

A GREAT SCHEME!

Why not make your dollars out of rubber? That's a great scheme. Then they'll stretch. It's a pretty hard matter to make a five dollar bill stretch over a ten dollar purchase. But until rubber dollars are made.

Harry-Belk Bros. Co.

Will come so near it you will think they have a wonderfully expanding purchasing power, equal to rubber. Listen

Dress Goods:

50 in. all wool homespun worth 75c at 50c per yd. 10 pieces 40c plaids to close out quick at 12c. Yard-wide percales at 5c per yard, cheap at 8c. Good ginghams 2c. Good calico 3c. Outing 5c.

Ladies' heavy knit vests 20c value at 10c, ladies' button shoes 50c, button, patent tip shoe at \$1.00, cheap at \$1.50.

Men's Brogans 50c, 65c, 85c, \$1.00 and up to the best patent Vici shoe on the market. \$1.25 shoe at 95c. \$2.50 shoe at \$1.98. \$3.50 shoe at \$3.00.

In our Clothing and Hat department you can save 25 to 50 percent.

You will wonder how it is possible to buy new up-to-date goods at the prices we offer them. We bought them right and are able to offer them to you at unheard of prices. Special attention to mail orders.

Harry-Belk Bros. Co.,

Cheapest Store on Earth.

225 SOUTH ELM STREET, GREENSBORO, N. C.

Thursday, Oct. 17,

ELLIS

Will give away absolutely FREE to the couple who will get married in his exhibit stand at the Fair Grounds in Floral Hall a beautiful

Farrand & Votey Organ,

Valued at \$85.00.

The first couple who notices us in writing and present themselves for the ceremony at the Fair gets the Organ

ELLIS MACHINE & MUSIC CO.,
C. B. ELLIS, Manager.

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unequaled dividend record is the result of:
FIRST. Securing the highest rate of interest consistent with safety.
SECOND. Skilful economy of management.
THIRD. Low death rate, resulting from a careful selection of risks and limiting its business to the United States.
It will be to your interest to see what we can do for you before placing your life in insurance.
Good territory open for Agents in North Carolina.

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AMES & BURKE,

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PIANOS & ORGANS

Sole Agents in this territory for Knabe, Vose & Sons, Smith & Barnes, and Webster Pianos; Story & Clark and other Organs. Aside from instruments, we are wholesale and retail agents for several others.

Write for Catalogue and Prices.

Pianos and organs sold on easy payments. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. A postal card will bring you full information and save you from 10 to 25 per cent.

AMES & BURKE,

TIMBER WANTED!

I will pay CASH for Maple, White Poplar, Birch and Ash. I buy it in any quantity, delivered at your nearest railroad station or at my factory. All timber to be cut 52 inches. All timber must be 6 in. in diameter and up, also sound, straight and free from knots.
I will pay for Maple \$6.00, Birch \$4.50, Ash \$5.00, White Poplar \$4.00. Prices named are for cords, 128 cubic feet.

R. B. FAUST, Burlington.

WE DO JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS.

LONG BARTON'S RACE

In a gloomy room, made more dismal by a spluttering candle set in a bottle, the sides of which were covered with a copious overflow of talow, a young man sat, attempting to decipher the words on a small piece of paper. Near him, with her head bent forward in an anxious, half expectant attitude, was his mother, on whose not unattractive face were the lines of toil and suffering.

"Well, George," she finally said, "why don't you read it?"
"I can hardly make it out, mother," her son replied, "but it's new, and he says he got the receipt from one of the great piano makers in New York. It's the stuff that makes the cases shine so. Think of it! If I could get such a polish on my skis, why, I'd win that \$200 and pay off the mortgage and get you a thick cloak and all the things you need."

"Yes, George," said the woman, a slight flush tinged her pale face; "but you've tried so many kinds of 'dope,' and they all failed. I'm afraid it's your way of riding, dear."
"My way of riding!" exclaimed the young man, and he looked up and ran his hands through his curly hair. "Why, there isn't a man in Plumas county who can toss more snow in a day, lift more, stand more, than can I!"

His mother said nothing. She sighed as she looked up at the snow covered windows, then glanced at her companion with an expression that combined pride and pity. The young man had not oversteered his prowess. He was a giant, a colossus in strength, seven feet tall, but so thin, so long of limb, so strangely drawn out that for miles around he was known as "Long Barton" and "Tanglefoot." He was a miner, like his father, who had been killed in an avalanche two seasons before.

