

Dr. Fierce's Golden Medical
 Disturbing stomachs, wasted bodies, weak
 emaciated and lingering coughs, is based on
 one of the fundamental truths that "Golden
 Discovery" supplies Nature with body-build-
 ing, muscle-making materials, in con-
 centrated form. With this help Nature
 necessary strength to the stomach to digest
 up the body and thereby throw off lingering
 coughs. The "Discovery" re-establishes the
 sensitive organs in sound health, purifies
 the blood, and nourishes the nerves—in
 ishes sound vigorous health.

*Your dealer offers something "just as good,"
 it is probably better FOR HIM—it pays better.
 But you are thinking of the cure not the profit, so
 there's nothing "just as good" for you. Say so.*

Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English; or, Med-
 ical Encyclopedia, 1000 pages, over 700 illustrations, newly revised up-to-date
 book, sent for 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing
 and stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Fierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

**Own Property
 For Sale**

Large dwelling, large lot, electric lights, water works
 sewerage; very close in. Price and terms reason-
 able.

**Several Nice Suburban
 Dwelling Lots**

for sale, ranging in price from \$200 to \$500. All of
 these are located in a very desirable section that is
 building up rapidly.

Apply at Our Office at Once.

Anson Real Estate & Ins. Co.

**A NEW LOT
 OF
 Horses and Mules**

I have just received at my stables a new lot
 of most excellent horses and mules.

These animals were bought to meet the require-
 ments of the trade of this section. I visited the
 leading markets of the country in my search for the
 right animals, and I have them. You will like them
 when you see them.

M. W. BRYANT

"BURN COAL"

Frosty Mornings, Chilly Even-
 ings, Bright, Sparkling Firesides

Now, when it is so hard to get any work done, is
 just the time to order that coal. It requires no chop-
 ping. After we have delivered it at your house it is
 ready to be put on the fire.

Just Telephone The
Wadesboro Oil Mill

Their coal is the right kind—nice, large, clean
 lumps that will crackle and burn blue, leaving no clin-
 kers, and little ash.

The oil mill needs coal to make steam. Small
 dirty, dusty stuff is just as good as any steam, so
 they pick out the nice, fine lumps for their customers.

WADESBORO OIL MILL.
 Telephone No. 63.

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PALESTINE
 Many Ways in Which It Strikingly
 Resembles California.

Palestine is more like the state of
 California than any other in the Union
 in everything except size. It lies be-
 tween longitude 34 degrees 30 minutes
 and 36 degrees 30 minutes east and
 between latitude 30 degrees 30 min-
 utes and 33 degrees 45 minutes north.
 It is practically a California reduced to
 about one-twentieth in size, but
 markedly similar in general topogra-
 phy, climate, vegetation and agricul-
 tural and economic possibilities.

Like California, Palestine is longest
 from north to south. Like California,
 too, it has both very high mountains,
 having an elevation of 9,000 to 10,000
 feet, and very deep depressions. The
 Dead sea, 1,200 feet below sea level,
 is the greatest depression known, and
 like the Death valley of California, it
 is situated in the southern extremity
 of the country.

In Palestine, just as in California, we
 have a dry, warm season and a humid
 and more temperate one. The rainy
 season extends from October to May
 and the dry season from May to Oc-
 tober.

Palestine is even more favored than
 California with regard to the winter
 temperature. Although the thermome-
 ter rises as high in summer in Pale-
 stine as in California, with extremes of
 110 degrees to 115 degrees F., though
 not so often, it very rarely drops in
 the winter to the freezing point. Snow
 is rare, even on the plateaus, and our
 farmers are practically safe from any
 damage by frost over nearly the entire
 extent of the country.—From Aaron
 Aaronson's "Agricultural and Botani-
 cal Explorations in Palestine."

Jenny Lind and the Trill.
 Jenny Lind after years of steady
 practice believed that the much covet-
 ed trill was for her an impossibility.
 She practiced hours a day, but was
 unable to accomplish the feat. One
 day, thoroughly discouraged, she was
 sitting in her garden when all at once
 she looked up into a tree. Above her
 a bird was trilling. She at once went
 to her piano and through some magic
 or power of imitation began the trill
 and from that day never had any fur-
 ther difficulty.

