

## Dougless Shoes for Men and Boys

No better shoes has ever been made. They combine all the good points that are known to modern shoemaking. For men 2.50 to 4.00; for boys 2.00 to 2.50. Fine fine ladies shoes with snap, style and durability for 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00 and 3.50. Wright's Health Underwear 1.00; Lambsdown fleece lined underwear, 1.00 a garment.

**J. O. Williams**

Hendersonville, North Carolina

## WORKING IN A "TUBE"

Remarkable Experience in a Lock in Compressed Air.

### AT FORTY POUNDS PRESSURE

The Way It Feels When the Valve is First Opened and the Chamber Fills With the Rushing Air and Fog. Why You Don't Collapse or Explode.

As the lockkeeper turns the valve, writes A. W. Rölker in Appleton's Magazine, there is a scalp raising screech as if your ear were next the safety valve of a locomotive blowing steam, and as the rushing air expands it fills the tiny chamber with fog so dense that you cannot see your hand before your eyes. Wider and wider the valve is opened, the fog becoming even denser and the racket increasing until the air fairly drones and your eyes and eardrums and your very scalp tremble with the air that is vibrating about you. For the first time in your life you realize that sound may inflict physical pain and that there is a possibility that it may kill.

No sooner is the big valve opened than you feel the pressure against your eardrums. A big wad of cotton seems thrust into each ear, and two big fingers seem to push the wads more and more firmly until each time when you swallow or blow into your nose the sensation disappears only to begin anew. Should you purposely delay swallowing, within twenty seconds the pain becomes intense and finally excruciating, as if a pair of knitting needles were being pushed deep into your ears.

Nothing short of the faith that others successfully withstand these sensations prevents you from becoming unduly excited, for actually you are in the throes of about as disagreeable a situation as you care to meet. For the eternity of half a minute the racket and fog and ear pains continue. Then the noise ceases as suddenly as it began. Out of the fog comes the voice of your guide:

"Feeling all right? Ears all right? No trouble to breathe? Oh, you'll be all right!" Again the valve screeches and the air drones, the top of your head throbs, and you are shaken within and without.

Gradually, after the lapse of ten minutes, when the pressures in the heading and the lock become more equalized, the din begins to slacken; then it falls more and more and fades to nothing, after which the lockman opens the heading door and you gaze upon another length of "tube" like that you left behind.

How does it feel to be under forty pounds pressure? There is no sensation to it—none whatever—which is the trouble, for in case your heart is going to give out there is no warning symptom until too late. Against every square foot of the surface of your body is a pressure of 5,760 pounds, and the only thing that prevents you from being squashed is the 5,760 pounds per square foot pressure inside of you, yet you do not feel this.

The pressure from without is so great that were it not for the pressure within you would be smashed flat as a toad run over by a steam roller, and the pressure within you is so great that were it not counterbalanced by the pressure from without you would explode to atoms like the shell of a dynamite cartridge.

Yet you have no means of realizing this. You feel perfectly natural. You breathe normally and without effort. You move about without being conscious of exertion. Only a feeling as of water left in the ears after bathing remains.

The noise of rumbling cars and scraping shovels from ahead sounds natural. So does the voice of your guide. Only your own voice seems strange in your own ears—far deeper in pitch than you ever have heard it and far off, not as if it came from your own mouth, but as if from ten feet behind; also, and this strikes you queerly until you have found the cause, all sounds are chopped off short, for in this heavy atmosphere there is little echo and carrying power. Even the explosion of a dynamite cartridge makes no more noise than a shotgun fired above in daylight.

In this dense atmosphere were you to try to whistle with your lips or to blow a cornet or a sife you might blow your lungs out without producing a sound, for the pressure would resist any sound waves of which your lungs were capable. Owing to the excessive supply of oxygen, were you to light a match it would burn with the rapidity of tinder, amid volumes of smoke.

For the same reason an oil lamp or a lantern would burn itself out within a few minutes, emitting volumes of soot that would completely hide the flames. And for the same reason a lighted pipe or cigar will burn of itself without suction, and a single mouthful of smoke is all you would be able to get out of a cigarette. Were you to bring an empty corked bottle into this pressure from the outside, the pressure against the cork, unbalanced by pressure from within, would be so great that you would be unable to pull the stopper. These are a few instances of what you find when under forty pounds of pressure.

Cobez di Vaca explored the Gila river country in 1535 and reported that the natives were dressed in cotton garments.

## SHORN LAMBS.

Ways of the Men Who Lose Their All in Wall Street.

What becomes of the men who lose in Wall street. They are seldom heard of. The visitor to New York gets the notion that the gay crowd of men at the Waldorf—the "uptown street"—comprises them all. But this crowd is altogether misrepresentative and has no true sign value, says a writer on Wall street in the New Broadway Magazine.

You can retain your equilibrium easily in watching them by remembering that Runner of New Britain is hiding somewhere, a fugitive from justice; that Jumper of Milwaukee is in prison; that there are many other men who went down hard with big crashes, and that for every one of the big men there are 10,000 little men whose losses are smaller, but not a whit less fatal.

You would find some of them tonight in New York, if you knew in what window to look, figuring anxiously and endlessly, looking over insurance papers to see if further loans are admissible.