The winter had set in early, and a succession of snowstorms had buried the little hamlet of a dozen houses so deep in the snow that around the Barton home it was nearly 30 feet on the level, and the hamlet, so far as appearances went, had been wiped out of existence and lay with all its domestic life under the snow. The entire male population had dug the Barton out, as in previous winters, the operation consisting in beginning a shoot 50 feet from the front of the house, or where it was supposed to be, and sinking a burrow or shoot at an angle of 45 degrees in the direction of the second story. It took some time to accomplish this after the last storm, but finally the miners reached the attic window, giving a rousing cheer as Mrs. Barton and her son appeared to welcome them. From this time the attic window had been the front door. George had cut steps up the burrow, and the Bartons, as the postmaster remarked, were "in society again."

The chimney had been spiced with pieces kept for the purpose, so that the top reached the surface of the snow, and as George had piled a plentiful supply of wood in the house in September and there was an abundance of candles, oil and provisions things were as comfortable in the Barton home as in any house in the place 20 or more feet under the snow.

But there is a skeleton in every household, it is said, and in the Barton home it was pride and debt. The elder Barton had left a mortgage on the house, which was soon to expire, and the mortgagee wished the money. He lived in the city, 500 miles distant, and did not care for a risk unless the security was liable to be crushed beneath 30 feet of snow, as both Plumas and Sierra counties were famous for heavy snowfalls.

George Barton had not been able to save enough money for the mortgage. Avalanches had covered the mines and kept him from work. Then one night in returning home he could not find the shoot and had wandered off and when discovered was badly frozen. It was the custom in the village for the miners when going to work to plant a staff with a rag streamer at the entrance of the shoots, so that they could find their homes if a storm came up. But the wind had blown Barton's flag down.

Then there was another trouble. For a number of years George Barton had been a contestant in the ski races which are the principal amusements of the people of these counties of California in winter, but in every one he had been defeated—more, humiliated, so twice, unable to control his long legs, he had at first waddled, then slipped and gone down the side upon his back amid the roar of laughter and gibes of the crowd of spectators.

"You bet!" was the reply. "He's got some 'dope' that's like greased lightning, and you can't get the secret out of him with a team of wild horses. Gus Lindberg offered him \$10 for a cupful, but he wouldn't look at him, and he's given it out that he expects to win."

"He'll win if the prize is for tying his legs into knots," laughed the storekeeper. "He can't equal the time he went to Miss Bates' party and slipped at the head of their shoot. It was 75 feet if it was a foot, and he went sliding down like a log of redwood—a mile a minute. The front door was shut, and he struck it feet first and landed right in the party, his legs all in knots."

The ski races had been announced for a week, and Long Barton had entered. The grand prize was \$250, and he believed he could win it. But on the morning of the event his mother made some excuse for remaining home and was the only woman in the hamlet not present at the races. She could not bear to witness his defeat. The course was on the slope of the sierras, a splendid hill 2,000 feet long, slippery as glass, and of so sharp an angle that a man could not ascend it, and once on it with skis, it was a race like the wind for nearly half a mile, then out on to a gradual slope into the valley, where the little village lay buried.

Every town or village in Plumas and Sierra counties of any pretensions had a ski club, and many of the members were experts who had performed wonderful feats, and for this race the pick of every club was on hand at the top of the glassy slide, while an admiring crowd of men, women and girls looked on. The curious Norwegian snowshoes, which were eight feet long, four inches wide and half an inch thick, were being given their final polish, every contestant having his special "dope," which was his secret. Apart from the others stood Long Barton strapping on his skis, which had a polish such as had never been seen before. They gleamed in the sun with dazzling brilliance. If "dope" counted, there were those who believed that "Tanglefoot" would win.

The first signal was given, and the men lined up, their long skis extended forward, their bodies in various positions. Each racer bore a long staff, or starter. Some held it on one side, some between their legs, while others extended it ahead, and as the word was given each man gave a mighty shove and projected himself down the terrific slide. They shot over the edge like a wave of water over a fall and seemed to rush into space, then sank so rapidly from view that they were gone before the excited onlookers realized it. The speed increased rapidly, and in 10 seconds was like that of a fast trotter, at 15 it was equal to the fastest train of cars, and at 20 the best men were holding their breath, as it was impossible to breathe at such speed, and the slightest wobble would send them off the track. From the side the scene was a frightful one, as it was hard to believe that human beings could preserve their position and not be dashed to pieces under such extreme velocity. But the line swept on, a few of the racers surging ahead. Half way down, and four are in advance, two-thirds, and one tall figure is leading.

