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Wine of Cardui makes women beautiful and healthy. It strikes at the root of all their trouble. There is no menstrual disorder, ache or pain which it will not cure. It is for the budding girl, the busy wife and the matron approaching the change of life. At every trying crisis in a woman's life it brings health, strength and happiness. It costs \$1.00 of medicine dealers.

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MRS. BOTENA LEWIR, of Ownerster, Parse. women beautiful and bealth OZENA LEWIR of Commette, ages of weather the monthly with particle paint in my hand and are been controly relieved by Wing are been controly relieved by Wing

Rubber Stamps Rigid and cushion, daters, numberers, inks, pads, and all kinds of rubber stamp supplies. Stamps dusky perfume, her world suddenly un10c up. W. P. EZZELL, Burlington, N. C.

THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH.

Into this glorious world I came,
The freeborn of the wind and fisme.
I bound to me for good or til
A body serf to do my will.
Though he was trail and prone to rest,
I snatched him from his mother's breast
And bade him serve ms. What would you'l
had a great King's work to do—
Wrong to make right, comfort to bring
To those in trouble sorrowing.

I needed one both swift and strong; Great was the load, the journey long. Yet this my slave was weak and lame; Faltering at my behest he came, Bo, when his strength was almost gone, I took the scourge and urged him on.

Yet hurry as I might to keep
The minutes' pace, both food and sleep
My slave must have. Impatiently
I naw the glorious hours pass by
I could not leave him, for we must
Have hands of dust to work with dust.)
At last he fell and would not rise.
He called me with imperious eyes
And bade me pause.

This small white room, this cot of enow, Ministering forms that come and go; I crouch here listening for his breath, and with my hands I hold back Death, My work neglected and undone.

If he but beckon, swift, I run

The Pu'rennials Of the Admiral A Pretty Sketch of an Old Sailor and His Daughter.

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON. As long as Sereta could remember there had always been yellow lilles at the end of the garden walk, and as

ong as the illies could remember there had always been Sereta blowing down the walk. "Here they are again, Samuel," she eried every spring, and the hard faced

old gardener would go on with his boe-Sweeta; when they come, they stay." There was a vague spot somewhere occurred to her that she, too, was something of a "py'rennial." She knew

no more than these golden playfellows how she came into the admiral's garden and, like them, spring after spring found her sunny head among the returning flowers. But it was not until she was bead and shoulders taller than the tallest white Easter lily that she inquired further: "What is a py'renial, Samuel? What makes it a py'ren-"A py'rennial," said Samuel convinc-

ingly, "has character enough to go right along and keep going right ahead. It's got no call to be sown or transplanted or slipped; it blooms till it dies, and next year it gets up and bloom

The admiral's garden, all rose petals and butterfly wings, was a glowing background for the girl flower breathing her youth fragrance out with the on the summer air. Beyond lay seme terraces, shaded by lofty clms, and a wide built house, well back from the road and three or four miles from the "shire" town of the rather lonely One stormy day when the admira-

was smoking his pipe and raising his eyebrows occasionally at the fire—as if exchanging amusing memories-Sereta wed his glance until it rested upon a photograph that always stood in the same place on the high colonial mantel-an ocean liner, nose down, unde full speed—and she spoke before bur natural shyness checked her impulse. "It must be like a bird to cross the sea like that-like a bird crossing the oper sky on a bright August day?" The admiral smiled down at her, but his face had saddened as he touched the shore of reality after his voyage on that ses of fancy where each must sall alone.
"It is better to set fit a big chair and think about it, little friend," he replied. "These birds find darker skies than your meadow larks and run heavier risks." Then the look of weariness same back that Sereta dreaded, because she did not understand it or how to drive it away. After that day she never prompted his conversation or taked the thousand and one eager, irrelevant questions that ignorance natu

rally craves of maturity; she learned by intuition that questions are cruel; besides she was afraid of bringing the look that meant something she could not understand—something to be kept asleep if possible.