Their wives are sewing; their daughters are studying stenography. You will find others hanging about hotel lobbies, and the moment you catch their eye or grip their hands you know that they are nervous, distraught, broke, restless—typical Wall street victims.

The others, professionals, parasites, satellites, winners, you will find in the cafes and hotel restaurants, making up a large part of the crowds at Sherry's and Delmonico's, Martin's and Rector's, the Waldorf, Manhattan, Astor, St. Regis and Holland House. Wall street by day demands the Great White Way at night. From the moment the market opens till its close the game is a fast and furious one of sharp trickery, clever dodging, rallery, bluffing, hypocrisy, lying.

Nerves are constantly tense; the brain must be clear and quick at every move. Successful lying uses up gray matter, and the flash and festivity of the Tenderloin at night are just unnatural enough to fit in and offer the kind of recreation desired.

### SAW HIS OPPORTUNITY.

The Reporter Seized It and Got His Real Start in Life.

All the city traveling public loves a strap hanger because it has a fellow feeling for him. This is why the story of how Frank Vanderlip, the banker, got his start has an almost universal appeal. It happened when Vanderlip was a reporter on a Chicago newspaper and writing financial news. The traction situation then, as now, was almost impossible. Charles T. Yerkes was traction dictator, and the stockholders and the public never had a word to say in the conduct of the roads. Nor could they get any definite idea of the financial condition of the properties.

The time for the annual meeting of the stockholders of the principal road came along. At all the meetings Mr. Yerkes had rattled off the reports in the usual unedible corporation way, and no one knew what was doing. So Vanderlip planned a coup. He bought a share of stock, which admitted him to the meeting. He had been a stenographer before he became a newspaper man. When Mr. Yerkes sailed into his breezy explanation of finances the young reporter took down everything he said. Mr. Yerkes used one striking phrase, and it was this: "The passengers who have seats pay the operating expenses, but the strap hangers pay our dividends."

The next day the sentence topped Vanderlip's account of the meeting. It aroused a storm of discussion, for it laid bare some of the traction methods; also it got Vanderlip a raise in salary and a promotion—Saturday Evening Post.

Nothing Like That in America. "This was told me the other day," said a man, "by a friend who has just made the tour of Ireland. He was at the lakes of Killarney, and a Jarvey driving one of those side seated cabs was telling him of a visitor who was attempting to masquerade as an American, but had all the outward signs of being an Englishman."

"You say, sorr," said the Jarvey, "that you live in the United States. Were yez iver in Dubuque, Ia?" "I was," said the traveler. "I was there for a fortnight." "Off wid ye!" said the carman. "Ye were alver there. Divil a fortnight do they have in America."—Indianapolis News.

Getting It Right. It was on a street car in the city of Washington. Two colored women in cheaply gorgeous splendor were talking and one chanced to mention a Mr. Jinks in her conversation. "Excuse me," said the other woman, "but his name is not Jinks. It is Mr. Jenks." "Oh, I sees," said the other woman complacently. "I sees that you puts de access on de pronoun."—Lippincott's.

A Bit of Sarcasm. A young man who had prolonged his call on his sweetheart a few nights ago was surprised when a window in an upper story was raised as he left the house and the voice of the mistress called out, "Leave an extra quart this morning, please!"—Argonaut.

Her Fourth. Lawyer—As your husband died intestate, you will of course get a third. Widow—Oh, I hope to get my fourth. He was my third, you know.—Town and Country.



In some cases they last longer. They never need repairs. They're fire-proof, storm-proof. They reduce the cost of insurance, and they're easy to lay. They preserve the building, too, by keeping out dampness; so if you want a thoroughly cosy home in winter, and a cool house in summer, you can't do better than see that Cortright Shingles are used for the covering.

**BLY BROS.**

## Cure The Habit

No matter what the death certificate says, the fundamental cause of one-half the deaths recorded is constipation. It robs the complexion of its clearness, the eye of its brightness. It's a slow but sure form of suicide. Cure yourself of the habit, not by drugs but by eating daily foods like

**DR. PRICE'S WHEAT FLAKE CELERY FOOD**

made from the whole grain of the wheat, which, if eaten daily, will help to overcome habitual constipation.

Palatable—Nutritious—Easy of Digestion and Ready to Eat. Can be served hot. Put in a hot oven for a few minutes; or cook in boiling milk.

All Grocers. My Signature on every package. Dr. W. C. Price



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Before winter sets in—now is the time before you start your furnace for the season, and get your coal in before the snow flies. We will fill your bin with bright, clean and satisfactory coal for furnace, range, stove or grate, that will insure your comfort during the shivering season. We have the best grade of Jellico lump coal and can furnish you car lots, ton lots or any quantity to suit your needs.

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Made in an honorable way for honorable men. We have secured the agency for this section and invite your inspection.

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If you suffer from constipation, liver troubles, nervousness, indigestion or dyspepsia give this excellent pill a trial and you will be convinced of its superiority. Only 25c the box.

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Come in and look them over. Men's suits from \$10 to \$16 Boys' suits from \$3.50 to \$5

**T. B. CARSON.**