THE HAUNTED DRAWBRIDGE

By Dr. Richard Dillard

(Written especially for The News and Observer.)

morning, on the old mail stage-coach which I have seen in old books; no from Raymond to Wanona, and on to I believe it was more like the Vikings the Yosemite Valley, in the Sierra ships, for its prow was like the head Nevada mountains of California. Mine of some sea monster, with mouth wide host of the Hotel Raymond had given open and tongue protruding, a veritus that morning for breakfast, moun-able Gorgon's head, and the stern tain quail, buckwheats with prairie terminated in a spiral curl, like a sage honey, and buttermilk, all of great sea serpent's tail, and it was them the native products of his own fairly loaded with phantoms wildly ranch. He had hardly collected for the beckoning me on. While all this was meal, when the stage-coach, drawn by going on, I could plainly see the four spanking bays, came rattling bridgeman beyond frantically waving down the mountain with a great flourish of trumpets, amid the crack of dently he was entirely unconscious of the driver's whip, and the barking of the horror then before my eyes. My a pack of hounds. It was a novel ex- fireman said he could see nothing, and perience to me, as well as to the other that to him the bridge appeared all passengers, who were also from the right. The passengers became rest-East, and we were eager for the start. less, (now mind you, the apparition

there was the usual bustle of opening they thought, the bridge all right. and slamming doors, boys running were very abusive because I would not here and there with great armfuls of proceed, but I was obdurate; I debaggage, porters obsequiously strap- termined not to trust their eyes, nor ping great trunks on behind, and pas- the bridgeman's signals until I was sengers climbing nervously into the convinced myself that the draw was stage; people and parcels were com- actually closed, and there I held my ing from everywhere, the driver busied ground until the ship passed through, himself adjusting the harness, and and the draw was closed, amid inpetting his horses, chafing with eager- vectives of unreasonable passengers ness to go, while the village people and scolding women. The bridgeman stood around gapping and ogling the sent telegram after telegram to the strange looking passengers; the maid train dispatcher, and I was ordered to alone was serene as she stood out proceed, but I would not. Was I not front in her spotless apron with a right to have stopped my train? And bucket of water in each hand, quietly who can predict what might have smiling on the scene, for this confu- happened if I had recklessly gone on? it's the train going South from Richeion was kept up, week in and week I was two hours late when I rolled out, every day in the year. The sub- into Charleston the next day, and limity and beauty of the Yosemite Val- every train on the track had been ley has no counterpart on earth, and thrown out of its schedule that night. bye!" people from every part of the globe are attracted thither; they are cosmo- story, and ordered me never to re-

I was prepared for the grandeur and picturesqueness of the trip which lay before us, so, after all the passengers had been comfortably seated inside the stage, quietly tipping the driver, I mounted to the boot with him, and as I did so, our host, with his usual good humor, remarked, "I see, Sir, you are about to change stand you." I replied. "Why, you are going on the stage!" was the witty re-joinder. This brought a merry allround laugh-a crack of the whip, and we were off and gone. A seat with the driver possesses the coin of vantage on such a trip, you miss nothing of the scenery, or sunshine, or conversation of the driver. Those Sierra Nevada teamsters, besides be-ing the most daring and expert drivers in the world, are very intelligent tree, and flower along the road; they glancous leaves of the all-healing ledge where gold is found, all the traditions of the country, and stagecoach tragedies galore, of daring hold: ups, and Indian surprise; they know the name, age and color of all the three hundred and fifty horses on their route of seventy-five miles, and flirt with all the girls at the relay stations; indeed, they are as a class

among the best informed of men. I was just congratulating myself upon my favored position, and the freedom from the continuous jabber and vulgarities of ordinary stagecoach passengers, flavored with the odor of bad cigars, always a hindrance to the enjoyment of scenery, ing rapidly changed, a nervous little man with spectacles, closely trimmed beard and a grey cap, got out of the stage, and, much to my disgust, climbed up on top beside me. I said nothing to him for several miles. quietly absorbing the scenery, watching innumerable squirrels scampering up the mountain side, and oblivious to everything save the pret me. He plied me in va the commonplace topics of lay: he ran the whole gamut o stage-

