

Book Farming.

C. W. Burkett in Progressive Farmer.

Once upon a time a farmer's boy wanted to go to an agricultural college, but his father objected, because he said that all the professors knew was book farming. But the boy was very wise, as most boys are, and something as follows in conversation occurred:

"Father, what you know about farming is worth something, isn't it?"

"Why, of course, it is."

"You have learned a good many things, have you not, father, that would be worth while for me to know?"

"Certainly, my boy. I can tell you a good many things about farming."

"And Uncle Bill is a good farmer—what he knows is worth something?"

"Yes, yes. Uncle Bill is a good, practical and successful farmer."

"Well, father, if what you know and what Uncle Bill knows could be printed in a book, it would be worth a great deal more to me than what you know, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, my boy; I guess you are too much for the old man."

And so it is. There is nothing about books and agricultural papers, and so-called "book farming," that is objectionable, providing the same is practical, common sense, and true. A farm fact in a book or in the paper does not take any of its real worth away from it. There are a great many successful farmers, and if their methods and the knowledge which they have learned by hard experience could be impressed upon the minds of young men who are just engaging in farming, it would save a lot of wasted effort and a lot of costly experience to the young men.

There is nothing objectionable about book farming. The old prejudice against agricultural papers and agricultural books is just about dead today. We are realizing that if young farmers and old farmers are to succeed in their chosen work they must get facts and information from every source they can and use the same in their business, just like men use experience and knowledge in other professions, taking it where it can be obtained.

Let's take our hats off to the farmer boy who loves farm work, and who has an ambition to make a success of farm work! Here is to the eager, earnest farmer boy!

Doesn't Respect Old Age.

It's shameful when youth fails to show proper respect for old age, but just the contrary in the case of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They cut off maladies no matter how severe and irrespective of old age. Dyspepsia, jaundice, fever and constipation all yield to this perfect pill. 25c at English Drug Co.'s.

A. W. Tilley, a prominent farmer living near Banam, in Durham county, was seriously hurt Wednesday. He was handling a stick of dynamite when it exploded and his hand was torn off about the wrist. The arm was shattered so that it had to be amputated near the elbow.

From South Africa.

New way of using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mr. Arthur Chapman, writing from Durban, Natal, South Africa, says: "As a proof that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a cure suitable for old and young, I pen you the following: A neighbor of mine had a child just over two months old. It had a very bad cough and the parents did not know what to give it. I suggested that they would get a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and put some upon the dummy teat the baby was sucking it would no doubt cure the child. This they did and brought about a quick relief and cured the baby." This remedy is for sale by S. J. Welsh and C. N. Simpson, Jr.

Jim Martin, a farmer of Jones county, 24 years old, committed suicide last week by shooting himself. The Kinston Free Press says the only cause assigned is disappointment in love. He was a tenant on the Widow Gooding's farm and was said to be in love with Mrs. Gooding. It is supposed that his progress was not satisfactory and he killed himself for this reason.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., TOLEDO, OHIO. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's family pills are the best.

GREAT WEALTH IN WHEAT AND COTTON.

Interesting Facts About the Two Greatest Wealth Producing Crops Grown on American Soil. What They Mean to the Country. Condensed from *Antiques in the World's Work* by Isaac F. Marmon and Clarence H. Post.

On the Elk Valley Farm, in North Dakota, forty harvesters follow in line, each reaping a six-foot swath of wheat.

The harvesting laborer begins the season in Oklahoma and works northward into Kansas, Nebraska, North Dakota and even Canada. In the winter he works back south again in the lumber woods. He follows the seasons.

More than a million new harvesters are sold every year. They range from the ordinary three-horse kind to the California monster that heads, gathers and threshes a swath fourteen feet wide, leaving the grain batted on one side and the straw bound on the other.

In many Kansas counties the "poor farms" have for lack of other use been turned into experiment stations. In Minnesota a professor of the Agricultural College has added five bushels an acre to the apparent possible yield of the fields simply by improving the seed.

The United States raises one-fifth of the world's wheat.

A flood of 88,000,000 bushels of wheat every year flows into Minneapolis mills. One elevator has a capacity of 6,000,000 bushels. The city alone exports 5,000,000 barrels of flour.

