

The "Old Church."

Workmen today began to move the old Methodist church to the lot of Messrs. Shute in front of Griffin's livery stables on Windsor street.—Local in last week's paper.

"Twas in '72 that they builded the old church, in the days of strenuous strife for bread and a new start in the Southern country; in the days of heroic struggle, but paucity of material things compared to the sweeping accomplishments of the present. But they builded well in their day and generation and for thirty good years their strong frames, broad-roofed house of God sheltered from sun and storm the gatherings of devoted worshippers. But houses, like men, have their days and places of usefulness, then give way for others. And is not the test of houses, like unto that of men, one of usefulness and service rather than one of elegance and greatness?

Is it a large effort of the imagination to think that inanimate objects are sometimes more than things? Man, in his vanity, arrogates to himself all power of knowing and feeling. May not the one who said that he may dream of objects by putting them near us and receiving from them impressions, too fine to be caught by us when Will is at the helm, not some day be called a scientist and a discoverer? Is the "Old Church" really not conscious of the tragedies that have been played within its doors, when the Spirit fell redemptively upon a tortured being and lifted it in joyous transports to the Maker's throne, or when Hope departed? Within its confines the sainted Israel have from year to year laid upon the floor of eternal life, and its bare old walls have encompassed the waves of rarest eloquence, telling of Him who is rest and peace and salvation. Before its altar have lain the loved ones of earth, as, surrounded in their coffins, lay the hopes, ambitions and joys of those who mourned. There, too, have been spoken the ever mystic and thrilling words that knit two souls there, likewise, were christened the angels whom God sent to brighten and cheer and inspire. And, but why on over the days that are gone. Are not the dreams of the future more sweet than the recollections of the past? Let him who will think so—and of it all the "Old Church" knows nothing!

"Ben Adam's Name Led all the Rest."

Anyone who has ever been about the town of Laurinburg much will easily recall the familiar figure of a fine old man who, by the aid of a crutch and one leg, frequented the streets of that quiet little town of the sandy country. This figure is now no more to be seen, having "put out to sea," and we may well guess that there was "no moaning of the harbor bar" when he embarked. And when a great, or a good, or a useful one goes, the people speak in quiet tones of him and think that he will not be forgotten, but the Laurinburg people have determined that the memory of the one of whom we speak shall not only rest in their hearts but shall be fresh before the eyes of men. They have determined to build a monument to his memory. How they regarded him, we let Charity & Children tell, a paper whose editor knew the subject of which he wrote. He says:

An incident in connection with the life of the late W. G. Quakenbush, of Laurinburg, is so remarkable as to be well worth the telling and remembering. After giving up his school, to which he had devoted the strength of his manhood, he engaged in the insurance business, and would have made a fine success of it, but some two years ago he was stricken with paralysis, which so impaired his speech as to unfit him for his business. He had accumulated some property which he had invested in the cotton mills about town, but which paid no dividends. A half dozen of his friends, seeing his condition, quietly deposited in the bank \$325.00 to his credit, which made the way easy for him. A message was sent to him that when that was exhausted a like amount would be placed at his disposal. He did not live to use the first deposit. We recite this incident in his life, now that he has gone, to show the manner of man he was. A man must live a high and unselfish life to grip a community like this; and it shows also the value of sincerity and honesty and charity—three characteristics which adorned the life of William Graham Quakenbush. Only a school teacher, he left no stocks or bonds; only a servant of humanity, he bought no lands and he hoarded no gold; only a builder of character, his soul fattened not

itself in contemplation of houses and barns; setting afloat the chords of the human heart in the young and gentle years, attuning them to the touch of honor, sincerity, charity, patriotism, valor, and all good works, no grosser work had charms for him, and so he died upon the hand of charity, but, praise God, 'twas not a repulsive charity.

The Widower Came But Got No Satisfaction.

The small grain crop, such as wheat, oats and rye, is the best I ever saw at this time of year, but we fear it may yet be damaged by cold and perhaps frost. If the cold and chinch bugs don't injure it, the outlook is bright for the best small grain crop in years. Farm work has opened up in earnest, hired labor is hard to secure, and in some instances tenant labor is scarce. The cities and towns by their factories are taking the help from the farms. The women folks are giving their attention to gardening, which is their farm. One well managed is half of anyone's living.