But sometimes after her lessons were

done, or after his moderate dinner gians had warmed his memories, the admiral would talk to her uninterruptedly for hours about that great un-known place he called life, until little thrills and shivers of excitement crept over her and she could not sleep all night for remembrance and conjecture. When Beretz was 17, an odd little to the ball.

This revolutionary visitor was a man

dropped down the road togethy

and were out of sight. Sereta among the roses pricked her fingers more than common. "Samuel, I should think the admiral would like a change," she said fiercely when she had cut all the pink buds and walked carefully around the curved beds to begin on the red. Samuel stared as if he had been chal-

to appreciate her charm and lure her

simplicity by his varied knowledge of

complexer womanbood. So she chatted

and explained all down the garden

through the py'rennials, laughed with

him over the clumsy colts in the pad-

dock, showed him the view from the

pasture hill, brought him home by the woods and was singing to him in the

empty drawing room when the admiral

Somehow the afternoon seemed very

lenged from the burning bush. "The admiral? Miss Sweets, the admiral's py'rennial. Most of the men that come here is just blown away seed, half sown or wind sown-come up first in one garden, then in another. The admiral's rooted like a red laloc. He coterie. Every mood of passion redon't need transplantin now. More turned to mock me now. The sight of likely strange soll would kill him out-

It was disappointing that the converment, tactics and maneuvers till the sleepy hostess withdrew unnoticed. Left all to themselves, it burned out with big guns toward morning, when the stranger suddenly opened attack on the old subject of the admiral's isolation, urging the necessity of renewed contact with men, the familiar charm of old scenes, while the admiral listened as if to faroff music unmoved: "I am like that dear fellow Stevenson Roger, my boy. I, too, have 'lived and

loved and closed the door."
"But surely the Welt-gelst is not dead in you, admiral. Gray hairs do not make moss grown wits. There's not a man in the service to match you." "Thanks," interrupted the older man

briefly. "Welt-lust ist vorbel. If I can avoid Welt-schmerts here in the overgrown corner of my pasture fastness, don't let envy of my peace poison your happiness. I am too old, and Sereta"— "Ah, yes, Sereta," broke in the younger. "She is at the other end of he path. You and she are like the two

last petals of the dalsy rhyme we used to say our fate by-'passionement-pas de tout!' You live in your library and your thoughts: She lives in your shad-ow and the companionship of that bypercritical old gardener." "Your voice betrays irritation, Rog-er," said the admiral blandly, "Sam-

uel did not forget himself, I hope?" admiring his yellow lilles, but he took no interest in my botanical researches. That is nekher here nor there, however. Your ward has eyes that no rose mother would have given her, fun and dancing, and"-

"Stop!" cried the admiral. "God for-bid such a fate as her mother's was for her! Thus far her feet have trod in angel innocence. She is happy as a boy, high minded as a saint. She has never tampered with her emotions nor felt the wasting reaction from pleasure. She doesn't know her heart except as she knows her lungs-by name. She is youth, graceful and unspo classic as a Greek. You cannot make a folly of her. The marble is already cut on straighter lines."

For a time things went on in the old routine. Except that the admiral smoked more and talked less no one would have guessed anything had hap-pened. No one saw the battle fought or took account of self indulge or carried drink to the dying convic tions or softened the going of well lov-ed preferences, but after many days and nights the campaign ended as sud-denly as it began, and the admiral was every inch a commander still as he went to find Serets with surrender on his brow. It was bedtime, and he found her on the terrace bidding the

stars good night, one of her many quaint observances of childhood. There was a touch of pagan wonder on her upturned face as she stood there. He stood beside her and breathed a last long breath of complete content. "They look down on many a heart and country tonight," be began. "Think of the Alps—they must love such tall peaks best because they are nearest, and then the sea that tosses their heags back to them in a million shifting adorations, and the forest full of sleeping and waking beasts, and the faring flowers of the tropics, the sullen desert and the hearts of men. Tou, too, little friend, would you like to be a star and have all the beauty and mis-ery of the whole world spread before

Was he in earnest? There was so thing new in his manner. Oh, was he in earnest? She did not speak, only dropped her eyes to his face, and her upper lip quivered slightly. Did he mean it? Strauge desires pressed upon her; the world beyond the garden seemed calling as the merman called seemed calling as the merman called his wife in a poem of Arnold that was still ringing in her cars. She was cutside the behavior of custom now— troubled, yet glad.

