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Why not make your dollars out of rubber? That's a great scheme. Then they stretch. It's a pretty hard matter to make a five dollar bill stretch into a ten dollar purchase. But until rubber dollars are made, you can't do it. Listen!

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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.

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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

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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.

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ANNA TORGESON'S NOTE

By H. L. CLEVELAND.

Of the thousands of Norwegians and Swedes set upon the prairies of the Dakotas 20 years ago comparatively few read or understood English. It was surprising, though, how quickly they adjusted themselves to their new environment. While the women worked in the prairie fields with the men, while all were tillers of the soil and carriers of burdens, they yet found time to master much of the new tongue, to open American schools and to purchase American books and newspapers. When the first hard winter came, many of the men and women willingly went to school on such days as the blizzards permitted and pored over spelling books and arithmetic with the children.

In the Hay Meadows school district was a Norwegian family of the name of Torgeson. The mother, Anna, was perhaps 25 or 23 years old. The father was 30. The three children were toddlers, too young for school and books. Nevertheless when winter school opened, Anna Torgeson, with one child at her breast and two at her skirts, forced her way across the prairie to the schoolhouse and asked for admission. Torgeson himself did not go with her. He was one of the few who opposed any effort to change the order of things that had prevailed in the home land. He proposed to be a Norseman to the last of his days. He would speak in his own tongue but the "kirk," and that not existing on the prairie he would do without worship.

He wore his peaked hat, his oiled coat, his skin trousers and avoided his American neighbors except as he was forced to trade with them. Although he soon understood a few words of English when a land office collector came for the last payment on his final proof notice, he would speak to him only in the Norse tongue. Then the strong arm of the government reached out and Torgeson was frightened. He broke his vows and spoke in English until the title to his land was clear.

The hay meadows district was a temperance community. The settlers from the distant lands of the north were strongly religious, hard workers, moderate in all habits, kindly to all who met them. That Torgeson should be the one among them to fail to rightly accept the new life in the republic pained them. They earnestly labored with him, but he would not listen. When Anna Torgeson made known her desire to attend the district school, he swore loudly and at first said she should not go. Later he answered her pleadings:

"Go if you will, but you put something between us two you will never get over. I am as my fathers were. If you would be different, all right, but it will go hard with both of us later."

Anna Torgeson was straight of limb and blue of eyes. She was beautiful when Torgeson made her his bride. Motherhood had added to her charms. She had mind, too—quick witted intelligence, a rare aptitude for knowing the best and clinging to it. For her children's sake she believed she ought to attend the district school. When Torgeson finally gave his consent, she wound her arms about his neck and kissed him long, but Torgeson pushed her away and growled. He would not surrender. He came to America for gain; when that was had, he would return to his folkland unchanged.

All through November and December of that dreary winter Anna Torgeson made her way to the schoolhouse and worked for mastery of the English tongue. Torgeson stood at the farm minding the cattle and their fodder or brooding over his pipe and cups. That his wife should not side with him was the bitterest thing he had to endure. He was not a bad man, only a cruelly obstinate one, and, having started on the wrong path, he would not turn back and find the right one. He might have made his wife's winter a bright one. He could have taken out the sledges and driven her and the children the short mile to the schoolhouse, but he would not. No matter how deep the snow and fierce the winds, he let them go alone, unaided, unless neighbors gave a helping hand. When January, the worst month of the season, came, he made no effort to assist them. So wide was the gulf between husband and wife now that he even let the New Year's day pass without the home celebration they had never missed before. Even that night, when Anna Torgeson came to where he brooded in his chair and, weeping, begged him to be the man of their first days, he pushed her from him and answered:

"I am not of yours. I have not changed. It is you that has changed. Let it be."

Anna Torgeson went on with the school, praying every night to her God that her husband might yet be awakened and be one with her again. In the school she was the most apt pupil. She was the first to learn to write English, the first to be able to spell English rightly. Her neighbors, many of whom had known her before her marriage, rejoiced over her progress.

wife yet," they said. But Torgeson remained bitterly against her. Only the babies gave her love and comfort.