coach stories of the West finally his importunacy was triumphant, and like the Ancient Mariner's wedding guest "I could not choose but hear."
The Traveler's Story. "Did you know," said he, "that there are railroad ghosts as orthodox as those ever seen in graveyards, and haunted houses, and that where peo-ple are killed by ratiroad accidents. their ghosts haunt the track at that particular point?" I have known enat night to keep from running over what they supposed to be a man, but which was nothing more than the ground under their wheels, like the car of Juggernaut. I have seen the whole track rise up before me in the air like a mirage, so that I could not tell where I was: I once drove an engine that had killed ten men, and many a night have I seen balls of bluish fire all over the wheels, and as many times have I stopped, thinking I had a hot box, or that the packing was on fire. I have seen red lights waved, and phantoms dancing on the track in the moonlight, to suddenly dart under my engine as we reached the spot. These are experiences common to all locomotive engineers, but let me tell you a circumstance, which I will never understand, and which has deprived me of my situation on that road. I was an engineer on the limited express from W. to Charleston, and made but three stops. We had to cross every night a drawbridge over a very deep river, where. the summer before, a terrible wreck had occurred, killing seventy-five people. It was one of those silvery crystalline nights early in December, when the full moon throws all its glory, and softness over the landscape, the air was liquid, and the dense pine forests on each side of the seemed enchanted, like the Grove of Daphne, as we thundered along over the frozen road-bed. Just before I caught sight of the bridge signal. I felt a péculiar, blinding, dizzy sensation pass over me. as I had never experienced before, nor since, and I at once interpreted it as a pre-

closely myself, as I always do to veri-

ly a signal, to my horror, the draw-

the impending danger to my train, I

reversed the engine, applied the emer-

I was a passenger, one fine October; of the Spanish Armada, pictures of The departure of the Yosemite had control of that bridge at least a book!

stage was the event of the day, and half an hour), got out, and finding as The officials merely hooted at my peat such a dangerous farce again.

a cocaine fiend, another said it was your profession." "I do not under- a surious pervertion of eyesight, while mis for ers"—nothing doing. He loading manure with long corn staks whiskey. I give the characters others learnedly argued it was temporary insanity, and likely to recur again at any moment; each one was equally conceited and dogmatic in asserting his opinion, at any rate, I lost that the Bureau of Labor and Printing a corn and cob crusher with which my position forever." Shaking from head to foot, my friend continued, "Let me tell you the worst of this terrible experience --." Just then the hotel at Wawona, (meaning in the Indian Inguage, "big trees,") came in sight, and the driver, taking telephone, but the Central office was trying to make a thresher that will guides; they know every plant, and out his long horn, blew a blast which seemed to cleave the hills apart, and can point you to the chaparral where we rattled down the mountain side. you may cut a coveted manzanita and reined up before the hotel. I walking-cane, or gather the thick was truly glad to be rid of my lugu- to that of the State printer. There to have had a chance to see these mathe same time for missing so much

Strange to say, two nights after that

of the beautiful scenery. I laid over at Wawona, and took der to miss that party. The next day asked who it might be who was sup-I found out that my friend was a posed to possess telephone "305." lunatic in charge of some men, who rode ir ide the stage, and who had enjoyed to the uttermost my discom-

Many years have passed since then, but I shall never forget that stage ride of seventy-five miles into the Yosemite Valley; I can see the picture as I saw it then,-mountain range after mountain range in blue perspective, cascades falling over mountain precipices a thousand feet, and melting in midair into mists and dancing rainbows, to be condensed again into a thread reached, and, as the horses were be- of molten silver, babbling and coursing through rocks, and ferns, and giant hepaticas, down into the mirroring Merced river below, and as we ing rock, a heavenly way, I can see the blue spiral of the wigwam's smoke; and now, the road leads through the giant Sequoias, where the owed, happy," there picturesque for their winter stores in curious baskets; again the driver winds his mellow horn, and its hoarse echo awakes into ecstacy the reverberating can-

"Beverly Hall," Edenton, N. C.