Losing His Senses.
 A mischievous boy, having got pos-
 session of his grandfather's spectacles,
 privately took out the glasses. When
 the old gentleman put them on, finding
 he could not see, he exclaimed: "Mer-
 cy on me! I've lost my sight." But, think-
 ing the impairment to vision might be
 the dirtiness of the glasses, he took
 them off to wipe them, when, not feel-
 ing them, he still more frightened,
 cried out: "Why, what's come now?
 I've lost my feeling too!"—London
 Ideas.

**FACE AND HEAD
 AN AWFUL SIGHT**

Eruption Broke Out when 2 Weeks
 Old—Itched So He Could Not
 Sleep—Hair All Fell Out
 —Cuticura Cured Him.

"I wish to have you accept this testimo-
 nial, as Cuticura did so much for my baby.
 At the age of two weeks his head began to
 break out with great sores and
 by the time he was two
 months his face and head
 were an awful sight. I
 consulted a doctor, who
 said it was nothing but a
 light skin disease which the
 baby would get over. But
 he seemed to get worse
 so I called another doctor.
 His opinion seemed to be
 the same. They both pre-
 scribed medicine that did
 not do a bit of good. A
 friend advised me to take
 him to the hospital, which
 I did. Two doctors there
 gave me medicine in field
 form. It did him no good.
 "Nearly every day I would read a testi-
 monial in regard to Cuticura and my wife
 thought she would try it to see if it would
 help the baby. I got a box of Cuticura Oint-
 ment and a cake of Cuticura Soap and after
 using these he was entirely cured. Before
 Cuticura cured him he could not seem to
 sleep, as his face and head would itch so.
 What hair he had all fell out but soon he
 had a nice head of hair and his face was per-
 fectly clear. It is now nearly five years since
 he was cured and there has been no sign of
 the eruption returning. Chas. H. Evans, 31
 Flint St., Somerville, Mass., April 19, 1910."

A single box of Cuticura Soap and Ointment is
 often sufficient to cure, rendering it the most eco-
 nomical treatment for affections of the skin and
 scalp. Sold throughout the world. Prep. by
 Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. Mailed
 free. Latest Book on Care of Skin and Scalp.

MONEY LOST

If you fail to carry
INSURANCE

I write Fire, Accident, Health,
 Liability and Fly-Wheel
 Insurance.

W. LEAK STEELE.
 PHONE NO. 183.

Coffins and Caskets

When you want a nice Coffin or
 Casket, at a reasonable price,
 examine the line I carry, have
 them from the cheapest to the
 best.

A Nice Hearse

Is always in readiness, and every
 feature of the undertaking busi-
 ness receives my careful atten-
 tion, whether day or night.

I also carry a nice line of
BURIAL ROBES.

S. S. Shepherd
 The Undertaker

FOLEY'S HONEY-TAR
 For Coughs and Croup

"BURN COAL"

Frosty Mornings, Chilly Even-
 ings, Bright, Sparkling Firesides

Now, when it is so hard to get any work done, is
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WADESBORO OIL MILL.
 Telephone No. 63.

KEPT HER BUSY.
 The Way She Tried to Discover the
 Telephone Numbers.

"I don't believe that the public
 schools teach their graduates to use
 their minds," remarked a well known
 citizen of Philadelphia the other day.
 "Here's a story just to illustrate what
 I mean:

"I got a secretary last summer who
 had just been graduated with high
 honors from the Commercial high
 school. She had been picked out for
 me as the best girl in her class, and I
 found her excellent in all that required
 methodical, parrot-like work.

"One day I jotted down some tele-
 phone numbers that I wanted to re-
 member and, having a poor memory,
 forgot in the course of the morning
 whose the numbers were or what the
 business was upon which I wanted to
 phone.

