

HOW JIMMIE GOT HIS ENGINE

By WILLIAM WALKER HINES

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It was the general understanding among all the employees of the Lawrenceburg division of the X. and Y. R. R. that when Jimmie Kincaid got his engine he would also get Nettie Oliver. But Jimmie's chance for getting an engine in the near future did not seem particularly bright. He was fourth on the list of firemen of the Lawrenceburg division, and that meant he must wait until four engineers died, reached the age of limit or were fired. Of course there was always the chance that he would be able to do something to attract the attention of the superintendent of motive power, and then he might get his engine at any time.

In the meantime Nettie had a fairly good position as telegrapher at Benson station, and Jimmie could get a chance to chat with her for a few minutes every day when his train, passenger No. 14, lay over on the siding at Benson to allow the limited mail to pass. When he had been scripping an acquaintance with Nettie something over a year before Jimmie had used the pretext that he was thinking of learning telegraphy, and under her tutelage he had picked up a fair working knowledge of the Morse code.

Many a sly joke did the train crew of No. 14 crack at Jimmie's suddenly born ambition to learn telegraphy, but he bore all of these with equanimity and said that the knowledge might come in handy some time. After awhile it became understood among all the men that Jimmie's case was really serious, and then the jokes stopped. Even the head brakeman of No. 14, who had a reputation as a wit, forbore to make remarks about the connection between the Morse code and pretty girls.

Benson station is at the foot of Twelve Mile hill, and this hill is regarded by the engineers as the worst place on the division. The grade is so heavy that the track winds up the hill in two long loops. When you get to the beginning of the second loop you are only a mile from Benson station on a straight line, but it is six miles by the track. After he had mastered the rudiments of the Morse code Jimmie would take hold of the whistle cord when No. 14 came to the loop on the down grade and signal "Hello" to Nettie at Benson station in sharp blasts upon the whistle, which stood for the dots and dashes of the code.

No things went along for a year and Jimmie, prospecting for promotion, got little brighter. On the records of the office of the superintendent of motive power he was still merely James Kincaid, fourth on the list of firemen, with a good reputation and the prospect of succeeding to an engine in the course of five or six years. When business picked up in the fall a number of extra freight trains were put on, and he got his first chance to run an engine.

On the first trip it fell to him to take out the third section of freight train No. 106, east bound. The third section of No. 106 was made up of thirty-one heavily loaded cars, and none of these was equipped with air brakes. As he pulled out of Adairville the old yard master swung himself up into the cab of the engine and said:

"I think you'll pull the engine all right, Jimmie, me bye, but for the love of the saints be careful when you strike the top of the hill this side of Benson. Faith, it's a heavy train they've given you, and if it should break in two going down that hill and then your wheels with no air brakes on to them there'll be the devil and all to pay."

Despite this warning, there was no fear of a "break in two" in Jimmie's art as he nursed his engine along toward the top of the hill on the other side of which lay Benson. This is an accident which happens very rarely and which not even the most experienced engineer can successfully guard against. But as he struck the top of the hill and began to descend on the side toward Benson he felt a jerk which nearly threw him off his seat. Looking back, he saw that the worst had happened. A coupling had snapped in the middle of the train.

For the present there was but one thing to do, and that was to go down grade as fast as he could. Looking back, he could see that the rear brakeman, who was the only man on the cars which had been left behind, had made one ineffectual attempt to set the brakes and then had jumped to safety. Jimmie knew that if the fourteen cars running wild behind caught up with the forward half of the train there would be a wreck which would cause damage to the extent of thousands of dollars and blacklist. If not kill, the engineer responsible.

Faster and faster the telegraph poles on the side of the track flew past him. Jimmie's mind was working faster than he had ever done in his life. His orders directed him to wait on the siding at Benson station for the west-bound passenger train to pass, and he knew that at any cost he must save the passenger. Away off to the farther side of Benson he could already see the faint line of smoke coming up from it, and he knew that it would arrive at Benson in just about ten minutes. He figured that his own train was going about a mile a minute and would reach Benson in seven minutes. If an alternative offered itself he resolved to put on all brakes when he got to the foot of the hill and deliberately wreck his own train. There was a straight track for three miles on the farther

side of Benson, and the engineer of the passenger train would see the wreck in ample time to come to a stop. This plan, if carried out, would probably mean death for Jimmie, but he analyzed the situation none the less coolly because of that. Death is something that engineers get accustomed to facing. But if he could only discover some way of letting Nettie know the condition of affairs it would be an easy matter for her to throw the derailing switch after he had passed and allow the rear half of the train to come to a safe haven in the cornfield beside the track.