Wellington, Kan., has 4,000 population and three banks. Three-fourths of the directors are wheat-growing farmers, and five-sixths of the deposits are wheat money. Kansas farm lands are worth \$10 to \$60 an acre, and in some counties there is practically no waste area.

Cotton is the world's chief manufacturing product. Iron and steel represent in their primary forms \$1,700,000,000 per year in all the world. Cotton manufactures run to \$2,000,000,000 a year.

The United States raises three-fourths of the world's cotton supply. Twice the world's gold product last year would just about have paid for the cotton product of the South. Three-fourths of the capital stock of all the national banks in the country would amount to the same sum.

Cotton exports amounted to \$350,000,000 last year, and will be more this year. All other farm products together came to less than \$600,000,000.

For the last five crops the South has received nearly \$800,000,000 more than for the five preceding crops. For the crop of 1903 the planters received \$325,000,000 more than for that of 1898.

This excess alone for the single year 1903 would amount to \$20 for every inhabitant of the Southern States, or \$100 for every family. For every family actually raising cotton it would mean a surplus of \$225.

Bank deposits in the South have within the last twelve months increased two and a half times as rapidly as in the rest of the country.

Says a member of the North Carolina Board of Agriculture: "I can take any farm in the State and pay for it with two crops of cotton."

Nearly two-thirds of the cotton farms and about five-eighths of the cotton acreage are cultivated by white farmers. More than half of the white farmers own their farms, and about one-fifth of the negroes. There are thus more than 100,000 negroes who farm cotton lands of their own.

Deal Jackson, a North Carolina negro planter, farms 2,000 acres of the best land in the State, and it is his own. His family runs nine ploughs.

The farmers used to realize only \$5,000,000 for their cotton seed. They now get \$100,000,000. The difference would be \$7 for each family in the country.

More cotton is now spun in Southern than in Northern mills. Sixty per cent. of our cotton still goes to European mills to be worked up.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

is pleasant to take. The finest quality of granulated loaf sugar is used in the manufacture of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and the roots used in its preparation give it a flavor similar to maple syrup, making it quite pleasant to take. Mr. W. L. Roderick of Poolesville, Md., in speaking of this remedy, says: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy with my children for several years and can truthfully say it is the best preparation of the kind I know of. The children like to take it and it has no injurious after effect. For sale by S. J. Welsh and C. N. Simpson, Jr."

The Durham Sun says that Homer Pool, 3-year-old son of Wavy W. Pool, died a few days ago from injuries received in a peculiar manner. A number of pet hogs were kept at his home. While playing the little boy fell over a hog and was so badly hurt he died a few days later.

Only Makes a Bad Matter Worse.

Perhaps you have never thought of it, but the fact must be apparent to every one that constipation is caused by a lack of water in the system, and the use of drastic cathartics like the old-fashioned pills only makes a bad matter worse. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are much more mild and gentle in their effect, and when the proper dose is taken their action is so natural that one can hardly realize it is the effect of a medicine. Try a 25c bottle of them. For sale by S. J. Welsh and C. N. Simpson, Jr.

BRIDE DIES HAPPY.

Enough for Her that She Could Say, "Till Death Do Us Part." Another Fight for Hope. New York World.

Joy and sorrow are closely entwined around two hospital weddings in which chapters were added yesterday. It was happiness enough for one bride that fifteen minutes before the end came she could frame the words, "Till death do us part," and feel the clasp of her beloved's hand when she passed into the Valley of the Shadow. She was buried yesterday from her late home, No. 414 West Twenty-fifth street.

The other bride lies on a cot in Flower Hospital, battling bravely for the life which she has consecrated to her husband. The physicians said last night that her determination to live for him is proving the main factor in her chances of recovery.

She is Mrs. Walter C. Jansen, 22 years old. Her maiden name was Anna Lawson. Ten days ago an ambulance was summoned to her home at No. 239 West Twenty-first street, and Dr. McDuffy of Flower Hospital ordered her immediate removal to a private ward in that institution. Her wedding day had been set and she was disconsolate. Her fiancé, Walter C. Jansen of Richmond Hill, L. I., counseled her to be courageous and accept the inevitable, but never breathed the sad news of her serious condition, of which the surgeons had informed him. They feared to tell her that she must undergo an operation that might prove fatal.