"So I called Miss Blank just as I
 was going out and said, 'Before you
 get your luncheon I wish you'd find
 out for me whose those telephone num-
 bers are?'

"Two hours later I came back, and
 Miss Blank was sitting at her desk,
 weary and perseveringly studying the
 telephone book.

"I asked her if she had got some let-
 ters written that I had left, if she had
 lunched, if she had done several little
 things. She said no and then ex-
 plained:

"You see, it takes me a long time to
 read through the book till I come to
 the numbers you want," she said. 'I
 haven't had time to do anything else!'

—Philadelphia Times.

A Pretty Poor Portrait.
 A Chinaman of very high rank had
 his portrait painted, and when it was
 finished the painter requested him to
 inquire of the passerby what they
 thought of it. The other agreed and
 asked the first comer:

"Do you think this portrait like?"

"The hat is extremely like," replied
 the critic.

The subject of the portrait asked a
 similar question of a second stranger,
 who answered that the clothes seemed
 to be exactly reproduced. He was
 about to interrogate a third when the
 painter stopped him and said impa-
 tiently:

"The resemblance of the hat and
 clothes is of no importance. Ask this
 gentleman what he thinks of the face."

On being asked this question the
 stranger hesitated a very long time,
 but at last he replied:

"The beard and hair are first rate."

London as It Was.
 Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates"
 makes the statement that the old name
 of the city of London was written
 Lyden or Lyndin, meaning "the city
 on the lake." An old tradition gives
 us to understand that London was
 founded by Brute, a descendant of
 Aeneas, and called New Troy or Troy-
 novant until the time of Lud, who sur-
 rounded the town with walls and
 named it Caer-Lud, or Lud's Town.
 This latter is probably the correct ver-
 sion of the story, if for no other
 reason because it is an easy matter to
 detect a similarity between the expres-
 sion Lud's Town and London. It is
 claimed by some writers that there
 was a city on the same spot 1,107
 years B. C., and it is known that the
 Romans founded a city there called
 Londinium A. D. 61.

Real Modesty.
 "An actor should be modest, and
 most actors are," said a prominent one
 at a luncheon in Pittsburgh. "But I
 know a young actor who at the be-
 ginning of his career carried modesty
 almost too far.

"This young man inserted in all the
 dramatic papers a want advertisement
 that said:

"Engagement wanted—small part,
 such as dead body or outside shirt-
 preferred."

Preferences.
 "I think I'll spend my vacation on
 the lynch," said the first flea. "I'm fond
 of gold."

"The graffe for mine," declared the
 second flea. "I need the highest at-
 titude I can find."—Washington Herald.

Sensible.
 Mrs. X.—The flat above us is unoc-
 cupied right now. Why don't you come
 and live there? Mrs. Y.—Oh, my dear,
 we've been such good friends, and I
 hate to start quarreling with you!—
 Exchange.

Her Words.
 His Sister.—And did she say she
 loved you in so many words? Her
 Brother.—That's what! Her words filled
 twenty-seven pages.—Chicago News.

A 50-cent bottle of
Scott's Emulsion
 given in half-teaspoon
 doses four times a day,
 mixed in its bottle, will
 last a year-old baby nearly
 a month, and four bot-
 tles over three months,
 and will make the baby
 strong and well and will
 lay the foundation for a
 healthy, robust boy or
 girl.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send 10c. name of paper and this ad. for
 our beautiful Savings Book and Child's Sketch-
 Book. Each book cost
 money.

J. E. CRAYTON & Co.
 Charlotte, N. C.

ARE BABIES A BAD INVESTMENT?
 Baltimore Sun.

Fortunately the babies of our land
 do not read public documents, be-
 ing too much occupied with the
 pure milk problem and finding
 their toes to bother about statisti-
 cians. But an indignant protest will
 go up from millions of mothers
 of the California Board of health
 when they hear about the report
 setting forth the official conclusion
 that babies do not pay. Looking
 into the matter from the standpoint
 of investment the California inves-
 tigators figure out that from its
 birth to twenty years of age the
 average child costs \$4,150 to rear,
 while his commercial value is on-
 ly \$4,000. The National Conserva-
 tion Committee, in its independent
 investigation, found that the aver-
 age value of a child was \$2,900.