A January day came when the sun rose warm over the snow-covered prairies and in the air there was a false whisper of spring. The hay meadows folk on their way to the school shook their heads. They had learned that this beauty of nature at such a time meant coming terror of blinding sleet and deadly cold. All through the morning the sunshine flooded the interior of the schoolhouse and the water dripped from the snow covered sod eaves, but the pupils within did not trust the warmth. At noon they ate their lunches by the open door, but none failed to notice the growing grayness of the sky in the north and the change in the sweep of the wind.

When school closed, a frightful blizzard was upon them. The thermometer had fallen to far below zero and the air was filled with sleet that cut the skin like chopped glass. The twelve pupils of the school looked at each other in the growing darkness. Every woman present had a man to guide her home but Anna Torgeson. Every child had a man protector but the children of Anna Torgeson.

"The rest of you will go on," said Anna Torgeson. "There is some feel here. I and my children will stay until this is over."

Some offered to guide her home before they went their own way, but she said the storm was growing worse every minute and they must hasten for their own safety. They scraped together such food as they had left from noon and gave it to her. It was not much for four mouths, but for the baby there was Anna Torgeson's breast. Just as the others prepared to leave Anna Torgeson called to one:

"Stay a moment. Torgeson will worry. I will send him a note. Get it to him somehow when you can that he may know I am safe."

And she wrote in English:

"Dear Husband: I am safe in the school with the babies. Don't worry about me. Annie Torgeson."

Late that afternoon, with the most awful storm he had ever known howling about his home, Torgeson got that note, and the beaver did not dare to leave him for his life so fixed was the blast.

"I can't read it," grumbled Torgeson.

So the other read it to him, and then Torgeson crumpled it in his hand and said:

"Let her stay there. She cares more for the school than for me." He sat before his good fire hour after hour, and once in awhile when he thought he was unobserved, he would glance at the writing of the note he could not read. At midnight he could stand it no longer. He was Torgeson, the obstinate, but his wife and babies were over in that schoolhouse without such fuel or food. He took with him the man who had brought the note, and they rode the horses out of the stable, and they fought as men never fought before against snow and wind, and they gained the school, a mile away in two hours. Torgeson was lost when the blast came with him, but the anger and pain had gone from him forever.

Bending over the stove to keep herself and babies alive, Anna Torgeson heard his voice, knew by its note that out of the horror he had struggled with to reach her new life and hope had come, and she leaped to him and was caught in his arms, never to be put from him again.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Adding Accounts at Night
In many a business office there is transacted a business at night of which some of the employees are aware. It is the auditing of books.

Of course in the majority of such cases the partners in the concern have had some reason to suspect some of the office staff of dishonest practices. At times, however, one partner may suspect another, or some reason may arise where the firm desires to ascertain its standing at an unusual time of the year, and without its being known to the bookkeepers.

"It is by no means an unusual feature of my work," said a well known public accountant in speaking about the matter recently. "Many a time when a large mercantile house has closed for the night and everybody has gone home my men have entered the office, taken the books from the safe and worked over them until daybreak."

"In such cases they never touch a pen or pencil to the books. They merely verify the figures and transcribe the entries on paper. Every care is taken in handling the books and replacing them in the safe to give no grounds for suspicion of what is going on."

An Old Expression.
"Conspicuous by his absence," an expression of considerable force, came into prominence after having been used by Lord John Russell in an address to the electors of London. He was afterward candid enough to admit that it was not an original expression with him, but taken from one of the historians of antiquity. His confession led to classical research, and the expression was found in the *Annals* of Tacitus. From this author we also have "God always favors the heaviest battalions," an expression afterward used by Terence, Voltaire and Seigne.

NEW IDEAS IN ROADS.

CHANGE SUGGESTED IN REPAIR OF MACADAM HIGHWAYS.

Constant Renewal to Give Way to Resurfacing at From Three to Five Years—Cost of Maintenance Reduced—Use of Machinery.

