IN THE YEAR.

inese, you can

Then Go Ahead.

(11) ?. MANNING, Publisher.

VOL. XXIX.

"CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER."

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 Cash.

NO. 2.

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1909.

Nervous Prostration

"| suffered so with Nervous Progration that I thought there we no use trying to get well. A friend recommended Dr. Miles' New inc. and although skeptical at first, I soon found myself recovering, and am to-day well." MRS. D. I. JONES. 5800 Broadway, Cleveland, O.

Much sickness is of nervous origin. It's the nerves that make the heart force the blood through the veins, the lungs take in oxygen, the stomach digest food, the liver secrete bile and the kidneys filter the blood. If any of these organs are weak, it is the fault of the nerves through which they get their strength. Dr. Miles' Nervine is a specific for the nerves. It soothes the irritation and assists in the generation of nerve force.

Therefore you can hardly miss it if you take Dr. Miles' Nervine when sick. Get a bottle from your druggist. Take it all according to directions, and if it does not benefit he will return your money.

NOTICE.

BY AUTHORITY OF A MORTGAGE EXout of to me by George Vaughan and Mercia Vaughan, his wife, on February 9th 1905 renewing one made 18 years before see Registry in Book 36, page 46, Vance I shall sell for each by public and to the highest bidder, at the Court House door in Henderson, N. C. on

Monday, January 17, 1910, the trust of eighteen and one-half acres of hard on the East side of the Chuvis Road be tweet Kattrell and Union Chapel Church in county, adjoining the lands of the hears of S. R. Hunt, Turner Hawkins, George E. Entrell and others. Purchaser paying part each will be given time on the residue i desired. Sale made by consent of owner T. T. HICKS,

Mortgagee. Henderson, N. C., Dec. 11, 1909.

NOTICE.

BY VIRTUE OF POWER CONFERRED upon me in a Deed of Trust executed by Charles Hawkins and wife, Jettie Hawkins, refed in Book 21, Page 87 and 149, de fault baying been made in the payment of the same, I shall sell by public auction at the Court House door in Vance County, on Monday, January 3rd, 1910, at 12 weeker M , to the highest bidder for

Begin at a Stake on East side of Lehman St. con thence along Maple St., South 78 E. 200 jest to a Stake on East side of Maple St : thence 2.1% W 109 feet to a Stake; thence N 78 W 200 feet to a Stake; thence N. 1% W 100 feet to the beginning. Containing This the 1st day December, 1909.

J. C. KITTRELL.

NOTICE.

Receipt No. 189 for \$210,00, second payment on six shares capital stock in Harriet Cutton Mills Co., Henderson, N. C., issued to This December 1st, 1909
MARY G. TARRY. and to trade, buy or negotiate for same.

NOTICE.

State of North Caralina | Publication of to Sarah Coleman. Summons. You are herein summoned to appear at the next term of the Superior Court of Vance ounty. North Carolina, to be held at the Court House in Henderson on the 2nd Monthey before the 1st Monday in March, 1910. to answer the complaint of James Coleman who is suing you for a divorce absolute on the ground of adultery. Complaint now begun his usual game upon the old duly filled. Take notice that if you do not Dev Street National bank plend answer or demur to said complaint will apply for relief aforesaid. Herein

This the 13th day of Nevember, 1909. HENRY PERRY. Clerk of Superior Court of Vance County J. C. Kittrell, Plaintiff's Attorney.

'My husband begged me to take Cardui," writes Mattie L. Bishop, of Waverly, Va., "and for his sake I agreed to try it. Before I had ken I bottle, I felt better. Before taking Cardui I suffered miserably every month and had to go to bed until it wore off, but

now I am all right."

The Woman's Tonic

You know Cardui will help you, because it has helped others who were the same fix as you. cine for sick women, but

a tonic for weak women. Being made from mild. gentle, vegetable ingredients, it is perfectly harmless and has no bad

Cardui can be relied upon to help you. Try it today. At all druggists.

Shortly after 12 o'clock Macmillan

arrived at the little office in New York

which he had engaged for his conven-

ience as trudee of Amy's tangled in-

heritance. Macmillan was a man who

ries expressed it, he "had to be killed

half a dozen times before he would

A letter from the man who had thus

described him was waiting for him on

this day, and as he read it he mutter-

ed, "This kills me for the sixth time,"

lanch in his office between 12 and 1.

