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HE FINISHED HIS PRAYER,

And After Sunday School He Thrashed Each Boy Who Tried to Interrupt His Devotions.

Not many weeks ago I wandered into a church at an early hour on Sunday morning.

One by one, slowly entered the members of the congregation, and scattered themselves through the body of the church, maintaining that hush and solemn quiet which is only to be found in assemblies that meet for worship.

The very atmosphere seemed to breathe the silence; one was absolutely wrapped in stillness, as with a garment.

Presently up the aisle sturdily walked a manly little urchin who appeared to be nine or ten years old. Looking neither to the right or left, he entered a pew and dropped on his knees.

While he was thus absorbed in his devotions, a noise of entering footsteps broke the silence, and soon a procession of seven small boys filed into the same pew, but, to all appearance, undisturbed by the sound or the movements, he maintained his devotional attitude.

After the lapse of perhaps eight minutes a whisper ran along the line of the seated boys. After the whisper, a clerk went the length of the line, followed by a sort of telegraphy from eye to eye.

After which, one of the number leaned forward and adroitly pulled the back hair of the kneeling boy. The young worshiper showed no consciousness of the act, maintaining his position in unbroken silence.

Then a youngster on the other side of the boy pulled a lock of hair within his reach, but no remonstrance or other recognition of the attack was given. The boy on his knees evidently meant to treat these profane interruptions on the part of his companions with silent contempt.

Then, followed a series of thumps on the back of his head, slowly and effectively administered, with a skillful adjustment of the thumb and forefinger, and rendered in perfection only by a long process of training. But the same result followed. The boy neither moved nor winced.

Another whisper from mouth to mouth. Evidently the situation demanded higher examples of strategy, and a boy who seemed to be bolder than the rest deliberately moved from his seat, and approaching the young devotee administered three agonizing pinches.

A slight twitching of the muscles was the only indication that the young worshiper felt this attack and quiet ensued for fifteen minutes, after which a youngster, who, up to this time had taken no part in the amusement, outside of the giggling and the ocular telegraphy, assumed a like devotional attitude with the persecuted boy and inflicted a series of sharp thrusts with his elbow with the incisive force of a pumphant.

The victim made no sign, and his tormentor arose from a kneeling posture and resumed his seat.

After a few minutes of silence one of the boys leaned forward and beckoned to the others. His face seemed radiant with a sudden inspiration, and he said to be heard at a distance of three pews behind him:

"I tell you, fellows, let's undo his galuses!"

Whether the situation had become too desperate for further endurance, or whether the young St. Anthony had concluded his prayers, it would be impossible to say; but upon the utterance of these suggestive words he rose from his knees and, crossing the aisle, took a seat in an opposite pew, preserving his gravity of demeanor to the last.

HER HEART ON HER SLEEVE.

The Coster Girl Never Hides Her Emotions, as Fine Ladies Do.

It is an interesting sight to see the real coster girl, not her stage presentment, enjoying herself on a bank holiday. First of all, she is very smart according to her own ideas, which, to do her justice, are original and not pale copies of the West End ladies.

Her hair, especially, engages her attention, and in this she prefers a distinctive style of her own. The hair is parted at each side, cut short and very much curled and crimped, and surmounted by a large hat and ostrich feathers coming well over the eyes, in some cases almost hiding them. She is musical, too, and easily breaks into singing and dancing.

It is sad to note this unsatisfied longing to indulge in rhythmical movement as exemplified in a slow waltz danced by two of the same sex, or a wild sort of jig partaking of the can-can and the breakdown shared in by both men and women, says the London Graphic.

A crowd of admiring and encouraging bystanders gathers round, quickly, applauding or criticising in their own peculiar manner. The belle is arrayed in a brown dress with pink bow at the neck, a large green velvet hat and feathers, a large white shawl and white gloves. She is as self-conscious as the beauty of a Belgrave Square hall, and dances with an enjoyment and an unctious unknown to the languid lady.

There is no sitting out here, no useless dancing men, for both sexes seem equally delighted to revolve with each other. There is an evident love of bright colors in the dress of boys and girls, and there is a hearty, boisterous flow of high spirits and of somewhat rough good-nature, coupled with a laudable determination to be happy, which is as refreshing as it is unforced.

