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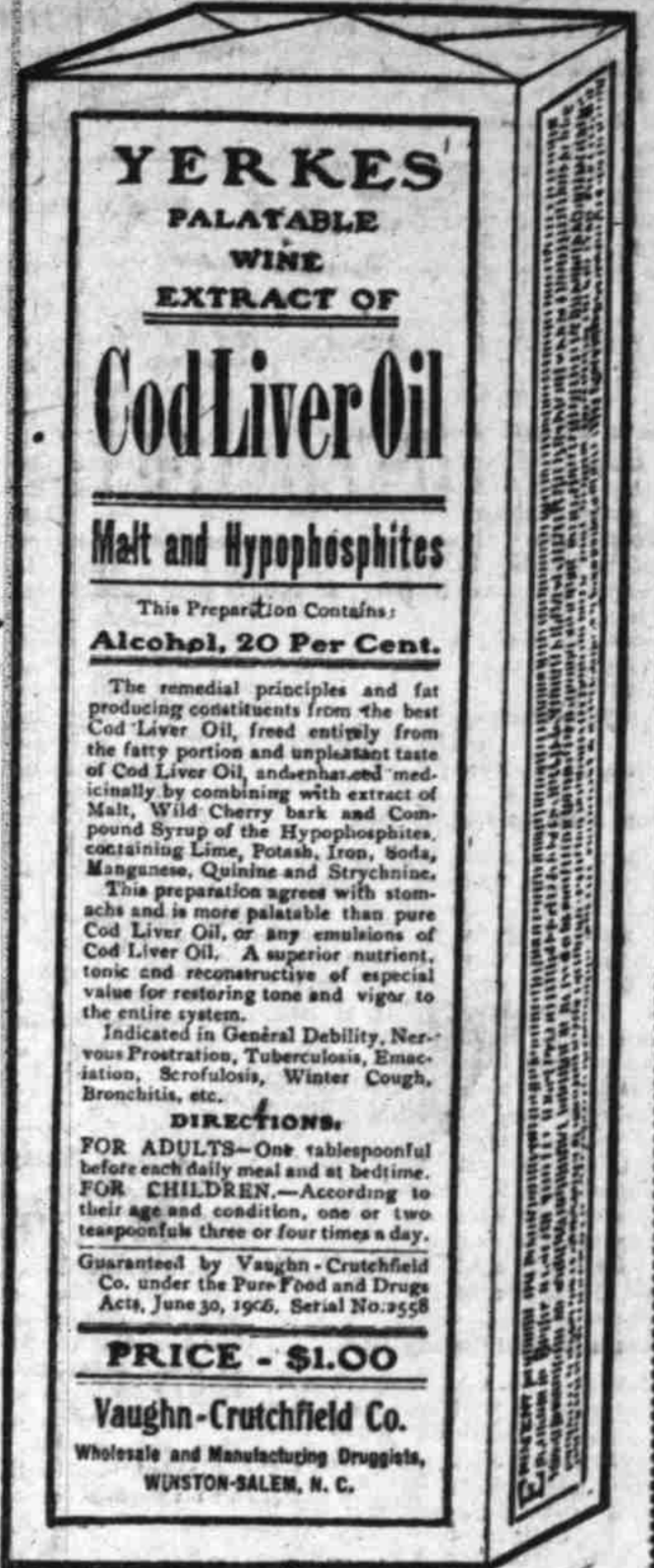


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VAUGHN-CRUTCHFIELD CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAPTURING A BIG STILL

AN UP-TO-DATE MOONSHINER'S STORY.

IN ROCKINGHAM COUNTY.

Deputy Marshals Vincent and Donoho Make a Capture--Their Successful Work in Detail.

One of the finest pieces of work ever done by the local United States Marshal's force was pulled off Tuesday night, 3 miles north of Ruffin, by Deputy Marshals J. T. Donoho and T. W. Vincent, when they cut up a still of 100-gallon capacity, and captured James L. Cox, one of the three men who were operating the plant.

Along towards the latter part of the evening the latter part of the evening the officers had been informed, George Mitchum and Ernest Evans, drove into town in a two-seated buggy. The officers took charge of the outfit and found it contained 20 gallons of blockade whiskey, it being contained in 4 kegs. The two young men were handcuffed and marched to jail. When the bars began to loom up before the prophetic vision of Mitchum his conscience worked so fast that he told the officers he would lead them to the place where the juice was distilled, if they would turn him loose. The bargain was struck, and a good one it was on the part of the officers for they were not aware that a still was within 20 miles of the place. A hack was procured, driven by Ed P. Easley, he being mentioned later on in the story for the heroic work he did and the drive was begun to the still, 12 miles away.