Down at the station Nettie heard a sound which sent her rushing out to the platform. Away up the hill she could see a freight train coming down at a terrific rate of speed. The whistle cord seemed to be in the hands of a lunatic, for the whistle was sounding in strange, unearthly shrieks. As she watched it something struck her as being strangely familiar about the way the whistle was sounding. All of a sudden it struck her there was method in the shrieks, and that, interpreted by the Morse code, they were saying, "H. N. N. N." her station call. This was continued for a few seconds, and then began: "Broke in two! Throw derailing switch when first section is past station." Three times this was repeated, and then the engine went around the curve at the farther end of the loop, and she could hear the whistle only faintly.

But she heard enough, and when Jimmie's engine whizzed past the station with its white face pressed closely against the glass at the side of the engine cab he saw Nettie standing at the switch. When the last car in the part of the train which still remained intact had passed the frog he saw her throw all her weight on the switch handle, and the signal told him that every one of the cars which were following him would pile themselves ungraciously, but harmlessly, on the soft earth of the cornfield. Bringing his engine to a stop, he ran back to the station and on to the siding in ample time to let the passenger train pass him.

The train master examined Jimmie very closely at the necessity of piloting valuable freight cars on useful agricultural land and passed the case up to the division superintendent. He examined the papers carefully, made some notes on the bottom of them and referred the whole matter to the superintendent of motive power. When Jimmie walked out of the office he was full of joy. He felt that he had been congratulated on his presence of mind. And the superintendent of motive power congratulated him again a month later when the railroad lost the services of the telegraph operator at Benson station and Jimmie got a wife.

Under the Apple Blossoms.

"How sweet, how pure, they are!" she said, breathing in the fragrance of the apple blossoms on the branch he bent down for her.

"Like your—like a maiden's love," he added, with a distinguished sentimentality.

"And how quickly they wither and come to naught—another similarity," she said, with a malice aforethought, leading him off.

"Or turn hard and sour and fill us with pain and anguish if, like silly boys, we think we like them," he amended grudgingly, aware of her object.

For half a second she looked into his glowing eyes with a reluctant twinkle growing in her own.

"But if we have a little patience they grow sweet and wholesome again, and—delicious for domestic uses—pies, for instance," she whispered between a laugh and a sigh.

The snow turned into a bewildered stare. Then Providence sent him a spark of intelligence.

"Mabel," he cried eagerly, seizing her hands—"Mabel, I adore apple pies."

"And—And, Jack, I make very good ones," she murmured demurely.

And then—all the apple blossoms flushed a delicate pink.

St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

It is curious that St. Elizabeth of Hungary should have spent only the first four years of her life in the country which always distinguishes her name. She was only just four when her father, the king of Hungary, sent her to Thuringia to be betrothed to the nine-year-old Prince Louis, and there she remained all through her childhood and married life until her death in 1231. Perhaps, says the London Chronicle, because she is one of the few saints whose holiness did not preclude love and marriage she always seems a particularly human saint, and the tales that are told of her—how, for instance, she gave away her toys and dolls to poor children when she was but a baby herself, how the food she was taking to beggars in a covered basket turned out to be gold and silver when her husband lifted the lid, how she heard a bird singing to her on her deathbed and sang to it in reply—all point to the poetry and charm which are associated with her name.

She Meant Dog, Not Husband.

The late Edwin Lord Weeks, the painter and illustrator, had always a great dislike for dogs. It was amusing, his friends say, to hear him berate against dogs, and innumerable were the stories reflecting upon dogs in an unfavorable light which Mr. Weeks had on the tip of his tongue.

"I dined last night," he said one day, "with Blank, after dinner Blank and I went into the library to look over some John Leech prints. Blank was talking learnedly about Leech when he heard his wife in the next room say: 'Where is my guardian angel?' 'Here I am, my dear,' Blank called. But his wife retorted: 'Oh, I don't mean you. I mean Fido.'"—New York Tribune.

Colds Cause Pneumonia.

One of the most remarkable cases of a cold, deep-seated on the lungs, causing pneumonia, is that of Mrs. Gertrude E. Frouer, Marion, Ind., who was entirely cured by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. She says: "The coughing and straining so weakened me that I ran down in weight from 148 to 92 pounds. I tried a number of remedies to no avail until I used One Minute Cough Cure. Four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me entirely of the cough, strengthened my lungs and restored me to my normal weight, health and strength." Sold by English Drug Co. and S. J. Welsh.

