BELGIUM STEPS IN.

—Thorndyke in Baltimore American.

CURETTING AN ELEPHANT.

When the Big Beast Has His Hide Combed With a Rasp.

Once in every four months every captive elephant, to be in good form, should have removed from its hide the hard flesh which grows there and the accumulation of dirt which becomes incrusted and looks like a part of its skin. It is that superfluous growth which, from observation and touch, gives the impression an elephant's hide is tough, whereas the skin naturally is so sensitive that the bite of a fly, a mosquito or any other insect is irritating to it.

The process of curetting an elephant is tedious to the operator, for he must devote several hours a day to the task, having four men as assistants to hold the elephant by ropes tied to its legs. The elephant does not take kindly to the treatment. It is necessary that it be done to keep the elephant in good health by opening up the pores. As there is danger of the elephant under treatment taking cold, the operation never is done in winter.

The hide first is wetted thoroughly with water, and an ordinary rasp is used for removing all callous growth and other hard surface substances, the rasp being dipped frequently in water to keep the skin moist and soft. When the operation is over the elephant's skin looks gray and retains this color a long time. Often oil is rubbed into the skin, and the dark and natural color is obtained.

In their native state, if there is a river near by, elephants bathe daily and after leaving the water rub themselves against trees, which removes the dirt and give the skin a healthy appearance. Circus elephants never are treated in that way, and as a result they live and die with the growth of callous skin and dirt upon them and always look as if their hides were as tough and as hard as iron, which they are.—Exchange.

Diplomacy.

One day a gentleman was holding a conversation with his wife in the presence of their five-year-old son, and among other things mentioned was "diplomacy."

"Pa," said the youngster when a break in the conversation allowed him to interfere, "what does diplomacy mean?"

"Diplomacy, my son," said the father, "is this—doing exactly the right thing at exactly the right moment."

"Then I suppose I used diplomacy when I got out of the pantry yesterday, dad, did I?"

"What do you mean?" was the reply.

"Why," said the son, "I got into the back yard with that meat pie just at the moment ma caught the cat in the pantry and told you to drown her for thieving."—Pearson's Weekly.

Yawning.

Dr. Nageli of Tromso, Norway, says that yawning is one of the best of all breathing exercises. Says the doctor: The act of yawning puts into play all the breathing muscles of the thorax and the neck, and consequently it is a natural exercise, probably instituted by Providence for your welfare. Every good doctor should therefore advise his friends to yawn largely and to make a practice of "stretching" at every opportunity. There's no better exercise for the throat or the chest, and one good gape mouthed yawn is worth a dozen breathing bouts. It is one of the best cures for nasal and thoracic catarrh. Therefore, gentle reader, yawn aesthetically, if you can. Yawn proudly, yawn boldly, because it is good for you.

Once Was Enough.

While seated on the top of the stagecoach with the driver during a trip from Silverton to Ouray years ago a young easterner became exceedingly nervous. As they were traveling along a hillside, with a ravine several hundred feet deep within a couple of feet of the road, the young tenderfoot, suddenly turning to the driver, asked, "Do people fall over here very often?"

A broad grin spread over the driver's face as he rolled his wad of tobacco from one cheek to the other and, looking up, with a merry twinkle in his eye, exclaimed, "Naw; only once."

SPURIOUS COIN A LURE.

Psychology of Counterfeiting a Puzzle to the Authorities.

"Like the fly which lights on paper carefully smeared with molasses for his benefit, the man who lets his thoughts dwell upon 'queer' money is caught hard and fast unless he gets the idea out of his head as soon as it enters," said a secret service official. "It is funny, though, how the game attracts a man who is otherwise honest. The man who is attracted at first by the prospect of making money in this way argues that he is doing no wrong.

"He simply says to himself that he will make a few thousand dollars of spurious money and then shove it out in a safe way. He argues with himself that the money will be accepted by every one and that it really is the same as the money stamped as legal tender by the government and only the government will lose.

"He begins to read about counterfeiting, and the more he reads the easier the thing seems. Ten to one he has a taste for mechanics, and any man with a simple knowledge of metals, if he has the proper dies, can turn out a pretty fair representation of a dollar or other silver coin.

"Most of the old time counterfeiters have gone out of business or are serving terms in penitentiaries, and many of the spurious coins made at the present time are manufactured by men who are respected in the communities in which they live.

"Counterfeiting bank notes is more difficult than making spurious coins, but after a man has been successful with silver pieces he takes up the other and, with study and perseverance, can turn out a few bills. However, these makers of 'bad' money never last long. They are run to earth sooner or later. Then comes their realization of the crime they have been involved in. The government is a relentless enemy, and the punishment for making spurious money is severe, but the wrongdoers never realize this until they are fairly caught.