It was Curtis Langdale's habit to

As Maemilian approached the door

of Langelale's private office he was

surprised to meet a physician with

whom he had a slight acquaintance, a

man of some distinction in the medical

profession. Macmillan uttered a hasty

word of salutation, but the other pass-

Langdale's aversion to doctors was

well known, and Macmillan had no

thought that the visitor had come upon

a professional errand, but at sight of

Langdale the incredible became proba-

ble. An uncanny change had taken

place in the man's aspect. The lines

in his strong face were not only deeper,

cance. He looked ill in body, as in

sympathy in Macmillan's mind, and

the conventional "How do you do?"

"Oh, I'm all right," answered Lang-

"Well, that's good news," said the

"Dr. Haywood? Who's he?"

"Why, he just went out."

Surprise was instantly succeeded by

ed him without a glance.

had a real import.

dale. "Never better."

Christmas Story By HOWARD FIELDING .

BENEFACTOR

VER the coffee cups on a December morning the Rev. Richard Macmillan and Miss Martha, his aunt, discussed a problem of conscience, that same hard riddle which has busied so many did not relish defeat or easily suctongues and pens and is known by the cumb. As one of his worst adversaname of "tainted money."

There was a certain rich man named Curtis Langdale, who had married some years ago a cousin of Macmillan's mother. The young clergyman had received various small favors from Langdale-presents at Christmas not only for himself, but for Aunt Martha and for Miss Amy Branford, to whom Macmillan was engaged. In particular there had been a check for \$50 every Christmas for the last three years, since Macmillan had been pastor of the so called Sandstone church of Southfield, and this check was a contribution to the charity fund of the church. About a year before the date of this

narrative the attention of the Rev. Mr. Macmillan had been sharply called to the fact that Mr. Langdale was a very modern financier, whose chief delight and most recent form of profitable busiiess consisted in half wrecking a bank through connivance with some official thereof, buying control from frightened stockholders and then putting the bank but greatly different in their signifion its legs again.

The knowledge of this truth so affeeted the Rev. Mr. Macmillan that he had a serious talk with Mr. Langdale in that gentleman's office in New York and returned the last check for \$50 on the ground that his church would be more blessed without it. On this occasion Mr. Langdale, who had a genius for dissimulation, professed to sympathize with Mr. Macmillan's opinion. Ing met Dr. Haywood in the hall." to be grateful for his friendly admonitions and in all ways very ready to serve him should occasion arise.

And now the occasion, vaguely prophesied by Langdale, had really come, and in such form that Macmillan knew not how to deal with it: for. in a certain sense, it was not his own conscience that should render the decision, nor was the sacrifice his. It was Amy Branford's.

Amy had just celebrated her twentyfirst birthday and was certainly old enough to be a free moral agent. She had been left almost alone in the world by the death of her father two years ago and was now living with relatives in Southfield who were in cash the following described real estate, narrow circumstances. Her father had left considerable property, but in such an involved condition that no income could be extracted from it, and the estate itself drew nearer and nearer to total extinction.

Mr. Macmillan was the trustee of this property, and he had striven with all his power to save it. He believed himself to be a good business man; he had confidence in the policy which he had pursued in this matter, and yet, almost in the moment of victory, he found himself face to face with total me by said company on June 23, 1909, has defeat. Ready money-that was the been lost or mislaid. All persons are notified only thing that could save the day. A few thousands in cash, not later than Dec. 28, would put all right; the lack of it would mean irreparable disaster. It was the morning of Wednesday, Dec. 23, and he had failed to raise the

"Why don't you go to Mr. Langdale?" said Aunt Martha, and that remark had precipitated the discussion. Now, it happened that in the newspapers of that morning there was a particularly interesting story about Mr. Langdale, to the effect that he had

Dey Street National bank. "I'll go and see Amy," said he. "If anything is to be done there is no time

He found Amy engaged in a snowball battle with her cousin's two little boys. The girl's cheeks were reddened with the exercise in the crisp air; her eyes shone with alluring fires; her lithe form quivered with delicate and accordant energies; the exquisite beauty of her youth seemed to transcend reality, and the man stood for some secands unperceived, watching her with a thrill of wonder. But this divine enchantment could not endure. Surely there was a malign and sordid spell upon him working against the heavenly powers, for as she came forward to greet him he observed that the gown she were was one that she had despaired of repairing a year ago.