"It is time," he continued simply;

yes, it is time. I did not realize that you had outgrown the illies."

She could not keep the delight from her face, but she did not speak, and the admiral waited as if for a signal,

the admiral waited as if for a signal, then spoke on in the summer night.

"Your mother was Julia Bavignon. I loved her, but she married a diplomat, and I took up my career in the mavy. Everything came to me—everything except forgetfulness. When I mot her again years after in Paris, she was a widow, thanks to a rather irregular political intrigue involving the lives of more than one European envoy. She was the same brilliant, compelling creature. Only eyes that had grown keen with love long unfed could read

without a wife and therefore presumaseeply enough to find the ciminge in bly harmless and inoffcusive. Bereta ber, the loss of those gentler qualities liked him almost as well as Samuel hat soften a thrilling girl lute a raafter a morning spent together while the admiral was busy and depending liant woman. She had preserved few Illusions; perhaps I was the only one. on her to do the honors for his guest: They were out of doors, which nakes She was quoted and courted and copall things possible to begin with, and the man on her hands was old enough led, but in the spring she would marry

"That was a winter to warm dead summers by its memory. We never spoke of the years intervening or their experiences. Our fidelity was at least o indiscretion. There must be a God, in whose mind such joy was conceived and fulfilled. Coming home from the opera one night, when only a few weeks lay between us and our marriage, a frantic runaway tore through the crowded avenue, leaving many a wreck in its deadly wake. Julia was arried into a mere boulevard cafe and long after the two well mounted fig/ died in my arms, my face so close to hers she never saw the squalld suroundings of that last boly bour, though shall wear the terror stricken faces of the onlookers across my eyes forever, heightened by sad dreams. She knew me to the last. 'Sereta,' she whispered, keep her safe from the world. My world has not been always yours. Love is more than'- She smiled with her soul. Her lips were

cold. Every haunt held a stab for me there. From that night the sight of her flowers on the other women turned me faint. I shivened when I met one other lovers made me fear myself in my shattered condition of will and nerves. I came home with you, dear, sation at dinner that night should have Life had given me all my boyish hopes taken a strictly technical turn. It ran in manhood's measure. I never reach-may, it fairly flew—on naval equiped the high alter of my holy of holies, great organ as I stood on the threshold.

"It was not until lately that I realized the time had come to do more than listen and wait. The blood of your mother is in your veins too. We will go soon, little friend, and make acquaintance with the best of her world

But Sereta's arms were crossed upon her breast, and in a voice too sweet for any mortal woman save her mother's child she said. "I will not go!" At the end of an hour's struggle she still persisted; "I will not go., I care nothing for a world that betrayed you and broke your heart. I am not afraid, but I will not go!"
Samuel found her singing a "furrin"

song over the honeysuckles next morning and waited to be drawn into conversation. "Morning, Samuel." There was his

chance without compromise of dignity. "Good morning, Miss Sweeta. Hot day, I guesa." Then in a queer voice, quite unlike the usual gruff Samuel: "It'll be lonesome enough not to hear you singin, Miss Sweets. Some say you and the admiral are tired of roots and goin away." "Going away?" repeated Sereti

Why, Samuel, you said yourself only a little while ago that the admiral was yet."-Chicago Post. a py'rennial, and I am another. We "No-that is, I tried to talk with him are going into partnership with the a bit about slips this morning. I was yellow liles forever and ever." The old man made a motion of incredulity and, shaking his head as he did when rain was prophesied in a drought, remarked: "May be true of the admiral, bugs can appreciate and a nature that Miss Sweets, but I expect that other would whiten up some of the dark soldier fellow'll be back here before fall places of earth considerably if proper-lookin after some more yellow lily ly applied. She ought to see tess of slips—like as not. He said he took a berself and more of — He began to very particular interest in py rennials. say people of her own age, but ended i should think be would. He'll be the worse by adding. "The things her drst man that ever raised a built from

a slip."
And Roger did come back many times, but he went straight to the admiral when advice was needed, for the kind of flower he wanted was never illustrated in the gaudiest catalogu of Samuel's loval admiration. Nor will the yellow illies watch in valu at the end of the garden walk next spring for Sereta has given her lover to unerstand that she is a py'rennial of the admiral, however satisfied he may be to live as mere "blown away seed."