Young Mitchum was true to his bargain and he led the officers to a point in the road and in hushed tones told the driver to "whoa." He was handcuffed and the two officers following on either side were led about 100 yards from the road. At this point Mitchum made a sign for absolute silence and getting down on his hand and knees bade the officers do likewise. In this manner the three went about 100 yards further, the end of the trail leading over a bluff overlooking a small creek about 30 feet below. A beautiful harvest moon (supposedly a harvest moon) was shining and it illuminated a sight that has made the moon famous in North Carolina, in fact the "moonshine" of this state takes a prominent part in the history of the entire South. The sight that met the officers' eyes resembled the Casper company's plant in its most balmy days. The still was manned by three men, the fire was lighted under a big copper vessel and 1,600 gallons of still beer was foaming and frothing at the mouth in its anxiety to be tumbled into its cavernous mouth and to seek its way to purity through the crooked pipe.

Mitchum had made good and the steel bracelets were removed. Furthermore he was most cordially invited to participate in the festivities that were shortly to begin. After calling up the reserve force, Ed P. Easley, Captain

Donoho mustered 4 men strong and one rusty half loaded pistol, property of Easley. The party took a survey of the strength of the enemy and found them mustering 3 men strong with a pistol rifle, and one brand new Winchester rifle, which was lounging lazily against a nearby sapling.

The party separated in 4 different directions, Easley being given the most open point of attack on account of his superior artillery strength. Just as one picket line closed in on the plane one of the men saw them and they all left in as many different directions as there were men to go. The line of retreat followed by James L. Cox was very fortunate for he ran full tilt into the heavy artillery corps and almost knocked him down. Before Easley could get out of the way he had captured Cox, in toto, with the exception of his coat and hat which he had forgotten and left behind. The other two men raised a lot of good timber in their paths, and escaped.

The netire outfit was demolished and the 1,000 gallons of beer and 5 gallons of whiskey were poured into the creek nearby, and the fish were driven to drink. Upon inspection it was found that the Winchester was loaded to the brim with lead and powder and could have given 12 separate and distinct account of itself.

Ernest Evans, who was caught with Mitchum at Reidsville, was locked up in the Wentworth jail, he being unable to give bond. Cox was released under a bond of \$300 for his appearance at the next term of Federal court. Mitchum never lost anything but his part of the 20 gallons. The officers know the other two men and will capture them in due time.—Greensboro News, Sept. 14.

Uncle Jesse Knits Fish Nets.

Jesse Williams, the old colored man who sits in the shade of the trees on the streets of Henderson and knits fishing nets all day long, has made a wonderful record at his trade. He is 74 years old and has been knitting fishing nets for the past twenty years or more. He knits two nets four and five yards in a day and realizes a profit of from 50 cents to \$1 off of each one, making a yearly income of about \$244.75. He has made many thousand nets during the past twenty years, and he says that the demand for them is greater than he can supply.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

Forced to Leave Home.

Every year a large number of poor sufferers, whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs, are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always sure. There is a better way. Let Dr. King's New Discovery cure you at home. "It cured me of lung trouble," writes W. R. Nelson of Calamine, Ark., "when all else failed and I gained 47 pounds in weight. Its surely the king of all cough and lung cures." Thousands owe their lives and health to it. It's positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds, La-Grippe, Asthma, Croup--all Throat and Lung troubles. 50c & \$1.00. Trial bottle free at P. A. Thompson's.

HIS PROXY BRIDE.

MINISTER FROM PANAMA AMUSED BY INTEREST IN HIS ODD MARRIAGE.

HONEYMOON IS DELAYED.

Mme. Porras Will Not Reach Washington for Several Weeks--People Not So Prying on the Isthmus.

Not before the latter part of October or the first of November will the bride of Dr. Bellaro Porras, minister from Panama to the United States, whom he married "by proxy" reach Washington. She will be chaperoned by her mother or brother and maybe both.

Dr. Porras seems to be much amused over the way the American public has become interested in the marriage by proxy. He fails to see why that form of marriage ceremony, so ordinary in the little republic of Panama, should be so interesting to the United States.

"There's much more interest," he said to-day, "in the number of quick marriages contracted in your own country, and the number of marriages which do not bind the couples for any length of time than in our simple custom.

Not Yet Officially Married. "To tell the truth, I have not been officially notified that I am married. While I am morally certain yet I have not a copy of the contract which both parties are supposed to sign before the marriage is binding. That is on its way, I guess but I have not yet received it."

