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Office in Bank Building,
Greensboro, N. C.

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DENTIST.
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A MIDSUMMER SONG.

When the star of the morning is gleaming,
And darkness is melting away,
When the sky flushes pink with the glory
That heralds the coming of day,
When dew drops sparkle and shimmer
On wayside and garden and lawn,
When forests and fields ring with music,
Then hey! for the midsummer dawn,
When the meadow is powdered with daisies,
And the clover is calling the bee,
When the poppies are flame in the garden,
And cherries are flame on the tree;
When the mowers seek rest and refreshment,
Where the elms are bestowing the boon
Of the shade of their pendulous branches,
They hey! for the summer noon,
When the breeze brings the breath of the flowers,
The perfume of lily and musk,
When the moths are flitting like phantoms,
When the fireflies flash in the dusk,
When the birds have carolled their vesper,
And the lonely whippoorwill grieves,
When the glow of the sunset is fading,
Then hey! for the midsummer eve,
When the noise of the daytime is silenced,
And naught in the stillness is heard
Save the murmur of tremulous trees,
Or the stir of a slumbering bird;
When the moon mounts high in the heaven,
And under her magical light
The earth is a scene of enchantment,
Then hey! for the midsummer night.
—ANNA M. PRATT.

OFFICES MADE WHILE YOU WAIT

And a Good Salary Attached on Short Notice.
"Economy! Economy!" was the cry of the Populists during the early days of their existence. "Reduce the salaries of public officers and abolish all offices not absolutely necessary," was their demand until they got into office themselves.

This was the burden of their calamity and song with its variations furnished a gymnasium on which office-hunting Populist exercised his vocal plant for some four years or more. Then by the inscrutable ways of an even more inscrutable Providence they were given the reins of government conjointly with the Republicans and now what do we see?

Both what was to be expected and what was not. The Republicans are by open profession spoilsmen. They are in politics for what there is in it. They believe in taking all the offices in sight and making and paying big salaries to every body. They make no denial of this. But the Populist office-seeker at the declaration of such a doctrine, holds up his hands in holy horror—until he gets into office, and then he out-looks the most ardent Republican looter.

Take for example the Agricultural Department. New offices have been created, high salaries paid and the money wasted at a rate never before dreamed of. For instance, one little clerkship at \$60 a month, in the office of the Director of the Experiment Station, has been divided up into three parts at a combined salary of \$3,400 a year. Mr. F. A. Bowen was secretary to the Experiment Station and chief fertilizer clerk under Dr. Battle at \$720 a year.

Mr. M. Felix, of Alamance, is now secretary to the Experiment Station at \$930 a year, with an assistant, Mr. Sam Moore, of Duplin, at a salary of \$600 a year. Mr. Hill E. King, of Onslow, is chief fertilizer clerk at a salary of \$1,000 a year, with an assistant, Mr. F. G. Kelley, at a salary of \$900 a year.

This is a fair sample of the juggling that has been done to reward henchmen and heelers for their party services—and at the same time fool the "dear people."

Here is another, just about as bad, though it goes a little higher up in the scale of offices: Mr. Bruner is now secretary, at a salary of \$1,800 a year, has been divided up into three offices at a combined salary of \$4,300 a year. J. L. Ramsey, as secretary to the Commissioner of Agriculture, gets \$1,500 a year; "Prof." E. G. Butler, as secretary to the Board of Trustees of the A. and M. College, gets \$1,400, and "Prof." J. B. Bitt, as auditor of the Experiment Station, a salary of \$1,100.

Of course in some instances another little slice is taken off some other man's duty and given to these sinecure holders in order that they may at least seem to have something to do.

But certainly in the case of Mr. James Allen this cannot be said to be true. A brand new office—mailing clerk—was created for him at a salary of \$1,000 a year and he performs precisely the duties heretofore performed by a little negro boy working four days in a month at 25 cents a day, under the direction and with the aid of the two fertilizer inspectors. Now there are practically no other duties at this time of the year, for these inspectors to perform, except mail the Bulletin once a month and tabulate the crop returns once a month. And yet so onerous are these duties to these strong, healthy men that the Board took compassion on them and hired Mr. Allen to mail the Bulletin at a salary of \$1,000. His work during the month—if it consists, as it is supposed to do, of mailing the Bulletin—amounts to little more during the month than does that of the mailing clerk of the News and Observer every day.

But then Mr. Allen holds a public office and the taxes of the farmers of North Carolina pays his salary. What matters it whether

he has any duties at all or not? Is he not a true Reformer and good party man, and ought not all such to be rewarded?