Perhaps she hopes he will take root ome day. Anyway, she smiles when Samuel whistles, "My hope is built on nothing less." "Sereta is too young," says the admiral, "and I am too old."— Martha Gilbert Dickinson in Spring-Seld Republican.

Early Days of Colorado Mining. As illustrating the local conditions at the time of the commencement of oper-ations by the pioneer smelter in Colorado it may be stated that every single arebrick used in its construction cost \$1, having to be brought by wagon about 600 miles from the nearest point on the Missouri river and to that point by railroad from St. Louis. The Iron cost 22 cents per pound. The pay of skilled labor was \$8 per day and of common labor \$4 per day, and the charge of smelting ranged from \$20 to \$45 per ton. There was no railroad nearer than the Missouri river, abou 600 miles away. Wagon transports tion was high, as also were all the nec essaries of life. Moreover the "matte," the product of the plant, in the absence of any local means of separating or refining, had to be hauled to the Missouri river in wagons, thence by railroad to New York and thence to Swanses, Wales, where it was separated and the gold, silver and copper Today there are nine smelting plants

in Colorado. The aggregate daily ca-pacity is 4,500 tons, and about 4,000 men are employed.—Engineering Mag-

It Doesn't Pay to Be Captured. It will doubtless surprise most peo-ple to learn that any soldier of the British army who is captured by the enemy gets his pay stopped at once. Therefore the 1,000 English warriors who are now playing football inside the race track at Pretoria are in no sense of the word wage earners. A further provision of the army regula-tions allows an investigation to be made after a soldler has recovered his liberty, and the authorities may, if they see fit, turn over the back pay to the released prisoner. There is no obligation on their part to do this,

The last quarter of a cent

"He done look kinder queer-like when met him on de road," Mr. Erastus Pinkley was explaining. "He wouldn't look me in de face." "You means," said Miss Miami

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1900.

Brown, "dat he looked sheepish." "When you looks sheepish does you ook like you had been stealin' sheep? "Dat's de idea."

"Well, he didn't look sheepish. He looked chickenish, dat's what looked."-Washington Star.

A Hot fletort.
"I dropped in to tell you," said the smart little man, "that I don't propose to pay for the paper you've been send-ing me for the last five years. You can keep on sending bills long after I'm dead and gone if you think it worth while. "No," said the editor, quietly, "we

ean't afford to print your bills on as-bestos."-Philadelphia Press. Defeated Ambition.

"If I could write my country's songs,"
He said, "'twere all I'd crave;
Let others die as heroes die,
Give me a poet's grave!"
Tet others write his country's songs,
And strive and starve and hope,
And he is rich and has his name
Linon a brand of soon. Upon a brand of soap. -Chicago Times-Herald.



"I'm married to art." "Take my advice and get a divorce." -Judy.

His Next Day's Wisdom. At the fork of the road, before choosing his track,
He will question and dally and wonder;
But when once in the wrong way, beyond
going back,
He chafes to have made such a blunder,

at the hour of decision his cleverness flies, But his next day's wisdom is always so Astonishing Bashfulness.

What a quiet, retiring man that is who just went out," said the girl who attended to the wants of the guests at the table in the corner. 'Why?" one of the other girls asked. "He has been in here for lunch three

times now and hasn't called me Mary or Gertrude or any other front name Now Will He Be Goodf "Don't you know," she chirped over

her teacup, "that you remind me of the bread mother used to make?" The old joke in new form staggered "In-in what way?" he gasped. "Why, you are so crusty."-Chicago Daily News.