"Every man believes in his own heart that he is sharper and shrewder than his neighbor. When he reads stories of counterfeiters who flourished years ago he sees what blunders they made and how they came to be caught.

"'I can do better than that fellow did, and those dub detectives could never have caught me in the trap they laid for him,' is the way the amateur counterfeiter muses. He figures it all out to his own satisfaction, but he fails to give the men in Uncle Sam's service credit for any brains or originality of thought. He thinks that they work the same way on every case and that all he has to do is to observe the pitfalls that the other men fell into and be careful not to walk into them himself.

"This point settled, the deluded victim of the get-rich-quick craze has only a few more steps to take. The first thing that he does generally is to manufacture some homemade dies of plaster of paris. They are crude molds of silver pieces, and so our deluded friend experiments a little by pouring pure lead into these casts, and, to his surprise and delight, he turns out a few pieces of metal which bear a resemblance to money."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Got the First Blow.

An Irish horse owner whose horse had been prescribed for by a veterinary surgeon ran into the latter's office and, with tears in his eyes and his face the "picthur of bad luck," cried:

"Oh, Dr. Moriarity, I'm poorly! The powdher's kilt me entoirely!"

"The powder!" cried Dr. Moriarty. "Why, I didn't tell you to take the powder. I told you to place it in a paper tube and put one end of it in the horse's mouth and blow hard."

"Yes, sorr," said Pat. "I put the powdher in the chube, and I put the end of it in the horse's mouth, with the other end in my own; but, begorra, he blew first!"

Documentary Proof Required.

"I des run obah tuh ax you kin I borry er book fum yo' lib'ry. De one I want am call 'De Pilgrim Prog'ess,' an' I done seed hit heah las' dus'in' day. 'Tain' fo' mase'f, no'm—hit's dis-away: De Histo'cal Debatin' s'ci'ty done app'int mah daughtah's husban' tuh affuhm de queshun, 'Resolb', dat dah wuz quite er numbah ob cullud gemmen ermong de Pilgrin Fathahs.' He say de Plymouth Rock hen am been han'ed down tuh us f'um gen'ashun tuh gen'ashun az de livin' tes'munny dat dar wuz er mighty heavy sprinklin' ob black ermongst de w'ite, dat done mek up dat perceshun, but he rackon he gotter hab some docymans tuh proobe de case. Yassum."—Woman's Home Companion.

A Choice of Names.

"What is that new Spanish baby to be named?" asked Wikworth.

"I haven't heard yet whether he is to be called Alphonse Jean Maria Bobadil Herrera Castillio Farina Pollio del Grillo Miguel Jose Alcantara Manuelo Paragua Christofero Sancho Panza or Gonzales Gonsalvo Hernando Diego Filipe Huevos Bernardo Guglielmo Paredes San Salvador Los Paracios Bembo di Santiago y Saint Jago Fernendo La Punta Batabano Pinar del Rio, but whichever it is he'll have a hard time living up to it," said Dawson.—Harper's Weekly.

Farm and Garden

BLACK KNOT IN PLUMS.

More Light on the Failure of Plums In the East.

F. C. Sears of the Massachusetts agricultural college writes as follows about black knot in plums:

I have been interested in looking through the college orchard recently to notice the comparative susceptibility of the different varieties and classes of plums to black knot and in comparing present indications with past experience along the same lines.

The tree agent who sells plum trees which are warranted to be "knot

TREE WITH BLACK KNOT.

proof" is undoubtedly a nature fakir, but if he selects the right varieties among the Japanese he will come much nearer than usual to the truth. In two rows in the college orchard of twenty-two trees each, one of Red June and the other of Burbank, I found in a reasonably long search not a single specimen of black knot. And last year their record was almost equally clean. On trees in adjoining rows of Engelhart and Bradshaw, however, knots are all too abundant, though not nearly so bad as last season. They would probably average half a dozen knots to the tree this season, while last year the same trees yielded a couple of bushels of knots from the two rows.

While this is a little discouraging to the man who wants to grow the domestic plums, as everybody does who wants high quality, still it is surprising how little time is required to keep down this disease if it is taken in time and systematically handled. And it is equally surprising how badly a tree can be affected and still be recovered satisfactorily. A few years ago the writer undertook to revive some old trees which would ordinarily have been cut down and put on the brush heap. They were a mass of knots from top to bottom. We selected a time when the snow was on the ground so that the knots could be easily gathered up and cut out every vestige of the disease, though in some cases this left a pretty small proportion of the original tree. In removing a knot we cut at least six inches below it, so as to be sure and take out the roots of the disease. That year the trees made a big growth, often three or four feet, but a good many new knots also came out which were removed that autumn, the trees also receiving two thorough sprayings with bordeaux mixture during the summer.

