

# The Charlotte Democrat

THIS PAPER IS 44 YEARS OLD

CHARLOTTE, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1897.

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Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.  
Apr 3, 1896

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**NOTICE**

Is hereby given, that an application will be made to the next session of the Legislature of North Carolina, to incorporate the "People's Benevolent Relief Association of North Carolina."

E. J. YOUNG.

dec 8 1m.

## LOVE ON A STEAMSHIP.

BY WM T. PRICE.

I stood over the gang-plank on the promenade deck of the great steamship watching my fellow-passengers come aboard. Presently an old man and a young girl came up the plank. Of the two the young girl most interested me. I felt a peculiar satisfaction in observing her. A pleasurable thrill quickened my heart's pulsations, and even then, seeing her for the first time, some thing told me that I would love her—did love her.

The first two days out, I was confined to my room, but I learned that the young girl's name was Fairchild, that the tall slim man who accompanied her, was her father, and that he was a consumptive.

When, on the morning of the third, I came on deck, I found the father and daughter, side by side pacing the after-deck; he, coughing a great deal; she, rosier than ever. All day I followed her with my eyes, admiring her gracefully gentle ways, and loving her more and more for her tender devotion to her afflicted father. I longed to avail myself of that freemasonry by which, on board ship, no introductions are required before making acquaintances. But all through the day the couple spoke to no one. Besides, Mr. Fairchild had that air of coolness which wards off the approach of strangers.

Late that evening, when all but a few stragglers had turned in, I went on deck for a little exercise before turning in myself. The engines purred loudly, and the voices of the captain and the officers in the bridge were audible. The night was dark, and beyond the white phosphorescent light immediately surrounding the steamer, the sea looked ominously black, and every minute grew rougher. Great majestic waves rolled the ship from side to side.

I enjoyed the sight of those great dignified waves, so deliberate in their tremendous strength, and I continued on deck till near the end of the midnight watch. The vessel was now rolling and a rain-frightfully. It had become impossible to walk, and as the ship lifted me high in the air, then lowered me almost into the sea, I clung to the railing, amidst a group of their room—her room.

But I had determined to get below, and while awaiting an opportunity when I might reach the companion-way, I heard a door bang; somebody came sliding across the deck, and a tall man clinging to the railing not far from where I stood. It was Mr. Fairchild, who, I decided, had been unable to sleep, for he coughed unusually hard. It was painful to hear him.

He wore a long overcoat, in the pockets of which he was searching, presumably, for a handkerchief. When the ship's side was high in the air, he let go his hold of the railing, and searched his pockets with both hands. Then as we rolled over toward the sea, there was a sudden violent pitch, and a furious wave dashed across the deck, drenching me, and forcing me to wind my arms around the railing and hang on desperately. But look! What was that black thing, tossing in the phosphorescent light in the water?

As the ship's side lifted, I heard a cry and in the phosphorescent light near the ship I saw two black arms wildly grasping in air. I looked toward the place where the tall man had stood. He was not there now. My God, it was her father!

"Man overboard! For God's sake, stop the ship!" I shouted with all the strength of sound lungs and excitement. The officers shouted orders from the bridge. The vibrant hum of the engines ceased, but the mad splash and thump of the sea continued. Again and again the life buoys were flung out toward the wildly grasping arms, only to miss them. A boat near the stern was lowering, but the heavy billows beat it against the ship's side with a terrific crash. And then far off there in the steamer's wake, those wildly grasping arms sank into the merciless sea.

As another mountainous wave burst across the deck, almost beating out my breath and blinding me, an officer jumped down the steps from the bridge, and straddled toward me sailor fashion. "Here! we don't want you over, too!" he shouted. "Give me your hand!"

"But the man overboard?" I screamed, any chance for him?"

I lost his answer in the sudden lurch sent us both banging against the companion-way. As I stepped inside he held the door open, and shouted: "He couldn't swim. We lowered a boat, but it couldn't live in a sea like this."

The giant engines began to throb and hum, and he added: "We're under way. No use! In a sea like this, we can only say goodbye! Who was he?"

I told him, and begged that he would leave me the task of communicating the unhappy news to the daughter. He granted my request and slammed the door.

It now seemed natural that I should love that fair young girl; for now I was to be her protector, her comforter.

Sleep was out of the question. The ship rolled less and less violently, till toward morning, we steamed out of the storm into a calm sea. Just before daylight I went on deck and paced up and down near her room, which I knew she could not leave without my seeing her. Presently she appeared and looked inquiringly around the deck.

