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We know of nothing better to tear the lining of your throat and lungs. It is better than wet feet to cause bronchitis and pneumonia. Only keep it up long enough and you will succeed in reducing your weight, losing your appetite, bringing on a slow fever and making everything exactly right for the germs of consumption.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Cures coughs of every kind. An ordinary cough disappears in a single night. The racking coughs of bronchitis are soon completely mastered. And, if not too far along, the coughs of consumption are completely cured.

Ask your druggist for one of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster.

It will aid the action of the Cherry Pectoral.

If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write us freely. You will receive a prompt reply that may be of great value to you. Address: DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Wall Paper

I have several styles of Wall Paper on hand which I will sell cheap.

M. H. CONNER, Rich Square, N. C.

For Rent.

One two room new dwelling, with outhouses, lot and garden, in the town of Rich Square, within 100 yards of Express office. For further information apply to

MILLS H. CONNER, Rich Square, N. C.

Dental Notice.

Dr. E. J. Griffin, Dentist, requests us to announce that he will be in his office in Woodland till January 20, 1899 and would be glad to see all needing his professional services.

FOR RENT

I have a good two horse farm, two miles from Roxobel, good dwelling and outhouses, which I will rent or lease for one or more years. For further information call upon or address

W. T. TYLER, Kelford, N. C.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

The partnership heretofore existing under the firm name of W. J. Lassiter & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Any claims against said firm must be presented at once to either of us for settlement

W. J. LASSITER, S. M. LASSITER.

The Jackson and Rich Square Telephone Co.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF NORTH CAROLINA. Splendid service. Polite agents. Has connection with Jackson, Rich Square, Bryantown, Lasker, Potomac and Woodland.

Messages sent to any point on the line for 10 cents. Connects with Western Union Telegraph Company at Rich Square. DR. W. P. MOORE, President. J. M. WEAVER, Secy. and Treas. General offices: Jackson, N. C.

Millinery Goods.

I wish to announce to my friends and patrons generally that my FALL and WINTER line of Ladies, Misses and Childrens Hats, Caps, Ribbons and MILLINERY GOODS in general is now complete, and I can please any in style, quality and prices.

I guarantee to give satisfaction and good goods at the very lowest prices. Call and see me before you purchase.

Mrs. W. J. BROWN, Woodland Depot, N. C.

PICTURE OF GOV. BENJ. SMITH.

An Interesting Sketch of His Career—How His Body Was Taken by the Masons.

A recent issue of the Raleigh News and Observer contains the following interesting sketch of Governor Smith:

An interesting period of North Carolina's history is recalled by a picture received here this week. It is a fine life size portrait of Benjamin Smith, one of the State's Revolutionary Governors.

The picture was presented to the Grand Lodge of North Carolina by Barnwell Rhett Heyward, of Albany, N. Y., through Wilmington Lodge, No. 819, A. F. & A. M.

It is a profile picture, showing a fine forehead, firm mouth and curly hair. The portrait is done in a rayon, copied from a daguerreotype—probably the only picture of Governor Smith in existence. It will be given a conspicuous place among the portraits of the Grand Masters of the State.

Governor Smith was born January 10th, 1726.

He was Grand Master of North Carolina in the years 1808-1809 and 1810.

Governor of North Carolina in 1810

Major General of the State militia in the year

Colonel and Aide-de-Camp of General Washington in the Continental Army.

He was one of the most remarkable men the State has ever produced and there are many interesting stories of him still remembered and told.

Governor Smith was once a very wealthy man, but before his death he impoverished himself by giving his property to the support of worthy objects. Fifty thousand acres of land was his gift to the State University and when he died he was in absolute poverty. He lived and died in Smithville (now Southport) named for him.

Under the laws of that day even the bones of a man after death could be levied on for debt, and this, according to the stories now current, is what happened when Governor Smith died. Before the body could be buried Governor Smith's debtors secured a levy on the body and had it held under guard in an old building, for the purpose of compelling his friends of the deceased to pay his debts.

