THE MONROE JOURNAL.

G. M. BEASLEY, R. F. BEASLEY, } PUBLISHERS.

TUESDAY, September 29, 1903.

Juggling With the Courts.

It will be remembered that Jas. H. Tillman, ex-Lieutenant Governor of South Carolina, met N. G. Gonzales, editor of the Columbia State, and shot him dead without a word from the latter and in a manner that has been described as cold-blooded in the extreme, the provocation being that Gonzales had severely criticised Tillman in his paper. Tillman is a nephew of Senator Tillman, and it has been freely predicted that he would escape any punishment whatever. The Columbia State, owned and edited by the brothers of the murdered man, has behaved admirably and has in no way sought to prejudice public opinion against Tillman, but it spoke last week in a most serious way of what it alleges is going on. Concluding a long editorial as to the details of what it calls an attempt to juggle with the courts, it says:

"We are of those who have clothed the judiciary of South Carolina with a cloak of veneration. We have had pride in its ability, honored its integrity and defended it from the assaults of the politicians. South Carolinians may still maintain respect for that branch of the government, but we are not without evidence of the most audacious attempt to influence, by political pressure, the tribunal on the incorruptability of which the people have staked their lives and liberties. For God's sake, do not shake their confidence in the courts!"

The specifications are that a scheme was planned and executed whereby a Mr. Gary, who is not only very closely "allied by ties of friendship and politics" to the Tillmans, but is in Senator Tillman's household known as "Cousin Frank," was assigned as the judge to hold the Lexington term of court which was to try J. H. Tillman. The excuse for this appointment was that the bar of Lexington had unanimously asked for the appointment of Mr. Gary. But it turned out that the whole of this bar had been retained as counsel for Tillman! Notwithstanding the State's protest, the trial of Tillman was commenced at Lexington yesterday, with Judge Gary presiding.

Not 'Fraid a Little Bit.

About the most vigorous piece of newspaper English we have seen for some time is from the Augusta Chronicle, which paper the bar-rooms of Augusta threatened to boycott because it advocated raising the license fee from $200 to $1,000. Here is what the Chronicle says:

"Boycott? Boycott and be damned, all of you! What, in God's name, is the average bar-room worth to a respectable newspaper, anyway? What are they worth to any other business enterprise of this or any other city? What are they worth to the community as a whole? Boycott the Chronicle, eh? And while you are about it, why not boycott every dry goods merchant, every shoe merchant and every clothing merchant who agrees with the Chronicle? Boycott them? Why, there isn't a one that doesn't lose every year a hundred times more legitimate trade, through the failure of some poor wretch to provide himself or his family with proper clothing because all of his money goes to your dives for drink, drink, drink than all of your dive-keepers and their helpers and their friends spend with these merchants in ten years. Boycott! Do you dare stand up and draw such a weapon against decent public opinion when you are costing every legitimate business enterprise in this community dollars where you are spending dimes with them?"

In his speech here the other night, Mr. McCall said that when he ran for the mayorship of Charlotte the Union county folks living in that town turned out in surprising numbers and voted for him. We don't know how they vote away from home, but we do know that there is many a son of Union living without our borders, and just as soon as they get over the "homing week" at Greensboro, we are going to start up a reunion for self-exiled natives of this county.

On the first page is a paragraph from the Charlotte Observer referring to the report that one Hyder, claiming to be a preacher in Mitchell county, had five wives. This man and the fifth woman claiming to be his wife are now under arrest at Marion, says an Asheville special, on the charge of having murdered their baby, five months old. The puzzle to us is why people countenance such creatures as this enough to make it profitable for them to pretend to preach.

It is about come to the point that a fellow feels skittish whenever he gets on a train. Even if he isn't uneasy, he is a prudent man who sees that his life insurance is on straight before he boards a train.

The White brothers of Concord, who shot and killed young Russell Sherrell in the presence of his mother in Rowan county after charging him with ruining their niece, an account of which we gave last week, was admitted to bail by Judge Brown last Saturday. The bonds were $25,000 each and were quickly made up.