Mrs. H. G. Hutchins is seriously ill with cancer of the stomach. The postoffice has been moved from Altan to Mr. John Yarbrough's on account of her illness.

The improvements over the town ship are noticeable. The telephone has attracted the attention of the people for some time. A 25-drop switch board has been put in at W. H. Gribble's.

Our Legislature enacted some very good laws, notwithstanding the fact that some people thought and said that H. C. Moore had gone to Raleigh to auction off the whole General Assembly.

A certain issue answered N. Y. Z's advertisement which came out in the Enquirer a few weeks ago, and signed by name A. B. C. They were to meet at a certain church and see each other. The Sunday came, and the other, likewise the girl of girls who wrote the letter, but all in vain did the widower seek to find the writer of his letter. A chosen few enjoyed a good laugh and that was all.

Mr. Eugene Reilteart, formerly at Cheslerfield County, who is engaged in team work in Tennessee, passed through last week on his way home, since he gave to recover from an injury sustained while at work.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Richardson of Carmel visited relatives around Trinity recently.

Mr. Seth Eubanks and Miss Sue Loney are visiting in Chesterfield. Miss Cira Loney has gone to McCall, S. C., to finish out a school that Mrs. Eva Beck had to give up on account of her mother's illness. J. C. L.

A Drunken Old Woman in Jail.

Charlotte Observer. As the children of the south graded school were tromping up South Tryon street at 2:45 o'clock yesterday afternoon on their way home, they were attracted by an odd figure in the gutter, near the curiosity they gathered about the object, and pretty soon a telephone message was sent to police headquarters. "There is an old white woman drunk on the street down here," the message said, "and she was swaring at a crowd of children gathered about her."

The patrol wagon was at once sent out in charge of Officer Black and in a few minutes it returned with a sad burden—a white woman, 60 years of age, helplessly drunk. The woman was put to bed in a cell. Her name is Mary Crump. Her husband died 20 years ago, and so far as known she has no living relatives. She is small of stature and as she lay huddled up on the bed in her cell, with her sun bonnet covering her face, she looked little larger than a child. When she was found on the street, surrounded by school children, she had a basket at her side. This was brought to the police station by the officer who arrested her. There were several small packages of groceries in the basket, a few odds and ends of wearing material, a pair of worn shoes and a pint of whiskey. It was one of the most pitiful hauls that has been by the Charlotte police in years. What will the recorder do with the poor old woman? What should he do with her?

Horse Health!

For putting in prime condition any horse or mule the best of all remedies is Ashcraft's Condition Powders. These Powders are wonderfully effective because they create appetite, the digestion is made perfect, worms and parasites destroyed, and the system cleansed of all gross humors. The Powders fatten but never bloat. Ashcraft's Condition Powders are wrapped in doses. In fact, in their preparation the same care is used that a druggist would exercise in the filling of a physician's prescription. High grade and real merit is the first consideration. Ashcraft's Powders consist of small doses, prepared from the purest and highly concentrated ingredients, that have been found beneficial to horses and mules. Ashcraft's Condition Powders—always high grade—are not to be classed with the many bulky, good-for-everything powders now on the market. Ask for Ashcraft's, the kind put up in doses, and good for horses and mules only. "Having tried many kinds of Condition Powders, I consider Ashcraft's the best on the market. I take pleasure in recommending them to my friends and customers.—H. CAMPBELL, Hickory, N. C."

Price 25c. package Sold by English Drug Company

THE ORIGIN OF THE MONTHS.

How Several Roman Gentlemen Created Them for Their Own Gratification.

April has come again—a blessed month, for it is the first that follows the long and dreary winter. How inspiring is the earliest breath of spring, when nature, like a blushing maid, is putting on her pantaloons and preparing to laugh her silken hair, with harmonious feelings spring up in our bosom and gush forth to all mankind. The chambers of the soul are filled with music that is not heard and poetry that is not expressed. The sweet south wind is breathing upon the violet banks. Nearly 3,000 years ago Solomon felt its genial influence when he wrote, "The winter has passed—the rain is over and gone—the flowers appear upon the earth—the time for the singing of birds has come and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

Now, boys, you must not imagine that the turtle that Solomon heard was this ugly, crawling, hard-shelled thing that lives in muddy water and lays its eggs in the sand. That is properly a tortoise. The turtle of Egypt and England is the same as our dove. It is a plaintive, affectionate note and is devoted to its mate. In the Scripture it is a sacred bird and an emblem of the holy ghost. I would not shoot them for sport and yet I read recently where some hunters in south Georgia killed 100 in one day. The English poets always say turtle when they mean dove. Goldsmith, speaking of love, says it is "an earth unseen, or only found to warm the turtle's nest."

