GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1901

I wouldn't be a single thing on earth
Except a boy,
And it's just as socident of birth
That I'm a loo.
And, goodness gracional When I stop and think
That I once trembled on the very brink
Of making my appearance here a girl,
It fairly makes my ears and cyclrous curl,
But I'm a boy.

Just think o' all the jolly fun there is
When you're a boy!
I sell you, you're just full of boulness
When you're a boy.
There's fires in build in all the vacant lots,
the westmining, its the letters clothes in kine
The life come on the still of door, why were The tin cans on the talls of dogs; why, gee,
'The days sin't half as long as they should be
When you're a boy!

When you're a boy!

There's lots of foolish things that make you fired When you're a boy!

There's heaps of growing uses that can't be hired To like a boy!

There's wood to chop at home and coal to bring.

And "Here, do this, do that, the other thing!"

And, worse than all, there's girls—oh, halp moke!

Ars they a ceine, or are they just a joke

Upon a boy!

And then there's always somebody to jaw,

When you're a boy—

Somebody always laying down the law

To every boy.

For any boy;
You've got to laugh, to cry, to work, to sing.
To be a boy.
With all his thoughtless noise and careless play,
With all his beartiffs trielly day by day.
With all his boyish hopes and all his fears.
I'd like to live on earth a thousand years
And be a boy.
—W. H. Pierce in Chicago Times-Herald.

ED MALLETT'S SECRET.

A Story of Seacoast People.

Ed Wallett had been the lazlest man on the beach ever since he had attained his majority, though Zed Mallett, his half cousin once removed, ran him a close race. With Zed the trouble was a lack of brain power, for Zed would work. He was at it incessantly, early and late, week in and week out, yet he never was beyond what the ach called poverty. That meant that ere were never enough cornmeal and

pumpkin in his cabin at one time to feed to fullness all of the hungry there and that always Zed. was a dependent upon Captain Scott. On the other hand, Ed was smart. Note could pray as he could, none could tell so many different things about the doings in en, sky and earth as he, indeed none dared try, for Captain Scott hat said that one prophet in the settlement was too, could Ed, and whenever he did so by side to the parting of the paths, the congregation went home quiet and abdued, presumably much edified.

And Ed would amble across the fields, rows of silver poplars that stood half way between the cove and the salt There he would find his wife ened in brushing and cuffing one or wo of her numerous progeny while the

neal sizzled on the stove. Ed was never known to do anything ides these things but read his Bible the best room, where the sea fans, sells and tiny ship models made udy the whitewashed walls. There, carpet slippers and white canvas thes winter or summer, with the e found any day between "sunup and

winter's day that the bark Break o' went ashore and routed him out

an that there wife o' your'n for all the schoolhouse. se years? They's a wreck on the , an ye're a goin over with me!" ved without a dissenting gesture, the legend says. At all events

that wrought sad havoc among them. but with a "wrack on the bar" there harm to add, bowever, that Ed had represented to the beachers that be had "married money." And this brings us to the few incidents of Ed's marriage that were generally known on the beach. They are these:

One day 12 years before the wreck of Captain Jim's batteau, the Eisle Ann. Every one was moved at this out for the isle of Wight bay with a load of ward sign of pentience, and from sev shelled corn that he said he was going eral directions came suspicious sniffles to trade off for "generals" on the main-land. He was to be back in two days, time, but he did not come. It was six days before he returned, and when the salls of the battegu were sighted from Captain Scott's wharf the watchers ob-

Captain Scott's whart the watchers ob-served that there were two forms in the stern sheets instead of one.

"By gum, Ah'll bet Ed's gone an got married," cackled young Jimmy Mal-lett. No one gainsaid him, preferring to wait for facts in so important a mat-ter before venturing an opinion.

When the batteau rounded up to the wharf, Ed belped a woman out.

wharf, Ed belped a woman out.
"My wife, Cap'n Jim." be said.

