. As Jeanette left her, after a passing regret that her little maid should already have had a taste of the bittersweet fruit of the tree of life, she dismissed the subject from her mind. Vaugirard had returned to Paris, and she would ask him who the blue eyed roue could be who had made love to

Jennette while she took care of the duchess' children, for he knew the Saverins and had visited St. Reme. With this reflection the marquise glanced at the clock. "Yes, in a few minutes Leon will be here." Her eyes grew tender, and she sighed as she took up a book and reseated herself on the stiff backed little sofa. But the book remained unread. It rested lightly in her lap while she glanced around the salon. Yes, the red and gold vase was filled with fresh flowers, and the wax candles shed a soft light from their brackets on the wall. The spinet stood open, with songs, on the music rack. Between rare Turkish rugs the polished parquet glinted. The bric-a-brac

The marquise cast a satisfied glance around. All was in readiness for the expected guest, but was she? "How much easier to say 'Yes' to a man one likes than constantly to refuse him," she thought. "And why do I hesitate? What is it I fear? Is not Leon all a woman could desire, and he loves me, but-how well? Does he mean all he says? Is his heart absolutely mine? Ah, who knows? If I married him and found him false, I dare not think what would be the end. To be deceived, and by the man I trust! No! We both could not breathe the same air after that! Does not be ask for all I have to give, and shall not I then have all he has to give? Love for love, truth for truth, faith for faith-or nothing!"

"M. le Comte de Vaugirard," announced Pierre as a handsome man somewhat over 30 years of age entered. He was dressed in dark maroon velvet, with pale yellow satin waistcont. Fine old lace fell over his wrists, and in his jabot, on his fingers, sword hilt and shoe buckles diamonds sparkled. His three cornered hat he pressed close to his breast as he bowed low. "My fair marquise, I am, as ever, your slave."

"Let me set you free then." "But I love my chains. To others I may vaunt my pride, but at your feet I am all humility."

She made no reply, but her eyes looked at him with affection. Vaugirard knelt before her, and, taking one of her hands, he kissed it fervently. "Am I to kneel forever in vain?" he pleaded. "Rise, M. le Comte," she said hastily, You are not an actor to play a pas-

"And yet my passion, alas, is but too real! I love you, and you alone." "For how long?"

"Until eternity?" "If I married you," said the marguise sadly, "and you proved unfaithful it would break my heart." "You break mine with these doubts."

I will try to banish them.' "Oh, my love! May I hope?" "Walt, Leon, until tomor

She held out her hand to him. "Then

"And then I will listen to you. Now be seated again, like an ordinary mortal. Come, you must have a glass of

"Your words are as wine to me." said the count gayly. His face flushed with pleasure. The goal seemed near. The prize he had for years sought so enger

ly was within his grasp.
"How did you spend this morning?" asked the marquise as she pulled the bell rope.

"I rode out near Issy. The Jasamines live there. They are related to the Saverins, you know." "Ah, that reminds me. You were with them last spring. How lovely St.

Reme must be in May! It should have inspired you with many a poem." "The inspiration was lacking, as you were not there."

"But did none of the other guests write poetry?" "No one was there while I was visit-

ing St. Reme." "No one?" echoed the marquise, much startled. "I was the only friend enjoying their

hospitality at the time." "What! No gay damsels or proud seigneurs to dispute with you the role of favored guest?"

"There was no one," said Vaugirard, surprised at the agitation in her voice. "Did Mme. la Marquise ring?" asked Pierre, entering. "Some Tokay for M. le Comte, and."

with a slight pause, "let my little maid serve it. Pierre bowed and left. "Did you hear of other guests at St. Reme?" asked the count, reverting to

the subject and troubled by the manner of the marquise "Perhaps I dreamed it-like my other dreams." Her tone jarred on him.

"Ab, these dreams!" be said impatiently. "Forget them. Think only of my love, of my devotion. Oh, Celine, do you still doubt my loyalty?" She did not reply, but glanced toward the portiere through which Jean-

ette was entering, carrying a small "A glass of wine for M. le Comte." Mme. In Marquise potred it into the glass, while Jeanette stood modestly holding the tray, her eyes downcast. "Your health, M. le Comte!"

"To you, fair marquise," replied ber lover, taking the glass. As he raised it to his lips be perceived Jennette, who at the sound of his voice had started and uttered a little cry. The glass fell

Made Young Again.