Then there's Little Ned Shore, for whose appointment his uncle introduced a resolution in the Board and followed it up with a pitiful plea. He's a little boy in knee pants, and a good little boy, too, they say. But he's hardly the man for usher at the Museum. What can he explain to visitors? He seems to think his duties consist principally in turning through the register and examining things for his own satisfaction, leaving visitors to take care of themselves. He succeeds a most worthy young man named Smith, who has a widowed mother. Smith received \$15 a month and was a most capable and industrious young man. Shore gets \$30 and up to date has been almost wholly ornamental and useful very little.

These are a few samples of Radical economy. If they do not suit others can be furnished on short notice.—News and Observer.

Auld Lang Syne.

EDITOR PATRIOT:

Many persons who have reached the age of sixty years and upwards no doubt found themselves in full sympathy with Mr. Lemmon, as some weeks ago he furnished the Patriot an account of the difficulties which he encountered in finding an old landmark well known to him in former days. Who of this age cannot recall vast numbers of these old landmarks that have disappeared? Some have fallen into decay and are a sad picture of the universal decay of all that is earthly. Others have been wholly removed and, as it happened to the Jewish temple, the plowshare has not left one stone upon another to mark the spot where once perhaps dwelt old age or vigorous manhood and womanhood, enlivened and cheered in their daily toils by the boisterous laughter and merry songs of those who as yet had not the faintest conceptions of life's warfare as experienced by all who do not fall while too young for such experience. Then again new structures have taken the place of the old, and in such cases the changed condition of surroundings have usually been such as to make the present appearance so unlike the former as to be scarcely recognized by one familiar with them only as they were. Such has been my own experience with respect to more than one of these old landmarks.

A little more than a year ago, in company with a revered uncle, I visited the spot which had been the home of his childhood and youth. Though once so familiar to us both we found the locality with difficulty. No road leads to or even near the spot. There was nothing to mark the site save a heap where a chimney had been. Nothing surrounds as a reminder of what had once been save a locust and a few apple trees. All so changed—so wholly unlike the same spot as I had seen it in the days of my childhood and youth. All too, who once had their home there, are no longer of earth with the one exception of him who accompanied me. How sacred the memories which a locality like this awakens!

Sixty years ago an aged couple named Lister had their home a short distance north of the Cone factory and cottages. This home and its occupants have long since disappeared. With the death of this aged pair, as they had no son, the name Lister, so far as it related to this family, ceased to exist; but his grand-daughter, not living now, has great-grandchildren. My own grandfather, who lived to see a large number of great-grandchildren, has at least one such who is a grandparent.

Here and there a few of the old landmarks may be seen still standing. One of these, a very humble one in the form of a log cabin, stands west of the Cone cotton mill on the road leading north from Greensboro. As far back as memory carries me it was the home of an aged free colored man and his wife, whose sign "Cakes and Beer" stood conspicuously on the roadside before his door. He could only have been partially supported by the proceeds derived from the sale of these articles. A little before the present residence of J. R. Wharton, on the ground which has since been known as the Edland home, there lived another free colored man who displayed to passers-by a board bearing the same inscription. He was also known as a butcher, and furnished to Greensboro the larger portion of his fresh meats. No one of these old landmarks can fail to awaken emotions in the minds of those who knew them as they were in Auld Lang Syne, if for no other reason than that they bring to remembrance the season of youth. In imagination one lives over that season again and converses with those whose faces were then so familiar and well known, but on awakening from his reverie he feels almost solitary and alone as he sees how few of those now remain compared with the vast majority who as far as the eye of sense can reach are now no more.

I trust your readers will pardon the indication of what may be termed a sequel to the reminiscences recently published.

J. C. WHARTON.

HOOD'S PILLS are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, biliousness, 25 cents.

TONG-PAK-SUK AND THE DEVIL.

How the Korean Methuselah Got the Better of the Adversary.

The Koreans have an interesting legend concerning the manner in which Tong-Pak-Suk, the Methuselah of their mythology, got the better of Satan. Tong lived 1,000 years, and acquired great wisdom. The later years of his life were spent in fishing, but not wishing to diminish the stock of fish in the river, he used a straight piece of wire instead of a hook. Thus he was able to enjoy the excitement and pleasure of fishing for several centuries without catching a single fish.

Realizing that sooner or later the devil who did death's errands would be looking him up, he changed his name and abode with each generation, and thus eluded him. In the meantime the evil one disguised himself in a flowing Korean robe which covered up his tail, concealed his horns under a mourner's hat three feet in diameter, and wrapped his legs in curious padded stockings, so that he easily passed for a native. He heard that Tong was fishing in the Hau river. So he collected a quantity of charcoal and washed it in that stream. This, of course, blackened the water, and Tong, being surprised and annoyed, went up to discover the cause. Finding the devil washing the charcoal, he asked what he was doing. The devil replied that he was trying to make it white.