Judging from the complaints of
 fathers when the monthly bills com-
 e in, the cost of raising offspring
 has been greatly underestimated.
 The increased price of milk, in-
 fant's food and paregoric, rattles
 and toys has made the higher
 cost of babies a trying problem.
 The California statisticians have
 not figured on the annual mileage
 of fathers in walking the floor of
 nights, or on the perils of green ap-
 ples and the propensity of the said
 infant to eat safety pins and spoon
 threads. Competent authorities in
 form us that a father has to walk
 about 17,846 miles in inducing the
 average kidlet to let the family go
 to sleep, while the mother jumps
 her precious darling up and down no
 less than 14,600,000 times before
 he becomes strong enough to whip
 his parents and get some peace. To
 enslave the baby to cut a set of
 teeth requires the aid of six medi-
 cal aunts, four nurses, two doctors
 and seventeen neighbors. If a com-
 mission of fathers were allowed to
 figure up the actual cost of rear-
 ing each child they would prob-
 ably put it somewhere above \$65,
 000.

But when we come to the actual
 value of the babies themselves the
 California have arrived at a ri-
 diculous figure. No baby can be
 measured by statistics or brought
 down to a cost table. Mere man
 can never measure the value of a
 child. Only the mother knows that
 and there is not a mother in the
 land who is not absolutely certain
 that the dear little curly head
 that rests upon her breast is
 worth more than all the wealth of
 Rockefeller. A house without a
 baby in it is no home at all. It
 is like the play of "Hamlet" with
 Hamlet left out, a day without
 sunshine, a night without moon-
 light, life without laughter, music
 without song. He may be an ev-
 erlasting trouble, a constant ex-
 pense, but there is something
 wrong about the family which does
 not regard the baby as its most
 precious possession. He is the
 "young hopeful," in whom is bound
 up all the future. In him the father
 and mother live their lives over again
 for he brings the freshness, innocen-
 cy and joy of childhood, the promise
 of youth, the prophecy of a greater and
 better manhood. "Youth must be
 served," and the baby has a right to
 demand the best the household can
 give him. Anyone who would val-
 ue the average baby at less than a mil-
 lion dollars would arouse the speech-
 less indignation of his mother and in-
 crease the resentment of all the femal-
 relatives.

That eminent authority, Col. T.
 Roosevelt, contends that more babies
 is the crying need of our country.
 Though he himself belonged to the
 cavalry, he holds that the great de-
 mand of the times is for an increas-
 e in the infantry. The babies are do-
 ing their best by us. The charge of
 the Milk Trust, the scream of the suf-
 fraget, will not turn them from their
 duty. They will stick by us, no mat-
 ter what it costs. "Theirs not to rea-
 son why, theirs but to grow and cry
 —hungry six million."

VAST FUND TO END WAR
 Carnegie Gives \$11,500,000 To
 Promote World's Peace.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Surround-
 ed by 27 trustees of his choosing,
 comprising former Cabinet mem-
 bers, former ambassadors, col-
 lege presidents, lawyers and edu-
 cators, Andrew Carnegie today
 transferred \$10,000,000 in 5 per
 cent first mortgage bonds, value
 \$11,500,000, to be devoted primar-
 ily to the establishment of univer-
 sal peace by the abolition of war
 between nations and such friction
 as may impare "the progress and
 happiness of man."

When wars between nations shall
 have ceased the fund is to be ap-
 plied to such altruistic purposes as
 "will best help man in his glorious
 ascent onward and upward" by
 the banishment of the "most de-
 grading evil or evils" then harass-
 ing mankind.