Captain Scott gave the woman a carching fook troug bead to foot and then slowly extended his hand. Captain Scott would have given majesty teels the same treatment. The woman and a depth of expression in her eyes hat proclaimed her not of heach blood and was not abanbed. She let her hapely hand clasp the horny fist of he old sea dog for just an instant, and a that instant alse won him, though Captain Scott gave the woman su he betrayed it by neither sign no

laughed strangely and stumped off to When Ed took his bride and his bun dles off to his home, Captain Jim sat on the top of a sand dune and watched the pair through the eyepiece of his big

In an hour the news of the marriage had traveled as far as the life saving station, which was at the uttermost part of the beach. But did they go to see her? Not they. They would have

So the beach had a mystery which lasted and became greater each day. In time it got to be said that Captain Jim was in the secret, whatever it was, but Captain Jim was never known to ry to any occasion, so no one knew more until the day of the wreck of the

Break o' Day.
Perhaps Mrs. Ed was as much startied as the others were when her hus-band obeyed Captain, Jim's behest as he did, but she said nothing. What she did was to toss a shawl over her head and follow them across the sand hills to the surf where the vessel lay beach-

ed.
Gathered there were all of the other folks, and among them this woman passed, one of another race. Once when the men were slow in launching a fishing boat that they had brought from the cove to ald the life savers she waded into the auch, bent her strength to the boat and sent it cutting out into the breakers. In the act the sleeve on eakers. In the act the sleeve on ight arm split from cuff to shoul der, leaving bare a magnificent arm

The erew of the ship reached the ore in safety, the sun broke through the clouds, and when the group broke up Ed's wife returned to the settle ent in the center of the crowd, and ment in the center of the crowd, and Ed went alone, a discovered liar on whom the ban of the settlement had al-

Ed was not seen again that week by any one outside of his own househo But before noon of the next day a meeting had been called in the church, and it was decided to try Ed for living a lie all those years. Uncle George Mumford was deputed to notify the culprit of this fact. Uncle George delivered his messag

to the wife. "All right, Mr. Mumford; Ed'll be there," she answered simply. Now, the beach had never had

church trial before, so on the morning that was set for Ed's the beachers women and children, assembled at the schoolhouse where it was to be side of the "dreen" was to know the presence of the sinful liar no more. And it was clear that the culprit had been prejudged.

The bour for the trial was near at

hand when some of the spectators strolled down the path toward Ed's house to see him on his way. Present-ly the door opened, and Ed appeared. And-"Lordy goodness!"-his wife was with him. The two strode along side by side to the parting of the paths, re to turn or what to do. for the faces that met his gaze were stern and unforgiving. None said a word until

"Go on, Ed." she said, stretching the long right arm that the group remembered was so beautiful toward the schoolbouse. "Go on an face 'em, an

yer shame be with ye!"

Her volco broke, and tears rolled down her cheeks. A gust of wind loos ed the dark coils of her hair, and in an instant she was wrapped in it. a wild and glorious spectacle to the swed group.

derly, they knew not why, for in their hearts they hated him not so much. maybe, because of his lies as because he had shamed the woman they loved but did not know.

Ed shambled on while the group

watched his wife hurrying back to be home, wiping her tears from her eyes with her flowing hair. Then they turn-ed and filed slowly and silently toward

was the chosen judge for the trial, and when Ed appeared Uncle Tom rose and pointed a finger of scorn at him.
"Ed Mallett." he said, his voice crack

ing with righteous passion. "ye liar an hippercrit, set in that there cheer an heer the word ag'in ye." Ed did his bidding, shamed and trem-

commandment bout lyin to this manthis cousin o' your'n, an if ye leave on

were generally known on They are these:

12 years before the wreek of o' Day Ed salled away in m's batteau, the Elnie Ann. of sympathy. It was a cue to the judge also, for he rose and, pointing the finger of scorn at the guilty man

"Tremil an groan, ye mis'able sinner an worm o' the dust, fer ye're rotten in yer innards an the truth ain't in ye."
Then he turned to the people.
"This yer man, a kin o' mos' all o' us.

had money, an she hadn't hone. It's Cap's Jim has kep' 'em all these mortal years 'at he's been married, an we never knowed it. We'll hear the fust witness, Cap'n Jim, an we'll swear

Captain Jim rose.
"No," he said; "Ah reckon nobody need do any awearin for me. Ab been at it all my life, an by gelly, Ab ought the know how by this time, beh?

