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Bone Pains, Itching, Scabby Skin Diseases.
Swellings, Carbuncles, Pimples, Scrofula
Permanently cured by taking Botanic Blood Balm. It destroys the active Poison in the blood. If you have aches and pains in bones, back and joints, Itching Scabby skin, Blood feels hot or thin, Swollen Glands, Rashes and Sores on the Skin, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, or offensive eruptions, Copper Colored Spots or rash on Skin, all run-down, or nervous, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, Carbuncles or Boils, take
Botanic Blood Balm, guaranteed
to cure even the worst and most deep-seated cases where doctors, patent medicines, and hot springs fail. Heals sikening, acute inflamed and painful sores, reduces all swellings, makes blood pure and rich, completely changing the entire body into a clean, healthy condition. B. B. B. has cured thousands of cases of Blood Poison even after enduring the last stages.
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are caused by an acid poisoned condition in the Blood. B. B. B. stops Blood Aching and Spitting, Relieves and Cures Itching, Aches and Pains, cures Rheumatism, Catarrh, Sores all Scabs, Scurs, Eruptions, Watery Blisters, Foul Smelling Scurvy Eruptions by giving a pure, healthy blood supply to the parts.
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Botanic Blood Balm cures Cancers of all Kinds, Stubborn Sores, Facial Sores, Tumors, old Ulcers. It kills the germs and heals the worst or most exposed portions. Ulcers have a persistent Purple, Black Scurvy, Scorbutic, Blotched Face, Blood Pimples and they will disappear before they develop into cancers. The permanent, honest cure of cancer proved by taking Botanic Blood Balm.
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Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Co.,
ATLANTA, GA.
For sale in Monroe by
THE W. J. RUDGE CO.

Notice.
By virtue of authority vested in me by a decree of the Superior Court of Union county, at the August term, 1903, of said court, in the case of R. J. W. Redfearn vs. E. G. Liles, the undersigned commissioner will, on
Monday, December 7th, 1903,
sell to the highest bidder for cash, at the court house door in Monroe, North Carolina, a valuable tract or lot of land in or near the city of Monroe, containing one acre more or less. The metes and bounds of same may be obtained by reference to a certain mortgage deed from said E. G. Liles to R. J. W. Redfearn, registered in the Register's office for said county in Book Z, at page 528. There is a good house on said lot. The sale will be made subject to the confirmation of the court. This November 9th, 1903.
H. H. McLENDON, Commissioner

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
for children; safe, sure. No opiates

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?
Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.
Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.
Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root** is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.

House of Swamp-Root.
Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

Cheap Flour is Bad Flour!
It's low price is the maker's excuse for the inferiority of his product. Bad flour is bad flour no matter how it is manipulated and juggled in packing. It all comes back to the same thing. Good flour mixed with poor will improve the quality of the blend, but like mixing white paint with black, it takes an awful lot of white to produce any effect. Bad or cheap flour is lacking in gluten, the nutritious portion of the wheat. It also contains a large percentage of the pulverized husk or shell of the grain. All of which you don't want. Therefore, we caution you to ask for the "Invincible" brand. This brand is sold at the lowest price for which really first-class flour can be sold, and its price is the highest you need to pay in order to get the best. Mr. Newman, our local baker, says: "Invincible" is the I can get for baking."
HENDERSON ROLLER MILLS.

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I take this method to inform you that my stock is complete.
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Headquarters for Sewing Machines for cash or on time with easy payments. I sell more shoes than any country store in the county. Highest price paid for country produce, cash or trade. Such as chickens, eggs, turkeys, geese, corn, seed cotton, cotton seed, fodder or anything you have to sell.
On saturdays please make it a point to come early in the day so you can be waited on before the rush. Respectfully,
W. P. PLYLER & SON,
Leaders in Low Prices, Mt. Prospect, N. C.
Monroe, N. C., R. F. D. No. 4.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

Relating to the Public Schools.

[Teachers, committemen, students or others interested in the public schools are invited to contribute to this column. School news, personal items or anything bearing upon the public schools will be welcome.—The Editor.]

In enumerating the things for which we should be especially thankful, in his Thanksgiving sermon Thursday evening, Rev. W. F. Watson said:

"We should be thankful for the educational revival that is going on in our State. There was a time when none but the children of the rich could hope to go to college, and that time has not long been passed. It is now true that any earnest boy or girl who honestly wants an education can get it. There are thousands of avenues open for them. I thank God for our colleges and schools, and I pray for millions more to put in them, and in efforts to get behind our people and impress them with their duties in this respect towards their children."

* * *

The old Pinhook school house in Vance township, in the district which was consolidated with Indian Trail, has been sold to Mr. I. D. Boyd. The old Walker school house in Jackson township, in the district in which the people are putting up a nice new school building, has been sold to Mr. E. C. Godfry.

* * *

"The man who is ashamed to do honest work," said Rev. Dr. J. C. Rowe, "has something wrong with his head. He needs to be taken all down and put together again. No one needs to be ashamed of having walked between the plow handles. If there is any one occupation of man that God directly instituted, it is that of farming."