Peculiarities of Lichens.
 The lichen is remarkable for the
 great age to which it lives, there being
 good grounds for believing that the
 plants endure for 100 years. Their
 growth is exceedingly slow, almost
 beyond belief, indicating that only a
 little nourishment is necessary to
 keep them alive. In a dry time they
 have the power to suspend growth
 altogether, renewing it again at the
 fall of rain. This peculiarity alone is
 enough to make the lichen a vegetable
 wonder, as it is a property possessed
 by no other species of plant. Another
 interesting fact about lichens is that
 they grow only where the air is free
 from dust and smoke. They may be
 said to be a sure indication of the
 purity of the air, as they are never
 found growing in cities and towns
 where the atmosphere is impregnated
 with dust, soot, smoke and other
 impurities.

Tingling Ears.
 If your ears burn, people say, some-
 one is talking about you. This is very
 old, for Pliny says, "When our ears do
 glow and tingle some do talk of us in
 our absence."

Shakespeare in "Much Ado About
 Nothing" makes Beatrice say to Ursula
 and Hero, who had been talking of
 her, "What fire is in mine ears?"

Sir Thomas Browne ascribes this
 conceit to the superstition of guardian
 angels, who touch the right ear if the
 talk is favorable and the left if other-
 wise. This is done to cheer or warn.

One ear tingles, some there be
 That are snoring now at me!

The Advice Seeker.
 "When a man asks me for advice,"
 said the good natured person, "I al-
 ways find myself getting into a dis-
 cussion."

"Well," replied Mr. Sirius Barker,
 "most of us ask for advice because
 we would rather argue than work."—
 Washington Star.

Unpeeled.
 Mr. Recentmarrie (who has plunged
 a spoon into dish preparatory to help-
 ing to the pudding)—Why, Mary, I
 feel some hard, smooth, round things
 in the dish. I wonder what they can
 be. Mrs. Recentmarrie—Why, they're
 eggs, John;—there are six, just as the
 recipe says.—Chicago News.

Stupid People.
 Traveler—Have you a time table?
 Station Agent—We used to have one
 until the people began to think the
 trains were supposed to keep to it.
 Filigande Blatter.

**Happiness is reflective, like the light
 of heaven.—Irving.**

Going Some.
 The New Hat Tree—And you're a
 centenarian? By George! Aside from
 a few cracks in your face, you hold
 your age mighty well. What's the
 secret?
 The Grandfather's Clock (serenely)—
 I keep regular hours and always find
 something for my hands to do.—Puck.

Three Conditions.
 Holiness is an infinite compassion
 for others. Greatness is to take the
 common things of life and walk truly
 among them. Happiness is a great
 love and much serving.—Olive Schre-
 iner.

**Contentment is always perched on
 the round of the ladder just above you.**

It goes to the root of disease, strength-
 ens and invigorates. Its life given quali-
 ties are not contained in any other reme-
 dy. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea has
 stood the severest test. For thirty years
 the surest remedy. Fox & Lyon.

CHILDREN'S HAIR.

Keep It Clean and Free From Disor-
 der by Using Parian Sage.

If you want your children to grow
 up with strong, sturdy and vigorous
 hair, teach them to use Parian Sage;
 the world renowned Hair Ton-
 ic.

Parian Sage is guaranteed by
 Parsons Drug Co. to cure dandruff
 and stop falling hair in two weeks.
 It grows new hair quickly in cases
 where the hair is "thinning out."

It is positively the most delightful,
 invigorating hair dressing on the
 market. It is not sticky or greasy
 and will make the coarsest hair soft,
 lustrous and luxuriant. Get a 50c
 bottle from Parsons Drug Co. and
 watch how rapid its action.

TYPEWRITERS REPAIRED:
 Rebuilt, cleaned, adjusted by factory
 experts with factory facilities. All
 work handled promptly and fully
 guaranteed. If you like quick and
 satisfactory service send us your old
 machines to be made new.

J. E. CRAYTON & Co.
 Charlotte, N. C.

ROMANCE OF ARCHITECTURE.
 Origin of the Graceful Corinthian Style
 of Capital.