There was no response to this chal-lenge, and Captain Jim continued: "Yans," drawling unpleasantly through his engle beak; "Ah fed Ed roman an her kids 'cause her husband ra'n't wuth a cass. Ben't that true? If ye don't know it, ye would 'a' nowed it if ye'd fed the Bible rendin afer ex long ex Ah bev. There's some a said Ah watched the woman

over the heads o' most of ye fer years.
Ye said harm o' me, though, an didn't What's in yer book' bout that? Read it! Ye're llars ye'selves. He lied bedidn't lie to harm.

"Jim Scott's honest, and He thundered that.

ford, where's that \$100 ye owe me an stood.

ed rose and cried out:

"Cap'n Jim, ye ain't in the church, that Ed Mallett's expelled. Hear it?" Captain Jim did not answer, for the door burst open just thee, and Ed's wife, her beautiful hair falling about her, passed up the aisle and turned they stared at her wonderingly. Then she poured out her anger upon them.

"You're cowards," she said, including all of them in a sweeping gesture, 'an you would judge my man." Her voice broke.
"I'm only n woman, an I'm n fool,

like all of us women. This man's my husband, an he's a liar just as you say He's sinned, but he sinned against me, not you. It don't make no difference who I am. I'm not one of you. You wouldn't have me because I couldn't be so, tarnel ugly as you are. Why did I marry him? I loved him, an I had to have somebody to love. He told ne when he courted me that he was a life gaver. I was saved from a ship, an I don't know a word of who I am or where I came from. I believed him, an I thought he was good an noble.

fore I'd been here a week. But he's only a fool, an he can't help it any more than you can help being the un row minded, hard hearted people that you are. Yet who judges you? Not too. Leave It to bim."

She raised her hand to heaven and aterval Captain Jim slapped bis leg and swore. Then the woman spoke

me?" she asked. Haven't I suffered a-lookin into the face of a liar every time I saw my husband's eyes? Haven't I? One day you said I was a sinner, an you ook at him. I wonder if God'inighty will want to look at you when the judgment comes! If there's any judgn to be done, leave it to him "

corner, and the trustees, who bud stor? trembling for sheer helplessness, were dumfounded. "Amen." shouted another woman,

started a hymn, and Uncle Tom stamped out and over the bills to his home. While the music swelled Ed sat stlently weeping. It onded, and by a in unison for Ed. the flar, and then for the poor weak sinners who had pre-

Thus ended the trial of Ed He never was expelled. What penance he did for his sins other than standing the ordeal of his editor that he had never been so accutrial matters not, but from that day on he has worked as other men, and more -he has made restitution to his bene

factor. So much for the generor beart and devious ways of Jim."-New York Sun. Among the rules given by a physi-cian to promote longevity is one for-bidding the placing of the bed against the wall. This is in accord with the advice of another scientiat, who dem-

of air within a few inches of the wall of the average bedroom, with no ven-tilator but the window, is not disturb ed by that draft. The rule further advises sleeping on the right side and th placing of a mat at the bedroom door, upon which, presumably, the dust from the shoes may be left, thus reducing the danger from disease germs. Adults are advised to drink no milk, to avoid that in their turn destroy discass germs, and to eat fat, which feeds these cells. A rule to eat little mean and to see that it is well cooked rather surprising. Another is full of wladem: Watch the three D's-drink-ing water. damp and drains. The last four relate to mental therapeutic Have change of occupation; take freambition; keep your temper. - Net

Two young men were walking dow Chestnut street, when one of then stumbled slightly. Instantly he cover ed his eyes with both hands as though some dreadful explosion were about to happen. It was an odd and needless gesture, and in answer to a question from his friend he said of it:

"Whenever I atumble I do that. All my life I have been doing it. My foot alips and at once it seems to me that a great noise is to burst forth and a great me to shoot up into my eyes. I could more break myself of this habit

more oreas myser of fine hamilton is could stop breathing.

