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CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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BIBLE HAS LONG HISTORY.

That Used in the Supreme Court Probably the Oldest Connected With the Government.

It is a tiny little book, only five and one-half inches long and three and one-half inches wide. It is bound in bright red Morocco leather, with the word "Bible" printed in dimutive gold letters on the back. But one does not see that red Morocco cover unless he removes the little black leather slip which protects it.

Long ago the little red Bible began to show wear, and then the black leather slip was made to protect—so long ago, in fact, that 15 of those covers, made to protect the venerated little volume, were worn out in the service. It is without doubt one of the oldest Bibles, if not the very oldest Bible connected with the Government, and is certainly the most historical.

It is the book upon which since 1800 every chief justice—with the single exception of Chief Justice Chase—and every member of the Supreme court has taken the oath of allegiance when accepting his appointment to our highest tribunal. More than that, every attorney who has practiced before the Supreme court since that date—1800—has pledged his allegiance over the little volume. All, with one exception also, and that exception was Daniel Webster.

It is told even yet of the Supreme court of that day that Mr. Webster's fame as an orator had so proceeded him on the occasion when he came to argue his first case before the court the clerk, Mr. Caldwell, in his eagerness to hear the great speaker, forgot to administer the oath.—Christian Herald.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

READY FOR HIM. A conductor stumbled twice over the foot of a small boy. Looking back at the mother, the conductor said: "Some people seem to have very awkward children." "Yes," said the mother; "I was just thinking your mother had one."

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FOR FROST BITES AND CHAPPED SKIN For frost bites, ears, fingers and toes, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, cold sores, red and rough skins, there is nothing so equal to Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Stops the pain at once and heals quickly. In every home there should be a box handy all the time. Best remedy for all skin diseases, itching eczema, nettle rash, piles, etc. All druggists or by mail.

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A CENTURY HENCE "And will you be mine, Helene?" "Yes, Horace!" In a transport of joy he seizes the hand of the young girl and shakes it. To be sure hand-shaking by the best medical authority, but what has such a tumultuous love as theirs to do with considerations?

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

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No Alum—No Lime Phosphates

THE FRIENDS HE LOVED OF OLD.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

I reckon that I'm gittin' old and gimpse my time to go. When the summer's full of sadness an' I sigh to see the snow; I'm like a ship, storm-driven, where the sailors long for shore When I think of friends who loved me and are here to love no more!

When the winter fire's blazin' an' I'm in the old armchair In dreams they come to see me, and I'm but a dreamer there. The children play around me—my withered hands they hold— They know that I'm a dreamin' of the friends I loved of old.

The chimney corner is my world—I love the friendly gleams Of the firelight when I'm driftin' to the old times in my dreams; The new friends seem like strangers, and unil Life's story's told I'll clasp hands with the old friends I loved in days of old.

UNCLE SHADRACH COMES INTO HIS OWN.

BY HOWARD BANKS.

The following won second prize in 1905, in a competition between members of the Philadelphia Record staff for the best Christmas story:

"A white Chris'mus tomorrer!" said Uncle Shadrach Davidson, as he shuffled out of his cabin door into inch-deep snow, which had fallen during the night. "I lowed dem lead-cullud clouds dat blowed yestiddy ev'nin' had snow in 'em."

It was even so. A mantle of immaculate white wrapped the broad Catawba-washed acres of the Davidson plantation in Southern Mecklenburg near where the county touches the South Carolina border.

"Hit mus' be nigh on t' 5 o'clock—time for me to be gittin' up to de Big White House ter buil' Marse Polk a fier," continued the old negro. Stopping suddenly, ere he reached his gate, he cried out in soft, sympathetic tones, as he would use in comforting a child with a cut finger:

"Well, now ef dis an' too bad!" He proceeded to shake the snow from the petals of a blood-colored Jacqueminot that had been a blossom for several days past in too great trust to a late autumn's beguiling.

"Jack Fros' is de wolf what's kill my po' w'nt Red Ridin' hood rose," he went on, lifting the sluice-gates of sympathy in his fathomless, big heart. "Tain't safe fer small chillun to stray away from home, ner fer roses to keep on bloomin' 'a' ter de las' o' November."