In the winter a young girl had died
 in Corinth. Some time afterward her
 maid gathered together various trim-
 mings and playthings which the girl had
 loved and brought them to the girl's
 grave. There she placed them in a
 basket near the monument and put a
 large square tile upon the basket to
 prevent the wind from overturning it.
 It happened that under the basket was
 a root of an acanthus plant. When
 spring came the acanthus sprouted,
 but its shoots were not able to pierce
 the basket, and accordingly they grew
 around it, having the basket in their
 midst. Such of the long leaves as
 grew up against the four protruding
 corners of the tile on the top of the
 basket curled round under these cor-
 ners and formed pretty volutes.

Kallimachos, the sculptor, walking
 that way one day, saw this and im-
 mediately conceived the notion that the
 form of the basket with the playthings
 on top of it and surrounded by the
 leaves and stalks of acanthus would
 be a comely heading for columns in
 architecture. He from this idea formed
 the beautiful Corinthian style of cap-
 ital. Such, at least, is the story as the
 architect Vitruvius told it 1,900 years
 ago.

A LONG WASH DAY.
 It Lasted a Week, but Came Only Four
 Times a Year.

Every one has heard of the German
 and Dutch method of accumulating
 soiled clothes and of having a wash
 day only two or three times a year.
 Not every one realizes, perhaps that
 the custom was brought over to this
 country from Holland and that the
 Dutch settlers long continued its prac-
 tice. In these days of the ever ready
 laundry it is strange to read of the
 laborious period which came to our
 New Amsterdam ancestors four times
 a year. Helen Everett Smith tells
 about it in "Colonial Days and Ways."

The custom of quarterly clothes
 washings was maintained notwith-
 standing our summer heats and the
 immense quantities of clothes neces-
 sary to keep up the state of cleanli-
 ness required by Dutch instincts. A
 New Englander who had married a
 citizen of New York writes in 1798
 of this practice, which was undoubt-
 edly strange to her:

"Grandmother Blum is so deep in
 her quarterly wash this week that she
 has time only to send her boys."
 The washing was done in an out-
 house called the bleekery, where
 the water was boiled in immense ket-
 tles and all the other processes of the
 laundry work carried on. The work
 required not less than a week, fre-
 quently two weeks.

During the time preceding this cru-
 elly hard labor the soiled clothes were
 accumulated in very large hampers or
 open baskets. This custom origi-
 nated the necessity for the great stores
 of linen with which every bride was
 provided.

Stringent French Customs.
 Tourists must not fail to note the
 stringency of the French customs as to
 the smoking materials they may in-
 nocently bring with them. A corre-
 spondent is reminded of a significant
 little scene on the Dieppe landing
 stage. An English holiday maker who
 had come down to meet a friend arriv-
 ing by the boat found himself without
 a light for his pipe and sang out to a
 friend on board: "Got a match?" The
 latter was just about to throw his
 matchbox across the intervening yard
 or two of water when the man on the
 stage suddenly remembered and added
 with hasty pantomime: "No; wait till
 presently!" And bystanding passen-
 gers had to explain to the astonished
 newcomer that if the box had been
 thrown under the eyes of the customs
 officers every match in it might have
 had to pay a franc.—London Chronicle.

The Polka.
 The polka is the natural dance for
 the feet of the people. Take in evi-
 dence its origin. A Bohemian peasant
 girl was seen dancing "out of her own
 head," extemporizing from the sheer
 joy of her heart song, tune and steps.
 This she did on a Sunday afternoon in
 Elbeblantz, and an artist, one Josef
 Neruda, who spied her, made a note of
 all he saw. The people of the town
 adopted the dance and called it the
 polka, half step. In 1835 it reached
 Prague and Vienna in 1840; thence it
 spread rapidly through Europe. When
 M. Cellarius introduced it to the Par-
 tisans we hear that all else gave way
 before "the all absorbing pursuit, the
 polka, which embraces in its qualities
 the intimacy of the waltz with the
 vivacity of the Irish jig."—Cassell's Mag-
 azine.