"It is, my father saps, a freak of heredity. My father is blind. He fought in the civil war, and in a certain charge one day as he ran toward the enemy his foot slipped in a forrow, he stumbled, and a shell burst in his face, blinding him. He was a young man then, and I was not yet born. He

How the Cartoonlet Gage Carles

"Some years ago," said a San Fran elseo man recently, "Homer Davenport, the cartogress, then employed in San Francisco, was called up on the teleharmed a man in his life, let alone a phone by his paper and told to go to weman. Ye uns can't say that, fer the Academy of Sciences that evening ye've done yer best to harm her an me, and draw caricatures of the Camera club, which was to hold its annual re ception there. The telephone worked "Where'd ye git the right? Jim badly, and Davenport got only so much Scott's clean. He kin look all o' ye in of the message as told him to go to the the faces an count on his fingers where Academy of Sciences, but he supposed yer liars an wus'n that. Tom Mum- that was sufficient and let it go as it

ye promised to pay it every year for 20 "The owner of the paper took a great years? Jim Bloxum, Zed Mallett, interest in the Camera club and wished Captain Jim never finished his meeting. A reporter had been detailed speech, for Uncle Tom and the others for this assignment and told to connect with Davenport. He waited about; but, no Davenport turning up, he went back an ye ain't any rights here. We be to the office and wrote his story of the meeting and turned it in, supp that in the crowd he had missed Dayenport and that anyway the latter was amply able to take care of his end of H. The Camera club article appeared in the paper the following morning the people with blazing eyes, and | without a solitary illustration, but a lecture on geology had a profusion of caricatures from Homer Davenport's

"The contretemps came about in this way; Davenport duly arrived at the Academy of Sciences as per the tele-phonic instructions, but as he did not ed the crowd. This crowd was attending a lecture on geology by Professor Joseph Le Conte of the University California, the great authority on the subject and a man whose reputation is worldwide. Dr. Le Conte, it might cidentally be stated, is a man of the greatest dignity in both character and bearing. The reception of the Camera club was held in the same building, but on the top floor.

"Davenport yawned through an ho of glaciers, stratified rock, morains and sundry other things, in which he took interest, and then, discovering that only Dr. Le Conte was to speak concluded he had sufficient material for the matter and departed. As was his custom, he drew his sketches at home and sent them to his paper by messen ger. They took up the Darwinian the ory and represented the venerable Dr Le Conte in the guise of an ape and was placed in the stone age and, clad only in a bearskin and a smile, was represented as knocking about rocks with a geological hammer. A peculiar ly happy thought was a carleature of the professor as the Cardiff giant. There were six or seven of them in all

"Davenport did not require the O. K. couldn't look at me. The next day of the editor for his sketches. Whatyou knowed he'd lied, an you wouldn't ever he drew was published as of course; consequently the carlcatures of Le Conte were duly printed, and the make up man naturally put them in the geological lecture. The consterna-"Ansen," shouted a woman in a far tion of the editor when that issue of the paper came out can well be imagined. Here was one of the first citizens of the state, and one with whom the paper in question particularly deand for no apparent reason.

"After cudgeling his brains as what was best to do in the matter the editor out the report, caricatures and all, and sent it to Dr. Le Conte, to Capinin Jim, fell upon their knees, and gether with a polite note, in which he prayers from a dozen months went up said that he trusted his paper had reported his lecture with accuracy, and if such was not the case the columns sumed to judge when they had been of the paper were open to the doctor bidden by him to whom they prayed to make any correction he saw fit; that he (the editor) would be glad to receive Dr. Le Conte's impressions of the arti-

ele in question. "In reply Dr. Le Conte advised the rately reported and ignored the cartoons entirely. His friends say he never even looked at them. The relief to the editor was so great he took a day off. But even if Dr. Le Coute did not look at the paper other people did, and that edition sold at a premium in San Franciaco before the day was out."-New York Tribune.

I have not the least besitation in naming the press as the institution of modern times which has already proved itself the most mischievous and threatens to become the most deadly enemy to international good will and peace and to the liberties of people For the one argument—the only argu-ment—in favor of a frees press is the enormous advantage of spreading the truth brondcast. The truth, mind! But suppose it is not the truth, but false-bood-malignant, calculated, deliberate

falsehood? How would it be if one of our papers, one of those whose strength and position lie whoily in their khown truthfulness, were to take up the anhject seriously and devote a column every day to the exposure of lies from the press? Such an exposure, steady, unrelenting, continuous, could not fail of producing a tremendous effect. Unless something is done to check the lying statements of the press, I see