"But dis same snow dat makes a shroud for my lag behin' flowers will furnish de young folks wid fine sleddin' an' snow-ballsin'," the old man soliloquized, with optimistic philosophy. "Dis col' raw mornin' air, howsomever, cert'n'y does cut into dis ole nigger's bones like a sword. Hit ain' doin' dis rheumatism no good. Eighty-fo' year ol' come dis nex' Febwuary, 'cordin' es it's set down in Marse Polk's big Bible. Shadrach Davidson won't be in dese low grounds o' sorer to ketch ole Marster Chris'mus gif' a year from tomorrer."

Pausing in his soliloquy, the venerable servant lifted his eyes heavenward. In the rifling snow-clouds just beginning to clear away, a single brilliant star gleamed in the Southern skies immediately over the crest of Kin's Mountain, whose high-heaving outlines were beginning to be visible in the gray of dawn.

The combination of lightwood knots and hickory logs soon had a roaring fire spanning the big brass andirons in Col. J. K. Polk Davidson's room.

"Mornin' Marse Polk, mornin', suh!" said his aged valet as, rising from his knees he perceived that his master was awake. "Hit snowed last night, suh, an' we will have a white Chris'mus tomorrer. Why what's de matter wid you, Marse Polk?"

A sudden leaping of the flames on the hearth, making it lighter in the yet dark room, revealed a strange look of suffering and worry on the old master's face.

"I have a dread of tomorrow, Shadrach, in spite of its being Christmas, and a white Christmas, too. It is because of what I have seen in a dream this past night."

"Marse Polk, you're gwine on 79 year o' an' dreams ain' never give you no onesness befo' is dey?"

"Who is the richest man in Mecklenburg county, Shadrach?" "Why you is suh, ov co'se, but what's dat got to do wid dis vision?"

"A good deal, old friend, a good deal. But say, Shadrach, Bob Blackwood has made big money buyin' cotton in his day, and Tom Brown does de biggest mercantile business in Piedmont North Carolina."

"But dey ain't none o' dem Charlit fo'ks got de money you is, suh. Ef you're been dreamin' 'bout de riches' man in de county, I'm mighty feared you've been dreamin' 'bout yousse'."

"Listen, Shadrach. I seemed to see ghostly, invisible hands removing the hanging holly of the holiday season, and in its stead they tied funeral crepe to a door knob. Then I knew that somebody was dead on Christmas day. Thereupon a coffin came before my vision, and along its side, in fiery letters, was this inscription: 'The richest man in Mecklenburg!'"

"I ain't no prophet, Marse Polk," the servant broke in as the old planter concluded. "I ain' nothin' but a po' preacher ov de African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church. It ain' fer me to say if dis is de han' writin' on de wall fer you, suh. You don' look po'ly, like you was goun' to be seized, sudden like. You ain't got no misery in your hair, is you, Marse Polk?"

"No, I feel as well as I did yesterday, save for de bad night this dream has given me."

"Ner no survirgerous gnawin' in yo' vitals, nowher?"

"No."

"Deys' some es says dream goes by contraries, but if you'll excuse de like o' me fer de liberty I takes in axin' de question, Marse Polk, if dis dream is to come true as meannin' you is—you ready for a sudden summons, suh?"

The old man turned his head the other way on the pillow.

"I fear not, Shadrach," he answered at last, sadly. "My chances of heaven are not as good as yours. But listen. I may be foolish. It may be in my dotage, but anyhow have one of the farm hands ride to Charlotte before day-break tomorrow and tell Dr. Joseph Graham that Polk Davidson wants him. And you, Shadrach, will sleep on the cor here in my room this Christmas eve. I have a presentment that this dream will be fulfilled, as was the one I dreamed on the second day of the fighting at Gettysburg when my boy died on the slope of Cemetery Hill."

It was the servant, however, not the master, who needed the physician's services on Christmas morning. Paralysis shot its benumbing shah into the former slave's weakened body. The master made his own fire Christmas morning.

