

Many Thanks

When it was said to the woman: "In sorrow shall thou bring forth children," that a perpetual curse was pronounced, but the thrill of joy felt by every Mother when she clasps to her heart her babe proves the contrary. True, dangers lurk in the pathway of the Expectant Mother and should be avoided.

"Mother's Friend"

So prepares the system for the change taking place that the final hour is robbed of all danger and pain. Its use insures safety to the life of both Mother and child, and makes childbirth easy and recovery more rapid.

The British Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

O WELL WOULD SOUTHLAND.

Lud of the South! One wandering child That on thy mother breast hath lain Dreams slightly of thy kisses mild And longs for them again.

Sweet were the mornings, dear the days In that past time, now long gone by And that the softening evening rays Shrouded on the tree for a cry.

High in the air the night hawk wheeled, The fox barked shrilly from the hill, And sounded from the dusky field The plaintive whippoorwill.

Magnolia nodded each to each, As better for the night air abroad And smiled up at the towering beech That shadowed o'er the road.

The brown owl swooped on drearily Above the clump of hazel logs, The corn to acres raised cheerily Beneath the sailing moon.

O land of land! Where ever burst The fires of youth! Tough stricken sore By wounds of war, thou dost not turn The stranger from thy door.

Still givest thou with open hand, To all that ask, True to thyself Thou countest charity, oh land.

Peaceful at home, O thy broad brow Shines untroubled, All the raging chaos With which thy fierce sons battled, now Are dead with the dead years.

Thou mournest still, but not in wrath, For all the bright blood that has soiled, And thy white sun-kissed rapier has been shivered to the hilt.

Happier are they who still may be Within the sound of thy sweet voice, Mid slumberous airs of Arcady, For in the world's wide way, O well would Southland! Memory brings Thy greening fields, thy graving tombs.

Where through the night the mocker sings And deep the timbers boom. —Chicago Times-Herald.

SUNDAY SELECTIONS.

—Religion doesn't make a man impotent or selfish or envious or unfair or discourteous—It is the lack of religion. He who is unwilling to treat his fellow man with kindness and fairness is not a child of God. It matters not what pretensions he may make.

—There is nothing more hardening to the soul than the failure to translate pity into action. Christ's pity was practical. We are told that he had compassion on the hungry multitude, and the immediate result of it was that he fed them.

—Contemplate the love of Christ and you will love. Stand before that mirror, reflect Christ's character, and you will be changed into the same image from tenderness to tenderness. There is no other way. You cannot love to order. You can only love to love. Object and fall in love with it and grow into likeness to it. And so look at this perfect character, this perfect life. Look at the great sacrifice as he laid down Himself, all through life and upon the cross of Calvary, and you must love Him. And loving Him you must become like Him.

—A praying man usually hears good sermons, while he who does not pray is never satisfied. A true preacher aims, by his pulpit deliveries, to minister to the soul-needs of men. The more he has decreased business affairs, read political tirades and heard of social reform during the entire week, and they need something more than literature, social or political economy. The praying man knows what he needs. He has tested his soul before he left home, and he knows the weak places. He is hungry, he is thirsty. The soil of his heart is prepared for the seed that ready, young people, for the sermon and for you. —St. Louis Advocate.

"Saved Her Life."

MR. JOHN WALKER, of Jefferson, Wis., when his wife was nearly dead, was told by a friend to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He did so, and she was completely restored to health.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The only medicine that will cure all the ailments of the blood.

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The Weekly Star.

Mary was a naughty girl. Her mother lost the key one day. She looked for the key everywhere. She searched the kitchen floor. She searched the room under the bed. She searched the room under the chair. And then the key was found.

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Cotton,

like every other crop, needs nourishment. A fertilizer containing nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and not less than 3% of actual

Potash,

will increase the crop and improve the land. Our books tell all about the subject. They are free to any farmer.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, at Nassau St., New York.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

FOR SALE—Four new cars, one of them a Buick, one a Ford, one a Packard, one a Studebaker. All in excellent condition. Price \$1,000.00. Apply to J. W. Murchison, 112 Market St., Wilmington, N. C.

FOR SALE—A fine house on the corner of 1st and 2nd Sts., Wilmington, N. C. Price \$5,000.00. Apply to J. W. Murchison, 112 Market St., Wilmington, N. C.

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SPIRITS TURPENTINE.

—Winston Sentinel: Wednesday night, on the excursion from Greensboro to Mt. Airy, Joe Hanes cut Len Hemons' throat, and stabbed him in the back, and some unknown party shot Joe Hanes in the back. The parties were brought to Walnut Cove, where the wounds were dressed. Both parties are in a bad condition. Both parties live in Mt. Airy and fell out over a plot of liquor.