before me a long and terrible tyrauny. -Sir Walter Besant in London Queen. Faithful Housewife-Mrs. Candour, a it? I can't stop my sewing now. Bridget-Please, mum, I've been tellin so many you're not at home I wish

rou'd see some uv 'em.
"Why, Bridget?" "I don't like the way they act. They look at each other and snicker so." "Mercy! Do they suspect I am at good road, excepting where sand oc-

one uv 'em say they wouldn't like your husband to know uv your goln's on." "Goings on! What do they mean?"
"They think, mum, you're the worst

for ten years, have tried many things and spent much mosey to no purpose until I tried Kodol Dys-pepsia Cure. I have taken two botthe and gotten more relief from them then all other medicines tak them than all other medicines tax on. I feel more like a boy than I have felt in twenty years." Anderson Riggs, of Sunny Lane, Tex.

Thousands have testified as did Mr.
Riggs. J. C. Simmons, the drugof the department, which will be given preference over all others.

MAKING DIRT ROADS.

THOROUGH DRAINAGE OF UTMOST

essary-Preparing the Subgrade. Shaping the Bondway-How Handle Storm Water. The construction of a dirt road do

not necessarily require the supervision of an engineer, but simply the exercise of horse sense by the builder, says W. R. Gors in the Kansas Farmer. A thorough knowledge of drainage and "The owner of the paper took a great | the results obtainable must be his first consideration. How to handle the storm water and quickly dispose of it before it can penetrate into and through the roadway must be his con- jewsharp by the hour, and the far

form of sods, clods and weeds or vege-table matter of any kind that will rehis work a failure.

soil, shaping up the roadway from the subsoil underneath, after which this rich soil that has been laid aside rich soil that has been laid aside music was. And it had a kind of sob should be carefully freed from sod in it that I don't know of any other and spread on in an even layer over the surface of the subgrade he has con- and D string cords on the violia. structed, as it will effectually prevent "When I grew up and would pass washing of the roadway by storm wa- by a boy playing the jewsharp in the structed, as it will effectually prevent

away of road material. If the roadway ing about that sound. Clutches ditch, there is a shoulder on either side which would prevent the water from

drain quickly, with storm water speed-ily disposed of in the side ditches. would give drainage and dry road except during storms.

to dig up the whole right of way be-cause it belongs to the township, go-ing from hedge to hedge, plowing and scraping and disturbing the settled condition of the soil, thus losing annually vast quantities of valuable rial for road construction, which, being constantly washed out, eventually the surrounding lands, making it a ca-nal instead of a roadway and forcing all water from the adjacent lands into the canal and on to the road.

On comparatively flat lands, where slope is slight and water moves slowiy, all grading material should be tak-en from the lower ditch, and culverts should be supplied wherever water-ways occur. The tendency of road workers to attempt to carry water be discountenanced, as it seeps through and into the roadway, softening the grade. The only obstruction to the flow of water down these slopes should be the grade, which would force the storm water into the low places, where it could quickly be put across the road with proper culverts. In fact, on flat lands there should be no upper ditch, as the grade would be a sufficient obstruction to the flow of water down the culverts to the lower ditch.

The location of these culverts pends entirely upon the lay of the ground. The size of the pipe used is of the pipe is determined by the velocity of the water in it. All fall should be increased if possible by having el-ther no ditch or a very shallow one on the upper side of the roadway.

at every opportunity, increasing it if possible, thereby decreasing the size of the pipe required and lessening the cost of the culverts. It is just as economical for the roadmaker to put in five 12 inch pipes at intervals along a mile of road as it is for him to carry the water along the roadway in the upper ditch a mile or more and be com-pelled to use a 24 inch pipe. If he were to put the water across the road ed, he would then prevent that much seepage from softening the road. In fact, a well drained road is usually a

To Test Bond Enterials.

The secretary of agriculture has established in the division of chemistry a laboratory for testing physically and chemically all varieties of road materials. These substances include recks of all kinds, gravel, shells, leick, clays and other bodies used in road building in country districts, but do not include materials for municipalities.

"Any person desiring to have road materials tested in this laboratory is advised to write to the office of public road inquiries, department of agriculture. Washington, for instructions to regard to the methods of selecting and shipping samples. To Test Bond Haterials

MUSIC OF BOYHOOD.

IMPORTANCE.