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

The One Day Cold Cure. who died before she was 20. Nearly ten years had elapsed since then, and Day Cold Cure."

For cold in the head and sore throat use Kermoti's Choculates Laxative Quinter, the "One Day Cold Cure." from his hand and was shattered on the polished floor. "Hush, Jeanette," said the marquise

"It is only an accident. Here a broker glass-there a broken heart."

"Oh, madame," sobbed Jeanette, "I did not know why you sent for me! "Child, this is M. le Comte de Vaugirard, who did me the honor to ask me in marriage some three years ago and who has repeated the offer frequently since then.'

"Oh, madame, let me go," cried the

"Look, Jeanette," continued her mis tress, "at the blue eyes of this proud noble of a stainless race." "Mmc. la Marquise, let me go!"

"Yes, go. Forget that you once heard words that meant less than the empty air, for the May breezes were at least laden with the scent of blossoms." "Marquise, this is a dangerous jest," said the count in a low voice. His face was very pale.

"Ah, madame!" wailed Jeanette. Her mistress patted her kindly on the shoulder. "Courage, petite. Let Pierre console you."

The girl turned away, still sobbing, "You desire to insult me!" cried the count as they were left alone. "No more than you insult me. The great honor you did me in offering the

must decline," she replied, with a state ly courtesy. "Heavens! Could a badinage with a country wench stand between us and happiness! I adore you! I worship

fresh, unsullied devotion of your soul I

"Take that worship to another "No, no! You cannot be so cruel!

Let me implore pardon for what sins I may seem to have committed"-"Seem!" she exclaimed scornfully. "I need no excuses. Our romance is dead. The shadow of my dream is its shroud."-New York Press.

His Opinion of the Sick Man. A certain Memphian and his wife are in the habit occasionally of going out at night to entertainments and social affairs, and at such times they make themselves solid with their little boy by saying that they are going out to

see a sick man. One week these social affairs came pretty frequently. On Monday night they went to the theater and told the lad that they had to sit up with the sick man. Tuesday night they went out to visit a neighbor and explained that they were going to give some medicine to the man that was sick. On Wednesday night they proposed to attend an entertainment and apologized to the young chap by saying they had to put a plaster on the sick man's back

to draw out the pain. "Papa," asked the youth, "is the sick man in much pain?"

"Very much, my son." "And is he pretty near dead?" "Yes; he's in bad shape." The lad thought deeply for awhile

and then remarked: "Well, papa, he can't die any too soor to suit me!"-Memphis Scimitar. What She Couldn't Do

Not long back a young farmer in an out of the way corner was successfully sued for breach of promise by a local beauty. Soon afterward there was a big show in the neighborhood, and Giles, as we will call him, decided to go by carrier's cart.

He had fust made himself comfortable in the last vacant sept in the veh cle when a young woman entered and stood near the door. Giles was the only man in the vehicle.

and after a mile or so had been covered a fussy old lady remarked to him: "I'm thinkin it wad look better o' ve If ye stood up an let the lassle sit "Nay, nay," said Giles doggedly. "That lassie be Sally. Sally once said

she'd mek Oi sit up, an she did mek

Oi sit up, but she can't mek Oi stand! And Sally didn't .- Short Stories. Formed by an Earthquake. Reelfoot lake is the largest body of water in the state, and it was formed by an earthquake in 1811. People who do not live in this section imagine it but a pleasure resort for fishing and

hunting parties and do not know that from its waters at least 1,000 people gain a livelihood. There are two wholesale fish houses here and several at Hickman, Ky., that have wagons constantly on the road bringing thousands of pounds of fish daily for shipment. There are 1,500 nets in Recifoot, worked by some 500 people. Taking all that are connected. directly and indirectly, with the fishing and hunting, at least 1,000 people carn a living from the lake.-Nashville Ban

What the Spider Said.

"I was spinning a web in the rose vine," said the spider, "and the little giri was sewing patchwork on the doorstep. Her thread knotted, her needle broke, and her eyes were full of tears. 'I can't do it,' she said. cap't! I can't!"

