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VOL. XXV.

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I IN S C.

The Old Ship and the New

H, the old ship has salled, love, pleasure.

Oh, the old ship has sailed, love, That brought us tears and treasure. She salled away last night, love, Some other port to win. Oh, the old ship has sailed, love, But a new ship's in.

Oh, the old ship has sailed, love, With wintry winds to waft her. She has salled away forever With freight of grief and laughter.

Oh, closer, love, and fonder. Don't mind what might have been. Oh, the old ship has sailed, love, But a new ship's in.



THE OLD SHIP HAS SAILED, LOVE, BUT A NEW SHIP'S IN.

On, the old ship has sailed, love, I saw her making ready. And heard the midnight chanty song

In solumn tones and steady. Through lears I saw her leaving With many friends and kin. Oh, the old ship has sailed, love, But a new ship's in.

Oh, the old ship has sailed, love, And left us still together To wait along the water front

With hearts of sunny weather-To wait along the water front, A calm amid the din. Oh, the old ship has sailed, love,

But a new ship's in. -E. F. Burns in Boston Globe.

New Year's Toilets In Japan. In Japan on New Year's day the ladies are up early and making a most elaborate toilet. The toilet of a Japanese woman is always a refined one, and the sweetest of cosmetics and the most delicate of scents are employed for her beautification. But the New Year's toilet is something specially fine. On New Year's day the Japanese belle, like the Chinese one, wears no old clothes. Everything from her flowing silk outer garments to her delicately woven underwear is all new. Her favorite color is pink, and her robes are gorgeous in colors of pink and red.

Funeral Day In Siam. In Siam and in some of the mountain districts of India all the funerals of people who have died the previous year take place on New Year's day. The bodies are temporarily interred a day or two after death, but are taken to their last resting place on the 1st of January following their demise. The funeral and wedding feasts are celebrated together.

The New Year's Bell. "Of all sounds of all bells the most solemn and most touching is the peal which rings out the old year," says Charles Lamb. "I never heard it without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all images that have delphia Press. been diffused over the past twelve months, all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected in that regret-

The Jewish New Year. but as the 1st of January is regarded by Jews as a civil rather than a religious holiday they observe it with the test of the population.

As to New Year's Resolutions, "Are you going to make any new res-(lutions?" 'No: merely the same resolutions over again."

A Fond Hope. Ch, the tooting of the horn, How it told the year was born! And how the noisy gamins While the shrill steam whistles blew. Lille a waird satanic crew. And the young year made a racket As it grew and grew and grew!

Oh, the sleep that never came As the rumpus, lost to shame, Made night a thing of horror As the two years went and came! And the prayers rise from the heart, As the tears of anguish start, That the old year next December May peasefully depart. -New York World.

The Hobo's Wish. Weary Willy-Dis is New Year's, an' I wish I was back to me old home. Ob, fur de wings uv a dove! Tattered Tom-Rats! Oh. fur de wings uv a turkey wid cranberries on COLUMBIA'S COURT.

The President's New Year Reception

at the White House.

Washington is never more spectacularly interesting than on the one day in the year that Columbia holds her court. Every New Year's morning, bright

and early, men and women belonging to the class that Lincoln used to call "the dear common people" swarm in hundreds before the White House gates. They are there to catch a glimpse of the envoys of the world's nations on their way to pay their respects to the president of t' An ited States, or, as the crowd itself would put it, to see the diplomats go by It is invariably a good natured crowd, all elbows, nudges and exclamation points.

When the various military escorts come to a halt on the street before the gates, it ap 1 uds If a band strikes up, t cheers The mounted police come in for a fire of audible comment, and the always present wit who breaks out into something clever is rewarded with a spontaneous gush of infectious laughter that only a jolly crowd can achieve. Finally a carriage whirls up and

causes a rustle of expectancy. The diplomats have begun to arrive. It takes only an instant for each equipage to fiash through the gateway, but the crowd will have caught a burst of bright co.ors gold embroideries and gay plumes, and after this fleeting show of miscellaneous gorgeousness is over will resolve itself into "the public" and join the square long procession of citizens in the often disappointed hope of shaking hands with the president later in the day.