Itself. She stood on a few feet from me, but when her eyes met mine, conscious perhaps, of the earnestness with which I was regarding her, she turned her head shyly away. Then approaching her, I said, quietly:

"Are you not looking for Mr. Fairchild? He has gone below. Won't you walk forward with me?"

The dimples deepened in her cheeks, and she smiled. Giving her no time to speak, I took her arm within mine, started forward, talking rapidly.

With her arm lying confidently in mine, we watched the sun creep up out of the sea. She bubbled on about one thing and another, and as I listened, I felt vaguely ashamed. Was I not the cat playing with the mouse? But in those we love, it is so sweet to see happiness, and so hard to tear it away. While I summoned my courage, and sternly resolved to tell her what she must inevitably know, she turned to my arm, cooing: "Come! Won't you go hunting with me? Let's go below after papa."

Foreseeing that a vain search for her father would lessen the suddenness of the final shock, I yielded. Deliberately I conducted her to the music room; the saloon; through the passages between the state rooms; to the barber-shop; the bar; the smoking-room; around the hurricane deck; to the second cabin; the engine-room; till at last she said wonderingly: "Well! Well! Where is papa, any way? You say he's below. Do you think he's in the coal hole?"

"Perhaps he's even farther below," I suggested experimentally. "Perhaps he's in the sea."

She may have divined that I felt nervous, for she looked, for her lips quivered, and she queried: "In the sea? I won't have you in the hunt if you talk that way."

We renewed the search, now and then encountering early risers, whose sympathies showed that they knew of the young girl's misfortune, and I signed them to forbear speaking. Finally we reached a little reception-room over the saloon, where we sat down on the cushioned settee, and drawing her to me, I said: "Dear, by what name did your father call you?"

"Why do you say that?" she frowned. "You mean what does he call me. He calls me Gertrude."

"Well, then," I said, "I shall always call you Gertrude, because your father may never call you by that name."

She started, looked into my eyes pleadingly, and said in a strange hurried way: "Is it so? Is—papa—not I can't believe it! He used to say we must expect it any moment. But now he's going to some place in Europe to be cured. But how you look. I suspected something wrong all the time."

She sprang to her feet, and, pulling my arm excitedly, pleaded: "Take me to him, won't you? Please do! Oh! You won't move! What shall I do?"

She threw herself impulsively into my arms, pressed her flushed cheeks against mine, and dropped her head on my shoulder, sobbing bitterly. Gently I smoothed her forehead till she grew calm.

Then with as much delicacy as my blunt nature can command, I told her briefly what had happened in the last hour of the midnight watch. I could not then add the details. My emotions were choking me, and I knew that I had to remain calm; for she, poor girl, as she realized the full meaning of my words, gave way to grief, and lay helpless in my embrace.

The third night after that storm in the midnight watch, we stood on the landing stage in Liverpool.

Thus far I had said nothing to her regarding what she had best do, nor had she asked. But now I saw her looking at me with anxious inquiry, and I said: "It's all right, little one. You've been a brave Gertrude. Stay brave a bit longer, say ten days and you'll be home."

"But how? How?" she asked impudently.

"After two years' work in London, during which time I received stacks of letters from my pet, she met me at the Cunard dock in New York. As I stepped from the ship's gang-plank, she threw her arms savagely around my neck, and covered my face with kisses.

"Oh! you dear precious darling!" she gushed. "You're never going to cross the that horrid ocean again, are you? What an exquisite gown! Did you have it made in London? Here's our carriage. We are going to carry you home and make you the reigning belle, the lioness of the hour. But now let me introduce my husband, Lieutenant Potter, Troop S, United States Army, off on furlough. Attention company!"

In the carriage she told me of her quiet wedding, which had taken place only a month before.

"We were so sorry you were not here for the wedding," she said, putting her hand in mine. But aren't you soon to have a wedding of your own? I'm sure the men over there fell in love with you. Now say! Aren't you going to have the wedding, soon?"

"No, Gertrude, not soon!" I replied, mournfully. I was born an old maid. And then the men tell me I'm too much like a man. They say I'm a tyrant. No, no! I shall always remain just plain—Miss—"

Glenn Coe, L. I.

North Carolina Geological Surveys.

There is perhaps less known about these than any other of the State's mineral resources. In middle and western North Carolina when a man in the country desires a quantity of brick for building a house or chimney, he usually opens up his own clay bed, makes and burns his own brick. The result of this sort of work has had rather a discouraging effect on persons who know good brick when they see them, as they travel over different parts of the State and see so many chimneys and even houses put up of brick of inferior quality.