Old Tong in his astonishment was thrown off his guard, and said: "I have lived in Corea hundreds of years, and of course, have met many fools, but I never saw a big enough fool to try to wash charcoal white."

The devil at once knew his man, and unfolded his tail by way of exhibiting his warrant of arrest, seized Tong and hurried him along in the direction of that dark portal through which all mortals must pass.

On the way the devil, being in good humor over his success, chatted pleasantly with Tong, who ventured to ask him what he most abhorred and was most afraid of. The devil made a fatal blunder—one which might have been excusable for a mortal, but was most stupid for a devil—he told the truth. He said that he hated and feared but four terrestrial things—a branch of a thorn tree, an empty salt bag, a worn-out straw sandal of an ox, and a particular kind of grass that grows in Corea—the fox tail—and that when these were put together he could not go within thirty feet of them.

In return the devil asked Tong what he most feared. Tong, being wise and experienced, lied and said he was in mortal terror of a roasted ox head and mackalee—a kind of beer.

Shortly after this exchange of confidence Tong noticed that they were passing a thorn tree, around the roots of which foxtail grass was growing, and, curiously enough, under it was an old salt bag and a cast-off ox sandal; so, making a sudden spring from the side of the devil, he gathered up the bag, the grass and sandal, and hanging them on a branch of the tree his charm was perfect. The devil could not come within thirty feet.

Of course the devil used every inducement to get Tong to come forth, but the old fellow stuck to his post. At last the devil went off and got a roasted ox head and a cask of mackalee and rolled them in to Tong, confident from what he had told him that Tong would be driven outside the magic circle. But when he saw Tong eating heartily of the beef and drinking the mackalee with gusto he realized that the game was up and despairingly departed.

Tong's long life was due to the accident by which his page in the Book of Fate stuck to the next one, so that his name was overlooked. When ultimately the complaint was made that Tong had been living too long, it took the registrar of the lower regions 346 years to hunt up his name in the archives.—Chicago Record.

A Meritorious Man.

Says the Columbia, S. C. State: "What a unique record is that of the Rev. F. J. Murdoch, of Salisbury, N. C., an ex-cadet at the South Carolina Military Academy, whom your correspondent knew as a most excellent young cadet true to duty and eminently conscientious. Mr. Murdoch, meritorious Murdoch, is president of one bank, three cotton mills, secretary and treasurer of two others at Greensboro, N. C., and to cap the climax, to crown it all with the crown eternal, preaches four sermons each Sunday, and further, upon a recent meeting of the North Carolina diocesan council, came within one vote of election as bishop."

Sapping the Health of Childhood.

Children frequently suffer in health and grow thin and the parents are greatly puzzled to discover the reason. In a large proportion of cases the trouble will be found to be intestinal worms which have found lodgment in the child's body, and are feeding upon the food eaten and sapping the vitality, sapping the strength and health and leaving the little one in a restless, weakened condition, unable to meet and overcome the diseases that are certain to occur in childhood.

The first effective remedy discovered for expelling these parasites was Frey's Vermifuge which, after many years' trial, still remains the best cure known. When it is administered to alling children the worms are driven out, and nothing more is needed to restore the child to health and strength. Frey's Vermifuge has been sold everywhere for many years with unflinching success.

SUMMER WEAR!

LINEN CRASH,

Double Swunk before making up, and made by Tailors, with every regard for perfect fit.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR
...Summer Underwear...

We have a large and thorough line. Examine our goods before purchasing.

We handle the Shawknit Socks, (best on earth), and the Druid Hill Unlaundered Shirt. Only 65 cents. Sells when no other will.

MATTHEWS, CHISHOLM & STROUD.

SALESMEN:
John W. Crawford, Will H. Rees, Will H. Matthews, Frank Brooks.

Dogs and Dog-Days.

Dr. Woods believes hydrophobia to be a mimetic disease caused by expectant dread. In Italy peasants used to fear dire consequences from the bite of the tarantula, and fell, when bitten, to dancing with "delirious grotesquerie." Now when they have ceased to think much of the tarantula they are bitten again and again with impunity.

As for Pasteur's method of cure and its general effects, grave doubts are expressed. And certainly it is a curious thing to discover that since it has been so widely discussed hydrophobia has increased. The year after Pasteur practised his preventive, for instance, the deaths from hydrophobia in Paris leaped at once from four to twenty-four. Fifteen hundred persons were reported cured by this scientist. In this number were included, in 1893, fourteen hundred Frenchmen—more persons, in other words, than have died of it in a century in the United States.