Before 2 o'clock thousands of men in every station in life will have had handshake with the president. The tramp, tramp of soldiery will have died In the distance, the White House grounds will be deserted, and Columbla's court will be ended .-- New York

THE KILTIES' NEW YEAR.

A Picturesque Custom of King Edward's Highlanders. A curious New Year's custom is that observed by the highland regiments in

the British army. At five minutes before 12 on New Year's eve the regimental band, preceded by Father Time, the oldest soldier in the ranks, in costume, with hourglass and scythe, plays on the square and out of the barracks gates the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," thus bidding farewell to the old year. At the hour of midnight a knock is heard at the barrack gates, and "Who comes there?" is the challenge, to be followed

by answer, "The glad New Year." "Advance, New Year. All is well," is the reply. The gates are then thrown open, and the New Year, represented by the youngest drummer boy in the regiment dressed in highland costume and preceded by the piper of the band, makes a tour of the quarters, ending with the officers' barracks, where a great feast is spread.-London Globe.

At Frankfort-on-the-Main. An old Germar custom is always observed on New Year's eve at Frankfort-on-the-Main. It is a very pretty way of celebrating and means a large family gathering. All the members of a household join together and make merry. Punch, champagne, cakes and candies are served during the evening. Every one contributes all he can to the fun, and so the entertainment is most delightful. When the clocks of the town begin to strike 12 all the windows of the whole city are thrown open and the people drink each other's good health and wish one another and everybody a very happy new year. When the last stroke of the hour has ceased ringing the windows are all closed again, and soon all the inhabitants are soundly sleeping.-Pittsburg

Philadelphia's New Year's Parade. While New Orleans has her Mardi Gras and St. Louis the Feast of the Prophet, which are held at other seasons of the year, Philadelphia, in the heart of winter, midst snow and ice. when indoor entertainments would seem more in keeping, defies the cold and welcomes the new year with a glittering, gorgeous street pageant of fantastically garbed mummers-a parade that from end to end, and it is usually four or five miles long, is full of life and color. This New Year's parade is entirely a Philadelphia institution and had its origin in the dim and musty past; but, unlike many old customs, instead of dying out it is constantly growing in popularity.-Phila-

New Year's Calls In Olden Days. An American New Year's celebration fifty years or even a few decades ago was a much more enthusiastic affair than it is today. The great feature of the day was the "calling," then a well nigh universal feature in both city and country. Neighbors and friends made great goodness and mercy, sends his "This is the time o' year," said Deait a custom to break the ice of a year's unworthy servant here to bless your con Blimber, "that lots o' folks wait isolation by crossing each other's threshold. Every one's sideboard was custom of our mountains, the animals Maybe they need to, bad enough, but prepared with wine and the lighter which help you to live should be asso- what's the use? Them folks that's aledibles, and those who did considerable calling usually felt like rising late on the following day Nowadays the calling is principally left to the young people and is not made a feature at all of the higher grades of social life in

the larger cities .- New York Post. His New Year Alternative. "Is Guzzler going to swear off on New Year's?" "No. He's going to marry a snake charmer instead."

A New Year's Dinner. Consomme. Baked Fish with Sauce Piquant. Roast Duck with Oyster or Celery Sauce Currant Jelly. Pickled Peaches. Grape Fruit. Boiled Turkey or Roast Pig. Crab Apple Jelly. Mixed Pickle.

Chopped Cabbage Garnished with Fried Asparagus. Potatoes. Turnips. Onions.
Celery. Apple Salad. Apple Pie.
Mince Pie. Pium Pudding.
Ices and Creams. Fruit. Nuts.
Figs. Raisins. Crackers and Cheese.

New Year's Mass For the Arimals

"A HE most poetical ceremony that I have ever witnessed." writes a correspondent of the New York Herald, "is the so called messe des animaux, or 'animals' on New Year's eve in the French department of the Cevennes or the Black Espinouze.' The scenery of entremely romantic, sends a peculiar charm to this sample and truly pastoriches of the inhabitants.