Dr. Porras does not like to discuss the customs of the country which he represents in the capacity of a diplomat in Washington.

"In Panama," he continued, "we do not pry into domestic affairs like they do in Washington. After the marriage has been consummated, then the bride and the bridegroom send out a little card announcing it. May be the papers make use of this; may be they don't. Anyway, Dr. Porras declined to enlighten the newspaper men who called at the legation headquarters to get information on the unique marriage.

"As soon as the bride reaches Washington this autumn," he said, "I will gladly discuss the matter. As yet we are not officially married, and it might offend the young woman should premature announcements be made."

No Need to Stop Work.

When your doctor orders you to stop work, it staggers you, "I can't" you say. You know you are weak, run-down and failing in health, day by day, but you must work as long as you can stand. What you need is Electric Bitters to give tone, strength, and vigor to your system, to prevent breakdown and build you up. Don't be weak, sickly or ailing when Electric Bitters will benefit you from the first dose. Thousands bless them for their glorious health and strength. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50c. at P. A. Thompson's.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

BUDGET OF TIMELY AND TERSE TOPICS.

CRISP, POINTED INTERESTING.

What Our Shears And Paste Pot Captured of a Humorous Vein From Our Exchanges.

In These Degenerate Days.

"Hub," exclaimed the yardstick as it moved rapidly over the bolt of cloth, "you're not all wool."

"That's all right," retorted the bolt of cloth, "you're not a yard long, either."—Chicago Tribune.

More to the Dollar.

George Aide, at the recent Lamb's gambol in New York, objected to the extravagance of the modern wife. "It is true that the married life of today," he ended, "have better halves, but bachelors have better quarters."—The Mirror.

A Real Bargain.

There once was a man named Costello, who was a most stingy old fellow; To church he oft went, Donating a cent, And brought home a fine silk umbrella, Woman's Home Companion.

Another View.

Willie—Pa, I think I know what the minister meant when he said "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Pa—Well, what did he mean? Willie—Castor oil.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Head Man.

I want to see the head man, said the man in the drug store. "Won't some other man be able to wait on you?" Nope. I want the head man. Anything special? Yep; I want some hair restorer.

More Than She Knows.

"The last time I saw your husband he was trying to stop smoking. Has he stopped?" "I don't know. You know that he is dead."

Where Would You Be?

If a chigger were bigger, Say as big as a cow, And its digger had the vigor Of a subsiding plow; Say Mr. Pliecker, Where would you be now?—Chicago Tribune.

Johnny Won.

"How's your little brother, Johnny?" "Sick abed. He hurt hisself." "Oh, that's too bad. How did he do it?" "We were playing who could lean the farthest out of the street window and he won."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What He Thought.

"Johnny, do you know what I am going to whip you for?" "What father?" "Because you struck a boy smaller than yourself."

"I thought perhaps it was because I am smaller than you are."

Supply.

New Minister—"Now just one thing more before I accept this charge. Have you got a supply?" Deacon—"Well, yes, though we never said anything about it to the last preacher. I'll show you where it is, and get you the key, but I tell you you will have to be just as careful about using it as the rest of us!"—Puck.

She Flew.

Miss Fullsoul (of a poetical turn.) Which are you of opinion one should say, professor—"summer flies" or "summer flees?"

Absent-minded Professor (great on entomology.) The two species, my dear young lady are entirely distinct. Now the common house fly—"Then he wondered why she suddenly opened a conversation with the young man on her right.—Sphere.

It Wasn't Him.

The story is told by a traveling man of a pretty young lady who stepped into a music store in Springfield, Mo., the other day. She tripped up to the counter where a new clerk was assorting music, and in the sweetest tones asked, "Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight'?" The clerk turned half way round and answered, "It must have been the man at the other counter I've been here only a week."—Buffalo Commercial.

What He Knew.

The lawyer had a somewhat difficult witness, and finally asked if he was acquainted with any of the men on the jury. "Yes sir. More than half of them." "Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" demanded the lawyer. "Why, if it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together."—Milwaukee Journal.

Barking Up The Wrong Tree.

Probably sugar is going up, merely to keep company with the other necessities of life.—Charlotte Observer.

And you never hear a word these days out of the crowd who went wild over the high cost of living and voted for "a change." The lunika who pretended to think that a Democratic House could control the price of the food supply of the country has discovered that he was barking up the wrong tree.—Albany Chronicle.

Every family has need of a good, reliable liniment. For sprains, bruises, soreness of the muscles and rheumatic pains there is none better than Chamberlain's. Sold by All Dealers.

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