TO ENLIST LOVE'S AID.

It was plain to the nurses that she was growing weaker and weaker day by day. But they were no less quick to observe the threatening symptoms than Jansen. He haunted the hospital lest he miss an opportunity to comfort the patient when the physicians would permit him to enter the sick room. The devotion of the young couple brought tears to the eyes of physicians and nurses.

Plans had been made to accomplish the operation last Friday, but the low spirits of Miss Lawson seriously menaced the success of the work. It was then that Mr. Jansen came forward with a suggestion which had resulted from a whispered conference with his sweet-heart. He declared that they wished to be married on Friday, following which the physicians could pursue the course their best judgment suggested. Miss Kate Tully, head nurse at the hospital, was sent to the sick room to consult with Miss Lawson. She reported to Dr. Louis Kaufman, house surgeon, that a tentative promise made to Miss Lawson that she could be married had worked a miraculous change for the better in the girl's condition.

Arrangements for a pretty wedding were made instantly. Miss Tully was chosen as bridesmaid, Dr. Kaufman and G. Herbert Taylor, best men, and hospital physicians and nurses were invited as guests. Miss Lawson, in spite of her critical condition, took a lively interest in her wedding. The sick room was decorated with flowers. Bravely the little bride smiled back from her pillow of spotless white, and an unvoiced flush in her cheeks rivalled the pink rose in her hair. In her supreme joy she apparently banished thoughts of surroundings and of her suffering.

A Dominican priest led the way as the little wedding procession entered the ward promptly at 4 p. m. Friday. Jansen knelt by the bedside, and with hands clasped, he and Miss Lawson were pronounced man and wife. The following day Dr. Kaufman observed so favorable a change that the operation was performed successfully. Jansen has been told that conditions are fair for his bride to be restored to him.

HAPPY TO DIE AS WIFE.

Almost at the same hour Friday that Jansen and Miss Lawson were made man and wife, a similar scene was being enacted in Bellevue Hospital. In Ward 35 lay a sufferer from tuberculosis. She was a girl of remarkable beauty, and the physicians had become deeply interested in her since her arrival a week before from her home, at No. 414 West Twenty-fifth street. She knew well that her strength could last but little longer, and she confided to the nurses that she had no fear of the end if her heart's desire could be attained.

"I want to die Jim's wife," she whispered one night to her nurse. She had often spoken of the man whom she had hoped to marry before the fatal ailment seized her. Dr. Lancaster knew that the end was not far off early Friday afternoon, and asked what she wanted.

"Send for Jim," she said.

Messengers were despatched to the home of James Henry, whose address the girl asked the hospital authorities to guard. Mr. Henry hurried to the hospital, and was taken at once to the bedside of the dying girl. In a few almost inaudible words she told him her wish to die his wife. He consented gladly, and the Rev. Dr. Garvin of the Carmelite church in Twenty-eighth street was summoned.

With some of the attendants for witnesses the marriage was solemnized. Fifteen minutes later the girl drew her husband's hand to her lips and a happy smile lighted her wan face. And so she died.

GRUESOME BAGGAGE.

A Trunk Which Contained Body of Dead Negro, Thought to Have Been Negro Who Was Hanged at Shelby. Gastonia Gazette, Ga.

Somewhat of a sensation occurred at the Southern depot in Charlotte Sunday afternoon when a trunk checked from Gastonia to Davidson was found to contain the corpse of a negro man.

"Suppin's wrong wid dat trunk, an' dat's all I got to say. I can't do no more to handle dis hyah," reported one of the colored baggage handlers to Mr. Jas. R. Minter, the baggage agent, says the Observer. The bottom of the trunk had burst loose and the negro had spied a man's coat sticking out and seceded blood.