It is Long Barton. He is rushing with the speed of light. The new "dope" is carrying him on to victory. He knew it; his teeth were set; his heart was in his mouth—the goal was just ahead. Then something happened. He swerved a tenth of an inch, a piece of ice caught the channel of his polished ski, perhaps, and the next second the line of racers rushed like the wind by a figure rolling over and over, his legs, arms and long skis seemingly tangled in a hopeless knot. "Tanglefoot" had lost again, and the loud laughter and gibes of the spectators rang in his ears as he half stumbled, he slid to the bottom and picked himself up. To their credit, the winners did not laugh. It was the crowd on the hill, and Barton took off his skis and, avoiding them, walked over the snow and was lost to sight in the shoot that led to his home.

That night, as was the custom, there was a ball, and at the earnest wish of his mother Long Barton went. But he took no part in the entertainment and sat by the stove and watched the merrymakers, knowing well that he was the butt of them all. Late at night, while he still looked on, a crowd gathered at the door around a man who had just arrived—Reel Stacey, the stage driver.

"Hope you folks has extra splices on your chimneys and flags out," he said. "It's banked 50 feet at Evans, and the 30 foot marks on the pipes are covered, and it's moving like it will never stop. But that's looked up at the men with a wondering gaze."

"A baby!" they shouted in chorus, and half a dozen arms reached for the child.
"Hold on, boys," said the driver; "business first. This is Jim Grayson's baby. His wife died last night, and he's sat on his back. The snow was killed in the snow, and there ain't any milk in this town but this," and the old driver held up a quart bottle. "Now, the doctor says that the only thing to save the baby is to get it out where there's milk. If we don't, it will starve."
"Why, Reel," said the storekeeper

in an awed whisper, "it's death to try the mountains in such a storm!"
"So I told the doctor," replied the stage driver, "and I haven't the nerve to try it. I know what it is—a man's life against the kid's. But I said I'd state the case. He's a new-comer at Sierra." He got here and can't get away."

"It's 50 miles to milk if it's a foot," remarked a red whiskered miner in the group. "Won't bread and water do?"
"It might for some," retorted the driver, "but this baby's not built that way. She wants milk, and she won't touch anything else. They've been trying it for days. Is there any man here that can suggest anything?" And the speaker raised his voice.

Every miner present knew that it was impossible to get out of the mountains, even if it was not snowing, until the snow had settled. Every one recalled the names and faces of men who had met death trying to cross the sierras in storms, and for a few moments no one answered. Then, as the driver pulled the blanket over the little figure, which he held closer to his breast, a voice said:

"Well, if the baby wants milk, she's going to have it; don't you forget it, boys." And Long Barton edged through the crowd and took the child in his arms. He rolled it up in the coverings the stage driver had taken off. Then he pulled on his snow cap, followed by the men to the door, went out into the storm.

"Well," exclaimed Reel Stacey, "I'd have picked 'Tanglefoot' the last one for such a proposition. But, boys, we've mistook him. He's got sand, for he's going to his funeral."

What George Barton said to his mother no one knew. Time was the essence of this transaction, and in a very short while he came up the shoot clad in his furs, the baby wrapped in a fur bag which was slung under his arm. He carried his staff in his hand, and a revolver in his pocket for wolves, and on his booted feet were the skis which the incomparable "dope" had polished so that he could hardly stand. A moment later he was lost to view.

The same dogged persistency which had led Long Barton to believe that he could win the race made him think that he could carry the baby to safety. If he had been asked an hour before if a man could do this, he would have said no. He strode up the little valley, creeping in the center, with the walls of the sierras, snowclad, trembling with avalanches on either side and in an hour struck the straggling forest. He knew the trees well, and for five miles kept the trail. Then he came to the first slope. By the aid of his staff he made a rapid slide, reaching the bottom of the canyon safely in a few seconds. And this was to be his experience—climbing and sliding. The next hill was so soft that he was breathing hard when he reached half way. Then he felt a tremble, a nameless thrill, and the entire side of the mountain seemed to give way, and he was carried irresistibly down on the wings of an avalanche. He made desperate struggles and by a miracle kept near the top and after much labor dug himself out.

It had stopped snowing as he started down the canyon, now sliding, now leaping, the famous "dope" carrying him well and fast. From a deep valley he must climb the next range, but when he was half way up the snow began to fall again, and he became bewildered. He could not see the stars and would have to trust to luck. So he swung himself over the divide and rushed down the slopes. Another range to climb, and still it snowed, and later the wind rose and tossed the snow aloft in great spectral wreaths that looked to his distorted vision like shrouds. But that warm bundle so close to his heart gave him courage, and he pushed on.

Five hours he had been traveling steadily. He could not remember how many ranges he had passed. He had forgotten how many ranges he was to cross to reach the town.