The debts being quite numerous and larger than they cared to pay, the Masons of Smithville (Southport) resorted to the trick of making drunk the deputy sheriff on guard over the body. While the man slept on his intoxication they stole away the corpse and gave an old negro \$5 to take it across the river and bury it in St. Philip's churchyard.

For a long time it was supposed the darkey had kept his contract, but just before his death he confessed that he had not. While crossing the river, he said, he became frightened and threw the body overboard. In order, however, to cover up this act he went on to the church and made a new mound in the grave yard, which was thereafter supposed to contain the bones of Governor Smith.

Prominent among the Masons who planned the theft of the body from the sheriff was Maj. General Cowan, grandfather of C. B. Denson, of this city.

The Elizabeth grape, now so common, was first grown at Smithville (Southport) by Governor Smith and was named for his wife, Elizabeth Smith. According to the story a vessel was wrecked near the mouth of the Cape Fear and Governor Smith picked up and resuscitated a sailor from it, who washed ashore at Smithville (Southport) and around the sailor was a piece of grape vine which Governor Smith planted and propagated, calling it the "Elizabeth Grape."

There are perhaps many other interesting stories of this remarkable man that might be collected and printed.

Governor Smith was a member of one of the earlier Masonic Lodges, organized under the authority of the Grand Lodge of England and under Provincial

Grand Masters. On the register of the Grand Lodge of England, published in 1762, there is a list of regular lodges according to seniority and constitution, and on this list is the following entry: "213—A lodge at Wilmington on Cape Fear River, in the Province of North Carolina, March, 1755."

This evidence of the existence of such a lodge at that time is corroborated by a well established tradition that before and perhaps during the Revolution there were meetings of a Masonic lodge in the settlement eight miles from Wilmington on the sound, from which the settlement took its name of Masonboro. These meetings were held in the private residence of William Hooper, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the walls of this residence (which was recently burned) bore Masonic emblems which were visible until a very recent date. In this same settlement of Masonboro, which was the summer residence of many Wilmington people, dwelt other prominent Revolutionary characters, chief among whom was Cornelius Harnett, and most if not all of them, including Governor Smith, are confidently believed to have been members of this lodge, although, as the records of the lodge were lost, or like the records of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, were destroyed by the British during the Revolution, there is no conclusion evidence as to its membership.

However this may be, there is no doubt that Governor Smith lived in that section and was Grand Master of the State, it was therefore proper that Mr. Heyward should send the picture to the Grand Lodge through one of the Wilmington lodges.

Who is the Good Citizen?

Perhaps the estimate on what constitutes a good citizen can be as variously construed as there are persons who might analyze the subject.

The good citizen in a community may be the rich man, the moderately rich, or even the man who has little in this world's goods.

It is a fact to be regretted that the rich man in a community is too often not in the class of what may be termed, its good citizens.

A man may own houses, lots and have a good sized bank account, and yet be very far from a good citizen in the sense of being a factor for good in his community.

Too often the rich man who ought by every sense of justice be a good citizen in his community fails very short, and is really a hindrance to all that is progressive among the people where he lives.

Money in its active use begets money, and the man in a community may continue to augment his wealth, regard himself as a good citizen, and yet be a good citizen only so far as outward respectability is concerned.

So far from being an agent to foster the development of his community, he does nothing with his wealth. He lends his time and money to no enterprises unless such investment means per cent, upon per cent, for him individually.

It is nothing to him that the loaning of his time and money shall help his less fortunate neighbor or build up his city. Unless it is per cent for him, individually, he will not lend himself to any local enterprise.

It is this self interest, this exclusive thought of self before all else of one man, and the open heartedness and kindly interest for his neighbor's welfare of another man, which make the really good citizen.

The one who takes much in this world's goods and yet does not contribute to his community, and in no sense a good citizen.

The other may have little money, yet with his optimism, his belief in himself and his good will towards his neighbor, assist materially in advancing the social and commercial interest of his community and be in every truth a really good citizen.—New Berne Journal.