Hydrophobia, a disease contracted from the rabies of animals, does, however, exist. That it is rare has been proved. But the most efficacious remedy for it when it does appear may be found in frequent vaporbaths—seven will do the work—the perspiration excited carrying off the poison in the system.

Those of us who are timid, who fear to see our children play with dogs in summer, will do well to learn to distinguish certain symptoms or rabies. A mad dog, for instance, does not, as is popularly supposed, dread water. He is, on the contrary, apt to try and plunge all his head to his eyes in it. He does not froth at the mouth. "If a dog's mouth is covered with white froth, that dog is not mad." A thick, brown, rosy substance clings to the mad dog's mouth. The mad dog, again, never runs in agitation; if a dog barks, yelps, whines, or growls, he is not mad. An immense amount of suffering, and of cruelty as well, will be saved for those of us this summer who bear in mind these hints.—Harper's Bazar.

Sound Doctrine.

Not a great deal is heard these latter days of ex-Senator David B. Hill, of New York, but whenever he does say anything, he gives evidence that his mind is still in good working order. For instance, he delivered the Fourth of July address at Oswego, N. Y., and these are some of the things he said:

"There is too much demagogism abroad in the land; there is too much false doctrine taught pertaining to governmental functions; there is too much encouragement of the spirit of socialism and all that it implies, including communism and chimerical schemes for a social democracy, so called; there is too much toleration of disrespect for courts and constituted authorities; there is too much clamor for class legislation; there is too much inculcation of the idea that men can become rich without effort—by the mere fiat of the government, instead of earning wealth in the good, old-fashioned way, and there is too much attention paid to the cranks, blatherskites and political adventurers entitled to no consideration, but who seem to have obtained the public ear, and are seeking to pull down the pillars of society."

"This is not comfortable doctrine, nor popular doctrine, but it is sound doctrine.—Exchange.

Expressing His Best Wishes.

"Dear ant janc," wrote little Bonnie Jimpkins to his father's sister, "I that I wood rite and tell you that ma has got a baby hoppin' thes fue lins will fin you the sane yure nefyou benny."—Harper's Bazar.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood, stimulates digestive action, searches out and cures wherever they exist and puts the whole body into a vigorous, strong and healthy condition. It builds up solid, useful life, cleans out wrinkles, brightens the eyes and makes life really worth living.

School Committeemen Appointed

The new Board of Education, at a meeting held Thursday, July 15, appointed the following School Committeemen for the different districts (townships) of the county:

- District No. 1, of Washington township—John L. Cobb, Mahone Apple, Eq., J. J. Williams, Wm. Lowe, Brooks, Washington.
- No. 2, Rock Creek—C. A. Wharton, Marion Smith, G. W. Clapp, M. N. Gresson, J. B. Whitsett.
- No. 3, Greene—J. R. Woods, Jno. E. Lapp, A. G. Amick, J. H. Bowman, J. L. Holt, M. M. Hall.
- No. 4, Madison—Ezekiel Hines, J. Richard Moore, Hawkins Rudd, W. A. Heath, Jno. H. Fryar.
- No. 5, Jefferson—Alex. Montgomerie, C. M. Pritchett, S. W. Cobb, Walter H. McLean, W. G. Cobb.
- No. 6, Clay—D. H. Coble, Dr. M. E. Fox, J. P. Starr, W. H. C. Shaw, T. H. Gresson.
- No. 7, Monroe—A. W. Scott, G. R. Troxler, R. C. Bovill, R. L. Chilcutt, James Brown.
- No. 8, Gilmer—A. T. Whitsett, Henry Rust, C. C. Parker, J. E. McKnight, J. A. Young.
- No. 9, Fentress—David C. Fields, Jno. C. Kennett, W. D. Hardin, A. M. Lewis, W. M. Fentress.
- No. 10, Centre Grove—J. D. W. McNairy, Lewis Miles, Dr. J. W. Winchester, Jno. W. Wharton, Jr., W. B. Lambeth.
- No. 11, Morehead—J. Van Lindley, C. P. Boren, J. H. Johnson, Prof. E. J. Forney, M. M. Hall.
- No. 12, Sumner—W. M. Kirkman, J. Lee Coleman, R. C. Short, A. C. Murray, Wm. Clark.
- No. 13, Sumnerfield—J. L. Ogburn, Geo. Smith, R. M. Stafford, Thos. J. Rhodes, Francis Mclearis.
- No. 14, Friendship—J. B. Smith, Jno. D. Hunt, Lee G. Cummings, R. S. Smith, Jas. Leonard.
- No. 15, Jamestown—J. S. Ragdale, P. H. Hodson, A. M. Briggs, Plato Freeman, C. S. Bristol.
- No. 16, Oak Ridge—Jno. Vaughn, S. F. Jones, M. F. Blaylock, M. H. Holt, S. A. Lowrey.
- No. 17, Deep River—O. A. Starbuck, W. E. Bowman, Robt. Stuart, N. P. Henley, S. B. Gray.
- No. 18, High Point—Ransom Davis, S. H. Mendenhall, T. B. F. Hayworth, William Welch, Joahus Anderson.