"Then ber mother came and bade ber look at me. Now, every time I spun a nice silky thread and tried to fasten it from one branch to another the wind blew and tore it away. "This happened many times, but at

last I made one that did not break and

fastened it close and spun other threads to Join it. Then the mother smiled. "'What a patient spider!' she said. "The sittle girl smiled, too, and took up her work. And when the sun went down there was a beautiful web in the rose vine and a square of beautiful patchwork on the steps." - Weekly

A firm of English sonpmakers which gives a halfpenny to the Transvasi war fund for every cake of soap sold has already sent in £1,000 to the fund.

Bouquet.

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, blackbeads, and that sickly billious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

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There are two things we give to every purchaser

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be laid across each other, basket fashion, with paper below. See that the drafts and dampers are all open, the upper front check closed, and apply the match before a bit of coal is put upon the wood. When it has begun to burn well, put on one shovelful, allow ing the air to pass through unchecked so as to kindle that. In a short time more may be added, then more, and when the coal begins to glow red shut

To kindle any fire small sticks should

one draft, then wother.

Turn out of doors the first person who dares to dream of using kerosens to help start a fire, and severely admonish her who persists in filling the firebox to the top of stove or range. That is the way to burn out or crack the stove and destroy the firebrick. Besides, it chokes the draft, causing less heat to be given out. A hot fire is a clear fire, with the draft coming unchecked through the bottom damper The persons who boll their ten are the same that fill the range as full as it will hold, and when it fails, as it then must, to give out the needed heat take off the cover and punch and poke it down from above, thus crowding the coal into a still more compac mass. Such a cook has her range speedily filled with clinkers and teachers. wastes much fuel.—Good Housekeep-

She Was Willing. Perfect confidence is desirable between couples engaged to be married, but it is not always that the young woman has as fine an opportunity to establish it as did a Norristown belle, to whom a wealthy young bachelor had been paying assiduous attention. After worrying her a good deal about how many young men had been in love with her and how many she had been attached to, he asked her to marry

him, adding: "Now, let there be perfect confidence between us. Keep nothing concealed "Certainly," replied the giddy girl,

jumping up, she snatched the wig he wore from his head and danced around the room with it. In spite of this levity, the couple married and, from all accounts, are living happily, more particularly so, by means of using crude petroleum a nice little crop of soft brown hair is growing all over the husband's head. The man had never heard of crude petro-

leum as a hair tonic until his wife told

him about it, so if she had not enforced

his confidence he would still be bald .-

Philadelphia Record. On Whom Was the Joke? A couple of ladies in Pana desired play a joke on the husband of one and got things into a pretty mess before they got through. The husbands were absent from home when the ladies gave birth to children, twins being born to one and one to the other. The single baby was transferred to the bed o the twins in order to make the fasher

of the twins think he was the father o triplets. Then, after the joke had been allow ed to cause consternation for a time in the mind of the supposed father of the triplets, the whole thing was exposed but the mothers were unable to iden tify their children. One woman tool one and the other retained two, but neither is certain she has the right ones. Hysterics and other evidence of excitement are in order, but the complete identity of those children wil

never be established. The mother of the twins will know that she has one of her children, but which one? While the mother of the one child will never be certain that she hasn't one of the other woman's baies.-Taylorville (8. C.) Courier.

Made Them Even. "I have seen many a funny inciden

in knocking about," said C. J. Griswold of Denver, "but I don't remember any more amusing than one I witness Friar's Point, Coahoma county, Miss some years ago. I was in that part of the country on some business, and having nothing in particular to do for the time being, I went up to the little courthouse to witness a jury trial that was going on there. One of the juror a rustic looking chap, kept going to sleep in the box, which irritated the presiding judge extremely. The judge sent a court officer to awaken the juror once or twice, but when he went to sleep for the third time the judge evidently thought patience had ceased to be a virtue, for, leaning over the rail he said to the juror with severity:

"John Doe, I fine you \$50 for per-sistently alceping in court."
"'All right, judge,' replied Doe, 'that makes us even on that game we had last night."

last night."
"Inquiry developed that the night
previous had witnessed a poker game
at Friar's Point, from which the magistrate had risen a loser of exactly \$50 to Doe."-New York Tribune.

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OUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CORE. This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part o the urinary passages in male and female. It relieves retention of water and pain in pass-ing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. So T. A. Albright, druggist, Graham, N. C.

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in dormitories, all free-tuition ap-plications should be made before August 1. Correspondence invited from those desiring competent trained

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