The following two years we did nearly all our cutting in the summer and found it much more satisfactory in its results than cutting during the dormant season. To begin with, as the knots were removed as soon as they appeared we saved the crop of summer spores which would otherwise have spread the disease. Then, the knots being young and soft, we could frequently shave them off and thus save the branch on which they grew. Lastly, when it became necessary to cut out a branch altogether, in getting rid of a knot, the tree, being still in growth, would at once fill in the space thus made, so that by autumn it could hardly be seen.

This work was done in a section where the black knot flourishes like the proverbial green bay tree, yet we found it by no means a serious matter to rid these trees of the disease and keep them reasonably free. Three cuttings during the summer, with an autumn clearing up (after the leaves were off) of the knots which had escaped thus far, combined with three applications of bordeaux mixture, did the work. Our sprayings were applied one before the leaves opened, one after the blossoms fell and one about two weeks later. Lest some may think this a pretty serious programme, I may say that the summer cutting the third season took just four and one-half hours for an orchard of ninety trees.

A MILITARY MARTYR.

The Tragic Fate of the Drummer of Castine.

In 1779 the British built a fort commanding the bay of Castine and the little village of Pentagoet and called it Fort George. It was constructed with four bastions, marking the four points of the compass, and with an elaborate labyrinth of cells far underground, where the only light that ever illuminated the moldy walls was that shed feebly by a sentry's lantern. In the hollow square formed by the bastions the gibbet was erected on which Ball and Elliott were hanged a few years later. Soon after the fort was finished it was evacuated by the British, who did not again set foot within its frowning walls until September, 1814, when General Gasselin, with 3,500 men, came sailing in from Halifax and again took the town after a half hearted defense.

The invaders were not altogether unwelcome to the thrifty inhabitants of the Castine country, as they scattered the king's gold with a lavish hand and kept open port for the traders. But if they rewarded generously they also punished severely, and when for the second time Fort George was evacuated the following April the underground cells were full of prisoners, many of whom were redcoats awaiting sentence for breaches of military discipline. All the prisoners were released on the morning of the evacuation except a drummer, who was confined in a cell at the extreme end of the subterranean passage, and in the excitement of a hurried departure he was forgotten.

It must have been several hours before the silence, unbroken by the footfalls of the jailer or the songs and shouts of the other prisoners, made it plain to the doomed drummer that the fort was deserted. His drum had been left with him, and, seizing the sticks, he began to beat upon it furiously in the hope that some loiterer above might hear and come to his rescue. How many hours or how many days he drummed frantically away in the pitch darkness and gravelike silence of his living tomb can only be conjectured, but villagers passing near heard the muffled sound of ruffle and reveille, tattoo, assembly, charge and retreat and the regular beat for columns to march by. The superstitious country people ascribed the drumming to supernatural cause and gave the fort a wide berth. The strokes, becoming fainter and fainter, soon ceased altogether, and it was not until years afterward that the underground cells were accidentally explored and the skeleton of the drummer, still dressed in faded scarlet, was discovered lying by his moldering drum.

Long after the bastion walls crumbled and the site of the fort was almost obliterated with weeds and bushes the beating of a ghostly drum was said to haunt the place with its sound on each recurring 15th of April, but as the surrounding wood was the home of hundreds of woodpeckers the mystery was easily explained.—New York Press.

He Went Up One.

The teacher was giving a lesson in subtraction. It had taken the class some time to master the mysteries of addition, and in this rule she found them no less dull. Driven to desperation by the stupidity of their replies, she rashly promised three whole pennies to the child who gave her the smartest answer.

"Of course," she explained for the twentieth time, "you can only subtract things of the same name. For instance, you can't take eight marbles from sixteen years or four horses from seven pence."

A hand shot up at the back of the class, and the teacher broke off to inquire what was the matter.

"Please, miss," squeaked a small boy's voice, "can't you take three pennies from one purse then?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mary and the Kitten.

Little Mary was playing with her pet kitten. The kitten scratched her, and she exclaimed, "You is a darned old kitty!"

Her mother told her she must never utter such a naughty word again and to be sure to impress it on her mind washed her mouth out with soap and water.