Changed Telephone Rules

How the Engineer Took Revenge on Central-The Matter of Communicating With a State Department-

Mr. Brawley Wanted the Fire

Ever since the new consolidation of for the florist. the Bell and Interstate Telephone sysand business connections by phone have been slowly learning that the they in consequence, are yet provin-

telephone, take down the receiver and the situation into quiet. say confidently to Central, "Give me If the book is not convenient or the user of the telephone is obtuse, the "Number please" and in response to mon of destruction, for I was twenty an answer that the man at the phone minutes late. In another second the only knows the man and not the numtrusted bridge-keeper flashed his ber he wants, there will follow a green light ("the drawbridge is all "Wait a minute, please," and then, scale.

right, proceed"), but when I looked "You want 424." Whereupon the man who was in a hurry again calls up Central, repeats life, is no more a criminal than the his lesson with such patience as he swung to one side. Realizing at once can muster, or, if "Central" is quite "on to her job" gains the additional information that the au fait method of calling "four twenty four" in the salaried gency brakes, and gave one shrill loud calling "four twenty four" is to say "four two four!"

whistle. like Monker waking up the dead. Everything responded admir-After which the business man is ably, and the train came to a stop about three hundred feet from the given his number-prota ly to find in the end that Mr. Jones is out. bridge; I got out of the cab to see All this may in the internal economy what the trouble was, and there I beheld two spectres manipulating that heavy draw as easily as you would open the door to your chamber, and at the same time a white ship, with sails all set such as had ship, with sails all set such as had ship, was silently and gracefully silently and gracefu

orable. In time of haste combined with lack of information as to numbers the merry round goes on of conversation with Central, of conversation with "9,000," of another conversation with Central before there is a final conversation with the person with whom it was originally desired to converse.

Time may be money, but talk-except to a politician or a promoter-

scarcely ever is. The Engineer's Revenge. This habit of the number as against gineer came to grief and upon which, afterwards, he constructed a sweet re-

The engineer had occasion to call a friend, but there was no book hanging by the side of the telephone he was using.

Wherefore, he said to Central: "Give me Mr. Jenkins' residence, please." Central: "Number, please." The Engineer: 'I don't know the

Central: "Number, please." The Engineer: "I tell you I don't know the number, and I haven't got number, will give you 9,000." But the engineer happened to be in

Several days later he answered is Central." chimed a sweet voice, "will you please tell me when the 3:30 train arrives?"

The engineer's eyes glistened and he replied sweetly: "Number, please?" Central. "What do you mean? I Richmond gets in." The Engineer: "What's the number

of the train?"

Central: "I don't know the number: mond. The Ergineer: "Must have the num-

Central: (hanging up the hook with for curing. a snap) "Mean thing!" Are Office-Holders Perpetual.

then, with a bright thought, called up them out. "9,000" at once. The lady at "9,000" used it from that office the day be consumption of the corn plant. fore. He so stated to Central, but without avail. He knew that the Bureau of Labor and Printing had a Peas?-Various inventors have been evidently not aware of the fact. The clean cowpeas from the mown hay. man persisted and so did the office. We heard of two last fall that are Finally the man gave up. He had claimed to be capable of doing this to. He left his own office and went without splitting the peas. We were brious companion, cursing myself at he was informed that the Bureau of chines at work, but for one reason Labor and Printing had telephone of another, they did not show up "305." He called up, got his information and went back to think it over

"Varner, H. B." Now the significance of this is that the telephone company has evidently presumed that Mr. Varner will continue to be at the head of that Bureau. As a matter of fact, Mr. Varner has already said that he does not intend to ask a re nomination for the office and there are a dozen candidates wishful to fill his shoes. Investigation showed that there was nothing put down as ecutive Department is placed under "Glenn." It is the same way with Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor climb the dizzy mountain side, over and other offices. Apparently the oc-

This time the answer came prompt-

the fact that Governor Glenn, least, must retire next January. From which it appears that if a man with the Agricultural Department, or groups of Indians are gathering acorns the Auditor's office or that of the Secretary of State, he would have to be well up on current politics. Else he

The Peace Institute Fire. One more instance: This happened

at Peace Institute last week when the these days. spontaneous combustion of chocolate second for Cetral's reply

the Fire Department please!" he said. with the usual one-horse implements. dettor

cities of masculine argument; while, with. system has been "cititled" and that in a female school, it was unheard of.

"Number, please," said Central.