If I Could be a Boy Again.

If I were a boy, I should want a thorough discipline, early begun and never relaxed, on the great doctrine of will force as the secret of character, with faith in God as the foundation. I should want my teacher to put weight of responsibility upon me; to make me know and feel that God furnishes the material and the conditions, but that I must do the work of building my character; to fill me with the thought that I am not a "thing," a stick, a stone, a lump of clay or putty, but a "person," a "power," a "cause," a "creator," and that what I am in the long run, in the final outcome, I am to make myself.

If I were a boy, with my man's wisdom I should eat wholesome food and no other. I should chew it well, and never "bolt it down." I should eat at regular hours. I should never touch tobacco, chewing gum or patent medicine; never once go to bed without cleaning my teeth, never let a year go by without a dentist's inspection and treatment; never sit up late at night unless a great emergency demanded it; never linger one moment in bed when the time came for getting up; and never fail to rub every part of my body every morning with a wet towel, and then with a dr. one. But all this takes will power. Yes, but that is all it does take.

I should never speak a word to anyone who might be worried about it, and only kind words of others, even of enemies, in their absence. I should put no unclean thoughts, pictures, sights, or stories in my memory and imagination. I should want to be able to say, like Dr. George H. Whitney, "I have never pronounced a word which I ought not to speak in the presence of the purest women in the world." I should treat little folks kindly and not tease them; show respect to the servants, and be kind to the unfortunate.

I should romp and play, sing and shout, climb trees, explore caves, swim rivers, and be able to do in reason all the manly things that belong to manly sports; love and study nature, travel as widely and observe as wisely as I could; tidy with will when the time came to study read the best books; try to speak accurately, and pronounce distinctly; go to college and go through college, even if expected to be a clerk, a farmer, or a mechanic; try to be a practical, every-day Christian; help every good cause; "use the world, and not abuse it;" treat older men and women as fathers and mothers, the young as brethren and sisters in all purity.

Thus I should try to be a Christian gentleman, wholesome, sensible, cheerful, independent, courteous; a boy with a will; a boy without cant or cowardice; a man's will and wisdom in me, and God's grace, beauty and blessing abiding with me.

Ah, if I were a boy!—Bishop Vincent, in Success.

Cause For Gratit. de.

"I cannot speak too highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured me of a bad cough and given me a good appetite. My little girl had a stomach trouble and did not see a very day up to the time she began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine cured her." Mrs. T. H. SUTLER, Stephen's City, Va.

Hood's Pills cured all liver ills. Mailed for 25c. by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Social Life of Clerks.

Some people say that the private character of an employe should have no bearing upon his relations with his employer; that so long as he does his work satisfactorily it is nobody's business how he spends his time away from the store. This is a fallacious idea, however. In railroad, banks, and other lines of business there is strict watch kept upon the habits of employes, and if they are known to be spending their spare hours in dissipation, it is not long before they are dropped from their position. Employers know that it is only a question of time when fast living means stealing.—Keystone.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

MEET DEATH FEARLESSLY.

Entombed Miners Pass the Time in Playing Games.

A mining story would be considered incomplete without a barrowing description of the hero's sufferings during an underground catastrophe. People expect it, and never doubt that the sensation of the imprisoned miner is accurately pictured. But those who have had experience in rescuing colliers from living tombs know that the men do not always act in the sentimental manner attributed to them. On the contrary, not a few of them face their horrible death smilingly, refusing to give way to vain regrets and tears. When a great mass of coal fell in a northern pit, completely blocking up the side passages, twenty men and boys were trapped in a remote part of the workings. To dig these unfortunate fellows out a relief party worked madly, but the coal was hard and at the close of the first day the fearful women at the pit brow were still waiting for news. Another day passed without good tidings, and it was not until the third morning that a faint humming sound filtered through the frowning blockade of coal. "They're alive!" shrieked one of the party, "and singing hymns to show their faith!"