But the inferior quality of these brick does not necessarily indicate the inferior quality of the clay from which they were made. In many cases it is due to the experience of the brick maker, the improper mixing of the clays, the improper burning, or other causes. And so it often happens that we find in some places brick both of very good quality and very poor quality made from the same clay. The many places in the State at which inferior brick may be seen has given rise to a widespread belief that brick of the best quality are not or cannot be made in North Carolina. Consequently in a number of cases, people who desire to use first class brick have ordered them from other States.

With a view to determining the exact quality of our clays, their distribution in the State and the purposes for which they are best adapted, the Geological Survey inaugurated during the past year a careful examination of the clay deposits in all portions of the State. A large number of samples have been collected and these are to be tested during the present winter in every way, and by every method which can throw any light on this question. In a number of cases the laboratory tests will be supplemented by furnace tests for ordinary purposes; and in the case of clays for the making of tile, sewer pipe, etc. The report on this subject, which it is hoped will be published next spring, will contain in addition to the information thus gained in regard to the clays themselves, descriptions of the most approved machinery and methods for making brick, tile and sewer pipe of the best quality. In connection with these investigations, we have found that in a number of cases our brick makers are using the crudest sort of methods for the mixing of their clays and the making of the brick; and the officers of the survey have received from many of them numerous applications for information along this line. Hence it is hoped that this report will be found useful not only by the persons who desire information about our clay deposits, but also by many of our own citizens who are engaged in the manufacture of brick and other materials out of these clays.

All clay is the result of the rotting of rocks. The best of our clays are found along the lowlands border the rivers and smaller streams, where they have been deposited by the action of slowly running water, the decayed rock having been washed down from the hillsides and the sand and other minerals in these rocks having been separate from the clays through the action of water, and deposited in different localities. And thus it is to-day that the best brick made in the State, like those at Goldsboro, Pomona, Bethania, Fayetteville and Raleigh are made from these stream deposits.

The result of the explorations conducted during the year by the Geological Survey has been to show very large quantities of clays of fine lent quality along the lowlands of many of our important streams, such as the Neuse, Cape Fear, Yadkin, Catawba and others. Many of the best of these deposits have never been opened up for development to any extent; but they promise that in the future as the demand grows for good brick and other clay products, we may expect developed in North Carolina large industries along this line.

J. A. HOLMES,  
State Geologist.

## HOME-MADE CANDIES.

Holiday Goodies that are as Pure as they are Toothsome.

From the Philadelphia Times.

The custom of making the candy that is used in the home has gained favor until now it is an understood thing in many a household that no candy shall be eaten that which is made at home, and which mother, consequently, knows is strictly pure. Then, too, the older boys and girls enjoy home-made candy more than the fancy bought candies, and how can a winter's evening, whether in town or country, be spent more pleasantly than in making candy. There is much fun and pleasure to be had in the work, both for young and old.

As I would suggest for any work that is to be done in the kitchen, whether by mistress or maid, have everything ready before going into the work. But especially it is desirable to do this in candy making, for while the taffy is boiling there is no time to hunt soda or the candy will be scorched. Therefore, have all materials and implements that are necessary in the preparation of these different receipts gathered together at the cook table before starting in, and you will find, I can assure you, much more success in your attempt, as well as a saving of labor and temper. If one is a beginner in candy making, the most simple receipts should be tried first by all means, for to make good candy is no joke. But if your sugar lumps or your molasses turns to sugar the first time you try, don't be discouraged, but try again—mine did this, too.

Creamed dates is one of the most simple candies to begin with. Take a pound of confectioner's white sugar (or, if this cannot be secured, pulverized sugar will answer the purpose), mix it with the whites of about three eggs (the amount of eggs must be determined by the quality, not quantity, as some eggs are larger and fresher than others, and will beat up to more effect), which shall have previously been beaten until the plate can be turned bottom side up without their dropping off. This side up mix to the consistency of a moderately stiff paste. Flavor with vanilla. Take a small portion in the hand, and flatten it, place the date, which should already have the seed taken out, on the paste, and wrap around the fruit, lay on a greased paper to harden.

The materials to be prepared before starting in to make this simple sweetener are, have the sugar in the basin in which the candy is to be made; the eggs separate and beaten stiff; the vanilla at hand, and the fruit selected.

If you are making one kind of candy in which the whites of eggs are used, and you want to be economical, it is well to use the yolks of your eggs in making Merguerites. Beat together one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter and yolks of six eggs. Sift in a pound and a half of flour, and a glass of rose water and one tablespoonful of mixed spices; roll about half an inch thick, cut in cakes and bake quickly. When cool cover with tart jelly. Making icing, flavor with extract of lemon, and put thick on top of each cake. Set in a very hot oven for a minute to brown.