From Bryan's Speech. Thou shalt not steal on a small

"The man who stands by the ways'de and demands your money or your man who, obtaining control of a nation's fuel, co'lects a tribute from ev-

from punishment.

Some Implements Every Progressive Farmer Should Have.

(Progressive Farmer.)

A Manure Spreader First-First would name the manure spreader, for the person was the rock the other day it is the one thing that will get the upon which a well known railroad en- Southern farmer out of the laborious you will need a shed to keep them out practice of mixing up a lot of strawy manure and a lot of dirt from somewhere, calling it composting and then thinking that it is all good manure; and dribbling it in the furrows with the hope of getting more crop to sell off the land. With the manure spreader one can get the manure out as fast as made, whenever it is fit to drive on the land. And the manure will then be where it will lose the least and will be of the greatest value to the following crop no matter what crop it is, though it should be the corn crop. The manure spreader will make the manure go much further by spreading it unfformly and not in lumps as Central: 'Very sorry, must have the thrown off by hand. It takes but one handling.

Have You a Silo and Corn Harvest-

The corn harvester and binder has Stock.' ber. Ought to get a time table. Good dles of any size wanted, and it is then Brand." easy to set it up in ventilated shocks This means more corn, better fod-

der and the use of the whole plant, The other day a man al business for if the husker and shredder is used the same thing happened again, and at the office of the Bureau of Labor there will not only be a great saving when I arrived in Charleston I was and Printing. He wanted to know of labor, but the stever will be in cally examined me. One said I was perused the book. He looked under and there will be no cuss words used. The farmer who feeds cattle in win-

was very polite, but she was certain ter will be greatly helped by having had no telephone. The man was equal- one horse can grind the corn and cob ly certain that it had since he had together and still further increase the the shame, the misery and the gloom

> How Do You Save Your Hay and But one may rake off the matured

pods in the field with a steel horse the next stage to the Yosemite in or- Finally he called "9,000" again and rake and then there are several hullers that will do good work. Of course every man who pretends to be a farmer has a mowing machine and a hay rake; and if he grows, as every Southern farmer should, cowpeas for hay, he should have a tedder to run after the mower and throw the hay up lightly to wilt rapidly. Then if the rake is the side delivery he will be far ahead of his neignbors in handling the hav crop.

> Then, with the mower and the hay rake, the farmer will need storage loft for his hay and slings for rapidly unloading it, with carrier, so that a horse can pull the hay into the loft that you have enjoyed, and on the "Governor's" office, but that the Ex- and run it back faster than half a dozen men could do the work.

Do You Still Plow and Hoe in the a road literally hewn from the liv- cupants are in telephone philosophy sections the farmer needs a sub-soil Old Blow Way?-In all the upland permanent and perpetual, in spite of plow and a turning plow that needs is prepared to plow the land right, tallty beyond the grave, and see which and if he practices a short rotation way the beam will tilt." sunbeams fall aslant a valley like the should land in the city from Oklahoma and gets humus into his soil, he can island Valley of Avilion, deep mead- and wish to get into communication gradually do away with terraces and the need for them, and have fewer gullies than with them.

mules separated and worked singly. And this, while doing more work, old styles: saves a hand, an important matter in NEW.

The early cultivation of cotton corn alle creams in a wardrobe caused an alarm or potatoes will be greatly facilitated agast of fire in a great building housing by having a weeder which one can alfabet several hundred exquisitely excitable run across the rows and stir the soil autograf young w men, all delighted to be- right up to the plant, and can thus autum come excited. There was naturally prevent "sore shinned" cotton. In bedsted excitement. While people were run- fact, if the rows are laid off accurately hibliografy ning here and there making futile and straight, as in the level coast biografy alarms, while someone was trying to country, the weeder can work the en- bero wo k the combination to the chemical tire crop the season through, by tak- billing engine and someone else was trying ing out the teeth that hit two rows. campaign to connect a hose with a trezen And then at one through, two whole camfor hydrant, there was one cool masculine rows are worked, and the soil just quire head that saw the proper play and stirred enough to keep the soil mulch effer sought to execute it. That head was on top and to preserve the moisture coco on the shoulders of Professor Braw- beneath, and in this shallow stirring colleans ley, of the Musical Department. Mr. all the weed seeds will sprout and colum Brawley made for the telephone. He be killed and no fresh ones brought condit literally wrenched the receiver from up, so that the land will be clean for counterfit its hook and waited an interminable sowing the crimson clover seed at la t curteous working. On light level and sandy curtesy Mr. Erawley held his voice steady soil one man with the weeder will get crum but he scoke with decision: "Give me over twice as much cotton as two men det