Appreciative Constituents. Mrs. Wright-They are going to give the member of the legislature from the Twelfth district a diamond stud. Mr. Wright-What did he do to arouse such enthusiasm? Mrs. Wright-He moved to adjourn.

-Jeweler's Weekly. Had Been There Before. Mrs. Gillian-Now, Mrs. Wyckoff, w really must say good-by. Dear, while you put your overcost on I want to tell Mrs. Wyckoff a secret Mr. Gillian-All right. I'll just go

and get my hair cut and meet you at the corner .- N. Y. Press. Mrs. McGorry—How did yez fale phwin dhe diutist was pullin' yure

tathe? McGorry-How did Of fale, is ut? Oi regritted wid ahl me bear-r-rt thot Ol wasn't born a-ben!-

His Bluff Called. Mr. Quits-No, I shall never marry e girl who will not accept an opal engagement ring. Miss Enger-My father is a member of the Thirteen club. - Jewelers'

"Mebby." Mistress-Susan, how did this plate get broken? Susan-Mebby it walked off the shelf and amashed itself against the corner of the shtove, mum.-Chicago Times

A Plausible Theory. Dearest Delia-What do you suppose gives Mrs. Ponsonby such a pasty com-Sweetest Susan - She must have saught it from her diamonds.-Town

Herald.

Another Plan. Aged Admirer-Think of all the luxuries a rich husband like me could give Miss De Young-Oh, a rich father would do just as well. Marry my mother.—N. Y. Weeldy.

Linked Rhyme.
Askit-What's Harduppe doing now? Hawkins-Writing poetry for sausage manufactory advertisements.

Askit-Dear me! I never thought be would get down to doggerel,-N. Y.

Not a Bolltary Sufferer. "Does your dyspepsia go hard with you, Mr. Jones?" "Yes, but ft goes harder with the people who have to do business with me."-Chicago Record.

Will often cause a horrible Burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Curcs Fever Ulcers, Boils, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by T. A. Albright & Co., druggists.

One Minute Cough Cure, cures.

"I want to see the man who gets up the list of names for juries," he

"Have you any business with him?" inquired the court official.

"Yes. There's a man who lives near me who thinks he knows everything. He talks loud and makes you feel small. He's got to have the egotism taken out of him somehow and I thought I'd call around and see if you couldn't put him on the jury and let the lawyers ask him a few of those hypothetical questions."-Washington Star.

She Was Mentioned. "Evidently you were overlooked in the account of the entertainment last night," said the gossip.
"Oh, no," replied Mrs Parvenu.

vas mentioned. Didn't you see the last line of the list of those present?" "Yes. It read 'and others." "That's me," asserted Mrs. Parvenu,

proudly but ungrammatically. - Chi eago Post.

"Yes, sirl" shouted the little man with thin, straggly hair, "the consti-tution of the United States guarantees to every man liberty of speech, and I'd like to see anyone try to deprive me

"John Henry," exclaimed a large woman of a decided mien, who had just entered the room, "you dry up and come home."-N. Y. Journal.

A Will and a Way. "George," she cooed, "why can't we get married next Sunday?"
"Well," hesitatingly replied the re calcitrant but manly youth at her side, "we could, I s'pose; but it may rain Sunday." "George, if it rains Sunday, couldn't

we get married Saturday?"-Judge. Had Some Sense Left.

"Your worship," said the counsel, "this man's insanity takes the form of a belief that everyone wants to rob him. He won't even allow me, his counsel, to approach him."
"Maybe he's not se crazy, after all."

murmured the court, in a judicial whis-Social Gravitation. Returned Tourist-What became of

that fool, Saphead, who had more money than he knew what to do with? Business Man-I don't remembe him. Was he much of a fool? "Perfectly idiotic."