Do You Want Strength?

If you want to increase your strength you must add to and not take from the physical. In other words, the food that you eat must be digested, assimilated and appropriated by the nerves, blood and tissues before being expelled from the intestines. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure adds to the physical. It gives strength to and builds up strength in the human system. It is pleasant to the taste and palatable, and the only combination of digestants that will digest the food and enable the system to appropriate all of its health and strength-giving qualities. Sold by English Drug Co. and S. J. Welsh.

The Present Cotton Situation.

By HARRY JORDON, President of the Southern Cotton Growers' Protective Association.

The present consumption of American cotton by the spinners of the world having exceeded the supplies, prices for the staple have advanced more than 100 per cent. since last October. Naturally, the present price of cotton, higher than it has been before in twenty years, has fired the hearts of Southern cotton producers with feverish impatience to become the possessors of as many bales of this valuable staple as possible in the year 1904. Those who had the good judgment to market their crop slowly through the present season, enjoyed a part of the recent high prices, but a vast majority of the producers pursued the old method of rushing their staple on the market as fast as ginned, and the speculators reaped the profits.

Present indications point not only to an increased cotton acreage throughout the belt this year, but it is apparent that producers are also preparing to largely increase the use of commercial fertilizers. The general disposition of many planters at this time is to make the effort not only to increase their cotton acreage per acre, but to increase the yield per acre. Last year we were forced to abandon five per cent. of the acreage planted on account of the scarcity of labor, and we are now confronted with labor conditions not so flattering as they were in January, 1903. The increase of our cotton acreage can only be made at the expense of our supply crops. This would be a suicidal policy, even if we felt assured that the prices of cotton for next season could be maintained at 10 and 12 cents per pound from the opening to the close of the selling season.

Price of Provisions High.

The present prices for Western wheat have advanced to more than \$1 per bushel and flour will soon be selling at from \$8 to \$9 per barrel. Mules are already selling at 25 per cent. higher figures than they commanded one year ago. Commercial fertilizers have advanced fully 25 per cent. Clothing and all the necessities of life have recently been marked up in the same proportion.

Farmers who purchase their supplies with which to make the cotton crop under existing conditions cannot do so at less than 10 cents per pound for their staple. Great nations are now at war, and the price of provisions will necessarily be much higher than at present before the end of the year. The question of provisions for the vast armies is of more importance than that of clothing. The greatest mistake ever made by Southern cotton producers will be to reduce their usual acreage in wheat, corn, oats, peas, sorghum and other similar crops in order to create an abnormal acreage in cotton which cannot be profitably cultivated or sold. We want to make enough cotton to meet the world's requirement for our staple next fall, but we will need the supply crops just as much, if not more, than the cotton.

A Great Opportunity.

Southern cotton producers now face the greatest opportunity they have had since 1865 to control the cotton situation next season and force the buyers of their staple to pay them its true and legitimate value. The first thing most needful is to make the smokehouse and corn crib the bulwark of safety between the grower and the commercial world. This can only be done by steadfastly clinging to the usual acreage devoted to supply crops and appreciating the high importance of a correct system of diversified agriculture.

We have already learned that a short crop of cotton sells for more money in the aggregate than an abnormally large crop. The second important lesson to learn is to market the crop slowly. No farmer

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased. Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. The child urinates too often, if the urine smells the flesh, or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also a *Book of Swamp-Root*, pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper. 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.

The Oldest Man Dead.

New Brunswick, N. J., December 1st.

Noah Raby died today in the Pisataway poor house, of which he had been an inmate for the last forty years. If he had lived until April 1 next, according to his own statement, Raby would have been 132 years old. He retained his memory and would recall many incidents of his long career until very recently. Raby is said to have been born in Edenboro, Gates county, N. C., on April 1, 1772. He enlisted in the navy in 1805, and served on the ship Constitution and the frigate Bantwine, on the latter of which Farragut was a lieutenant.

[No North Carolinian, of all the great number of those abroad, has been more in the newspapers of late years than Noah Raby, who died Tuesday in a New Jersey poor house at the alleged age of 132 years. For many years past when times have got too dull in the newspaper business in New York and vicinity, the reporters have hopped on Noah Raby. Every time he was interviewed and written up he got several years older, and his memory reached further back. We have no doubt that the venerable prevaricator was at least 90 years old. May God forgive him.—Charlotte Observer.]

Bloody Tragedy in Jail.