"Number, please" chirged Central And the weeder takes but one horse diaf am as sweetly as if the order had called so that it fits into the equipment of dout the man so many talk about, the one- dum The reply put the cool Mr. Brawley horse farmer. But it seems to me eg into the air. He rose from the f'oor that any man with industry and en- excede tems in Kaleigh, subscribers who have and what he said into the transmitter ergy will not be content with one was of a character to excite even a horse or one mule, but will have two furlo "Central" who is used to the eccentri- or more and implements to use them gas ly

without precedent, might indeed, hat The Handy Gusoline Engine—Then any of the students stopped huggin, ith the gasoline engines, now so It is a very ordinary occurrence for one another and laughing long plentiful and cheap, the great labor a gentleman in a hurry to rush to a enough to have heard, have shocked of chopping wood can be saved, and the fuel can be cut for the stove with Mr. Brawley's voice snapped like a a buzz saw. Here, where I now live. Mr. Jones' office"-only to hear Cen- wire in a thunder storm: "Number!" the men go around with an engine and shouted-"number!-br-up-p-p! saw on a wagon and cut up the family -Don't you know we're burning up!" supply of wood. On the farm the en-Mr. Brawley let his hand dron gine can be used for many things becentral office quietly connects him weakly to his side with the Jeepness of sides the sawing of the wood. With with "No. 9,000" and instead of rousing Mr. Jones' office, he is greeted by wire came the voice of Central, still pump one can have his own water sentment of imminent danger. I had another female voice that is of sur-sweet and duty-wise amid the raven-supply in the country, with the lux-fetograf everything wide open, and engine No. passing irony to a man in a hurry, ening scenes and noises of the burning ury of a bath in the house. He can tisis fairly rocked, and lurched, and however sweet, that again says, female school: good small mill can make redout his own meal for the table. He can use it for running the machine that redouted threshes his peas or shells his corn or sent grinds corn and cob together. In sion fact, wherever power is needed the sissors gasoline engine comes in very hand- sithe

Pon't Forget the Housewife-While solem getting the farm stocked with labor- soveren saving machines do not forget the succede house. Having water in the house, surfit attorneys of these monopolists to fol- house. Having water in the house, surfit low close after the ofenders and fur- you can have a sink in the kitchen telegraf nish them horses, in the way of legal and a hot water boiler. Then there telefone technicalities, upon which to escape are now washing machines that are thum mere fun to run, for a woman can turg was silently and gracefully gliding ing. A hundred exigencies make the through like a "sheeted ghost" The constant use of the book a difficult was something like the galleons matter and yet the Centrals are inex-

have a little turbine for your wife to run the sewing machine with.

And a Shed, of Course-Then, so far as the farm implements are concerned of the weather, and where you can clean them well after use. In short, the time has come when we are compelled to try to make mules and machinery save men's muscle. W. F. MASSEY.

REPLY TO LIQUOR CIRCULARS. Liquor Dealers Responsible for Bringing Shame, Destroying Peace,

Poisoning Happiness, Blighting Confidence and Murdering Souis.

(Marshville Home.)

Mail order fiquor houses send out circulars with nattering descriptions of their various b. ands of liquor, and these circulars go to nearly everybody, especially people wno live in pronibiers?—A silo can hardly be classed as tion territory. Judge Collins, of Iola, ring of the phone at his home: "This an implement, but it is one of the in- Kan., replied in open letter to a liquor dispensable things if one is to feed dealer's circular. He first analyzes stock, and every farmer does, of the paper on which the description of course, if he is a farmer and not a the liquors is printed, as follows: mere cropper. With plenty of corn Your prices do not appeal to me, but ensilage, pea vine hay and the meal the clean, white paper upon which from the cottonseed the farmer can they are printed is emblematic of the want to know when the train from feed stock profitably; much more purity of the souls of our boys and profitably than he can without the girls before their lives become poisoned by the effects of your 'Private The various shapes of the been greatly improved. The best ones letters on the circular remad me of bind the corn upright, do not break the crook-dness of the transactions of off many ears and will take up blown- men who have become polluted by the SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY. down corn. They will make the bun- use of your celebrated "Side Board