"I presume he has dropped into so ciety."—N. Y. Weekly. Remembered One Professor-Mr. Drone, I am astonished that you cannot remember any of the quotations called for in to-day's lesson. Can you recollect any quota-

Student-Yes, sir. "Any old fool can ask questions."—Boston Transcript. The Dose. In all things else extravagant,

tion of any kind?

No economy she seeks; But when cough sirup is prescribed One vial fasts eight weeks. —Indianapolis Journal.



Shoe Dealerwollen. Cuatomer-Yes, honey, dey swelled

bout de time I got my growth, an' de swellin' san't nebber gone down.—Chi-The Fatal Flame. The beauty of her graceful glove Within my heart still lingers; I fear she lit my lamp of love With her sweet, taper fingers. —Town Topics.

Then She West Out, Tom-What do you think she did when I asked her to let me be the light of her life? Dick-I don't know. What? Tom-Turned me down,-Philadel-phia Bulletin.

And Yet They Are Priends. Edith-He told me I was so interesting and so beautiful.

Mand—And yet you will trust yourself for life with a man who begins deceiving you even at the commence-ment of his courtablp!—Tit-Bits.

Didn't Rink It. Rev. Mr. Goodman—And when he slapped you did you turn the other cheek? Little Harry-No; I had the tooth-ache on that side.-Chicago Times-Her-

Chappie-She called me a conceited Dolly-The ideal Why, an idlot has nothing to be conceited about.-Town

The Professor Again

"It is the unexpected that always happens," said the professor, gently, a faraway look in his eyes; "but this time, fortunately, I had anticipated it." Edith-Percy Hiffyer? Why, I refused him ten times.

ing home that evening.-Pook, Just a Suggestion He (bitterly)-You have a heart of She (coyly)—A few diamonds might make some impression—Town Topics.

Ethel-fie must have been late get-

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

the Cart Hillthire

SALT RHEUM CURED BY Johnston's Sarsaparilla

Slight Skin Eruptions are a Warning of Something More Serious to to The Guly Safe Way is to Meed the Warning. Johnston's Sarasparilla is the Most Fowerful Mood Puriser Known.

The Only Sale Way to the Hood the Warsing Commetence Screen Street Is the Mass Powerful Blood Purises Enown.

Nature, in her efforts to correct mistakes, which mistakes have come from careless living, or it may be from ancestors, shoots out pimples, betwies and other imperfections on the skin, as a warning that more serious with the perhaps tumors, cancers, crysspelas or pulmonary diseases) are certain to follow if you neglect to heed the warning and correct the mistakes.

Many a lingering, painful disease and many an early death has been avoided simply because these notes of warning have been heeded and the blood kept pure by a right use of JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA.

Miss Abbie J. Rande, of Marshall, Mich., writes:

"I was cured of a bad humor after suffering with it for few years. The doctors and my friends said it was salt rheum. It came out or my lead, neck and ears, and then on my whole body. I was perfectly raw with it. What I suffered during those five years, is no use telling. Nobody would believe me if I did. I tried every medicine that was advertised to cure it. I spent money enough to buy a house. I heard JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA highly praised. I tried a bottle of it. I began to improve right away, and when I had finished the third bottle I was completely cured. I have never had a touch of it since. I never got any thing to do me the least good till I tried JOENSTON'S SARSAPARILLA awould heartily advise all who are suffering from humors or skin disease of any kind to try it at once. I had also a good deal of stomach trouble, and was run down and miserable, but JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA made me all right."

The blood is your life and if you keep it pure and strong you can positively resist disease or face contagion fearlessly. JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA maver fails. It is for sale by all druggists, in full quart bottles at only one dollar each active and the property of the property.

J. C. Simmons, Licensed Druggist.

THE YULE LOG.