The Publishers and the Subscribers.

Our readers will agree that we have never worried them with shop talk. They will, therefore, we are sure, excuse us for indulging in a bit of it now. We know quite well that it is not the custom of up-to-date journalism to intrude upon its readers with anything connected with its business. If the publication is making money, well and good; that's the publisher's business. If its losing money, that is likewise to be kept to itself. But we aspire to be only a county weekly, and therefore do as we please.

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Some years ago when cotton was bringing five cents or thereabouts, and everything else was cheap in proportion, including blank newspaper and other supplies necessary in the making of a newspaper, we began the custom of sending The Journal to those who paid in advance for seventy-five cents. Since then everything has gone up and the paper has been enlarged and improved, but until this fall we continued the price of seventy-five cents in advance. This fall we quit it, and have since been taking no advance subscriptions except at the regular price of one dollar. The paper that we are making cannot be made for less.

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Has it hurt us? Not with any sensible man after the matter was explained. Only one man has quit. He got mad because we couldn't make an exception in his case and said he would have all his neighbors to quit. But so far the neighbors haven't done so, and the man is doubtless ashamed of himself before now. Sensible neighbors don't act at the suggestion of a man who has spleen.

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We are not boasting when we say that the men who subscribe for this paper and pay for it do so because they like to read it. And we believe that ninety-nine out of a hundred of them will agree with us that its fifty-two visits each year are worth one dollar. We are proud of the list of names of Union county people that stay on our books from year to year. Some of them have been with us from the very beginning. We want them to stay. There arises a certain attachment between the publisher of and the subscriber to a county paper, though they may never meet face to face. The editor knows that the subscriber is fond of the paper because he keeps taking it, and he in turn becomes fond of the man who is fond of him. That's human nature. Then the paper has a character of its own which the subscriber becomes to know, and the two become old friends.

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The Journal, we feel sure, has made some improvement as time has jogged along. It aims to make more. The ambition of its publishers is to make it an ideal home paper, one that will interest its readers and help its town and county in every possible way. It wants to be a worthy dweller in the county of its habitat. It wants to fairly and fully represent the needs of its locality. It hasn't come up to the full mark of this high calling yet, but it is endeavoring to climb. Any help that its readers and subscribers can give without inconvenience to themselves will be appreciated. An item of news, a bit of criticism or a word of encouragement, or a good word to a worthy neighbor who doesn't now take it, would not be out of place. Mind, we said a word of criticism — we meant it, too. We have never fancied ourselves perfect.

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When this paper was established over nine years ago, people said that it couldn't go, that there was no room for it. But like most enterprises of a worthy nature, it has made a place for itself. It believes itself today to be enjoying the respect and confidence of a great number of the best citizens of the county. It certainly has their support. It is yet looking for men like unto those it has found. It is not making any special effort to get new names, but new ones re coming all along. They are welcome enough. The kindness with which we have been treated by all was almost a surprise to us—we hardly knew there was so much of this great quality in the world.

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Now, we have had our little say, not because there was any particular necessity for it, but just because we felt like it. We haven't dunned anybody, either, because we did not feel like it. 'Tis true that there are some names on our books that belong to people who haven't yet done what they might in the way of paying, but we are expecting them to "come it" yet. If there be one among them who has carelessly gotten behind and cannot now catch up, we would be glad to have him tell us so; at least come in and talk about it. One of the improvements that we expect to make sometime is the commencing of all our subscribers to pay in advance.

Bishop Hood to Preach.

The District Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Church will convene at Mount Calvary A. M. E. Zion Church September 29th, and the anniversary of the birth of John Wesley will be celebrated at Zion Hall on Friday. It will be a great occasion. The ministers of the city are invited to the conference, and also to the anniversary day on Friday. Rt. Rev. Bishop J. W. Hood, D. D., L. L. D., will preach at Mt. Calvary A. M. E. Zion Church, Monroe, N. C., October 4th, at 7:45 p. m. Our white friends are invited to come out and hear him., reserved seats will be provided for them. T. B. McCain, Pastor.