He made some descents that equalled the famous race course, narrowly escaping trees and rocks, holding one arm about the bundle, patting it as he heard faint cries. Again he was caught in an avalanche, reaching the bottom waist deep in snow, the baby almost buried. It was now daylight, and after digging his feet out he unrolled the bundle and, protecting it, gave the baby a ration of the milk, which had kept warm against his body. It looked wonderfully at him the while, and George, who knew very little about babies, made up his mind that it must be a very good natured one.

He did not realize how weary he was until he started up again. Then he found that his foot had been twisted and he was lame. The cold was increasing, the snow was finer and filled his eyes, and he felt that this was the beginning of the end. But on he pressed until the afternoon, when the baby cried, and he stopped to give it the remainder of the milk, looking at the little face with red and desperate eyes. On he went again, now running, now limping, plunging down the slopes until he began to experience a strange oppression, as though a band of iron was about his head. Then he seemed to be at home, and he tried to ask his mother to take the baby. He suddenly stopped, trembling, realizing that his mind was not clear, and dashed snow upon his forehead.

USES OF RAWHIDE.

Dogwheels Made of it and Mallets and Many Other Things.

"One of the most curious of the many things made nowadays of rawhide," said a man who handles such articles in his business, "is the rawhide pinion or cogwheel. You might think that the teeth of such a wheel would break down and wear off quicker than those of an iron wheel, but as a matter of fact they do not break, and a rawhide pinion will wear as long as an iron pinion, if not longer.

"Such pinions are made of many layers of rawhide pressed solidly together and bolted through and through to metal plates placed on the sides. The teeth cut across the face of the wheel thus formed are, of course, each composed of many layers of the thoroughly compacted rawhide standing edgewise.

"Rawhide pinions are used for many purposes. One of their great advantages is found in their noiselessness. They are used in machine shops against iron gear so as to make less noise; they are used for motor pinions on street railway cars and so on.

"Another rather curious though now somewhat common use for rawhide is in the making of mallets and mallets having heads of rawhide and hide faced hammers. These are put to a great variety of uses, as for pounding on dies and punches and on polished metal surfaces.

"Rawhide is used for bellocord in street cars, for all manners of straps and for shoe and boot leaces. It is used in the manufacture of artificial limbs and for trunk handles and for trunk binding, for washers, for many sorts of harness and saddlery goods and for whips and lariats, and not the least of its uses is in the manufacture of various kinds and all sizes of belting."—New York Sun.

Consumption Threatened.

C. Unger, 212 Maple St., Champaign, Ill., writes: "I was troubled with a hacking cough for a year and I thought I had consumption. I tried a great many remedies and was under the care of physicians for several months. I used one bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar. It cured me, and I have not been troubled since." J. C. Simmons, the druggist.

An enthusiastic mass meeting of colored citizens of Savannah passed resolutions highly eulogistic of James B. Parker, in "frustrating the plans of the dastardly assassin" who attempted the life of President McKinley, and inviting him to visit Savannah.

Mr. G. A. Stillman, a merchant of Tampico, Ill., writes: "Foley's Kidney Cure is meeting with wonderful success. It has cured some cases here that physicians pronounced incurable. I myself am able to testify to its merits. My face today is a living picture of health, and Foley's Kidney Cure has made it such." J. C. Simmons, the druggist.

In the Virginia constitutional convention last week Delegate R. Walton Moore, of Fairfax, introduced by request a memorial from the people of Falls Church, Va., praying the convention to insert in the new organic law a provision making anarchy a capital crime in the state.

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fog into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c. per box. Sold by A. J. Thompson & Co., druggists.

Miss Caroline Lewis Gordon, daughter of Gen. and Mrs. John B. Gordon, was married Wednesday night to Orion Bishop Brown, of Maine. The ceremony took place at "Butterland," the general's residence, in the suburbs of Atlanta, and was the event of the season.

Bird-Shot For Tiger.

No use to hunt tigers with bird-shot. It doesn't hurt the tiger any and it's awfully risky for you.
Consumption is a tiger among diseases. It is stealthy—but once started it rapidly eats up the flesh and destroys the life. No use to go hunting it with ordinary food and medicine. That's only bird-shot. It stalls advances. Good heavy charges of Scott's Emulsion will stop the advance. The disease feels that.
Scott's Emulsion makes the body strong to resist. It soothes and toughens the lungs and sustains the strength until the disease wears itself out.

OUR Prescription Business Is Our Specialty

This demands that we have supplied with PURE, FINEST chemicals and pharmaceuticals. We also have constantly complete lines of various and proprietary Medicines, Paraffin, Combs, Brushes, Soaps, and Sponges, Rubber Goods, Writing Materials, etc., etc.

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