After that all worked with redoubled energy, straining their ears meanwhile to catch the chanting of the underground choir. It soon became evident, however, that the miners were not singing at all. They were laughing and shouting like children, and the familiar cry of "Duck's off!" was clearly heard by the anxious rescuers. Two more hours of superhuman effort followed, and then the black partition gave way revealing the pale and naggard miners in the very act of playing a game dear to the collier's heart. "Hello, lads; we didn't expect to see ye," laughed one of them, stooping to replace the lump of coal which served as the "duck." "Ah, reckon ye'll stop an' hev a game wi' us afore we go back?" And the half-famished men and boys actually insisted on finishing the game before they would allow themselves to be taken to the shaft.

After a similar accident in another colliery, the relief party did not get through the coal in time to be of service, behind the cruel barrier. That they had died coolly and fearlessly, though, was beyond question, for on the damp floor were scores of little marbles made from compressed coal dust, and two of the men were lying at full length with their fists screwed up ready to fillip. Their wan faces smiled even in death, and this touching proof of their unflinching optimism brought tears to the eyes of every one who entered the pit.

Falls of coal and floods are terrible catastrophes, but the average collier fears an explosion of fire-damp most of all. One occurred not so very long ago in a little Midland pit, and fifteen good men and true were shut off from the cage by tons of coal. The anxious crowd at the pit mouth waited until the foul gas had been cleared from the cutting, and then their work of rescue, with little hope or saving their mates from the suffocating fumes of the fire-damp. Progress was rapid, however, and before long the relief party got into the narrow passage. Here they saw a sight which fairly made them gasp, for the fifteen colliers were on the floor, some of them dead and others sitting up and unconcernedly singing comic songs. A little further on was a football improvised from the colliers' shirts and caps, and bearing unmistakable signs of recent and rough usage.

"We thowt, as long as we'd got to dee, we'd dee kickin'," explained one of the survivors, "so we

zigid up a football an' punched it about t' dark. Ge rge theer felt dah dead as he wor scorin' a goal, but we went on playing to pass t me on, and then t gar cleared off a bit." Only four of that brave bevy of miners came out of the pit alive, but they assured their questioners that the others had laughed and sung in the very face of death.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

An Old Time Kansas Tale

The announcement that ex-Judge Steve Osborn, of Salina, will become a candidate for Speaker of the Kansas House is reminding of a story Steve used to tell on himself. In the early days of Western Kansas he was a poor but industrious young man striving to practice law at the little town of Ness City. About all the practice there was to do was before the United States Law office at Wakeeney, and whenever Steve had a case in that tribunal his poverty compelled him to cross the forty miles intervening between the towns on foot. One snowy night in late November he found himself lost from the road, but before darkness came entirely he found his way to a ranch man's house, where he was cordially welcomed for the night. The remainder of the story, in Judge Osborn's words, goes as follows:

"The house was one of a familiar plains type, being a big one room affair, built out of sod. At one end was a fireplace, which served alike for giving warmth and cooking, and included in the rest of the furniture was one solitary bedstead. Inasmuch as the family consisted of the man and wife and six small children I soon commenced to wonder where they all slept and what manner of provision could be made for myself, the guest.

"After the chores had been done and the ranchman had made his stock safe for the night we all sat down to a good ranch supper, or rather, the ranchman and I did, for there were but two chairs in the house, and the wife and children stood up to take their food. After supper we men drew up to the fireplace and smoked our pipes, while the woman cleared up the supper dishes. The evening passed pleasantly, and about 9 o'clock I observed the woman prepare three of the children for bed, after which she tucked them into the only bedstead in the house. They went off to sleep presently, and then the woman carefully removed them from the bed and set them up against the wall close to the fireplace, after which she put the three remaining children to bed in the same manner. I began to catch on to the game by this time and it tickled me half to death. By and by the last three children went off to the land of nod, and they, too, were carefully removed to a place along the wall. Then turning to me, the good people told me I was to occupy the bed for the night, and that it was ready for me whenever I saw fit to turn in.