For fertilizers especially prepared for small grain see Collins & Biggers.

Go to Collins & Biggers for shoes, trunks and hats.

When in need of fresh meat —phone No. 91. J. D. Parker.

TALKING WITH THE PEOPLE.

"What building is that?" said a stranger who was driving over town one day last week to see what manner of village this be.

"That's the county home."

"To be sure not, right here in the suburbs of town?" and surprise fell with every word.

Most of the county homes are put back in the country, many of them in the poorest place to be found, as if the scant help rendered the unfortunate were a great burden and should be minimized as much as possible. The Chesterfield Advertiser of last week contains a long article describing a visit to a poor blind woman who had been thrown upon the public charity by her worthless people. She had been given some training at a school for the blind so long as her poor father lived and managed to pay for it, but he had died, and from pillow to post she had been kicked about by her people, and at last shoved off to the county home, which the correspondent says is situated in the "black lands." All these years, and for the two that she has been in the home, she has begged piteously for a new book with raised letters for the blind. Only the one book that she had at school has she possessed, and now, at thirty years of age, she yet reads it. In her helplessness for all these years, her whole desires have centered in having just one new book, and this being denied her, all was withheld. Now, no one would contend for a moment that the county of Chesterfield, or some of the good citizens thereof, would not have provided this poor creature so small a boon had the matter been brought to light. The keeper of the home was the culpable one after the case came under his care—the point is the carelessness and indifference that many counties show their unfortunates.

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"For several days, now," said a visitor last Saturday, "I have been noticing the stock on the streets of Monroe. I have been in a good many small towns, but I have never seen a place where the horses and mules averaged up so well as they do here. The scarcity of sorry stock is noticeable."

* * *

Did you ever think about the way people talk over the telephone in Monroe? Fancy yourself meeting a stranger on the street and saying, "Who are you?" He informs you that he is Mr. Blank, and you proceed to tell him your business without stating who you are or what right you had to yank him up and demand his name.

But this is just the style most commonly used in telephoning about here. The 'phone rings. You rush to it. "Who's that?" is the demand. Now, you don't know who is asking the question, what business he has to ask it, or whether he wants you or not, and a man who cares anything for the little niceties of common intercourse doesn't like to be sandbagged in that fashion, any way. If you knew it was a bosom friend who was talking, you would reply, "This is John; how are you, old fellow?" If you knew it was your neighbor's stable boy, you would say, "This is Mr. So and So, what do you want?" But not being able to recognize voices at so great a distance, especially when they are strange ones, and not wishing to give offense, and not knowing whether the first citizen of the town or a coon delivery boy is at the other end, you compromise by merely saying, "This is Blank."

This way of opening up the conversation when one person calls up another, which is so prevalent in Monroe, is utterly wrong, not to say impolite. Suppose I call up some one. In the first place, I am the one seeking information, therefore the one to be accommodated. In the next place, I am beginning the interview; I know who is talking at this end and I know who is wanted at the other end. The person answering the call knows neither. I therefore have no right to demand that he shall proclaim himself before I tell who I am and whom I am seeking. Then, worse still, most people not only demand that the party answering the call shall tell his own name, but they will, having found it out, proceed with the conversation without telling theirs, leaving him to guess it or go in ignorance. This would do as a joke, but as a proposition of common sense and good manners it is bad. Wouldn't it be just as easy to proceed in this manner, when you make a 'phone call and it is answered at the other end by a "hello!" from some one whom you may not know and who certainly does not know you?—just say:

"This is Mr. Blank; I want to speak to Mr. So and So." Then, if the one at the other end is the man you want, he'll say so, if not he'll call the proper one. Or, if you are too diffident to put a "Mr." to your name, which it is proper to do, just say:

"This is John Smith (or Bill Jones, or whatever name you go by); is that Mr. Brown?"