As a last suggestion, I am going to give you my favorite candy of all the lot—marshmallows. These are rather tedious and difficult to make, but the result is so delightful that the work is soon forgotten. Dissolve six ounces of gum arabic in a small cup of boiling water, strain carefully and add to a pound and a half of sugar. Set on the fire to heat in a kettle of boiling water; stir until very stiff and white; take from the fire, stir two or three minutes and set away to cool. Cut small pieces of this paste when cold, about the size of an almond, put some cream, made as for dates, into a small sauce pan, set in boiling water, stir over the fire gently. Dip the pieces of marshmallows into cream, turn with a fork, lift out and lay on greased paper.

Follow these directions in detail, no matter if some of the little things seem unimportant; be careful just the same, and I know you will have success. If the first attempt is not to your notion, consult the receipt and try a second time, following directions accurately.

Hickorynut Candy—Two cups of sugar, half a cup of water, boil until thick, flavor with extract of lemon, stir in one cup of hickorynut meats and turn in large, flat dish. When cool mark into squares.

Another way to use these nuts is to make hickorynut taffy. Take a quart of molasses (New Orleans is the best), place on the fire and let boil until you find it taffying, by placing a little in water to try it. Put a pinch of soda in and about a tablespoonful of water; stir quickly, and empty in the nuts and take of the fire, stirring constantly. Care must be taken that the molasses do not burn after the soda is put in, as it will do this very quickly. A cup of granulated sugar and two cups of molasses may be used, if you prefer not to have it all molasses. A little vinegar may also be added, if you want it brittle.

Chocolate Creams—Two cups of sugar and one half cup of cream boiled for five minutes, from the time it begins to boil, not from the time it is set on the stove. Take off the fire, flavor, stir until stiff and then drop on a buttered plate or set aside to cool. While this is cooling put in a pan one cake of chocolate, which pan should be set in another in which there is boiling water, and the chocolate

allowed to steam; roll the creams into this and then place back on the plate to harden.

Kisses—Beat the whites of six eggs until frothy, add half pound of sugar, beating until very stiff, drop a spoonful at a time on buttered paper. Place the paper on back of tin, sift lightly with powdered sugar and put in a quick oven. When firm take out, remove from the paper carefully, scoop out the centers and return to the oven dry. Fill the centers with whipped cream and put two together.

Chocolate Caramels—Put half a pound of chocolate, half a teaspoon of molasses, a cup of sweet milk, two pounds of brown sugar and two ounces of butter in a porcelain kettle, set on the fire, let heat slowly, then boil until stiff. Take from the fire, flavor with vanilla, turn into a greased pan; when partly cool mark in squares with a dull knife and stand in a cool place to harden.

Cream Walnuts—This can be made in the same way that has been given for cream dates, or boil two pounds of sugar and a teaspoon of water together until it threads. Flavor with vanilla; take from the fire and stir until white and creamy. Have walnut meats prepared. Make the candy in small cakes, press the walnuts into the sides and roll into granulated sugar.

Cocoanut Candy—One and a half pounds of white sugar, one pound of grated cocoanut; add the milk of the cocoanut to sugar; boil five minutes, put in the grated cocoanut; boil ten minutes longer, stirring constantly to keep from burning; pour on buttered plates to harden.

Macaroons are a delicious confection. To make them, blanch and pound fine a pound of sweet almonds; whip the whites of seven eggs, add one pound of sugar, mix well, drop on buttered paper, sift sugar over and bake quickly.

Cocoanut Caramels—One pint of milk one tablespoonful of butter, one grated cocoanut, three pounds of white sugar, two teaspoonfuls of extract of lemon; boil slowly until stiff, pour in buttered pans and mark in squares.

## THE PAID CHOR.

Unnecessary Economy in Church Music a Grievous Mistake.

"It is very difficult for some very excellent and otherwise broad-minded church people to realize that good music is one of the most powerful auxiliaries to successful church work," writes Edward W. Bok in the December Ladies' Home Journal.