It Wouldn't Sound Well.
 An English north country paper
 frowns upon the known ambition of
 its mayor of its town to be made a
 knight for his distinguished services in
 receiving royalty and narrates for the
 benefit of the aspirant this anecdote:
 When Adam Black, the Edinburgh
 publisher, was sounded on the subject
 of receiving knighthood, he said: "Nae,
 nae; it wadna doo. You see," he ad-
 ded, "if a boy can into ma' shop and
 said, 'A h'peth o' slate pencil, Sir
 Adam,' it wadna sound well."

A Mask Worn.
 "You miserable worm!" cried an in-
 licensed wife. "If you was half a man
 you'd help me to turn the mangle."
 "I may be a worm," replied the
 spouse meekly, "but I ain't that
 that turns."—London Mail.

The Swallow.
 Belle-Nelle, daughter of a
 you to my fiancé,
 to meet you, sir!
 cessors have been
 Cleveland Lester.

He that riseth late morn-
 ing shall scarce overtake
 the day.—Franklin

FOR CONSTIPATION.

A Medicine that Does not Cost Anything
 Unless It Cures.

The active medicinal ingredients
 of Rexall Orderlies, which are odor-
 less, tasteless and colorless, is an
 entirely new discovery. Combined
 with other extremely valuable in-
 gredients, it forms a perfect bowel
 regulator, intestinal invigorator and
 strengthener. Rexall Orderlies are
 eaten like candy and are notable
 for their agreeableness to the palate
 and gentleness of action. They do
 not cause griping or any disagreeable
 effect or inconvenience.

Unlike other preparations for a
 like purpose, they do not create a
 habit, but instead they overcome the
 cause of habit acquired through the
 use of ordinary laxatives, cathartics
 and harsh physic, and permanently
 remove the cause of constipation or
 irregular bowel action.

We will refund your money with-
 out argument if they do not do as
 we say they will. Two also, 25c.
 and 10c. Sold only at our store—
 The Rexall Store, and Parsons Drug
 Co.

**Why Not Send The
 M. & I.
 As a Christmas Gift?**

Nothing could make a nicer, more acceptable or
 less expensive gift than this. Not once, but 104 times,
 during the next year would your relative or friend be
 reminded of your thoughtfulness. Those who are far
 away would be especially pleased to receive the home
 paper.

"Becky Ann Jones" will be a regular contributor
 to our columns, and the paper will be enlarged and
 otherwise improved. The price is only \$1.00 per
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 Wadesboro, N. C.

Marbles.
 Marbles got their name from the
 fact that originally little bits of mar-
 ble were rolled down the hills and
 rounded and pounded by other stones
 until they became toys for the chil-
 dren to play with. It is said that the
 Dutch exported them to England.
 Whether they did or not makes little
 difference to the boys and girls of to-
 day. No matter who introduced the
 world to marbles as toys, they are
 with us and always will be. Some of
 you get them from other children, some
 of you trade postage stamps for them,
 but some persons originally bought
 them from the little store around the
 corner, whose owner got them from
 the greatest toystop in the world—
 Germany. In the beginning marbles
 were called "bowls," and men and women
 played with them as well as chil-
 dren.—Dundee Advertiser.

A Tree Cut Down by Rifle Bullets.
 In the sanguinary annals of the
 American war there was no more
 sanguinary episode than the fight in
 1864 of "the Bloody Angle at Spottsville."
 "Every bush and every sap-
 ling that constituted the thicket there,"
 says Mr. G. C. Eggleston in his "His-
 tory of the Confederate War," "was
 cut away by a stream of bullets as
 grass is before a mower's scythe. Even
 an oak tree nearly two feet thick, was
 worn to two near its base by the con-
 tinual and incessant strokes of leaden
 balls until it fell, crushing some of the
 Confederates who were fighting be-
 neath its branches."

A Nest Compliment.
 That was a nest compliment paid by
 a French ambassador in London to a
 peeress who had been talking to him
 for an hour.

The lady said, "You must think I am
 very fond of the sound of my own
 voice."
 The Frenchman replied, "I knew you
 liked music."