Now that is what the public schools ought to teach the children—the dignity and manliness of honest, intelligent work, however hard, however humble. Teach them that education is for the purpose of making us better and more capable workers, not to help us escape work.

* * *

Thank God for the thousands of noble men and women who are teaching our children.—Rev. W. F. Watson.

* * *

"Any rural teacher can have a rural school library," says Southern Education, "if she only wills to have one. Get the children interested first of all. The children's interest will secure the interest of the parents. After this is secured a public entertainment will help. Then talk to the parents and ask for more money. And how is the best way to interest children in the rural library you should have? The best way is for the teacher to get some of the books on the library lists. Let the children read these books. Read some of them to the children. Let them carry some of them home. The parents will thus soon become interested and the rural library will be easy to establish."

* * *

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed up on purpose to a life beyond life.—Milton.

* * *

God be thanked for good books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of the past ages. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours.—Channing.

* * *

A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life. I would not exchange it for the glory of the Indies.—Gibson.

* * *

After two weeks suspension on account of the illness of the teacher, Miss Emma Hunter, the Marvin school resumed regular work again last Monday morning.—Waxhaw Enterprise.

* * *

Miss Lillian Cuthbertson of Wolfsville has accepted a school near Olive Branch and left Saturday to be ready to open school Monday morning. Miss Cuthbertson is one of the county's best public school teachers and will no doubt make a good record at Olive Branch, as she has done elsewhere.—Waxhaw Enterprise.

* * *

The young ladies' society of Waxhaw Institute has on foot a very commendable movement to increase both the size and usefulness of the school library. It is proposed to extend to the people of the town and community, as well as the members of the school, the benefit of the library. The society is desirous of forming a permanent library association with a regularly organized membership. A committee of young ladies has been appointed to solicit membership, and they will call on the citizens of the town and community at an early date and explain more fully their plans for the work.—Waxhaw Enterprise.

* * *

This story will be of great interest to the children. The whole book, with many good stories, can be bought for fifty cents:

An Adventure on the Neuse.

North Carolina History Stories, by W. C. Allen.

In the summer of 1711 John Lawson and several other men went up the Neuse river to explore the country. Baron de Graffenreid, a Swiss nobleman, was in the company. He had brought over from England a large number of settlers, who had made homes for themselves near the mouth of the river. He wished to see whether there were good places for settlements up the river. Lawson, who was the surveyor-general of the colony, was also interested in the upland country. He was interested, also, in the birds and animals that lived in the swamps.

The men carried provisions enough to last for several weeks. All along the river they noticed the large trees and beautiful flowers. The birds also were plentiful and pretty. Squirrels and foxes were often seen, and sometimes the howl of wolves was heard. John Lawson made notes of all these things. The white men thought it was a very beautiful country. Several times they stopped, and Lawson surveyed the lands on both sides of the river.

For several days they had gone on without seeing an Indian. That seemed strange, for the red men had always before come out to meet the white men. They had been very friendly to the white people. But now not one was to be seen. They seemed to have left the country. One day, however, while the white men were eating their mid day meal, they saw a party of Indians watching them from a hill some distance away. The white men did not fear them, but they could not understand why they were watched by the Indians. They did not know that the savages had formed a plot to kill all the white people, and were at this very time on the warpath.

After finishing their dinner, Lawson and his men went farther into the woods. They wanted to see the timber lands higher up the river. For some time they marched on without noticing that the Indians were following them. Presently it was seen that a considerable body of red men was creeping along behind, trying to keep themselves hid behind trees and undergrowth.

"Look at those red devils," said Graffenreid. "Just as sure as the sun shines, they mean mischief. Don't you see they have on their war paint and plumes?"

Lawson was quite sure that they were after scalps.

"Yes, sir," answered he, "I am quite sure that we are going to have trouble, and if we get out alive it will be a kindness of Providence. I think they intend to attack us."

"Let us then prepare to receive them," said the baron. "I, for one, do not want to be butchered without doing some damage in return."

As it was nearly night, the party halted and made a fire to warm their food. There were only six or eight of them, and it seemed useless to resist if the redskins should make an attack. They felt quite sure that the attack would come, but they were in doubt as to how they should act. Graffenreid said that he was going to sell his life as dearly as he could. Lawson said that he was no fighter, but would defend himself to the last.

Soon the attack came. About sixty of the savages rushed upon them with shouts and yells. The white men fought the best they could, but the Indians ran over them, beat them to the ground, and bound their hands and arms. Then they were forced to travel all night with these Indians to a town some miles inland. Footsore and weary they reached the town early next day, and were delivered to the chief in charge.

That afternoon a council of all the chiefs in the tribe was called to decide what should be done with the prisoners. Lawson, Graffenreid and the others were carried into the assembly and made to stand in the center with all the chiefs seated around them. The king of the tribe from a high seat questioned them.

"Why did our paleface brothers come up the river?" asked he. "Have they come to spy our land and take it from us?"

"No, indeed," said the baron. "We are looking for a short way to Virginia. If we wanted your land we would offer you money for it."

"Did not Indians see the paleface brother with the chain, measuring our land on the river? How, then, can he say that he wants not the land?"