The next day Mary was again playing with the kitten, and again trouble arose, when she was heard to remark:

"You is just the same kind of a kitten you was yesterday!"

Soothing.

"I wouldn't fight, my good men!" said the peacemaker.

"But he called me a thief, sir!" exclaimed one of the combatants.

"And he called me a lazy loafer!" cried the other.

"Well," said the peacemaker serenely, "I wouldn't fight over a difference of opinion. You both may be right."

Popular Excursion to Richmond, Va., Sept. 15th, 1908.

Southern Railway will operate its popular excursion to Richmond, Va., September 15th, train to consist of first class day coaches and Pullman cars, giving two days and one night in Richmond. Following round trip from Salisbury, N. C., $4.50. For detailed information see large, flyers or call on your depot agent.

R. L. VERNON,
tf Trav. Pass. Agent.

A DRAMATIC CLIMAX.

It Didn't Come In Just the Way It Had Been Planned.

Her great-great-grandmother had been an actress and practiced dramatic situations. The old lady had also practiced walking home when the company stranded. The histrionic talent had therefore come down to Clara de Vere in a legitimate way.

Graduation day was at hand, and she determined to take a dramatic advantage of the occasion. She studied and thought and planned, and at length she hit it. Paul Rossmore, the clerk in the music store at $10 per week, would be there and have a front seat, and at the critical moment he would spring upon the stage and—

Her essay was announced at last, and she appeared. She was a vision in white. Never had she looked more lovely. Never had she seemed to have more nerve—not a halt nor a tremor as she came forward and faced that large and enthusiastic audience. In a loud, clear voice she began. In a voice without a sign of timidity in it she read her essay almost to the last line, and then she wavered, stumbled, lost her presence of mind and seemed about to faint.

The audience began to applaud to encourage her, but it was too late. She swayed, tottered about and threw her Paul his cue and was about to sink to the floor when a man sprang upon the stage and clasped her in his strong arms and whispered in her ear to be brave. It was not her Paul. He was still sitting there like a bump on a log. He was a one horse grocer named Hogg. He was fifty years old and had red whiskers and a bald head.

With a shriek of despair Miss Clara twisted herself out of his arms, called him an idiot and fled behind the curtain. The dramatic situation had been knocked into a cocked hat, and never again—never more on this earth—would she speak to the young man who hadn't got his wits and his legs united soon enough to play the hero to her heroine and end the graduation exercises with red and green fire and women fainting away all over the hall.—Joe Kerr in St. Louis Republic.

Giant Cranes' Minuet.

Australia, the land of oddities, animal, vegetable and mineral, has few more curious creatures than the giant cranes—often five and six feet in height, with beautiful blue gray plumage, which are called native companions. These huge birds mate for life and as mates are singularly and touchingly devoted to one another. Among their practices that of dancing together is the most remarkable. To and fro and up and down, beneath a scraggy tree near a creek or water hole, a pair of these curious birds may be seen in the hour of dawn footing it gravely in a sort of grotesque minuet. There is a strange sort of angularity about all their movements, but withal a certain grace, bizarre and notable. Curious stories are told of the wonderful human-like devotion one to another which is sometimes shown by these great cranes.—St. James' Gazette.

His Alternative.

It is best to keep one's personal dignity at whatever cost. A befitting sense of what is due one never comes amiss, even within prison precincts. This truth was appreciated by an Irishman whose expression of it is quoted by Michael MacDonagh in "Irish Life and Character." The prisoner, refractory and obstinate, flatly refused to work in the treadmill.

The man was brought before the governor of the prison for disobedience. The governor asked him what reason he could give for not following out his orders.

"Me go on the treadmill!" exclaimed the prisoner, drawing himself up to his full height of offended dignity. "Never, sir! I'd rather lave the jail first!"

Obliging.

A middle aged farmer accosted a serious faced youth in London the other day.

"Young man," he said, plucking his sleeve, "I want to go to Hyde park."

The youth seemed lost in consideration for a moment.

"Well," he said finally, "you may go just this once, but I don't want you ever to ask me again."—Pick-Me-Up.

Still Running.

Edwin, aged four, owned a picture book in which a fierce looking cow was running after a small boy. He looked at it a long time; then, carefully closing the book, he laid it away. A few days later he got the book again and turned to the picture. Bringing his chubby fist down on the cow, he exclaimed in a tone of triumph, "She ain't caught him yet!"

A Fine Lot of Potatoes.

We are indebted to our good friend M. B. Rufty, of Craven, for a lot of fine sweet potatoes. These potatoes were raised by Mr. Ruty and are very large and sweet and are known as the yellow yam. Mr. Rufty has a large crop this year and those wishing something real nice would do well to see Mr. Rufty.