"Naturally I protested against taking the only bed in the house and declared that I could sit in a chair and sleep as well as not, but no amount of protest could move these hospitable people and at last I reluctantly turned in, leaving my host and hostess nodding by the open fire. I never slept sounder in my life. I had been made dead tired by the long walk of the day before, and the soft bed was very seductive. I did not wake until day was breaking, and then I cut my hand the most astonishing thing I ever met with in my life.

"What was it?" enquired the boys, who had been listening to Steve's entrancing story.

"I found the man and woman in bed and I was sitting with the kids along the wall."—Kansas City Journal.

From Factory to Fire, \$1.75. Buy this White Enamelled Steel Bed in either 54, 48, or 36 in. width, Length 75 inches. It has one inch pillars and 1/2 in. filler. Guaranteed the strongest bed made. Our great stock catalogue tells of thousands of bargains in Furniture, Clothing, Bedding, Crockery, Silverware, Sewing Machines, Clocks, Upholstery Goods, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Pictures, Mirrors, Tin Ware, Stoves, etc., and in buying from us, you save from 25 to 50 per cent. on everything—don't forget this! We publish a lithographed catalogue of Carpets, Rugs, Squares, Portiers and Lace Curtains which shows exact designs in hand-painted colors—selections can be made as satisfactorily as though you were here at the mill. Here's the celebrated Hines Sewing Machine—none better made. Guaranteed for 20 years. Catalogue tells you all about it. Price (\$3 Drawer Style) \$13.25. Why have we customers in every part of the United States, in Canada, Mexico, Bermuda, Cuba, Porto Rico, and even as far as Australia and South Africa? Send for our Free Catalogue. They will tell you. Address this way: Julius Hines & Son, BALTIMORE, MD. Dept. 909.

FOR BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, HANDMADE HARNESS, BRIDLES, SADDLES &c. at reasonable prices go to W. T. PICARD'S, Jackson, N. C. Handmade Harness at about the price you have to pay for machine made. Agent for Wrenn's Buggies.

A Hint to the Wise.

If you wish to please the ladies or want the ladies to please you in the selection of a nice Christmas present you will do well to call on a lady clerk to assist you in making choice, which you will likely find at Racket Store in Woodland, which has the reputation of displaying the nicest lot of holiday goods anywhere, and bought from the largest establishments in New York city, including a nice line of Christmas Books by distinguished authors, beautifully bound 30 and 35 cents. Picture Books for children 3 to 10c. each; Autograph Albums 5 to 25c. beautiful Christmas Cards in frame from 10 to 20c. fine plush box paper 25c. Celluloid Toilet Cases 65c. to \$1.25. Collar and Cuff and Necktie cases from 50 to 80c. hand painted Mirrors 10, 15c. A nice assortment of dolls from 5 to 50c. A varied line of vases, cups and saucers and toys cheaper than ever known. Silk and Swiss embroidered handkerchiefs, fancy work baskets, Silver Knives and Forks plated on nickel, White Hand Carving Sets, Fancy Tidies, Table-covers, Bussan covers, Picture Frames and a hundred other things, many of which I have before advertised and still continue to sell at same prices. Please call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. Bring your eggs if you haven't the money. MATTIE R. COPELAND, Prop. New York Racket Store, WOODLAND, N. C.

Bone Liniment not only as a great Liniment, but positively as the greatest Liniment made, and as it is sold at the small price of 25 cents a bottle, it is in the reach of all sufferers. No sufferer with Rheumatism need despair, as it cures when "the best" have failed. Remember the kind, Dixie Nerve and Bone Liniment. Price, 25 cents a bottle, five bottles for \$1.

GROVES' TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. MAKES CHILDREN'S FAT AS PIGS. IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS AS FOR CHILDREN. WARRANTED. PRICE 50c. GALATIA, ILL., Nov. 25, 1898. Dear Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.: I have used your Groves' Chill Tonic for several years and it has done me a great deal of good. I have never seen any other medicine that gives me such quick relief as your Tonic. Yours truly, J. W. BROWN.