* * *

Give us a rest on "Who's that?"

* * *

"Cotton has thrown up the sponge," said Mr. J. H. Griffin of east Monroe township. "It has done all the growing that it will do."

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"There is one thing that a cotton weigher earns," said Mr. L. C. Bickett, who balances the steelyards on the Monroe platform, "and that is a good healthy appetite. And, after eating a five-o'clock breakfast, and doing without dinner till late in the afternoon, he doesn't pine for any delicacies, either. Irish potatoes and peas and bacon and corn bread are dainty enough for him."

And Mr. Bickett held aloft his dinner bucket, the size of which—well, that's his business.

* * *

Ever notice how hungry the grocerymen of Monroe always seem for chickens and eggs and country produce? Not a one of them that advertises at all but that wants you to bring him these things. And all the year 'round good prices are paid. Eggs, for instance, used often to go begging on this market during the summer at five cents a dozen. Now it is a rarity for them to go less than twelve and a half. Last week the price went to twenty cents and will not go under that before next spring. "Why do these splendid prices hold out so well?" the reporter asked Mr. W. A. Huey of Bruner & Huey's.

"There's the secret," replied Mr. Huey, pointing to a box of eggs marked "Gresham & Jamison, Hamlet." "These men buy hundreds of dollars' worth of this stuff," he continued, "not only in Monroe, but all along the line, clear into the mountains. That keeps the prices up. We never have a surplus. But the best part of it is that nearly all of the money that comes this way goes into the hands of the women and children. When a man sells you eggs and chickens and you ask him if he wants trade for them, nine times out of ten the reply will be, 'No, they belong to the old woman,' or the children. This is a side income and furnishes many a dollar for the good wives to spend upon themselves and children."

* * *

Esq. W. A. Chaney of Goose Creek is a school committeeman, and an energetic young farmer with young children to school. "I am ready for school to begin now," he remarked Saturday, "and run several months, too. We've got to have better schools. This thing of each school district voting to help its own school is the thing, and I believe that it will spread all over Union county. It just needs some one to start the work and talk and explain it to the people in each district."

* * *

Mr. J. C. Presley of Goose Creek says that he can beat 'Squire W. H. Austin in the hay business. He says that he has already put up thirty-two loads of hay, none of which weighed less than 1,500 pounds; that he has twelve acres more to cut for himself, besides cutting for his neighbors. He has sold seven loads in Monroe and fed four mules all the year.

Place Not Supplied.

(Charlotte Observer)

Mr. Jas. S. Helms asked The Monroe Journal: "Will no man rise up to take the place of Bill Arp?" Maybe — maybe not Bill Arp was a fireside philosopher. By the light of a small kerosene lamp, or maybe, by that given out from the fireplace, the father of the family read his letters aloud after supper while the wife knitted and the children sat around with their hands clasped about their knees. There is a common understanding that the world doesn't miss anybody very long—that somebody rises up and takes the place of the biggest man that was ever born. But there is one dead man whose place has never been supplied—Bill Nye.

STRUCK HIS WIFE.

The Brutal Behavior of an Unworthy Husband and Father.

(Charlotte Observer, Saturday)

The cries of a suffering woman attracted attention to a room on the second floor of the Wilkinson building yesterday afternoon. The room faced the street, and the people on the sidewalk across the way looked through the window and saw a man strike a woman.

The alarm was given and soon two policeman were in the room and had placed under arrest Henry Moore. The woman that he had beaten was his wife.

The police shut the door in the face of the crowd that rushed up the steps and clamored for admittance. Men assembled on the verandah of the Manufacturers' Club, and on the sidewalks on both sides of the street and waited for developments.

The room told a pitiful tale. It was a work room, with a large table in the centre on which were irons and other appliances. Mr. Moore had advertised himself as a hat cleaner. Mrs. Moore did all the work and did it well. Mr. Moore spent all the money. That was the story that was told in a few words to the police.