Then the judge talks about the fig-

ures in the whiskey circular, in the following manner: "When I look at the figures that represent the values which you place upon your goods I think of the vast amount of money discharged, but, as my curious ex- something and know it quick. But, such a condition that the cattle will that it costs the citizens of this counperience had greatly interested the knowing the number-hunger of the eat most of it, and the refuse will go try every year to permit you to oprailroad men, it was not until a Centrals, he wasted no time in asking into the manure heap in good shape erate your infamous business. I read faculty of railroad surgeons had criti- for, the Department but carefully for the manure spreader to handle, just the figures, and they show me the number of men and women that are "Pureau," he looked under "Com- as there is likely to be when one is dest. oyed annually by the use of your scratched his head in perplexity and in it and breaks a fork handle getting another shuffle and I see the number of hearts that are broken, and the number of souls sent unprepared into eternity through the influence of yours and others' similar brands of liquor. The black print represents the sorrow. that hover over the drunkard's home, while the red stands out as a danger signal, and is an emblem of the blood that flows from the wounds of murderers and suicides that are committed by the victims of strong drink. gentlemen, I cannot accept your 'liberal offer' of six quarts for three dollars and seventy-five cents, for I learned long ago that no man can count the exact cost of six quarts of whiskey until it has and an inventory of its effects taken,'

After reading the above extracts from Judge Cellin's reply to the liquor dealer's circular, it would seem that he night be ready to let up on him, but he winds up by making the following rather serious personal application: "You say that you have been in the distilling business for over forty years, and that your output of liquor is enormous. Then you are responsible for a portion of the evil resulting from the use of alcohol during that long period of time. Would it not be well to stop and take an inventory, and see what your dividend is to be at the close of life? Let us put in one plate of the balance, all the money other side place the institutions that your whiskey has polluted, the shame it has brought, the peace it has killed. the felicity it has poisoned, the morals it has ruined, the confidence it has blighted, the reputatios it has slain the souls it has murdered, and your three mules abreast. With these he own prospects for a bright immer-

Simp'ified Spel'ing.

The simulified snelling board was Then, instead of putting a negro promutated a new list of seventyand a mule and a plow to run twice five words to be added to the schedule would have to walk to the Caritol and in each cotton or corn row, he should of expurrated orthography. The boar ; nose it out. For "Central" evidently have a two-horse cultivator on which save that over 20,000 people now reqon, and again the wild squirrel cannot help him-and it is evidently one man can ride and drive, and do plarly one the arended words, many against the rules for her to help him twice as much as two men with the bring college professors and scientists. This is the list, showing new and

11 440 ai-le ag ast al, maket nutogiaph autumn bedstead bibliography blography borough building campaign car hor cho.r cipher cocoa collea ue column conduit counterfeit courteous courtesy crumb debt debtor diaphragni doubt dumb egg exceed foreign furlough ghastly ghost guard guardian harangue height indebted island isle lamb league limb numb pamphlet paragraph phonetic phonograph

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NOTICE OF BOND SALE.

Notice is hereby given that sealed Commissioners of Robeson county til two o'clock p. m., February 1908, for the sale of \$50,000 of Robeson county court house bonds, said bonds to run for thirty years and to bear interest at the rate of 5 1-2 per cent. per annum, intorest payable semi-annually, bonds to be issued in denominations of \$500. Bids may be filed with E. J. Britt, attorney for the Beard, Lumberton, N. C., or with J. W. Carter, chairman of the Board Maxton, N. C., all bids to be sealed bids, and to be accompanied by tified check in the sum of \$1,000, made payable to the order of J. W. Carter, chairman of the Board of Commissioners of Robeson county, and to be forfeited to the use of the county, in case the bid is accepted and then the purchaser fails to comply with his bid. The Board of Commis-

sioners reserve the right to reject any and all bits. This Jan. 10, 1908 J. W. CARTER, Chairman Poard Commis 7 PRITT, Attorney for Board.

1-12-td.

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