"Amy," said he, breaking suddenly from the lighter talk, "I want you to read this," and he laid the newspaper article before her. "Not all of it. The gist is in the first three paragraphs." She scanned them rapidly and then

looked up at him. "Do you think this makes any difference?" she asked, timidly trying to read his face. "Perhaps it isn't true. Really, I can't believe that Mr. Langdale would do such a thing. And, besides, he wouldn't dare. He might be sent to prison."

He seized her little mittened hand in a tight grip.

"Dear child." said he, "do you wish

me to go to Mr. Langdale?" "Why, Richard, not if you think it's wrong. But somehow I can't believe he's a bad man. He has such a fine face! Couldn't you-that is, don't you think that you could talk to him? He put off the decision, to lead the converlikes you so much! Don't you think you ought to stand by him now that his enemies are saying such hard

New York"

"Well, I really don't see"-"You have, Richard; you have indeed. And I won't forget it. I always keep you in mind at this time of year.

Goodby, goodby." In a daze of disappointment, perplexity and self reproach Macmillan departed. He had bungled the interview in all ways. He had accomplished absolutely nothing for Amy, for Langdale, for his own conscience. The account of the occurrence which he gave to Amy had no clearness to his own intelligence, but seemed quite satisfac-

tory to her. "You must see him again," she said. "You have influenced him. He feels it and is grateful. Of course you can't know just what it was that you said that gave him light, but I am sure that he saw a way to carry out his plans more honestly. That's what he meant when he spoke of your service to him." "Amy, that is absurd."

"But, my dear Dick, is there any other possible explanation? Try to be reasonable. He said you had served him. How else could you have done it?"

The next day was Thursday and business practically ceased for the week. There was really nothing of importance that Macmillan could do to avert the doom that would fall on Monday, yet he went to town about noon and forced himself to face several discouraging and useless interviews. At 3 o'clock be went to his little office, beaten and dis-

There was a letter on the floor, and he recognized Langdale's envelope. It gave him a shock, but no real hope, for he had not even succeeded in telling Langdale what he wanted. He would not have been surprised to find a check for \$50. Under the circumstances a man of Langdale's peculiar notions of humor might have found amusement in

There was a check in the envelope but not for \$50. Five thousand was the sum! A thrill went through Macmillan's vitals, and he unfolded the accompanying letter with trembling hands. It was very brief, as follows: Dear Richard-Inclosed you will find my mite. In the inscrutable ways of Providence even the self righteous may be brought to repentance and be made the instruments of good. it a very and you came to see me. Car ally and with Christmas wishes yours CURTIS LANGDALE.

clergyman. "I was a bit anxious, hav-The awkward wording of the letter left some doubt as to who was the "self righteous" and who had been "No, sir," responded Langdale; "you'll "brought to repentance," but Macmilian was not in a critic I or consitive see no doctors here. I can bunko my

The young man sank down in t "I'm knocked out, I guess," he said

in a high keyed voice. "I'm done forthat's the truth about me." "Why, what's the matter?"

"I've been speculating-we all do-in Langdale's shop. We get tips, you know-some good, some bad, but they all look good. A fellow who is a sort of an office boy there has made over The door opened. Hayward entered: \$10,000," and he laughed nervously. "but I couldn't make a cent. Oh, it was my own money. There's nothing word! He knew the meaning as well wrong. But it's knocked me out. I don't know what I'm doing. I drew that check of yours. Here's Mr. Lang his brain, but of them all he could dale's memorandum, '\$50.00.' Well, I. couldn't see the decimal point, and; though I'd heard him say fifty, I drew it for \$5,000, and he signed it."

He passed a crumpled slip of paper to Macmillan, whose hair had begun to stir at the roots. Upon the paper were these words scribbled in pencil: "Draw check to order of Richard Macmillan for \$50.00."