"He asked me for a dollar," said Mrs. Moore. "That was about all I had, but I gave it to him. He drank more, and came in and asked for his dinner. I gave it to him, and then he arose and began to strike me."

Blood trickled slowly from her nostrils. Her white dress had been torn at the shoulder, and her flesh had been lacerated by finger nails. She sank into a chair and bowed her head and looked hopeless, miserable.

"Darling," said Mr. Moore, who was very much excited and plainly under the influence of drink.

"Oh, stop it," said Policeman Torrence, "and come on here with me."

"Darling," cried Moore again, as he walked toward his wife. Then Torrence and Yandle grabbed him by either arm and seemed prepared for a rough house.

Moore broke away for a moment, "I say," he said, "hasn't a man rights and privileges in his own home? Darling, dress as soon as you can, and darling come down to the police station and testify for me."

Mrs. Moore didn't even look up. Her little son, Harold, a bright little chap of four years, ran to her and, catching hold of the piece of torn dress that fell down to disclose her flesh, jealously arranged it so that it hid his mother's injuries. Time and again he did that, seeming to act unconsciously, or by instinct.

The policemen carried Moore from the room.

Harold grew wide-eyed with fright. "Mama," he said "they are taking him away."

He made a break for the door and was caught and held by a reporter. In a frenzied little way he rushed for the window and tried to open it so he could see the last of his father, and again, for his own safety, he was pulled back. He came to his mother and once more covered the wound on the shoulder and complained about the cruel handling of his father.

"It's all over now," said Mrs. Moore, who seemed to be a woman of refinement. "My husband did badly in Augusta, Ga., and we came here and were doing well when he again began to drink. I begged him not to do it, told him that this was a small place and that if he became dissipated it would ruin his business, but he paid no attention to me. He has spent almost everything we had and I don't know what to do."

Mrs. Moore said she wished to return to her people in Savannah, declaring that they had said that they would gladly welcome her if she would leave her husband.

Recently a cow belonging to Mr. H. J. Wall, of Waltown, gave birth to a calf in a pasture, and Mr. Wall not knowing that the calf had been born, had the cow driven to his lot and confined. Ten days later the calf was found in the pasture alive, but very weak. It was brought to the cow, when it went to sucking at once and is now, or was at last accounts, doing well.—Wadesboro Messenger and Intelligencer.

Bargain Getters Bargain Givers

of all kinds of Dry Goods. Buyers just back from the Eastern markets, where their purchases have been greater than ever before. Our fall purchases date back from the first of last December and especially of all kinds of staple goods. We got in right on the "ground floor."

15c Boy's Heavy Ribbed Hose at 10c
100 dozen Boys' extra heavy two in one ribbed Hose, sizes 6 to 10's. This bargain should be of interest to every mother; a regular 15c seller while they last at 10c

New Fall Dress Goods Novelties in Cotton Goods.

Fresh arrivals of all the novelties in heavy cotton fabrics, including the heavy figured mercerized cotton Madras in white and colors; fleece-back Piques and Madras in white brocades and colored figures; also newest of all the Table Damask effects in white mercerized Madras.

Fall Novelties in Wool Goods.

Some of the new fabrics in Wool Goods we have that will be very stylish for fall and winter wear are a full line of Camels Hair in the two toned effects, including the black and grey effects which are especially smart. Full line of smooth surface goods including close woven Serges, Venetians, Granites, Sicilians plain and metallic Mohairs; Broad Cloths, Henriettas, Cashimeres, etc.

Special Value in Table Linen.

We have a limited quantity of 70-inch Table Damask, 75c quality, absolutely all linen that we offer while it lasts at 50c
$1.25 Napkins at $1.00
50 dozen more of those $1.25 all linen Napkins at $1.00

Sheet Special.

72x90 bleached Sheet, splendid quality domestic but with seam at 39c
Another lot 81x90 bleach Sheet, good quality domestic, without seam at 50c

Belk Brothers.

Cheapest Store on Earth! Wholesale and Retail.

Hurt in a Runaway.