Wheeling, W. Va., December 1st.

Facing the certainty of his third term in State's prison, Scott Neal of Martin's Ferry, charged with attempting to kill his wife, tried to shoot his way to liberty tonight and was responsible for a bloody tragedy in the jail at St. Clairsville, O. Neal had secured possession of a revolver and told James Sutton, a Bellaire prisoner awaiting trial for two mysterious murders, of his intention. Sutton dropped a note from the window warning the jailer, Clyde Bulger, the jailer, entered the corridor to lock up the prisoners for the night and was accompanied by Sheriff Majors and two deputies. Neal realized that he had been betrayed and shot Sutton through the temple, killing him instantly. He then pointed his revolver at the jailer, demanding that he unlock the doors. Bulger grappled with him and with a revolver resting against his temple got out his gun and shot Neal through the heart.

If You Want to Be Beloved.

Christian World.

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't undertake anything because you don't possess it.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the carache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.

The council of State Wednesday authorized the State Normal and Industrial College to borrow upon the credit of the State \$80,000 for the erection, equipment and furnishing of buildings, and replacing those destroyed by the recent fire, and the State Treasurer is directed to turn over to the college the insurance money now in his hands belonging to it, this amounting to \$32,000.

C. C. Jones of Goldsboro, who is under \$500 bond for his appearance at Wayne Superior Court in regard to the handling of stolen goods, was also arrested on a charge of complicity in postoffice robberies, it being alleged that Jones at various and sundry times disposed of large quantities of stamps. He was taken before United States Commissioner Nichols at Raleigh and required to give \$2,000 bond for his appearance at a hearing on the 14th.

It Saved His Leg.

P. A. Danforth of LaGrange, Ga., suffered for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg; but writes that Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured it in five days. For ulcers, wounds, piles, it's the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed. Only 25 cts. Sold by English Drug Co.

In a mental anguish suit against the telegraph company in Rowan Superior Court last week, Judge Allen took the matter in hand and decided that the plaintiffs were entitled to recover 37 cents, the cost of the delayed message.

Mr. J. L. Ramsey, formerly editor of the Progressive Farmer and a centurion in the days of the Alliance and Populism; head a patent medicine vender with headquarters in Baltimore, has returned to Raleigh and will engage in the insurance business.

Proper Treatment of Pneumonia.

Pneumonia is too dangerous a disease for anyone to attempt to doctor himself, although he may have the proper remedies at hand. A physician should always be called. It should be borne in mind, however, that pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of the grip, and that by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the threatened attack of pneumonia may be warded off. This remedy is also used by physicians in the treatment of pneumonia with the best results. Dr. W. J. Smith of Sanders, Ark., who is also a druggist, says of it: "I have been selling Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and prescribing it in my practice for the past six years. I use it in cases of pneumonia and have always gotten the best results." Sold by S. J. Welsh and C. N. Simpson, Jr.

The Personal Honor of Mr. Morgan.

Everybody's Standard for March.

A certain underwriting syndicate involving a good many millions was organized on the eve of Mr. J. P. Morgan's departure for Europe, but not completed when he sailed. Upon his return he was asked to see the subscription list and the balance sheets, the work of the syndicate having been completed and the books closed. As he glanced over the list, he noticed that one name which he presumed would be there was missing, and he said to his partner: "I do not see the name of — here." The reply was: "We were able to organize the syndicate without them, and we therefore did so."

Instantly Mr. Morgan replied: "But I promised them that they should come in."

Then, making a rapid computation of what these bankers' profits would have been had they been admitted to the syndicate, Mr. Morgan drew his company's check for the amount, which involved several hundred thousands, and sent it to them.

A Postoffice Blown Up.

The Postoffice Department has been officially notified that the postoffice at Humphreys, Ark., has been blown up, and the St. Louis division of postoffice inspectors has been notified to make an investigation immediately. The advice to the department gives no details of the affair, which press reports attribute to the dissatisfaction with the negro postmaster and his predecessor, also a negro.

More Riots.

Disturbances of strikers are not nearly as grave as an individual disorder of the system. Overwork, loss of sleep, nervous tension, will be followed by utter collapse, unless a reliable remedy is immediately employed. There's nothing so efficient to cure disorders of the liver or kidneys as Electric Bitters. It's a wonderful tonic, and effective nerve and the greatest all-around medicine for run down systems. It dispels nervousness, rheumatism and neuralgia and expels malaria germs. Only 50c, and satisfaction guaranteed by English Drug Co.