"Most men wouldn't write the last two ciphers at all," said the clerk, "but Mr. Langdale always does. So I was. I've drawn enough checks for him in the last three years." Macmillan passed his hand along the

top of his head. "This is very important," he said. "Of course it shall be rectified, butbut I'm afraid I can't command the money immediately. I will explain, however, to Mr. Langdale on Monday, and," he added, moved by the weariness and misery in the other's countenance, "I will put in a good word for

"It's kind of you to say so," responded the clerk. "My name is Tunbridge." He rose and stretched himself like a weary animal, then moved stiffly toward the door. But Macmillan called him back and talked to him for a long time cheerfully, so that he went away in better spirits. This kindness was very ill requited, though not willfully, for poor Tunbridge was wholly unaware that he had added to Macmillan's burden. The fact is, however, that he had made Macmillan see clearly what an egregious blind owl he had been. Surely the feeblest perceptive powers should have sufficed to inform him that the check had been sent in error. The whole tenor of the note which accompanied it was relevant of Langdale's design. He had maliciously renewed his contribution of \$50 to Macmillan's charity fund in order to imply that he believed the clergyman had called upon him for the purpose of reminding him of it.

Macmillan had spent about \$2,500 of the money in such a way that he could never get it back, and Amy would not be benefited one penny unless he should disburse about \$1,500 more on Monday, and this, of course, he could not do. How he was to return the \$2,500 to Laugdale within a reasonable time he did not know. He had stolen it, in effect, for the simplest common sense should have kept him from such frantic haste. Monday would have served him quite as well as Thursday for the payments and would have given him opportunity to assure himself of the reality of Langdale's gen erosity

Mr. and Mrs. Langdale returned from a Christmas visit on Monday morning and the lady went on alone to their home in Larchmont, whence she telephoned to her husband at his office about 11 o'clock. The chief part of her message was that she had found some very pretty presents that had been sent by Miss Amy Branford and Miss Martha Macmillan. How did her husband account for this? Had he not told her of a quarrel with Mr. Macmillan a year ago? Had he not advised her against sending anything to Miss Branford and Miss Macmillan? Langdale had neglected to tell his wife about Macmillan's call and had willfully concealed his own malign jest

in the matter of the fifty dollar check. Now therefore he disclosed the one and still hid the other. "You'd better bustle around and get them something," said he, "something rather nice, and invent some excuse for

the delay." The incident passed from his mind Immediately, for he was called to consider a matter of considerable gravity. This developed in the visit of a Mr. Gridley, one of the very few persons to whom Mr. Langdale told the truth. "Well, Gridley," said he when that

gentleman had drifted noiselessly into the office, "have you looked him up?" "It's Dr. Hayward, all right," responded Gridley. "I took one of your boys up there to see him, and I've heard from Omaha. The cousin racket is a fake, and I don't suppose there's any doubt that somebody has got Hayward to make a report on your health. though I can't find out who it is."

"It's the Dey Street bank gang, of course," responded Langdale. "This was now content. He had seen the langers. This is called the procession accounts for the bluff that they're making. They think I'm going to break down. What do you think about it?" he demanded upon a sudden impulse, for he had caught a look in the detective's eye. "What change do you notice in me? Come! You're a keen eyed chap. Tell me!"

Gridley hesitated. "Well, sir," he said at last, "aside from your general appearance, which isn't what it was, I notice a kind of something in your speech, a sort of hesitation. Now, there was a man I knew who got into a state where if he wanted to say 'dollar' be couldn't think of the word, and sometimes he'd say any went to the city and spent an hour or old thing, perfectly ridiculous. I believe they call it aphasia."

"Yes." said Langdale, paling, "that's what they call it." An attendant entered, bringing Macmillan's card.

"Here's the fellow that put us on to Hayward," said Langdale. "I thanked him heartily, but of course he didn't know what I was talking about. Well, he'll have to wait now till Hayward

Have you a weak throat? If so, you cannot be too careful. You cannot begin treatment too early. Each cold makes you more liable to another and the last is always the harder to cure. If you will take Chamber lain's Cough Remedy at the outset you will

shows up. He's my first duty now. I'll give him a jolt, and then he'll run to his employers, of corrse, and you'll see where he goes."