"I shall never forget the impression created on my mind by the scene which presented itself to my enraptured eyes on the New Year's eve when, accompanied by some friends who possess a aunting loage in the Espinouze, I stood meer the portico of a tiny graystone burch and watched the flocks being ed up the steep incline toward the date to whereon the modest edifice is built The church was a poor little umbledown place, with lichen grown valls and a square, ungraceful steeple,

The edifice was crowded with stalwart tire, each of them holding a lighted candle of coarse yellow wax, glimmering like tiny stars, and every man and woman singing the old Cevennese hymn beginning with the words, 'Night more beautiful than day."

"In the meantime column after colchurch and, marshaled by their drivers, took their places in long files on the



THE DRIVERS AND SHEPHERDS ALL FELL ON THEIR KNEES. tinuous stream and the rays of the full big night moon, which glittered high above us over the cark slopes of the mountains, shone on the long, polished horns and tawny hides of this strange congrega- the Italian peasant girl to learn what haired and very venerable man, who road and kick off one of her slippers appeared almost majestic in his heavy with sufficient force to send it backbeen several hundred years old.

by the entire congregation, marched to- as its mistress and as a bride. ward the portals, chanting the 'Magnificat' as he went. Upon reaching the steps of the church the old priest halted and, holding the sacred host high above his head, pronounced some words of benediction in a low but emphatic voice The drivers and shepherds all fell upon their knees and with bowed heads murmured the responses, while an acolyte, armed with a holy water sprinkler, walked through the ranks of the now believing cattle, sprinkling them with the holy fluid. Whether the animals realized the solemnity of the occasion or not, all those which had hitherto been lying down arose to their feet, as if to listen to the short but impressive allocution address-

ed to the drivers by the venerable cure. nocks so that according to an ancient fer, so mey kin turn over a new leaf. cated in the religious rejoicings berald- ways turnin' over a new leaf at this therefore and together a loud he it, 'cause, so fer as I ever knowed, anna in praise of the Lord, who is ther ain't none of 'em but what starts ever so merciful and lenient to us poor in right away on the new leaf same's

"Like a peal of thunder the grand wants to turn over a new leaf an' melody echoed from hill to hill in the keep it clean don't wait fer New clear night air, sung by hundreds of Year's to come afore they do it." throats, and rolled majestically to the very confines of the horizon. The startled animals bellowed louder and united their powerful voices to the concert. ever you do on New Year's day you It was grand and weird beyond de will do throughout the year is of anscription. As the last note died away cient origin. The Roman workmen nevthe cortege began to move, the priest er failed to work a little on New re-entering the church while the animals Year's day, so that patronage would slowly wended their way toward the not be wanting throughout the year valley in the same order as they had

Where the Cows Eat Mistletoe. cow that has calved first after the New Year. This, it is said, will bring new year. luck to the entire dairy.

NEW YEAR'S IN ARCTIC.

A Merry Day With the Icebound New England Whalers. They are making New Year's calls in the arctic, says the Boston Globe. "They" are the American women, wives of whaling captains, who spend three years out of every four in that region, where the perpetual blizzard is In motion, and where they rise superior . / to months and days and weeks.

You can imagine how welcome people are who are so scarce as in the friendly little fleet near Point Barrow. Wha you only have three or four wemen neighbors you are not going to be snippy and new fashioned and refuse used to prevail in this entightened land. Instead you are going to don your best (fur) dress suit and seaiskin bood and nere supe a mountains, which in itself go and pay your respects to those ladies. And the respects will not be chilly, if the surroundings are, for the ral festival, given in honor of the herds spirit of hospitality can overlook a of cattle which constitute the greatest great deal in the matter of climate and canned peach sherbet.