Lawson told them that he measured the land so that he could draw a map of the country. Then he showed them one of the maps that he had drawn. They were much pleased with the map, and seemed to be satisfied with the explanation. Finally they decided that the prisoners should be released and sent home the next day. So Lawson and his friends slept soundly that night, for they felt that they would be allowed to go back home. But a far different fate awaited them.

On the next day, instead of being turned loose, they were carried before another council and asked more questions. At this council was a Core Indian whom Lawson had known some time before, and with whom he had had some trouble. This Indian was a bitter enemy of the white people, and spoke against turning them loose.

"Palefaces have taken away our lands," he said, "and now they are after yours. This man with the chain measures and sells to white men. He is the man that has turned our hunting grounds into cornfields. He is the man who will measure your land and plant corn in the places where the deer and the squirrel are now found. Would you rather have the white man's corn growing upon your land or the deer and the quail there? O, Tuscaroras, look well to your hunting grounds!"

This speech made a deep impression on the savages. Lawson and his companions were beaten with clubs and condemned to death. The council broke up to carry out the sentence. They were roughly dragged to the place of execution.

"Would you put a king to death?" asked the baron. "Such a thing is never done. It would grieve the Great Spirit."

"Who is king?" questioned the Indians, almost all at once.

"I am king of fifteen hundred palefaces, who are now looking for me," answered the baron. "They would never forgive their dark-skin brothers if their king were put to death.

The chiefs talked together very rapidly and excitedly. There appeared to be two parties among them—one for execution and the other for turning the prisoners loose. Finally a compromise was agreed upon, and the great chief came to the white men and said with much earnestness:

"Palefaces, you are in our hands. We can do with you what seems best to us. Nothing can save you from our power. We shall burn the paleface who has been selling our land, but the king we shall hold as a prisoner to keep his people from making war on us. Now you have heard our decision."

The baron was led away to another part of the village, and Lawson was stripped of his clothing. They then made hundreds of sharpened lightwood splinters, keen at both ends. They stuck these splinters into the flesh of poor Lawson and danced around him with delight. Then these human devils bound Lawson to a stake. They danced the war dance around him and sang their dreadful songs. Presently they set fire to the splinters and burned him to death.

The baron could hear what was going on, and knew that the Indians were tormenting their prisoner.

Soon the savages came to him and told him that they had killed Lawson. Graffenreid was afraid they had come for him to share the same fate. But the chief said that he would be held as a prisoner, and that his life would be spared. Graffenreid's negro man was in the same room, and the Indians looked at him as if to say, "It is your turn now."

"King of the palefaces," said the chief, "you need not be afraid, for we will not kill you. But Indian braves want more song and more dance tonight. Your black man must be burned."

This was dreadful news to the baron, for he was very fond of the faithful negro, who had been with him so long and had served him so well. He tried to change the redskins from their purpose.

"This poor fellow," the baron said, "has never done any harm to the Indians. He came because I did. Spare him and you shall be rewarded."

"He give Indians fun," grunted the chief.

As night came on more Indians came into the village. They made large fires here and there. Sometimes they would yell like madmen, and the blood of the white man ran cold and the poor negro was almost dead with fear. Finally they came and seized the negro and carried him off. He struggled with his enemies, but they dragged him along to the place of execution. There they bound him to the stake. Then they piled up pieces of dry pine wood around him and set them on fire. Then they danced around the sufferer until death relieved him of his agony.

Such things are dreadful to relate, but they happened long ago, before the white people had come in numbers large enough to prevent it. It was against such savages that the settlers had to contend, to make this country the home of the white men.

The savages held the baron for a long time as their prisoner. They let him go when he promised them that he would not make war upon them. He kept the promise, and would not join in the war which the white people made upon the Indians the next year.

Pawnbroker's Clothing.....
STRICTLY SANITARY—ALL WOOL—men's boys' and children's coats, pants and vests from 25 cents to $5.00. Overcoats for men or boys from $1 to $5. Come and see; will save you money.
Only 10 minutes walk from and northwest of the courthouse.
J. H. BENTON & CO.,
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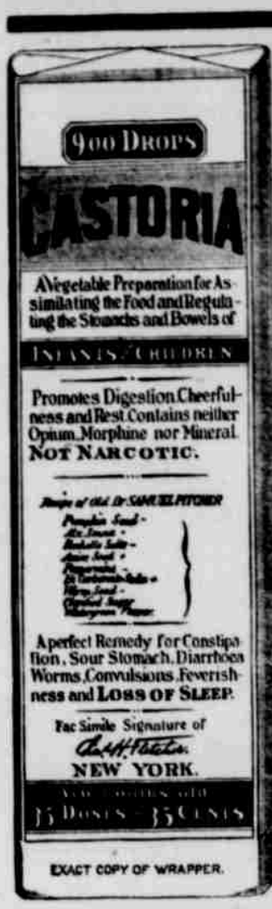

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FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
stops the cough, heals and strengthens the lungs. It contains no harsh expectorants that strain and irritate the lungs, or opiates that cause constipation, a condition that retards recovery from a cold. FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR is a safe and never failing remedy for all throat and lung troubles.
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