Langdale was waiting mimly when Hayward's presence was made known to him. He had prepared a greeting consisting of the single word "doctor," which he knew would startle Hayward more than any other utterable sound. Langdale drew breath to speak, but what was that word? The word, the as ever in his life, but not the word. Phantoms of words galloped through catch only a phrase that Gridley had used, and it was that which he uttered: "Perfectly ridiculous."

"I beg your pardon," said Hayward. of belated Christmas present. Mind Time-time was what Langdale needed-time in which to triumph over this enemy in his own brain, whose state must be concealed from this man at all costs.

"I was thinking about a man who is waiting to see me," said Langdale, and, to his own surprise, he now spoke sanely enough, "Would you mind stepmight have known what the amount ping into this other room while I see what he wants? He's a minister and a relative of my wife's, and I don't like to keep him out there with the rabble." "Certainly," said Hayward and enered the adjoining room.

Langdale sank into his chair and tried to bring the word "doctor" to his ips, but he had not succeeded when Macmillan entered.

"Mr. Langdale," said the clergyman, myself and one for an unfortunate had remarked some change in Mr. young man in your employ, a Mr. Tun- Langdale of late. Doubtless he knew bridge. It appears that in drawing a of Mr. Langdale's prejudice against check to my order he mistook the doctors. Mrs. Langdale, however, was

pull Miss Branford's property out of the fire, and, heaven knows, I'd like to see you do it. And, besides," he continued, with the expansive freedom of a man who finds that he is lying exceptionally well, "besides, I owe you something for yourself. Yes, sir; I've never had the law laid down to me as you laid it down. It made me see that business in the right light, and what with that and all this talk in the papers and my wife's conscience (which she generously shares with me) I've decided to let the whole thing go. Those fellows have made me a decent proposition, and I'm going to accept it, and then I'm going to take my wife to Eu-

you, this is all confidential." "But, my dear Langdaie, all this mon-"My dear Richard, it's a Christmas present to you and Amy, so say no

more about it." As to any expressions of gratitude (Vance County) on which he may have had the grace to utter Macmillan retained only a vague memory. He was so completely unmanned that he thought best to go to his office and be quiet for a few minutes before transacting the business which was now so easy.

He had barely had time to address a few appropriate remarks to Amv's picture and indite one brief letter when a knock at the door announced Dr. Hayward. The distinguished physician had come to make a little ex-'I want to speak two words, one for planation. Doubtless Mr. Macmillan



THE DOOR BETWEEN THE TWO ROOMS WAS OPEN, AND HE DARED NOT CLOSE IT NOW.

half I would urge you to grant him a patient incog. bit of a vacation, with perhaps a friendly word or two to start him on his recovery."

"What did he do?" said Lang lale. "He drew the check for five thou-

Langdale stopped him with a gesnow, and doubly be dared not have him to do it I don't know." Hayward hear this story. Rich lunatics throw away their money. That is why they are locked up by anxious relatives. If Hayward should report this to the Dey street crowd they would withdraw even the proposition which they had made,

can't say "doctor" when he tries is in no state for a long and bitter warfare of wits with clever enemies. His one idea now was to keep his condition from Hayward's knowledge. But his decision to accept the proposition of the Dey street people he desired Hayward to know and report, for the reaction following a quiet tip of that kind would help him to dispose of the stock which he had acquired. Insiders would then buy greedily, thinking that they were acting upon stolen information. All this passed through Langdale's

powerful mind in a moment. "For five thousand?" he said, echoing Macmillan's words. "Well, why not?" "But you told him fifty!" gasped Mac-millan. Langdale laughed softly.