But Solomon couldn't write such poetry on spring as I used to know. I think that mine would suit the boys better.

And so fourth and so fifth and so on. Solomon didn't write that, but it is a fact, nevertheless. But what about April? Two thousand years ago it was the second month in the year, but Julius Caesar got proud and vain and struck another month in and called it July and his adopted son, Augustus, thought he was as good as Julius, and so he stuck one in and called it August, and that gave us twelve months, or 360 days, which lacked five days of making a full year. So they had to give one more day to each of several months. April didn't have but twenty-nine days and they made it thirty. Later on old Nero, the tyrant and fiddler, came along and said he was just as great a man as any of the name of April to Nero, and it remained that way for thirty years, until he died, and then it was put back to April again.

April was named from the Latin word aperire, which means to open, for then the earth begins to open and the grass and the flowers to spring up and the little leaves to come forth from the buds on the trees. The old Anglo-Saxons called it Ooster or Easter month. The Dutch called it grass month. The foolish custom of April fooling people still prevails in many countries among the young people. Its origin is unknown. Some say it is a relic of an old heathen festival. Some say that in the middle ages they acted a play taken from the life of Christ, where he was sent from Annas to Caraphas and from Pilate to Herod, and so an April fool is one who is sent all about on an errand, as, for instance, for some pigeon hawk, or for a book giving the history of Adam's grandfather, or to stop a horseman and tell him his saddle girth is on-bucked, meaning unbuckled, so he gets down to buckle it and they run off and shout April fool. The Hindus practice the same thing, but their All Fools' day is the 31st of March.

My folks killed a snake in the flower pit today and before I knew it our mischievous school girl had coiled it on the front steps and everybody who came cried out, "Here's a snake," while the children watched from the window. The snake was dead, but the fools were alive. My wife was spending the day in the country and they telephoned her, "Snake in the flower pit and grandpa is afraid to go out and kill him. He says you told him to stay in the house. What must we do?" She answered promptly, "Kill him! Let your grandpa go out and kill him and look for his mate." She always insists that every snake has a mate. Maybe it has, but they don't go about together. Even the mother leaves her young as soon as they are hatched or born and they have to shift for themselves. Some snakes are oviparous and lay eggs and some are viviparous and are born in their mother and come forth from her mouth. But all snakes are horrid creatures and the curse that is upon them is a strong proof of the Scriptures. "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman (that is, my wife) and between thy seed and her seed. It shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel."

When my wife came home they showed her the snake (it was a striped garter snake), and told her we couldn't find its mate, but I am going to put this one back in a day or two and I'll bet she won't go in that pit any more this summer. But there are worse things than snakes. I want to know who started this late move to idolize and create the memory of Henry Ward Beecher in New York. It has been forty-four years since he sent old John Brown to take the arsenal at Harper's Ferry and raise an insurrection among our negroes.

What did they wait so long for? How come old Grover Cleveland into it? What did old Beecher do to command his admiration? He got old Brown to take all the risk, and he and thirteen of his comrades were hung for it, and the negroes wouldn't rise at all. Beecher and his sister did more to precipitate the terrible war than all other causes combined. Is old Grover landing aim for that? The laborer—old seaman—debated the wife of an elder in his church and raised his home and his happiness. That was twenty years ago. I wonder if Grover is ovating him for that? We are done with old Gro that's now and forever. Let him land ducks if he wants to. We have no use for presidents who land duck or bear—or who have been or love the negroes better than the Southern white folks. Great heavens! are they fixing for another war, and have we got to whip 'em again. Thank goodness, I'm not a duck nor a bear. So I reckon I'm safe. BILL ABE.

POLLY

By Nancy V. McClelland

"What just a minute, please," begged Polly. "I'll have these two ready to mail."

She sat down at her typewriter and began to type a letter to her mother. When she had finished she looked at her watch. It was ten o'clock. Polly's letters are hard to read.