It Has Its Origin In Scandinaviar

In the Scandinavian feast of Juni, when they burned huge bonfires in honor of Thor, we discover the origin of the Yule log. The descendants of the old Norsemen, who so doubt are responsible for the custom in England, carefully preserved half of the log with which to be burned at next Yuletide, and so we have the old English proverb, but in poetical form, by Herrick:

Part must be kept wherewith to tend

Part must be kept wherewith to tend
The Christmas log next year,
And where 'tie safely kept the fiend
Can do so machief here.
The Druidical coutribution to the mod-

The Druidical contribution to the modern Christmas celebration originated in the annual feast given in honor of the Druid god Tutanus, who corresponds to the Phoenician sun god Baal. His favorite among all trees and plants of the forest was supposed to be the mistletos. The number three was held in reverence by these ancient, people, and, because the leaves and berries of this parasite grew in clusters of three, this, in addition to the glory of heing Tutanus favorite, made the plant sacred, and annually there was a great festival given mally there was a great festival gives in its honor.

In the choice and selection of the Yule

In the choice and selection of the Tule log the ash tree plays a very important part. In Scandinavian mythology it is Odin's tree and was most noble, for its wood made the spear and the jarelin, the oar and the mast. In their language ash means man, and the legend russ that when the sons of Bor, who were sons of Odin, formed the first man and woman they were made out of a piece of ash. This man was named Aska. And at the present day in Devonshire, as a relic of this pagan reverence for this tree, we find the Christmas fagot made of ash sticks, bound tightly together by green withes or bands of poliard oak. As each withe bursts a quart of cider is passed around, and healths are drunk, amid great giee and rejoicing. The gypsics, too, and the wild hill people of Bavaria and Bohemia reverence the ash, although their legends attached to it are Christian in their origin.—Boston Herald.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Now the Date Dec. 25 Came to He Hs

There is some disagreement as to the origin of Christmas day. The legend runs that in the earliest period of the Christian church some communities of Christians celebrated the festival of Christmas on Jan. 1, others observing it on the 6th of that month. In some of the eastern churches it was kept about the time of the Jewish Passover, near the end of March. There is also some evidence of its having been observed on Sept. 29, being the Fehst of Tabernacies. In the year A. D. 325, when the Emperor Constantine legally established Christianity in the Roman empire, Christmas was observed at the beginning of the new year, while in the castern church it was celebrated on Jan. 6. Pope Julius eventually effected a compromise, and the 25th day of December was established. These historical ctatz tents have been called in question by some, but John Chrysostom, the eloquent preacher at Constantinopie, in the fourth century confirms them.

It is a curious circumstance that some difficulty has been found in accepting the date of Dec. 25 as the probable day on which Christ was born, because, the close of December being usually the height of the rainy season in Judaes, it is said that neitht, focks nor shepherds could have been at night in the fields of Bethlehem. This strange objection is considered of such importance that it is incorporated in almost every encyclopedia and dictionary which treats of Christmas. It is one of the curiosities of literature. The present writer has been in those parts at this season of the year and has found no difficulty in "keeping watch by night" in the open fields of Palestine. What is possible for a western traveler, unused to living in the open air, in the nineteenth century, must have been far easier for a band of eastern shepherds at the beginning of the Christmas here is an ineffable

About Christman there is an ineffable strangeness and mysticism. It seems possessed of a spirit as well as a body. This spirit seems redelent in the air, in the strains of Christman music, on the evergreen and mistletoe and on the very pealing of the bells which flood the world with melody seemingly garnered through all the 12 months since that ascred night when heaven kissed the earth and Christ our Lord Was born and the angel choirs chanted, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to mea of good will!" For nearly 1,900 years this hymn has continued to ring down the changing grooves of time and still re-echoes o'er the weary world at Christ mas dawn.—Elmira Telegram. Spirit of Christman

Caultifewer For Christmas.

Boll a good sixed cauliflower until tender, chop it coarsely and press it hard in a bowl or mold so that it will keep its form when turned out. Put the shape thus made upon a dish that will stand the heat and peur over it a tomato sauce. Make this by cooking together a tablespoonful of butter and flour in a saucepan and pouring upon them a pint of straised tomato juice in which half an onion has been stewed. But until smooth and thicken still more by the addition of three or four tablespoonfuls of cracker dust. Salt to taste, turn the sauce over the molded canliflower, set it in the oven for about ten minutes and serve in the dish in which it is cooked.

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