"Poor fellow!" he said. "Poor fellow! This is really my fault. I've noticed that Tunbridge was breaking down. He's done quite a number of queer things around the shop. I ought to have given him a vacation long ago. Now I'll stake him to a good one, so don't worry about him, and, as for his tale, it's mere moonshine. I told him to draw the check for \$5,000, and I signed it with great good will. I understood that you needed the money to

be saved much trouble. Sold by all dealers. Read and advertise in Gold Leaf

amount. He has had great trouble and | a very sensible woman and had been is suffering from what I should call reasonably anxious about her husband, nervous prostration. Probably a little so she had prevailed upon Dr. Hayrest will bring him round all right, and I ward to depart from the usual routine if I may venture to speak in his be- of professional life and call upon a

"I'm afraid I gave Mr. Laugdale a

hint," said Macmillan. "I deeply re-

"Oh, thin's all right," replied the doctor. "It makes no difference now. You've done more for him than I could. If he stops this confounded

ture. The door between the two rooms | seandal and goes away to Europe he'll was open, and he dared not close it be all right. How you ever persuaded "I cannot understand it any more than you can," responded Macmillan.

A Polish Custom. Peasant lads in the villages of Po-

land have a pretty Christmas custom which affords great delight not only And with that proposition Langdale to themseives, but to the other vilfrom the Interior. This is carried doft at the end of a pole or staff. R ymbolizes the star of Bethlehem. The bree wise men of the East-Caspar Melchior and Balthazar are imperbear a little puppet show cabinet, inwhich are performed the drama of the Nativity and other Scripture incidents oppopriate to the occasion. From souse to house around the village this procession trudges in the snow at night singing carols, and the villagerspresent the boys with small coins as 'hristmas g'fts.

> Mistletce on Apple rees. The growth of the mistictoe or ak is now of very rare occurrence, but it flourishes luxuriantly in many parts of England on the apple trees.

MORE DANVILLE PROOF.

Jacob Schrall, 432 South St., Danville, Ill., writes: "For over eighteen months I was a sufferer from kidney and bladder trouble. During the whole time wastreated by several doctors and tried several different kidney pills. Seven weeks ago I commenced taking Foley's Kidney Pills, and am feeling better every day and will be glad to tell anyone in-terested just what Foley's Kidney Pills did for me." Sold by all Druggiets.

ree! Blood@ Kidney Tab-lets. They cure Backache, they remove the cause and the Backache is gone, a positive cure for Sick Kidneys. Mailed to anyone who has never tried them FREE if you enciose 10e to pay postage and packing.

Address, The Bloodine Corporation. Boston, Mass.

W. W. PARKER, Special Agent. rope for six months and have a nice, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE quier time. She's been begging me to go, and now I'm going to do it as a sort

NOTICE.

BY VIRTTE OF AN ECECUTION IN MY hands from the Superior Court of Vance County in favor of Engene Thorne against Sally A. Hughes, no personal property being found. I have levied on and will sell for cash, by public auction, to the highest bidder, at the Court House door in Henderson, N. C

Monday, January 3, 1910, the life estate of said Sally A. Hughes in tract of 84 acres of land situated just east of Henderson, Vance County, and joining and bounded by the lands of Mrs. Carter, other lands of Mrs. Sally Hughes, the chil-dren of George B. Hughes, and being the northern end of the Dower tract. This the 14th of December, 1909

JOS. S. ROYSTER. Sheriff of Vance County, N. C.

NOTICE.

Sale of Real Estate.

BY VIRTUE OF POWER CONFERRED upon me by an order issuing from the Superior Court of Vance County, in a speproceeding therein pending entitled, "Sallie A. Hughes, administratrix, &c., vs. John R. Hughes, and others," I ghall on

Monday, January 3rd, 1910, sell at public auction on the premises, in rear of the Henderson Cotton Mills, near Henderson, N. C., upon the terms one-third cash. balance on a credit of twelve months, with the option to purchaser to pay all cash, and subject to confirmation of this sale by the court, the following real estate to wit :-One lot or parcel of land adjoining the lands of S. G. Hughes, J. W. Adams, Henderson Cotton Mills, Dr. Roberson, Will Knight and Charles Hunt. Containing 14 acres more or less. Said land will be cut and sold

sets to pay the debts due by the estate of the inte George B. Hughes. This property is located near the corporate limits of the town of Henderson, N. C., and an opportunity for good and safe invest-

The above sale will be made to make as

This the 1st day of December, 1909 MRS. SALLIE A. HUGHES, Administratrix of the estate of George B. Huges, deceased.
A. C. Zollicoffer, Attorney.

Stop and Think One Minnte!