IMPALING HER BONNET.

They were talking of the variety of queer little incidents which the streets of New York have to offer for the daily entertainment of the idle but observing pedestrian. "Why, it's a regular continuous performance, if you only keep your eyes open and look about you," concluded the man whose fund of "reminiscences," had made him eminently the star narrator of the party. "Indeed I believe you," remarked the little woman in the corner, who up to that point had contented herself with listening to the stories of the others. "I believe you, because I was in one act of it myself the other day on Twenty-third street. I assure you that I am not particularly proud of the part I played, but, then, I did it purely from necessity, not choice."

"When I started out to shop that afternoon, the sky was perfectly clear, but in about an hour it came on to rain very suddenly, and I was caught without an umbrella. I had a new bonnet on, too—one of those tiny things, you know, made mostly of jet and lace, and barely resting on the top of my head. It didn't even have strings to hold it on. Well, I was hurrying along as fast as possible, my sole idea being to get that bonnet under the sheltering roof of the nearest store, when, happening to glance a little distance ahead of me, I saw something which fairly paralyzed me with astonishment. I stood still for a moment, unwilling to believe my eyes. But there was no mistake. There was my cherished bonnet, which I had believed to be perched securely upon the top of my head, dangling from the rib of a man's umbrella, several yards away. Worst of all, the owner of the umbrella, blissfully unconscious of his ridiculous 'catch,' was striding rapidly along through the rain, increasing at every step the distance between me and my ill-fated property. There was only one thing to be done, and it was clear to me that it must be done quickly too. I stepped up my skirts, I ran after that man at top speed. I must have been an impressive object, in my bedraggled and hatless condition, but I had no time to think of that. When I finally reached him, I caught at his sleeve and managed to gasp out: "Oh, sir, excuse me, but you've got my bonnet!"

"He turned, and, judging from the expression on his face, I imagine he was quite as surprised as I. He had a minute or two before me. He was a dignified old gentleman, with kind looking blue eyes. "Your bonnet, madam? I—have your—your—bonnet?" he repeated slowly, emphasizing each word, as if to make sure that he had heard me right. "It's caught on your umbrella," I explained, feeling my face get redder every moment. "You must have picked it right up from my head as you passed me, but I never felt it at all."

"By this time we were both laughing heartily over the absurdity of the affair, but I can tell you it will be a lesson to me. Never again will I go out until I have fastened my hat securely to my head by every means known to women."—New York Tribune.

—Charlotte Observer: Mr. John A. Newell, of Newell's Station, who was here yesterday, says that since the recent rains the farmers have sowed a good deal of wheat and oats. All along the road to Charlotte he saw wheat sowing in progress. It is a little late, but the farmers are determined to take chances and sow all the wheat and oats possible. If the weather holds good, Mr. Newell says this work will be kept up until Christmas. Mr. Robert Wallace, of Eastfield, who was in the city yesterday, reports that the farmers in his section have sowed a larger acreage in wheat than has yet been known.

—Linotypeur Abernethy, who set in to eat 30 partridges in 30 days, last night stopped, long enough to dispose of the 27th bird and then resumed work. Everybody in the shop who didn't think he could do it is trying to hedge, but there doesn't seem to be any way out of it for them. Monday night the contest, if such it can be called, closes.

—Proofs of Genius: "Stubbs has written a popular novel. I didn't know he was so clever." "He has done better than that; he has married a rich widow."

—Country Merchants: You will find it to your interest to ship your Produce, Flour, Eggs, etc., to J. W. Murchison, 112 Market St., Wilmington, N. C. Phone 300. See 31 st.

—As special the Atlantic Tea Co. will sell this week the best Old Government Java for 50c, and the best Laguayra Coffee for 50c per pound. Call and see them at 618 North Fourth street. See 31 st.

—Wanted: A Good Established House—High Grade Woman, good Church standing, willing to leave her home, and take care of a man and a child. Salary \$100.00. Exclusive sell dressed stamped envelope to A. J. Elder, General Manager, care Daily Star. See 31 st.

—Always Reliable: The best and freshest goods at lowest market prices. Cabbages, Apples, Butter, Bananas, Cracked Corn, Lemons, Potatoes, etc. Dealers will find it to their advantage to call my prices before placing their order. A. S. Winesap, 115 Second street. Phone 300. See 31 st.

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THE MALAY'S SNAKE.

One hot morning in June we anchored off Bahia. From the steamer I watched the fish in the drifting gulf weed, not noticing a sea hatter hanging near me till a small shark the ship and my head struck the bucket and dashed the tar all over my white duck suit.

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