The board earnestly request the committeemen to meet them in Greensboro Aug. 14, 1897, in order to the better understanding of the new school law. Also requests the committeemen to make no appointment of teachers till after that meeting.

Chess Favored.

It is a singular fact that while all other games of chance or skill have at one time or another been denounced by the clergy of every faith, chess alone has received their appropriation, and among the best players of every country have been clergymen, priests and bishops.

"When the stomach and bowels are wrong, what a mere trifle, bleeds the whole system. Every part of the body feels the effects of a little constipation. The head aches, the mouth is sore, the stomach is distressed, the liver is congested and torpid; you feel sluggish and miserable and down-hearted; the energies are completely paralyzed—all for want of a little help to regulate the stomach and bowels. What you want is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They will act on your regular and you keep on your feet. They give the intestines power to move naturally, and also tone the stomach and liver. You don't become a slave to their use, they care you as you stay cured. If a druggist makes more money on some violent purgative pill he may try to sell it to you. Don't let him."

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If they rip in wear, You get a new pair. No stronger guarantee can be given.
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Outwear Three pairs of the common kind.

WORKING PANTS, 1.00 to 2.00
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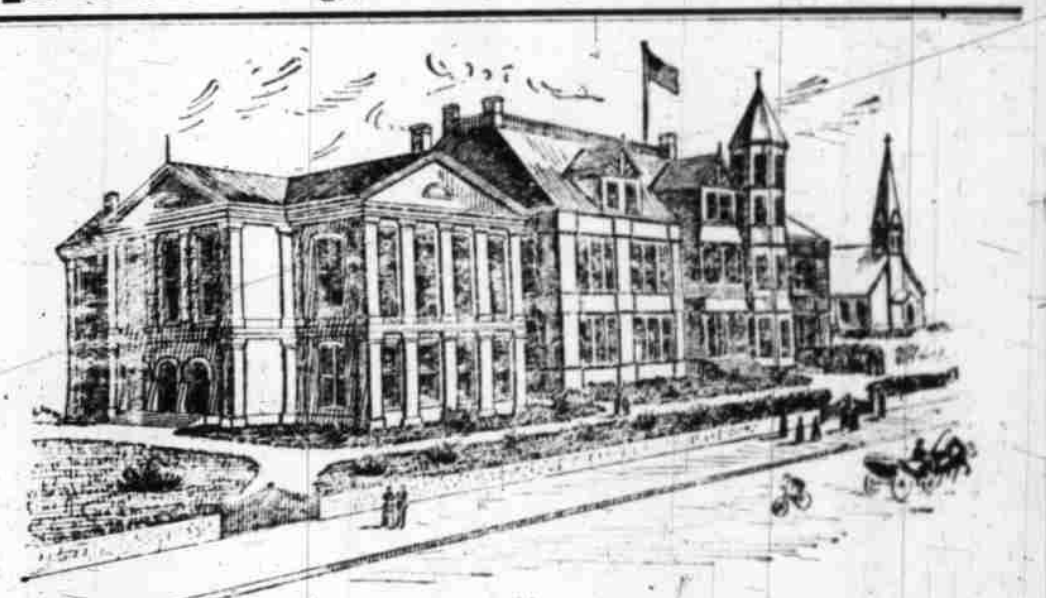
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Showing the latest styles in Outwears, Single and Double-Breasted Suits, Prince Alberts, Tuxedos and Full Dress. Shirts, Collars and Cuffs. We will have shirts made to order if desired. Cans, Umbrellas and Furnishings.
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106 South Elm Street, GREENSBORO, N. C.

Dental Notice.

You had better neglect any other part of your system than your MOUTH and TEETH. Unless these important organs are kept in a healthy condition you cannot expect good results in the other parts of the system. With an experience of twenty years in active practice, we invite you to call and let us give your Teeth the attention necessary to put them in this healthy condition, and at prices that are in the reach of all and in keeping with the times. Why pay higher prices for nothing better?
Yours,
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OUR BRANDS:
PURITY: A HIGH GRADE PATENT. STAR: A FINE FAMILY FLOUR.
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