It is commonly said and thought that in the construction of macadam roads there is nothing new under the sun. All the American engineer can do is to copy the precedents and practice of the English and French road builders. Our localistic contributor, Mr. Gillette, however, reports an interesting record of macadam resurfacing which seems to put the matter of macadam road repair in quite a different light, says Engineering News. The old, orthodox method of maintaining a macadam road is to keep continuously at it. Writers of textbooks on road construction invariably urge that the road should be maintained by constant surveillance. In fact, the ideal plan, according to them, is to have a man continually going over the roads of a given district, mending a low place here and filling a rut there, taking the proverbial stitch in time that is supposed to save nine. Now, whatever experience in Europe may be, results here show that this method of making repairs is expensive. A man working in this way must work with little supervision, and his work will be apt to lack in both quantity and quality.

In place of this system of road repair Mr. Gillette proposes that the road be left to wear down for perhaps three to five years, depending on the amount of traffic and the condition which the road attains. Then put on a heavy steam roller, with picks, and resurface a good long stretch at one time, adding new material as necessary. Working in this manner with efficient machinery, Mr. Gillette has resurfaced a 16 foot road on which new stone was not required at a cost of little more than \$300 per mile. If a road will wear five years between surfacings, this means an annual expense for maintenance of only \$60 per year (not counting the cost of new stone).

Of course, however, Mr. Gillette does not go to the extent of stopping to make no repairs whatever between surfacings. Minor repairs, such as filling hollows, mending raveling shoulders, filling next to crosswalks and manhole covers, will do much to promote the comfort of those that use the road and cost comparatively little. It is the almost universal custom of doing repair work in small patches which Mr. Gillette suggests to be an error, and he seems to have common sense on his side.

The greatest obstacle to the extensive construction of hard roads in this country is unquestionably the cost of their maintenance. Foreign practice, as well as most of the experience that has thus far accumulated in this country, indicates that macadam roads when repaired according to orthodox methods are very expensive to keep in order. It is by the substitution of machinery for hand labor and by the systematic renewal of the surface in long stretches instead of in small bits or sump patches that the cost of maintaining macadam roads can be largely reduced, the fact is of the greatest importance.

A comment which may be made upon this proposal is that it is doubtless more directly applicable to roads than the substitution of machinery for hand labor and by the systematic renewal of the surface in long stretches instead of in small bits or sump patches that the cost of maintaining macadam roads can be largely reduced, the fact is of the greatest importance.

A New Industry.
The road engineer has gradually created a new industry in this country in the past ten years. His profession is one that offers extensive inducements in many directions, and bright minds find employment therein for talents that are of the highest order. Communities all over the country are awakening to the fact that road building is a science just as much as railroad engineering or bridge construction and that roads cannot be built by those not thoroughly familiar with the question. The mere placing of broken stones on a roadbed and rolling them in does not produce a good road any more than the piling up of dirt in a continuous bank produces a good roadbed for the steam engine and cars. There is workmanship of a highly technical character that counts, and a scientifically trained mind, most of the new conditions and adapt the road to different needs and circumstances.—Guntton's Magazine.

Wise Men and Good Roads.
At the Missouri Agricultural college they found by actual test that on blue grass sward the same draft that pulled 2,000 pounds on a wagon with 1 1/2 inch tires would pull a load of 3,248 pounds on a wagon with three inch tires. The narrow tires cut ruts that could be seen all the season, and if running down a hill might be well adapted to slip in a gully or ditch in the winter. The surface soil would wear away while the three inch tires with the heavier load made no marked impression on the sward land.

Good Roads for Arkansas.
More miles of good roads will be built in Arkansas in this first year of the new century than in any ten years of the last. The reason is plain—the people are taxing themselves for the money to build the roads.—Arkansas Democrat.

To the Draft.—A rich lady cured her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave \$10,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 7600, The Nicholson Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Poley's Honey and Tar for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

AT A MEXICAN HOTEL.

The Meals and the Dishes That Are Served There.