FOND OF NURSING PEOPLE.

A Characteristic of Florence Nightingale from Her Earliest Youth.

Florence Nightingale, the world-famous nurse, was born in Florence, Italy, in 1820, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. Her father, William Edward Shore, of England, inherited the estate of his grandfather, Peter Nightingale, and, in pursuance of his will, assumed the name Nightingale.

As the child of wealthy parents, Miss Nightingale was well educated. From early childhood the care of the sick was a favorite occupation of hers, and in 1849 she entered, as a voluntary nurse, a school of deaconesses to qualify herself to minister to the sick.

In 1854, at the solicitation of Secretary of War Sidney Herbert, she went to Constantinople as the superintendent of a staff of nurses to care for the soldiers of Great Britain who were wounded in the Crimean war. By her rare executive ability and thorough knowledge of what was necessary she made the hospital, which was in a most deplorable state, a model in thoroughness and perfection of its appointments.

So immense were her labors that she frequently stood for twenty hours in succession giving directions. Notwithstanding this her pleasant smile and kind words to the sick made her almost idolized by the army. She returned to England September 8, 1856. Her services have secured her the sincerest gratitude of the English people and a world renown. Queen Victoria sent her a letter of thanks, with a superb jewel. A subscription of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was raised to found an institute for the training of nurses under her direction, and the soldiers of the army, by a penny contribution, raised a sum sufficient to erect a statue to her honor, which she refused to allow.

HE KNEW THEIR SCORES.

Thomas Stevens, who rode around the world on a bicycle, and on horseback through Russia, writes from India in a private letter to a friend in London that he has been investigating the mysteries of the Mahatmas, and that by the aid of his camera and his ingenuity he has discovered the secret of those miracles of the fakirs which Marco Polo told of the wonderful things done by the magicians of Kubla Khan.

According to tradition and the repeated tales of travelers, the Togi or fakirs of India, have secret knowledge of certain forces of nature by which they can produce phenomena as inexplicable to western science as the miracles of the Bible. Mr. Stevens has put these oriental modern miracles to a practical test and claims to have secured some remarkable results.

Two Prominent Men of the Jr. O. U. A. M.



Past National Councilor Orange of Virginia.



Past National Councilor Boblitt of Maryland.

A BRIGAND'S WOOING.

How the Italian Renegades Secure Their Domestic Partners.

It is said that the captain of a robber band who desires a wife goes his courting after this style: Casting his eye on some fair village maiden, he descends upon the occasion of a dance upon the green, and manages to dance with the fair one himself. He charms her with his grace and the beauty of his dancing, whispers love passages in her terrified ears—for well she knows with whom she is dancing—and circling ever nearer and nearer to the outer edge of the company he suddenly gives a whistle, and his men appear in a moment and dash off with the prize, the leader covering their retreat with a fusillade of firearms, which the villagers dare not return, being too much cowed by the bandit's daring.

Honorable marriage by a captured priest is offered the girl, who dare not refuse to become the brigand's bride, knowing she can never return to her home below the mountains. It is said that these marriages are exceptionally happy, and that the men love their abducted prizes with constant affection, and that the villages from which they are stolen are forever after safe from fire and rapine at the hands of the robber band.

Simplicity of manner is the last attainment. Men are very long afraid of being natural, from the dread of being taken for ordinary.—Jeffrey.

WAR-WORN SICILY.

It Has Been the Battle Ground of Europe for Many Years.

The insurrection in Sicily, which has caused so much alarm in Italy, is not something that is new to the island. Sicily has been called the cockpit of northern Europe, but Sicily has been the most remarkable of all international arenas. Ancient geographers called it Trinacria, meaning "Triangle Land," which was a very appropriate name.

One of its main capes stretches out toward Greece, another toward northern Africa, and the third toward the mainland of Italy, thus, as it were, inviting invaders from as many different points of the compass.

Three thousand years ago, and long before the foundation of Rome, Sicily was the scene of fierce struggles between the aborigines and people whose home was somewhere on the other side of the Straits of Messina.