What is your Dwelling worth at the present price of building material

and labor?. How much Insurance do vou carry? Leaving a total amount

not insured. A small blaze in your house will cause hundreds of dollars of water damage to your house and furniture

in a few minutes. Protect Your Home with Plenty of Insurance

It's Good, Safe, and Cheap, at The Citizens Bank. Thos. B. Bullock, Manager Insur-

NOTICE.

Sale of Land. BY VIRTUE OF POWER CONFERRED D upon me in a mortgage executed by Burwell Ridley February 12th, 1896, reg-istered in the office of Register of Deeds of Vance County, in Mortgage Book 22, Page

528, I shall sell by public auction to the highest bidder for cash, at the Court House door in Henderson, Vance County, N. C., or Monday, January 24th, 1910, at 12:30 o'clock P. M., the following land situate in Kittrell township adjoining the lands of J Ashe, David Roberts and more particularly described as follows:—Begin at stone on South side of New Road, J Ashe's corner, and run thence S. 2 E. 6 chains to tone B. Ridley's corner, thence S. 89% E. 13.87 chains to stone; thence N. 6 chains to D. Roberts' corner on New Road; thence N. 8914 W. 14 08 chains to beginning, contain ing 8 28-100 acres. Same being the land bought by B. Ridley of T. T. Hicks.

Foley's Orino

For Stomach Trouble, Sluggish Liver and Habitual Constination.

It cures by aiding all of the digestive organs-gently stimulates the liver and regulates the senated by hors. Others in the party | bowels-the only way that chronic constipation can be cured. Especially recommended women and children. Clears blotched complexions. Pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes.

For Sale by all Druggists.

A. G. Daniel,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in . .

Shingles, Laths, Luinber, Brick, Sash, Doors and Blinds. Full stock at Lowest Prices. Opposite South-

ern Grocery Company. Henderson, N. C.

It is not only a mediafter-effects.

things of him? Perhaps you might advise"-"Precisely." said he, laughing in a sort of nervous desperation. "That's self courteously and gave his hand te just what Aunt Martha said. And I'm sure you both have exactly the same idea. Goodby, dearest. I'm going to

HE FOUND AMY ENGAGED IN A SNOWBALL BATTLE. mean the tall man in the gray suit?"

from Omaha. He's looking up the fam. time to cash the check. ily. Going to write a history of us." Macmillan was perfectly sure that the man was Dr. Hayward, but he supposed that Langdale was ashamed of haring called in a physician after all the abuse which he had heaped

upou the profession. Macmillan turned to his real errand. But he had made scarcely more than a beginning of the story when Langdale suddenly recurred to their last

"You didn't approve of me then," said he. 'What do you think of me

Macmillan would gladly have postponed the ordeal for a few minutes He had decided to lay Amy's affairs before Langdale as a simple matter of business, just as if he had been dealing with an officer of a bank, to ask Lang-Gale to consider it and give an answer on the following day and, having thus he presently recognized as a cierk of sation to the precise point which Lang-

tale had reached at a bound. Before the two men could come togother upon any common ground the arrival of important visitors broke of the session. Langdale excused him-Macmillan.

service.

"I'm glad you came to see me," he said. "You've done me a considerable

own stomach for nothing. Do you | mood. He was merely glad and grate ful. Thrusting the letter into his pocket and holding the check in his "That's a seventeenth cousin of mine hand, he strode out to the bank just it

Good luck attended him at every step. Though the hour was so late he found the men of whom he went in search, and by the strength of his new hope he was enabled to accomplish whatever he desired.

Among the millions of the great city

with all their feverish desires and vardiversity of fortune, there was not a man whose heart sang louder for joy If he had been able to communicate with Langdale and express his sense of gratitude the day would have been perfect, but Langdale was celebrating Christmas in some secure retreat, no one knew where,

On Saturday morning Macmillan more 'n his office. He was at work there and singing as he toiled when there came a tap at the door. Macmillan admitted a young man, whom Langdale's. "Mr. Macmillan," said this man,

greeting, "did you receive a letter with a check in it?" "Yes," answered Macmillan cheerily: "I received it Thursday afternoon." The visitor moistened his lips.

without so much as a bow by way of

"You haven't cashed it yet?" he "But I have." was the reply. peeded the money right away."