Henry Ledbetter, col., was found

frozen to death Saturday at his home near Mt. Gilthead, Montgomery county. He received a jug of liquor the day before. "Null ced."

Tragedy Averted.

"Just in the nick of time our little boy was saved," writes Mrs. W. Watkins of Pleasant City, Ohio. "Pneumonia had played sad havoc with him and a terrible cough set in besides. Doctors treated him, but he grew worse every day. At length we tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and our darling was saved. He's now sound and well." Everybody ought to know, its the only sure cure for coughs, colds and all lung diseases. Guaranteed by English Drug Co. Price 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free.

In McDowell county Superior Court this week a damage suit against the railroad for killing a man, who was drunk and asleep on the track, resulted in a verdict for the railroad.

Happy, Healthy Children.

Any child can take Little Early Risers with perfect safety. They are harmless, never grip or sicken, and yet they are so certain in results that robust constitutions requiring drastic means are never disappointed. They cannot fail to perform their mission and every one who uses Dr. Witt's Little Early Risers prefer them to all other pills. They cure biliousness. Sold by English Drug Co. and S. J. Welsh.

The Name Witch Hazel.

The name Witch Hazel is much abused. E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, are the inventors of the original and only genuine Witch Hazel Salve. A certain cure for cuts, burns, bruises, eczema, tetter, piles, etc. There are many counterfeits of this salve, some of which are dangerous, while they are all worthless. In buying Witch Hazel Salve see that the name E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, is on the box and a cure is certain. Sold by English Drug Co. and S. J. Welsh.

To the brethren and sisters who claim that preachers are taking all the money out of the country: Dearly Beloved!—A very wise man who never speaks rashly and who is none other than Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, says that it costs \$15,000,000 to support the ministers of the gospel and only \$25,000,000 to support pet dogs. Think on this.—Raleigh Christian Advocate.

If troubled with weak digestion, belching or sour stomach, use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and you will get quick relief. For sale by S. J. Welsh and C. N. Simpson, Jr.

"Dat tired feelin' comes to some folks so airy in de season," said Brother Dickey. "His fortunate de springtime chills gives 'em a lively shakin' up, now en then!"

Best Remedy for Constipation.

"The finest remedy for constipation I ever used is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets," says Mr. Eli Butler of Franklinville, N. Y. "They act gently and without any unpleasant effect, and leave the bowels in a perfectly natural condition." Sold by S. J. Welsh and C. N. Simpson, Jr.

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Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

There is a quality added to the cake and biscuit by the Royal Baking Powder which promotes digestion. This peculiarity of "Royal" has been noted by physicians, and they accordingly endorse and recommend it.

Royal Baking Powder is used in baking by the best people everywhere.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

An Empty Head.

A professor tells his story at his own expense. He was instructing a class of boys about the circulation of the blood, and to make sure that they understood him, he said: "Can you tell me why it is that if I stood on my head the blood would rush to my head, and when I stand on my feet there is no rush of blood to the feet?" And then a small boy, after pausing for a short time, answered: "It is because your feet are not empty, sir."

The old hermit Paladius, having five hundred scholars, used never to dismiss them without this admonition: "My friends, be cheerful; forget not, I beseech you, to be cheerful."—H. Scougal.

Chairman Simmons has issued a call for the Democratic State committee to meet in Raleigh on the 17th, at 8 p. m., to fix the time and place for the meeting of the Democratic State convention.

Charles W. Winston, a carpenter employed to work on a barn belonging to the city of Raleigh, fell off the barn and got hurt, and now he has been awarded \$2,200 damages against the city of Raleigh.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with Local Applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best known ingredients, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CLENEY & CO.

TOLLEDO, OHIO.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's family pills are the best.

See our handsome Furniture; get prices and you will chuckle over the bargains. Monroe Furniture Company.

W. S. BLAKENEY, President.

A. M. STACK, Vice-President.

W. C. WOLFE, Cashier.

—THE—

BANK of UNION

MONROE, N. C.

This Bank has been operated in the interest of the people at large as well as its stockholders. Its officers have done their best to build up Monroe and the surrounding country. It provides every safeguard for the depositor and is always liberal to the borrower. No reasonable person could be dissatisfied with its methods. Remember what it has done for the people thus far and let everybody know that it will meet all legitimate competition in the future. Patronize it with your accounts and thus show your sympathy for a progressive and obliging institution. It is your friend and it is here to stay.

Perhaps

You did not get as a present that nice piece of furniture you have been wanting so long. We have it for you.

Come and pick it out.

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