When the 1st of January dawns, with the first peep of the north pole day the men jump into their gunnysack-like garments and begin work. The ships are frozen into the ice floes, and the suow must be swept away from ship to ship to form a path. The men have a feverish anxiety to see the day pass without a jar or jerk in the festivities, and they labor with great enthusiasm to convert this lonely land into something akin to a holiday "in

the cracked beil of which was tolling making their preparations for the occasion. The plum pudding has to be mountaineers clad in their festive atinto dishes that will tempt the bashful mysterious concoction that delights and confounds the hungry men who admiringly survey the scene. They fetch and carry with eagerness dishes and compliments and what not, and before umn of cattle advanced toward the you could say Jack Robinson there is a table set and an array of toastmasters alongside of it, and "The ladies. God bless 'em!" become sort of brown clad angels with sealskip halos and a corner on popularity.

At about 11 a. m. the real day begins, and then there are such a talking and such a feasting and such a belaying there as never were. When a sailor goes calling in the cold, cold land of six months of winter he is not looking for a frost and consequently doesn't get it. And the dinner-gorgeous array that

it is-one vast table in the inner cabin and one vast amount of temptations in the way of food and drink! They all sit down to the china pot, and the sandwiches, and the bits of cranberry, and the loads of wairus rump, and the beef stew, and the bean soup, and there is a lively time. Dried fruits and spiced pickles and

many jokes fly about, and there is as much jollity as you would expect from a blackberry juice toddy innocent of dinner is over, there is a session of reminiscence and ease and handmade cigars, and the ladies do fancy work on the patterns of three years ago and "shop." Whales may come and whales ter goes on forever, or so the men wish frozen turf in front of the wide open it would as they lounge in the lighted portico They approached slowly, pon- cabin and tell stories of home and think derously and solemnly, with a quasi be- of the women who await them there, wildered expression at being turned and then more talk, and later tea out of their warm stables to face the again, and preserved ginger, and jokes bitter coldness of the bleak December not a bit older than those at home. night The oxen came first, followed And then they all march home to their for some one." by the cows, sleep and goats in a con- icebound ships under the stars of that

An Odd Italian Custom. A New Year's method employed by tion Mass was celebrated with the Hymen has in store for her is to stand customary pomp by the cure, a white in the doorway of her home facing the brocaded vestments, which must have ward over her head and back into the room. If the slipper falls on the sole, "When he at last had spoken the the toe pointing toward the door in usual 'Ita missa est,' indicating that the which the girl stands, she takes it as sacred ceremony is over, instead of re- an omen that before the new year dies tiring to the vestry he once more lifted she shall have walked out of her pathe host from the altar and, followed | rental home and entered another house

Welsh Superstitions. Many of the superstitions of the Welsh peasants with regard to New Year's day take the form of omens or auguries, foretelling joy or sorrow, prosperity or disaster, during the coming year. Thus it is a popular belief among this most interesting people that if a lamp or candle be taken out of a house New Year's day some member of the family will die before the new year-ushered in that day-is out. It is also a popular belief among them that to throw out ashes or dirty water, or, indeed, anything else, is certain to bring misfortune to the entire housebold during the whole of that twelve | through paradise before him? month.

ng the advent of a new year Let us time o' year mowt jest as well not do they did on the old un Them that

A Familiar Superstition. The familiar superstition that what-

Letting the Old Year Out. In old times the Saxons used to dance around an apple tree on New Year's in a novel illustrated by Christy. eve singing a song. This was supposed down his mistletoe and give it to the to insure a good crop. Also bells were rung to notify the people of the going out of the old and the coming m of the

On the Year's Last Day

[Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure.] 7'M very sorry, but there's not a chair left in the parlor car." The Pullman conductor looked really distressed. Somehow the Gibsonesque figure of Stella Mayhew seemed mass which takes place every year to make the time honored greeting that utterly incongruous with a day coach for a background. It was the aftermath of the Christmas rush, with family parties and numerous single tour-

ists returning from a week's pleasuring in the big city. That was all the reason why he hated to see Miss Mayhew doomed to the day coach. It would be crowded to suffocation. "I'll see what I can do," he said courteously as he turned to assist her into the coach behind the parlor car. "Perhaps some one may fail to turn

"Thank you," said the girl graciously, and, followed by the porter and her suit case, she disappeared into the day

It was as the conductor had fearedcrowded. She passed down the aisle



and had about decided that she would have to go in a car behind when the sound of her own name, spoken in a Kentucky rye. And then, after the surprised voice, brought her to a stand-