"Do all you can for my valet, Graham," he said. "But the doctor shook his head.

"He'll not live out the day," was the result of the diagnosis. "He appears to have weakened himself by overtaxing his strength in his advanced age."

"Have you over-exerted yourself lately, Shadrach," the planter inquired as the physician drove away.

"I hauled a load o' wood out o' dat lowance o' my own, suh, to de widder Clayton's down in de bend of de river. Dat triflin' boy o' hers was on a spree an' chopped a couple o' sticks er so, an' dere wern't no fier in her house, I ain't never been quite the same

man sence, Marse Polk. We'll say no mo' 'bout dat, howsomever, but lem me ax you dis? Wid me de sick man an' you well, dis Chris'mus day, what comes ov de fulfillmen o' yo' dream, Marse Polk?"

"Shady"—the master used the word that was long years ago his endearing name for his little slave-playmate—"it must be that you are the richest man in the county. In the selfishness that has too much characterized my life we buried his mother and him. I concluded that I was the doomed rich man of my dream. But the doctor says you can't live through the day, Shady, and you have riches that I know nothing of. You have laid up treasure where it counts—where the Good Book says the moths and the thieves can't touch it."

"It ain't very becomin' in me to say it, Li'l Marster"—that used to be Shadrach's name for his white playmate—"but some such idee as dat was runnin' throo my own head. 'Cept fer leavin' you, I ain' sorry I'm goin' to die. Do you min' dat god pen de ol' missis, your mother, give fer sayin' de shorter catchism widout missin' nothin' de day you was 12 years old? Ef you can lay yo' han' on it, I wishi you'd get it, Marse Polk."

"And now, Li'l Marster, will you copy on a piece o' paper out o' yo' ol' fam'ly Bible—John's Gospel, de sixteenth verse frum de third chapter?"

In a hand that trembled with age and grief combined, the old planter scrawled with his pen in gold: "God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

"Now sign my name to dat, Marse Polk, an' when you makes my mark lemme tech de pen. One han' ain' paralyzed yet. Thank you, suh. Dat's my deed to my property to a inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and dat fadeeth not away."

The voice of the servant grew feeble. Seeing his lips moving the master bent over the cot and caught the words: "Everlastin' life fer a Chris'mus gif'!"

The firelight flickered weirdly in the twilight of that Christmas day on the corpse of the aged slave and on the form of the millionaire master that knelt beside it as he prayed: "God, be merciful to me, a pauper!"

Worms the Cause of Your Child's Pains

A foul, disagreeable breath, dark circles around the eyes, at times feverish, with great thirst, cheeks flushed and then pale, abdomen swollen with sharp stinging pains are all indications of worms. Don't let your child suffer—Kickapoo Worm Killer will give sure relief—it kills the worms—while its laxative effect adds greatly to the health of your child by removing the dangerous and disagreeable effect of worms and parasites from the system. Kickapoo Worm Killer as a health promoter should be in every household. Perfectly safe. Buy a box today. Price 25c. All druggists or by mail.

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SPIERS BROS. WELDON, N. C.

Constipation, if Neglected, Causes Serious Illness

Constipation, if neglected, leads to almost innumerable complications affecting the general health. Many cases of typhoid fever, appendicitis and other severe diseases are traceable to prolonged clogging of the bowels. Regarding the effects of constipation, C. E. Ayer, of Sabin, Mass., writes: "I was afflicted with constipation and biliousness for years, and at times became so bad I would become unconscious. I have been found in that condition many times. Physicians did not seem to be able to do me any good. I would become weak and for days at a time could do no work. Not long ago I got a box of Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets, and after using them found I had never tried anything that acted in such a mild and effective manner. I believe I have at last found the remedy that suits my case."

Thousands of people are sufferers from habitual constipation, and while possibly realizing something of the danger of this condition, yet neglect too long to employ proper curative measures until serious illness often results. The advice of all physicians is, "keep your bowels clean," and it's good advice.

Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets are sold by all druggists, at 25 cents a box containing 25 doses. If not found satisfactory, your money is returned.

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