"It's a very hot day," I observed. "My mother-in-law," she answered. "She looked as good as a flower."

"And two letters as heavy as yours," I added, "mean a great deal of extra weight to carry back into town."

Polly smiled the end of her pen-faults the reason I give her a silver one last Christmas and looked at me a moment reflectively.

She said, "I don't know what you mean, but I'll have a letter for you in the next few days. I'll have a letter for you in the next few days. I'll have a letter for you in the next few days."

"Well," she said, "I'll have a letter for you in the next few days. I'll have a letter for you in the next few days. I'll have a letter for you in the next few days."

"How would a ricky do before you get?" she asked, temptingly. "I'll call."

"Dollars or dimes?" asked Polly briskly, hunting out her little purse. "Neither," said I, waving my hand magnificently. "I'm living in a bigger, sweeter, better country than the United States."

"You're kidding," said Polly, smiling innocently, but blushing a little. "Why didn't you say so before?"

She tossed the letters at me. "One for each," she laughed. I looked at the addresses. "This," said I, "is to Harold Brown, and you know perfectly well that I shall ask at least ten for it."

"Ten," I repeated firmly. She shook her head. "It's positively not worth more than five."

"Very well," said I hastily, "we'll call it off at five. I suppose it's all right for you to be writing to Harold Brown like this."

"Silly," she cried. "Of course it is. I'm thinking him for some flowers." I felt unhappy, and I'm sure I looked a, for Polly laughed. "Now, you," she said thoughtfully, "haven't sent me any flowers for at least a week."

the room and only blew me a kiss from the doorway as she disappeared. "I didn't say when," she cried. "I don't say when I'd say." I confess I was to a temper—it may have been the day. Deliberately I took the two letters out of my pocket, laid them back on Polly's desk, went out under the trees where my horse was standing and drove off in the little red wheelbarrow—not so much as a wheelbarrow behind me at the crisp white curtains where I knew Polly must be peeping.

"I don't know," she went on, "you drove away and forgot my letters?" She looked at her desk and at me critically, with her head on one side. "Why, I do believe," she cried to the boss, "I do believe the man's angry with me. He didn't forget my letters at all. He left them on purpose."

"I don't know anything," said I severely. "No," she answered cheerfully, "that is the reason I'm here. It was fifteen."

"I smiled, but I don't think she saw it. 'You'll have to come through the lodge,' I said discouragingly. "There's a gate," she answered. And she was in the road. "And climb into the rumbout," I cried.

"There's a step," she laughed. "Somebody may see us," I objected. "But what if they do?" said Polly, and she put her arms around my neck, and her big blue eyes shined in them. "I've seen yours twinkling in them."

"Polly," said I, when I had forgotten her, "I shall have to drive you home." "Yes," said Polly comfortably, "and stay to luncheon." "And then take the letters into town," I added.

"Better Unmoked." "Smithers never lights one of his cigars. Just keeps it in his mouth and chews the end. I've often wondered why."

"You wouldn't if you had ever smoked one of them."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Reduced Rates. "Three minutes for dinner!" cried the railroad porter. "Thank heaven!" exclaimed a passenger. "The last time I was here it was \$3!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Southern Baptist Convention. For the Southern Baptist Convention at Savannah, Ga., May 7 to 14, 1903, the Seaboard Air Line Railway will sell tickets at one fare.

Tickets will be sold May 4 to 7 inclusive, from points north of Hamlet, N. C., west of Lake City, Fla., and south of Baldwin, Fla., and from all points within the territory embraced by a line drawn through those places will be sold May 5 to 7 inclusive. Tickets will have final limit May 20.

Extension of final limit to June 1, 1903, may be obtained by payment of 50 cents fee and deposit of ticket by original purchaser with Mr. Joseph Richardson, special agent, Savannah, between the hours of 8 a. m. and 8 p. m. not later than May 20.

On May 12 and 15 tickets will be sold at low rates for side trips from Savannah to Jacksonville, Fla., Columbia and Charleston, S. C.

The Seaboard Air Line Railway is the shortest line to Savannah from Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Petersburg, Norfolk-Portsmouth and from points in North and South Carolina, as well as from Montgomery, Ala., and Jacksonville and other Florida points. From the North and the South there are two through trains daily, with cafe dining cars and every appointment of a high class passenger service.