"\* \* \* Music naturally appeals to a far larger number of people than preaching ever has or can, no matter how good its quality. \* \* \* A church desirous of reaching the largest number of people and doing the greatest amount of good must adjust itself to prevailing conditions. If good music will attract where other attractions fail, why not employ this auxiliary? \* \* \* But good church music can rarely be had from a volunteer choir. And I say this with all due respect to the thousands who each Sunday throughout our country volunteer their services in divine song. There are innumerable cases where a paid choir is out of the question. I have known of such instances where the singing by volunteer choirs was good. But they are exceptions; by no means the rule. And it stands to reason that this should be so. Excellence in any kind of work calls for study and preparation. To be a good singer requires years of study and training. And years of hard, practical work must follow the study period. \* \* \* The voice must be cultivated. It must be trained. And this calls for infinite patience, time and money. Trained voices naturally cannot be expected to give the results of all this without compensation. And the fact that their services are asked by the church and in the cause of religion does not effect the justice of remuneration. Ministers and janitors are paid, and so should our church singers if they have good voices. \* \* \* Where a church is able to maintain a paid choir, and seeks to economize with volunteer voices, there is, in particular, a grievous mistake committed. Music hath charms, it has been truly said, and it has to every one. A church able to spend something on its music cannot afford to have sought but the best it is within its means to employ those who regulate the affairs of our churches should bear this fact in mind in connection with their regular services in the new year before them. There would be far fewer empty pews in some of our churches during 1897 if there were better voices in the choir."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. It is a food against all ailments and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.

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Granite Monuments a Specialty.

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## NOTICE

By virtue of a deed of trust executed to me by J. B. Cooper and wife, Ross V. Cooper, which is duly recorded in the Register's office in Mecklenburg county, in Book 99, page 198, I will sell, for cash, to the highest bidder, at the court house door in the city of Charlotte on the 16th day of January, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., that lot of land in the city of Charlotte situated at the corner of E and Ninth streets, fronting ninety-nine feet (99 ft) on Ninth street, and extending back at that width along E street one hundred and ninety-eight (198 ft) and embracing one-half of lots 984 and 985 in square 169 according to Bear's map of the said city, it being the lot on which the said Cooper and wife reside, and the same conveyed to the said Ross V. Cooper by A. G. Brenizer, trustee by deed dated the 11th day of March, 1889, and recorded in the register's office of said county in book 64, page 460, The 16th day of J. C. Jones, 1896.

H. C. DUMBER, Trustee.

## DISOLUTION SALE.

The firm of E. L. Yandle & Co., at Pineville, in this day dissolved, and will be responsible for all debts made up to this time. Hereafter the firm will be known as M. K. Moore.

E. L. YANDLE & CO.

## Steel Creek News.

Dixie, Dec. 29.—Christmas is here and marriages occur almost every day; even old maids are making good use of the last few days of the last leap year that will be for some time.

The concert at Dixie last week was a grand success, so much that the people are wanting to hear it again, and it will be had again the night of the first at 7 o'clock with an oyster supper combined.

The concert club has a beautiful programme and will give those who attend a treat both in instrumental and vocal music.

Professor C. C. Orr and Miss Mary Davis have returned to Sugar Creek to spend Christmas.

Messrs. H. L. Cathy and Boyce Robinson, of Davidson have returned home during the holidays.

Misses May Wilson and Edna Carroll, of Charlotte, and Minnie Abernathy, of Huntersville, are visiting Miss Ida Sloan of Dixie.

Mr. J. J. Thompson, of Columbia, is visiting his mother and friends at Shop-ton.

Mr. Chester Scott, of Richmond, spent a few days with his sister, Mrs. A. A. Little.

Rev. E. D. Brown, of Kinston, is at home spending a few days with his father, Mr. W. P. Brown.

Rev. W. L. Walker, of Greenville S. C. spent Sabbath in Steel Creek. Steel Creek Church expects to support him in the foreign field as a missionary.

Miss Alice Whitesides had her Sabbath school class to spend the day with her Tuesday, and they enjoyed one of those dinners of which Miss Whitesides only is capable of serving.

Mr. Walter Price, of Chapel Hill, is at home spending Christmas.

Mrs. Luther Clark, of Vivion, West Virginia, is at home for Christmas and will attend the marriage of Miss Helen M. George Cathy which is to take place the 30th.

The marriage of Mr. Will Sloan and Miss Amanda Cathy will take place the 31st.

Mr. J. J. Price has gone to Greenville South Carolina to see his best girl.

One of the greatest features of the concert is a solo song by Mr. Mack Neel, entitled "The Sunny South Land."

"RAMBLER."

## CASTORIA

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Goose Grease has been used in Germany for thousands of years for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, sprains, bruises, etc. and found to be the most reliable remedy known. Always sold under guarantee. If it does you no good take it back to your druggist and get your money. Made only by Goose Grease Liniment Co., Green-boro, N. C.

Apr 10-ly