Seven centuries before the Christian era, great cities were built in Sicily; but a series of civil wars covered the island with ruin, and support after support fell into the hands of the Carthaginians. Eventually the island became a Roman province, but in the year A. D. 440, it was conquered by the Vandals; they, in turn, being expelled by the Ostrogoths.

Saracens and Normans, Spaniards and French have fought for the dominion of the island, and in the era of the first French empire Sicily proved a fatal apple of discord. England claimed the island; France insisted that it was a part of the kingdom of Naples, and the war that ensued only ended with Waterloo.

The present agrarian insurrection may spread across the Straits of Messina, or even to the gates of Rome, and possibly fulfill the prediction of an Italian deputy, who recently warned his countrymen that the revolt was but the beginning of the end for the dynasty of Victor Emmanuel.

TRICKY LIONS.

How They Rid Themselves of Annoying Hyenas.

Some of the most dangerous tricks of animals are those simulating kindness. Charles Montague, in "Tales of a Nomad," says that hyenas often follow lions, and finish a carcass the moment the lions have left it. Sometimes, however, the hyenas are too eager, and steal bits of meat while the lions are still at their meal.

I have been told that the lion rids himself of the nuisance in the following way: He throws a piece of meat aside. When the lion is looking the other way the hyena dodges in and rushes off with the meat. Presently the lion throws another piece of meat, this time a little nearer. The hyena takes that also. At last the lion throws a piece very near indeed. The hyena, having become reckless, makes a dash at this also; but the lion wheels round and lays him low with a pat of his paw and a growl of annoyance.

I remember that the Uantu on one occasion hearing at night the cries of a hyena in pain, mingled with an occasional short growl from a lion. This went on for about twenty minutes. The next morning we found the carcass of a hyena bitten across the neck, and marked by the claws of lions. They had evidently caught it and played with it some time before killing it. I suppose this was done in revenge for the annoyance they had sustained from the hyenas.

Keeps His Queen a Prisoner.

Only one European sovereign will celebrate this year his silver wedding, namely, King Charles of Roumania, who has attained his fiftieth year. It is doubtful whether there will be any great national rejoicings in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage, for it can scarcely be said to have been one of much happiness, and, according to the New York Recorder, it is questionable whether the queen will be able to return to Bucharest for the event. Considerable mystery prevails as to her real condition of health, as no one outside the immediate members of her family are allowed to see her, and all that is known regarding her are the stereotyped announcements issued by her mother and by the members of the latter's household, stating that she is improving. She is, however, kept from public view—to all intents and purposes under restraint—and an impression prevails that if she is not mentally afflicted, she is at any rate treated as being so by her relatives.

LONGMAN IS THE PURE MARTINEZ PAINT. SC. 10 UNDER GUARANTEE. AGENTS: COOLIDGE & CO. 115 S. 2ND ST. ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Racket Store, 15 South Main St., ASHEVILLE, N. C.

I never attended a baseball play in my life, but I always read to see who gets there. You try that plan with the Racket Store if not a customer; 20 yards Sea Island finish sheeting for \$1.00, this sheeting is beautiful, 1 yd. wide; 25 yds. North Carolina plaids, 25 inches wide, \$1.00; 20 yds. nice apron gingham for \$1.00; 15 yds. scone batiste for \$1.00; these goods are elegant for summer ware; 20 yds. dotted muslin (worth 81c) for \$1.00; 20 yds. figured lawn (worth 61c) for \$1.00; 20 yds. cotton crepon, \$1.00; 25 yds. quilt calico, \$1.00; 20 yds. Hamilton calico, \$1.00; 7 1/2 yds. beautiful dress ducking, \$1.00; 10 yds. 1 yd. wide percale, \$1.00; 20 yds. 1 yd. wide scrim curtain goods, \$1.00; 7 1/2 yds. lace curtainette, bound with tape, 48 inches wide, wash goods, \$1.00.

Will give you half the above goods for 50c, when you do not want more. One dollar will buy enough tinware to commence house-keeping.

- 1 pint tin cup
2 qt. tin cup
1 1/2 gal. cup
1 gallon coffee pot
1 meal or flour sifter
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1 set teas spoons
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Every gentleman who wants a straw hat, come and see our samples at 50c, and 75c.

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