Savannah is a beautiful and interesting city and will present its most charming aspect at the time the convention meets. Every facility will be afforded visitors by the Seaboard Air Line Railway and its passenger representatives.

S. W. PARHAM, Agent. Children Burned in a House. A tenant house on the land of Mr. O. H. Kearney, about two miles west of Franklinton, was destroyed by fire about nine o'clock last night. The house was occupied by Rufus Daniel, colored, his wife and seven children. Four of the children who were sleeping upstairs were burned to death. The roof was falling in before the occupants of the lower room were awakened. There were no windows in the upstairs room and the children being cut off from the stairway by the fire were unable to escape a terrible death.

"Strength and vigor come of good food, duly digested. 'Force,' a ready-to-serve wheat and barley food, adds no burden, but sustains, nourishes, invigorates. I want your country produce of all kinds. See me before you sell." S. R. Doster. Strength, health and pleasure are bound up in "Force," the splendid heart-cereal food sold by Bruner & Huey. Come to see me for chewing tobacco, smoking tobacco, cigars, etc. S. R. Doster. Call at Henderson & Hudson's for Fleischmann's Yeast, received fresh every day. The essence of the wheat grain is in "Force," and it is an ideal food. For sale by Bruner & Huey.

New Spring Dress Goods!

This stock includes the most fashionable, the best of the best makes, and we pride ourselves on the dependable qualities represented. So no matter how exalted your station may be, to what extent your ambition may lead you, or how great your opportunities for commingling with well and fashionably dressed women, we can make you a leader among them at very little cost.

Dress Goods Specials.

- 44 inch Etamine, 52 kind, \$1.48
44 inch Voile and Etamine, 98 and 1.25
36 inch Voiles, Black and Navy, 49c.
50 inch Black Brilliantine, 50c.
36 inch Black Taffeta, \$1.50 kind, 1.25
26 inch Beau de Crepe, the newest thing in Silks, all colors, 98c.

Model Millinery Store.

Our Grand Spring Millinery Opening, Thursday Night, April 2nd, and Friday. Everybody invited. You can pick and skim all over our stores from center to circumference and you will find nothing but cream in the whole outfit.

P. S. Full line Dress Trimming, Persian Bands, Pendants, Ornaments, and Appliques, all kinds and colors.

BELK BROTHERS

Cheapest Store on Earth.

The Best On Earth! WhiteStar Coffee. A Peace Maker! WhiteStar Coffee.

This space belongs to Bruner & Huey, Originators, and NOT Imitators, in the grocery business.

They use the cash for buying and discounting all grocery bills, and pay the highest cash prices for all kinds of country produce.

If you fail to get the highest cash prices it is because you fail to see them.

White Star Coffee Has no Equal! Makes Everybody Happy.

All join in the same song and sing out for White Star Coffee.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Cures Grip in Two Days. On every box, 25c.

A Little Side Talk on Watches and Jewelry. We have just received a new supply of watches and jewelry and those wanting to purchase a watch, now is the time. We want you to compare the prices we name below and see if we do not save you from 20 to 25 per cent.

18 size 7 jewel Elgin in solid nickel case at \$4.98
18 size 7 jewel Seth Thomas in solid nickel case at \$3.98
18 size 7 jewel Elgin in 20 year Fay's case at \$9.75
We also have other sizes at prices that will save you money.

Stock Horse! I have bought the P. W. Plyler stock horse and will keep him in my stables in Monroe, (old Ogburn stand,) this spring. H. A. WINCHESTER.

Produce Market. The following are the prevailing prices being paid on this market today, the date of issue of the paper. The market is of course subject to fluctuation: Onions, 90c to \$1.10 per bushel. Irish potatoes, 65c to 75c per bushel. Sweet potatoes, 50c to 65c per bu. Chickens, hens, 20c to 30c each. Chickens, spring, according to size, 12 1/2c to 20c each. Eggs, 10c to 12c per dozen. Guineas, 12 1/2c to 15c per pound. Butter, 12 1/2c to 15c per pound. Hams, 12c to 13c per pound. Dried apples, 4 1/2c to 5c per pound. Dried peaches, 6c to 8c per pound. Cotton: Best, 10.00.

The W. J. Rudge Co. We have in stock the celebrated 1-10th gold chain at a big reduction. Don't fail to give us a call.