"Jack Moreland!" she cried in wonder and held out both hands impulsively, utterly unmindful of the interchat with the men about anything but ested passengers and the grinning porter. Moreland took both her hands, may go in the meantime, but the chat- then suddenly remembered and dropped them without speaking. Flinging his bag from the seat next the window, he made room for her. She, too, had recovered from the shock-and the pleasure-of this unexpected meeting. though her cheeks were flushed a trifle. "Perhaps you were saving that seat

"No; I think my good angel must just have warned me of your coming." He settled her luggage and dropped into the seat beside her. "This is great luck," he remarked. "And to think that I have been dreading this trip!"

"You don't deserve meeting me. Here I have been back a fortnight, and you haven't been near the house." She did not add, even mentally, that she had missed the flowers which had come from him daily before her trip abroad.

"Planning a barn dance for the Pennifield-Browns or steering some pretty child gets its New Year's present western woman through the shoals of New York society?"

"Neither," he said shortly. not my line just now." "Oh!" she looked out of the window He had changed, and yet he had seemed very glad to see her Did you make the mistake of failing to have a nese generals are put on the front seat reserved in the parlor car too?" "No; I have taken to riding in day made clean. coaches lately."

She glanced at him quizzically. "Don't tell me, Jack, that you're going in for literature and are studying

he tell her now, with a thirty mile run "Types are interesting. Don't you taken into the dining room, but when think so? Rather different, these people, from the sort you'll see at the Brandons' tonight. I suppose you are have it rulned he sets aside some other going out to spend the week end with

"No; I'm bound for Poughkeepsie." He bent over suddenly to pick up a violet which had fallen from the great bunch at her belt. "These must seem mighty poor imitations after seeing the real thing in Italy," he said as he straightened up. Stella looked from him to the flying landscape.

"Yes. And you too?"

Poughkeepsie! And he was so anxlous to change the subject. She had heard rumors of his interest in Dick Farrar's young sister. Perhaps she was in Vassar college. No, not nowduring the holidays. Jack went on talking quietly about her trip, asking her questions, which

she answered half mechanically. A little country schoolteacher seated across the alsle watched them curiously. They made her think of a frontisplece Suddenly he glanced at his watch "By Jove, how time has flown! We'll pull into your station in five minutes." Stella Mayhew watched him gather up her luggage as one in a dream.

For her the time had dragged, and it

was his fault. He had changed, while

"When we come back to town I hope you'll find-time-to call." She put an odd little emphasis on the word "time." "Thanks awfully, but I'm not going

about much, and"-He saw the look, half wondering, half hurt, which crept into her eyes, and he turned to her abruptly. His face had gone a bit white and his voice had lost its even quality. "I thought you knew. No; I lacked

the courage to tell you." he said calmly. "I took a business cropper and I'm going to Poughkeepsie to sell derricks for the Graham people. And I'm riding in a day coach because I can't afford Pullmans."

She was staring at him with wide "Jack, 1-1 don't understand. Oh why didn't you tell me this before?"

Because I was a blooming coward.' The train was slowing up. "And now you'll see why I'm not playing the social game very strong this season." He was standing in the alsle, her suit case in his hand. "Remember me to the Brandons; awfully nice couple." She nodded her head and followed up and a reservation may be forfeit-, his straight, square shouldered figure from the car. The Brandon footman

> was waiting for her. "Jack," she said suddenly. He had swung back on the train. She caught her breath sharply as he lifted his hat and nodded to her cheerily; then she turned toward the depot and the waiting carriage.

"And I never even said I was sorry." That night she cornered her host in the library. "Mr. Brandon, what does it mean when you come to a cropper in busi-

"That depends on the man, girlie. Who has been coming croppers?"