To obtain a dry subgrade on which to build his roadway will also be a

In preparing the subgrade for his road he should plow and scrape out on each side the sod and rich underlying

the center to the outside of the forest. flowing from the spex to the

buying your magazine again. It ain't a fair deal." And as he went out be siammed the door. Magazine edito have their troubles.—New York Sun.

leasures a Grown Man Takes In Re-"I wonder," said the man who occa sionally indulged his reminiscent mood what has become of the boy with the jewsharp? I haven't seen a boy with a jewsharp for years. Don't they make Jewsharps any more? When I was a goungster every boy had a jewsharp just as every boy had a top or pocketful of marbles or a pet shinny stick. And some boys were rattling good players on the jewsharp; was a star on that instrument myself. Mighty fetching and appealing music in a

lewsharp too. As I remember it, the jewsharp had a mystical gollan quality that sort of led an imaginative boy on to dreaming. I've sat on a log on the bank of the old 'crick' playing the away music of the thing'd lead me very far by flood and field, I must say I'd pick out the air of 'Beautiful Isle of the Sea,' as I remember, and then chief, all togged out in brown velvet, with a crimson sash and heavy gold hoop earrings, with a dirk between teeth and a cutlass in each hand, standing in the lee scuppers or somewhere or another defying the whole mutinous crew to come on. Mighty imaginative music for a fact jewsharp

ter and the carrying away of material dark, it sure would give me a feeling by the wheels of vehicles.

The contour of the roadway should music would sound somehow like a not be that of an arc or the segment of reproach, and it had that wailing quala circle, but should slope in straight ity such as the wind has in passing lines from the center to the outside of along telegraph wires strung by the the ditch on either side. In fact, there side of a country road. Ever notice should be no ditch, but the outside of that—how the—well, how the wind just the roadway should simply be lower than the center, as ditches tend to confine the water and cause the washing Something very chilling and depresss round instead of running on slopes like the cry of the loon in the night

"But to get back to the boys' instru-ments, I don't see so many boys with mouth organs as I used to either. Most ditch. This shoulder, from constant travel in the center of the roadway and in my young days. Let's see. There wearing away of the material by vehi was the Richter harmonicon in the key was the license as time passes of C, and the Richter harmonicon in and eventually prevent all storm was ter that falls on the roadway from reaching the ditch, retaining it in the whole heap of 'reach' in mouth organ Where the road builder encounters mean thing is pretty habie to be made soft ground in the subgrade such places to feel cheap and ashamed of himself to be choroughly and properly if he accidentally hears some of the should be thoroughly and properly if he accidentally hears some of the drained by the use of drain tile laid right kind of mouth organ music imalong the center of the readway on one mediately afterward. Now, dogs know or more lines to culverts intersecting a lot, and dogs are pretty conservative. across the road, thus draining and dry- but nothing'll get a dog agoing so quick ing out the subgrade and giving a dry foundation on which to build, as the presence of any undue quantity of moisture-under the roadway would pre- wouldn't plant himself on his haunches and throw up his head and whine and The width of the roadway should be mean when he heard the music of a determined by the travel. On ordinary mouth organ. Gets dogs to thinking country roads a width of 20 feet from about their poor old mothers that they outside of ditch would be ample. A were rudely torn from in infancy or roadway of this width, properly grad something like that, I spose, I am dry, when they will be fit boys were the best mouth organ players when I was growing up. The Afripletely encompassing the mouth or-gan, and I've seen darky boys almost in the music.

"Once in awhile in the sumr bere in Washington I enjoy a singularly pleasant experience. It's when I'm just about ready to go to bed and a troop of colored boys, a couple of them with mouth organs and others of them with guitars, come paddling down the street. The mouth organi and guitars together sound beautiful, and the whole business is generally so surprising that it about takes my breath away. I can hear the music coming along from a long way, and then right in front of my house, and then it gradually dies away distance, very vague and tender. Bot thing mighty enjoyable in little old things like these, hey?"-Washington

A magazine editor in New York wrote to a New England woman some ing a story in which a heroic act of her's was described and asking her to send her picture to be used in his magazine. The woman had never done anything else in her life to distinguish serself, and the editor was somewhat surprised to receive a letter from her in which she said that she would furnish her picture and the story of her deed for \$50. She knew that magasines made lots of money, and ah wanted her share of it. He offers her \$2 for her photograph and declined the story. The woman stuck to be riginal offer, and so lost her chanof having her picture published in the