(Correspondence of The Journal.)

Marshville, Sept. 28.—Cotton is coming rapidly and the farmers are settling their accounts and buying their winter supplies. And there is no better place than Marshville for high priced cotton and low priced goods.

Mr. Herbert Lowery of White Store happened to a very painful accident at the cotton platform Thursday. While waiting for his cotton to be unloaded his mule became frightened and ran, throwing Mr. Lowery under the wheels of the wagon and bruising him up right badly.

Dr. J. A. McRae of White Store was in town Saturday.

Mrs. G. A. Marsh returned last week from a visit to her parents in Landsford, S. C.

Mr. Henry Griffin of this place has taken charge of a railroad section near Wilmington and will move his family in the near future.

Dr. Watt Ashcraft of Monroe spent last Tuesday here.

Mr. R. H. Moore of Hamlet was in town Thursday.

Mr. Frank Harrell and Miss Cullie Marsh spent Sunday with Mr. Harrell's mother in Lanes Creek township.

Mr. George Marsh, travelling salesman for Allen Hardware Company of Charlotte is in town today.

Prof. and Mrs. Dowd and Miss Annie Stewart spent Saturday in Monroe.

Thanks.

I desire to thank the people of Monroe for the good patronage extended me during the summer, and to announce that I am making especial preparations to give them a good fall and winter service. I will have on hand constantly the best meats obtainable, and will have a nice market and a prompt and good service. H. Z. White.

Sale of Farming Land.

By virtue of authority conferred on me by the Clerk of the Superior Court, in a special proceeding instituted by J. F. Condor, Amanda Smith and others, against R. M. Condor and others, I will, on

Monday, November 2nd, 1903,

expose to sale to the highest bidder, at the court house door in the town of Monroe, N. C., the following described piece or parcel of land, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a rock by a w. o. and dogwood, McRorie's corner, and runs with 3 of his lines N. 14¼ E. 19.33 chains to a pile of stones; thence N. 27¼ W. 2.06 chains to a rock; thence N. 44¼ E. 7.00 chains to a rock in a ditch; thence N. 58 W. 14.50 chains to a stake by a small sweet gum, I. D. Thompson's corner; thence with his line S. 14 W. 18.42 chains to a hickory by a pine; thence N. 73¼ W. 9 chains to a stake in a road, Esther Starnes' corner; thence with her line S. 40¼ W. 8 chains to a p. o., her corner, also a corner of the dower; thence with a line of the dower S. 55 E. 21.40 chains to a stake on the S. E. side of a road, a dower corner in J. F. Condor's line; thence with said line N. 32¼ E. 2.80 chains to a stake, said Condor's corner; thence S. 89 E. 8.67 chains to the beginning, containing forty-three (43) acres more or less. And also a remainder in the following described tract, subject to the life estate of Amanda Smith in the following tract: Beginning at a p. o., Hester Haywood's corner, thence with her line, crossing the railroad and passing her corner S. 82 W. 19.32 chains to a stone; thence S. 51 W. 7 chains to a pile of stones; thence S. 31¼ E. 2.50 chains to a rock in the surface, naturally, J. C. Bates corner; thence with two of his lines N. 76¼ E. 11.37 chains to an elm in a meadow; thence S. 78 E. 8.66 chains to a rock; thence N. 28¼ E. 13 chains to a stake; thence N. 25 W. 7.00 chains to the beginning, containing 21¼ acres more or less, being a part of the Eli Condor land.

Terms of sale: One-third cash and the remainder on a credit of 12 months, with interest at 8 per cent. from date of sale.

This the 28th day of September, 1903.

R. B. REDWINE, Commissioner.
Redwine & Stack, Attys.

Union County Bonds for Sale.