COMES OUT FOR BRYAN.

Republican Elector Repudiates Taft on Account of His Being a Unitarian.

Danville, Va, August 15.—(Special).—Captain William P. Robinson, who for thirty years has been a leader in the Republican party here, and is the Presidential elector for the Fifth District, came out in a letter today repudiating Taft and announcing his intention of supporting Bryan. Captain Robinson gives as his reason for leaving the party that Taft is a Unitarian.

He says, "All the money in the world could not induce me to vote for a man who does not believe in Jesus Christ."

He speaks of Bryan as a Christian gentleman and appeals to all Christians to support the Commoner.

Captain Robinson was prominently mentioned for the postmastership here. He was the leader of that faction of the party called the "lily white," and was instrumental in having the "anti-lily white" delegates seated at the Chicago convention.—The News, Lynchburg, Va., Aug. 16th.

Did His Mind Wander.

When R. W. Lemmond went to dress for church last Sunday morning he found that a mean thief had stolen his Sunday pants and his Sunday shoes. Mr. Lemmond went to church, although his Sunday breeches had been stolen, and in so doing he is to be commended, but we venture the assertion that his mind wandered during the sermon off of sacred things and to that thieving cuss who had stolen his Sunday clothes.—Monroe Enquirer.

A Sure-enough Knocker.

J. C. Goodwin, of Reidsville, N. C., says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve is a sure-enough knocker for ulcers. A bad one came on my leg last winter, but that wonderful salve knocked it out in a few rounds. Not even a scar remained." Guaranteed for piles, sores, burns, etc. 25c. at all Druggists.

Announcement.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the will of the people at the polls at the November election. If elected I will serve the public to my best ability. J. CALVIN LINGLE
8-5-11t Faith, N. C.

Land Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Superior Court of Rowan County rendered in the special proceeding entitled: "Jas. A. Ritchie, Admr. of Peter A. Ritchie, et al vs. Wiley W. Ritchie, Daniel Peeler, Mary Peeler, W. Ernest Ritchie and others," authorizing, empowering and directing the undersigned, as commissioner and administrator to expose to public sale the land hereinafter described, at the Court House in the city of Salisbury, the undersigned will, on

Monday, October the 5th, 1908,

at 12 o'clock m, sell to the highest bidder, for cash, at the Court House door in the city of Salisbury, the following described real estate, lying and being near Gay's chapel, in Franklin township, 7 miles from Salisbury, county of Rowan and bounded as follows:

Beginning at a hickory 110 chairs south of the beginning corner (a post oak) of the 104-acre tract in the subdivision of the Hillary Elliott estate, and running N. 85 W., 59 50 chains to a white oak; thence S. 2¾ west, 15 30 chains to a post oak; thence south 88 east, 7.75 chaies to a maple in the branch; thence south 3 west, 18.26 chains to a black oak; thence north 79½ east, 24.57 chains to a hickory; thence north 54 east, 5 50 chains to a dog wood; thence south 71 east, 7 50 chains to a pine, dower corner; thence south 28 east, 10 chains to a pine; thence north 41¾ east, 20.50 chains to the beginning, containing 132 acres more or less, deed for which is registered in Book 72 page 270 in the Register's office of Rowa county.

This is a valuable tract of land in a good neighborhood, and title to the same is perfect and whoever buys will get a court deed. The sale will be left over 10 days for a 10 per cent. bid, and the purchaser will be required to pay 10 per cent. of the purchase money on day of sale. This August 29, 1908.

JAMES A. RITCHIE, Admr. and Comr.,
rural route No. 3, Salisbury, N. C.
R LEE WRIGHT, Att'y.

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Seedsmen, : Richmond, Va.

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This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing Hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this popular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds; it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help.

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Notice to Creditors.

All persons having claims against Ellen C. Lentz, late deceased, are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned executtrix of the last will and testament of the said Ellen C. Lentz, on or before the 4th day of September, 1909, or, else, be barred from participating in the distribution of the assets of her estate.

This 1st day of September, 1908.

ROXIE ALICE WEST,
executrix.
Burton Craige, attorney. 9-2 6t

Executor's Notice.

Having qualified as executor of the estate of P. Clementine Brady, diseased, late of Rowan County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said diseased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Gold Hill, N. C., on or before the 29th day of August, 1909, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate will please made immediate payment.

Dated this August 26th, 1908.

WILLIAM H. EARNHARDT,
WALTER H. WOODSON, executor,
6t-pd attorney.