Another picture published by this same magazine was a photograph of street scene. A man whose pictur and been taken unawares by the pho tographer recognized it in the maga-sine. His face added nothing to the view, but, like the New England woman, he assumed it had been of some value to the magazine, and he called on the editor to collect. "That's my picture," he said pointing. "It does look like you," said the edi-

"Well, then, I want pay for it." "Why, your picture was of no value," said the editor. "You just happened to be standing in front of the camera. you publish it for, that's what I want to know? You ought to pay me for it. You won't? Then you won't eatch m

You will waste time if you try oure indigestion or dyspepsia by darving yourself. That only makes it worse when you do eat heartily You always need plenty of good food properly digested. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the result of years of scientific research for something that would digest not only some elements of food but every kind.
And it is the one remedy that will to it. J. C. Simmon, the drug-

BROODER CHICKS.

Them Large and Strong One of the most necessary appliance connected with the poultry industry is

an A No. 1 brooder, even though a hatcher is not in use. It is an easy and by placing in the brooder the chicks hatched by them you will avoid feeding the chicks' feed to the bens, and they will soon begin laying. The chicks can be cared for and raised safely, no matter what weather pre valls outside the brooder. They are free from vermin and if the br is kept clean they will not be troubled with lice. There is no need of losing a chick if properly cared for. They will be much more tame and easier handled than those raised by hens. For from 50 to 75 chicks a run of 20 feet is sufficient for one to

should be placed in a larger in-closure or allowed to run at large. I believe in plenty of range, as chicks confined in small inclosures very sel-dom develop well, but often do develop off colored feathers in plumage, which nature provides against if they have large range. The run may be made which may be covered with cheese-cloth. This will afford protection from Chicks when first out of the shell can have no better food than bread from two to three days, then a mixture of cornmeal and bran (half and half in bulk), to which add a small quantity of bone meal, about one part to eight of the mixture of meal and bran. Wet this with water, and it makes an excelnight good, clean wheat and cracked corn, with out flakes or bulled outs, are unsurpassed. Milk is very beneficial if placed where fowls or chicks can drink it, but should not be mixed with

A good brooder, an abundance of the right kind of food, coupled with a fair amount of common sense, will bring good results.—W. F. Brace in Reliable Poultry Journal.

Dora Stephenson, in Wisconsin Parmer, says one reason why geese are not used more in this country is because so many do not know how to dress and clean them. She has often heard the remark that a goode is not fit to eat, but a young goose properly cooked is a dish fit for a king. clean, take common wash botler, putof lath to fit on top of the bricks, then when the water is boiling lay your goose on the frame and put on the lid to the boiler. Steam it for about three minutes, or till the feathers come out turning the goose when it has in the boiler about two minutes. The feathers must pull easy, as they do a thin sack of any kind and pick you feathers into it and hang them up to prepare the same as any other fowl.

One of the patent roasting pans is
best. When your goose has been roasting about two and a half or three hours, take the pan out and skim off all the fat that is melted. If the goose is young, it should be tender in four

them to the Chicago market, saving all the feathers. Tom Fat, the Porger. When Lord Charles Beresford was in China one of the best servants it was named Tom Fat. Unfortunately, Tom Fat did not always devote his un ed intellect to worthy objects. He learned to imitate his master's handwriting so cleverly that he forged checks amounting to over £2,000 in two years. And on one occasion, when Lord Charles was professing a spirit of very broad toleration toward the beathen of all denominations, one of his friends ventured to inquire what he thought would be the nitimate £2 of his Chinese servant, whereupon of his Chinese servant, when Lord Charles instantly replied, "That nt will certainly be in the fire!"

hours. The goose must be fat to be good. Miss Stephenson says she

steamed over 100 last winter and sent

The road should at all times be kept clean and free from mud and dirt, and any vegetable matter that would tend to cause it to be soft and muddy should

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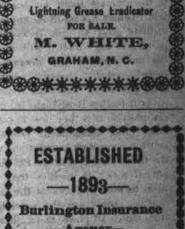
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