The County Commissioners of Union county, N. C., will, until 12 o'clock m. of the 15th day of October, 1903, receive sealed bids for the purchase of seventy-five bonds of Union county, of the denomination of one hundred dollars each, bearing six per cent. interest per annum, payable annually on the first day of January of each year until they mature, running ten years and one-tenth of said bonds redeemable annually at the option of the Board of Commissioners. The coupons are receivable in payment of county taxes. These bonds are issued under an act of the General Assembly of North Carolina, authorizing their issue to fund the current indebtedness of the county, ratified on the 18th day of February, 1903. The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids, if not satisfactory.

A. J. BROOKS, Chairman
Board County Commissioners.

J. M. STEWART, Clerk.
This 15th day of September, 1903.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
Cures Colds; Prevents Pneumonia

Personals From Wardlaw.

(Correspondence of The Journal.)

Wardlaw, Sept. 26.—Owing to the drought crops in this section are nearly gathered, but farmers are in good heart so long as they get ten cents for cotton.

Miss Helen Hoyle left Monday for Wilmington, where she has taken a position as teacher in a graded school.

Miss Pearl Rodman spent last Saturday and Sunday at Waxhaw.

Miss Flossie Price is spending a few weeks with her parents, school having suspended at Wesley Chapel for work.

Mr. Will Schell, formerly of Charlotte, has entered the Weddington School.

Mr. Victor Hunter has taken a position as salesman with Matthews & McManus at Van Wyck, S. C.

Mrs. Will Redwine has purchased a lot here and will move sometime in the near future.

Master Joe Hudson is recovering from a light attack of fever.

Miss Beula Price will leave Tuesday for the State Normal at Greensboro. X.

Buggies and Harness for Sale.

I have a lot of buggies and harness, both new and second hand, to be sold at a bargain for the next thirty days. C. C. Sikes.

MR. W. C. RAPE has accepted a position with the new Union county life insurance company. See him and take a policy. This is a home company and furnishes the cheapest insurance that can be had. Now is the time for our people to join.

SUBSCRIBERS to the "Ladies Home Journal," "Saturday Evening Post" "The American Messenger," "Biblical Recorder," "North Carolina Baptist," please give your subscriptions for any of the above named papers to
Miss Hattie Belk.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS.—Parties owing me for professional services will find the accounts with Mr. Philip Whitley or Mr. H. W. Passer, and a prompt payment of all accounts is requested to be made to either of the above gentlemen. A. D. N. Whitley.

WHEN you want ice phone 36. Prompt delivery and honest weight.
Cadieu & Wallace.

WE now have the nicest pork sausage, fresh pork hams and steaks that you ever saw. Phone us—No. 66.
H. Z. White.

WATCH REPARING—The cheapest in town in PRICE and as good as the best in QUALITY. All work guaranteed. W. Ogburn, at Ogburn's store.

Our Ice House is opposite J. J. Lockhart & Co.'s store. Phone us when you want Ice. No 36.
CADIEU & WALLACE.

NOTICE!

This is for you,

If you owe us. Our money must be collected; and without any excuse we ask you to come and make immediate settlement. This year there will be

No Exception

to the rule; and if it is your intention now not to pay, but request us to carry over your note or account, you are going to be disappointed. We are going to have our money and you can govern yourselves accordingly.

The Heath-Lee Hardware Co.

FEEDING

The People Is My Business,

and I have learned that GOOD GOODS at fair prices, honest weights and prompt delivery is the only way to please the trade.

Best Cheese,
Good Roasted Coffee from 12 to 25 cents.
Hams from 12½ to 16 cents.
I carry a full line of everything
Prices and goods guaranteed.
If you have never tried me with an order, now is the time, and you will surely be a regular customer.

Respectfully,
W. A. STEWART.
Phone 201.

The Swellest, Most Fashionable and Best Fitting

CLOTHING

ever shown in Monroe for Fall and Winter 1903, is now pouring in at the Clothing Establishment of

A. LEVY,

The High Art Clothier.

The Fall styles are now ready, and the new lines include the very finest it is possible for expert tailors to make. Our Dry Goods and Millinery Departments are also just what they should be.

A. LEVY.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Cures Grip in Two Days.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. on every box. 25c.
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grove