"Jack Moreland." "Moreland, ch?" said Mr. Brandon, flicking the ashes lightly from the cigar. "Well, the young cub was a fool. After his father had been dead four years-four years, mind you-it was found that he had-er-hypothecated certain funds belonging to estates for which he was trustee. Beautiful piece of work the old man didtook four years to unearth it, and even then the thing could have been fought out in court, and his heirs would have vice on your particular case from the world's won on a technicality. But young greatest skin specialist. Moreland lost his head and threw up his whole share of the estate to cover what he chose to call his father's dis- FREE honor. Nearly drove his mother crazy. The old lady has plenty to live on and has gone to London, where she will not be forced to realize too keenly the fact that her son is selling-er-derricks." "She was very cruel-and he her only

boy," said Stella musingly. "And he was a fool, according to up to date business methods. Better come into the billiard room. They're playing

"No; thanks. 1-1 want to run up to my room for a few moments." And when she came back she carried a letter, which she asked a servant to take to the village for the early morning mail. It was addressed to "Mr. John C. Moreland, Care Graham Contracting Co., Duane Street, New York City," and it ran:

Dear Old Jack - Forgive me. I didn't understand. I thought you were not glad to see me back. You might have known it wouldn't have made any difference-not a bit - do you understand? You haven't played fair with me, but I'm coming back to town on Monday, and if you come up Monday night-very early-perhaps I'l forgive you Oh. Jack, Jack, why couldn't you trust me? And it's going to be a happy, happy New Year for us both. As

Absurdly disconnected, with words lined once and twice, and not at all the note a girl from a Christy illustration would be expected to write, but she knew he would understand-and BEATRICE NELSON.

Painting China Red. The Chinese paint the whole country red, figuratively speaking, on New Year's day in more senses than one. "I have been very busy," he said Red is the color which with them de-"I have been very busy," he said Red is the color which with them de-gravely, at which she smiled quiz- notes good luck and prosperity, and the estate to exhibit them to me on or before all the New Year's cards and invita- the 22nd day of November, 1906, or this notions are on paper of that color. Every tice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. wrapped in red paper, and red inscriptions are pasted over the doors of the houses. These inscriptions bear characters praying for good fortune. wealth and happiness, and they are posted on each side of the outer doors of the houses. New pictures of Chidoors, and the houses are scoured and

> A Queer Russian Custom. At every country house in Russia are a feast and a procession to celebrate New Year's day. Horses, sheep, cows and hogs are dressed with garlands and led to the landlord's house. The idea is that the animals shall be the landlord has a handsomely furnished apartment and does not care to room and allows the mob to take possession of it

Omens of the New Year. Throughout southern Europe it is regarded as a most fortunate sign to see on New Year's day a pig. signifying plenty for the coming twelvemonth. The sight of a snake is the worst conceivable omen, for it means death by violence. To see a jackdaw, magple or crow is a sign that the beholder will be cheated on all sides during the coming year.

A Flower Unblown. A flower unblown, a book unread, A tree with fruit unharvested, A path untrod, a house whose rooms Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes, A landscape whose wide border lies In silent shade 'neath silent skies, A casket with its gifts concealed-This is the year that for you waits Beyond tomorrow's mystic gates.
-Horatio Nelson Powers.

As Good as New.

you made the first of the year?"

"Oh, they are still good."

"How about those good resolution

Crazed With Eczema

D. D. Prescription



West Chicago, Ill., Noy. 5, '04.

D. D. D. Company.

Gentlemen: I had suffered horribly for nearly ten years from Sait Rheum and Tetter of the hands and feet; have been nearly crazy with the burning and ltching; my hands were so disgustingly unsightly that I had to wear gloves when on duty—and now I am absolutely cured and free from it all. Your D. D. D. works I a miracle in my case for I had used everything recommended and tried doctors innumerable without getting any relief. It will always be a pleasure for me to tell other sufferers of the wondertul work of your remeds.

Yours truly. EDW. E. CAIN.

(Passenger Conductor Galema Div. C. & N. W. Sy). In service of this company 25 years.

After reading this letter can we say more West Chicago, Ill., Noy. 5. '04.

After reading this letter can we say more will absolutely guarantee D. D. D. Pre scription to cure you of any skin effection you may have, and to satisfy you of this we agree to refund you every cent you pay for D. D. D. if you are not cared Go today-now, and not spend but invest \$1 00 in a bottle of D. D. D. It will

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FEELING



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