The dining room is scrupulously clean, and the mozos are in attendance in their spotless white blouses (which resemble our shirt waists, with the gathering string tied out at the bottom), the corners tied in a hard knot in front below the waist. The first meal of the day is called desayuno and consists usually of different kinds of bread, some very fancy and sweet with coffee or chocolate; also fruit and eggs, if you desire them.

After a very slow canter about the country on the back of a burro through banana groves, to sugar plantations, etc., you return promptly at 12 o'clock ready for your dinner (comida). This is a full course meal, beginning with soup and rice. All the dishes are novel and are generally rather hot. Some of them are rather hot, but after a few meals you find that your taste for chile con carne has become cultivated, and you enjoy the piquancy of the delicacies set before you.

I have learned to be very fond of the Mexican's favorites, such as chiles stuffed with cheese and roasted; a very delicious combination of peas, pineapple and banana boiled together; meats dressed with chile; salad of the alligator pear (butter fruit); onions, tomato and chile, and the staidness of all Mexicans, tortillas (corn cakes) and frijoles (beans). These last are always served after the meat courses. Then we have the dulces (preserved fruits) and coffee.

The cena (supper) at 7 is of the same number of courses as the dinner and very much like it.—International Magazine.

Construction of the Earthworm.
A slight acquaintance with the anatomy of an earthworm enables us to understand why the body is divided into a number of rings, or "segments," as they are more generally termed. The internal organs, instead of being distributed among the segments, are for the most part repeated from segment to segment. If follows, therefore, that when the gardener's spade shears off several inches of a worm the animal is not deprived of one or more essential organs, but only of a less or greater number of parts of these organs.

Spalanzani was the first naturalist who made—about 200 years ago—experiments of this kind, which proved, as a subsequent writer pointed out, that "by a strange paradox in nature the most useless and contemptible lives are, of all others, extinguished with the greatest difficulty."

In addition to these advantages in its construction, the earthworm has a certain amount of cunning which must enable it to escape some foes. On mild, wet evenings innumerable worms may be seen lying out with the ends of their tails fixed in their burrows. On the slightest alarm, they rapidly retire underground.

No Sleeping on the Rails.
A strange circular has been issued to signalmen on a Russian railway forbidding them to go to sleep lying on the rails. One would hardly imagine that the temptation to do so would prove overpowering, but it appears that the signalmen in question frequently do so, as the temptation to sleep is so strong that they feel they have to sleep somewhere, and they labor under the delusion that the vibration of an approaching train will wake them up, a mission which it frequently fails to fulfill.

The People of Man.
The London Saturday Review tells a tale of an old Manx woman who, when a certain author explained to her the nature of his occupation, replied condescendingly, "Well, well, what does it matter so long as a body makes his living honestly?" Not less characteristic was the Manxman's remark to a visitor whose health had been much benefited by his stay on the island, "You is a much better gentleman now till you was when you came."

Let It Alone.
Scott's Emulsion is not a good medicine for fat folks. We have never tried giving it to a real fat person. We don't dare. You see Scott's Emulsion builds new flesh. Fat people don't want it. Strong people don't need it. But if you are thin Scott's Emulsion is the medicine for you. It doesn't tire you out. There is no strain. The work is all natural and easy. You just take the medicine and that's all there is to it. The next thing you know you feel better—you eat better—and you weigh more. It is a quiet worker. Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 400 Grand St., N. Y. get and in all druggists.

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There's None Better. And Quality Considered. Prices are right.

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For us to sell to a customer who wants CLOTHING.

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Is growing, for the reason that we have only one price, and you can buy as cheap by ordering as if you were in our store. SALESMEN: Dolph Moore, C. W. Lindsay, Darius Payne, Charlie Crows, Harry Sergeant and W. H. Matthews.

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Durham Marble Works

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C. J. HULIN, Proprietor,
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We have just received "The Best Plow Made—Roland Chilled" and many others. Also new Clover and Rye Seed. We have the Baugh's Fertilizers for all grain and grasses. Give us a call before you buy.

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