The police were notified of the gruesome find; an investigation was instituted at once. Behind closed doors, in the baggage room, the trunk was opened in the presence of three police officers and a newspaper reporter. The Observer says in reporting the investigation:

"The straps were unbuckled, the fasteners sprung back and the lid lifted. There, indeed, a man was discovered. He was a yellow negro, some 30 years old, with a slight, dark mustache and desolatory patches of kinky beard. His face was round, his forehead was full, bearing well defined care-lines. All between his eyes and mouth was red with blood, the hair on his right temple was clotted with it; his hands were purple. Around his neck was the bloody trace of a rope, and a dark trace under his left ear showed where the hangman's knot had pressed. The eyes and mouth were shut. There was no horror, no relics of pain on the face. It was as peaceful as a sleeper's, and was rather simple and childish than vicious."

Chief Irwin communicated with Sheriff Armstrong of this county, who, after hearing a description of the corpse, gave it as his opinion that it was the body of Ben Clark, the negro who was hanged at Shelby Friday afternoon for the murder of Chief of Police Hamrick.

Investigation made yesterday by the Gazette reporter brought to light the fact that the trunk was brought to Gastonia Thursday night or early Saturday morning. It was placed on the baggage landing at the passenger station and, by the direction of a gentleman, who stopped at the Falls House, but whose name is not known, was checked to Davidson and shipped on No. 36 Sunday morning. The suspicions of the baggage man here were aroused when he went to load it by the fact that the weight all seemed to be in the bottom of the trunk. He did not suspect, however, that it contained such gruesome freight.

After the hanging of Clark Friday his body was turned over to his mother, Harriet Roberts, and was buried at his old home four miles north of King's Mountain on the Shelby road. The Observer says that certain young men, supposed to be Davidson College medical students, were noticed watching the trunk from afar off but suddenly disappeared when the trunk was turned over to the police.

The president has issued his proclamation designating Thursday, the 24th, "to be observed as a day of festival and thanksgiving."

The president has issued his proclamation designating Thursday, the 24th, "to be observed as a day of festival and thanksgiving."

Consumption

There is no specific for consumption. Fresh air, exercise, nourishing food and Scott's Emulsion will come pretty near curing it, if there is anything to build on. Millions of people throughout the world are living and in good health on one lung.

From time immemorial the doctors prescribed cod liver oil for consumption. Of course the patient could not take it in its old form, hence it did very little good. They can take

SCOTT'S EMULSION and tolerate it for a long time. There is no oil, not excepting butter, so easily digested and absorbed by the system as cod liver oil in the form of Scott's Emulsion, and that is the reason it is so helpful in consumption where its use must be continuous.

We will send you a sample free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

Scott & Bowne
409 Pearl Street
New York

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

A Book That Should Be in the Hands of Every Woman.



Mrs. McKee Rankin, one of the foremost and best known character actresses and stage artists of this generation, in speaking of Perina, says: "No woman should be without a bottle of Perina in reserve."—Mrs. McKee Rankin.

Mrs. Eliza Wike, 120 Iron street, Akron, Ohio, says: "I would be my gravestone if it had not been for your God-sent remedy, Perina. I was a broken down woman, had no appetite; what little I did eat did not agree with my stomach. It is now seven years past that I used Perina and I can eat anything."—Mrs. Eliza Wike.

Every woman should have a copy of Dr. Hartman's book entitled "Health and Beauty." This book contains many facts of special interest to women. Dr. Hartman has treated more ailments peculiar to women than any other physician in the world.

Send for free books on catarrh. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

A Still Day in Autumn.

SAARAH B. WHITMAN.

I love to wander through the woodland honey in the soft light of an autumnal day. When Summer's golden robes are faded away, and, like a dream of beauty, glides away. Now, through each loved, familiar path she lingers. Sere and smiling through the golden mist. Tinting the wild grass with her dewy fingers. Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst.

Kindling the faint stars of the forest, shining to light the gloom of Autumn's moldering halls. With a gleam the elements entwining. Where, o'er the rock, her withered garland falls.

Warm lights are on the steep uplands waiting beneath the clouds about the horizon. Till the misty sunbeams through their fingers shine. Bathing all the hills in melancholy gold.

The misty winds breathe of crisp leaves and dew. In the damp hollows of the woodland sown. Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers with a soft, sweet, wondrous fragrance blown.

Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow. Where the yellow fern-tuffs rock the fallow ground. With daisied lids beneath their palmy show. The granite loam, in dreamy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft, fringed lids the bee sits brood. Like a fond lover loath to say farewell. Or, with stung wings, through silken threads to tread. Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hillside lonely. Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray. Silent as sweet, wandering thoughts, that only show their bright wings and softly glide away.

The scintillating flowers, in the warm sunlight. Forget to breathe their fulness of delight. And through the tree-trunked woods soft airs are streaming.

Still as the dew fall of the Summer night. So, in my heart, a sweet, unvoiced feeling. Shines like the wind in Heaven's hollow shell. Through all its sweet chambered, sun-dried shell. Yet finds no words its magic charm to tell.

Differing Decently.

We are often cheered by friends who speak kindly of Charity and Children, and a compliment is relished all the more when the statement is added that the friend does not subscribe to all that the paper says. We would be sorry if every body agreed to everything we say, for then we would have no more force than a dictionary or an agricultural bulletin. But while we do cross the opinions of others we do ways try to be decent and not deny to a man with more sense than we the right to think his way. We have known bright men who ruined themselves because they could not differ without giving offense. The trouble with such men is, they have an exaggerated sense of their own importance. There is more hope of a fool than of a man who knows it all. He has passed the limit of courtesy, because "the king can do no wrong," and why should a king be courteous! It is a fine art—this knowing how to maintain your own position and still do perfect justice to your opponent, and it is about the first and most important lesson for a young journalist to learn. We have been put to shame many a time by writing something "hot" about a man or a cause and being answered in a sweet and amicable spirit. We have had some letters, on the other hand, that are specimens of the thing we are talking about. They are too warm to print or we would be glad for our readers to peruse a few of them. In every case they reveal the coarse and brutal strain that runs through the nature of the writers. Gentle men write as well as speckle gentry.

A Heavy Load.

To lift that load off of the stomach take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat. Softens stomach, belching, gas on stomach and all disorders of the stomach that are curable, are instantly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. S. P. Storrs, a druggist at 297 Main street, New Britain, Conn., says: "Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is giving such universal satisfaction and is so surely becoming the positive relief and subsequent cure for this distressing ailment, I feel that I am always sure to satisfy and gratify my customers by recommending it to them. I write this to show how well the remedy is spoken of here." Kodol Dyspepsia Cure was discovered after years of scientific experiments and will positively cure all stomach troubles. Sold by English Drug Co. and S. J. Welsh.

Bring me your hides of every description.

Bring me your hides of every description. J. D. Parker.

"I WILL IF I CAN."

The Girl Didn't Answer Right, the Man Got Mad and the Marriage Ceremony Was Stopped. North Wilkesboro Herald, Oct. 26th.

An amusing story, really the truth, comes from Rock Creek township. Last Sunday a young man who had previously secured his license procured the girl of his choice and they hid themselves to a justice of the peace for the purpose of being united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Their hearts were light and gay—filled with anticipated happiness—at least his was, but he was unaware of the feelings that possessed her being. After he had answered, satisfactorily, the official's questions and it came her turn she balked and all the officer could get from her answer to his questions was, "I will if I can." This did not satisfy the officer and he repeated the question with the admonition that she give the proper answer, but she refused to change. The would-be husband then remonstrated with her and thought he had things right, and the question was again repeated, but her only answer was, "I will if I can." At this the husband that "was to be but hain't" became enraged, jerked the license from the justice of the peace, tore the paper into shreds and left. She followed him some distance and asked him if he did not "know how to take fun?" He replied that it was no time to be fooling. And the ceremony has not as yet been performed.

A Runaway Bicycle terminated with an ugly cut on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. It developed a stubborn ulcer unyielding to doctors and remedies for four years. Then Buckle's Arnica Salve cured. It's just as good for burns, scalds, skin eruptions and piles. 25c at English Drug Co.'s.

If you want a carpet of any kind, see our samples. Monroe Furniture Co.

Bring me your dried leaf sage.—J. D. Parker.

Fresh oatflakes, Heintz's sweet mixed pickles, mince meat and apple butter, at W. A. Stewart & Bro.'s.

Shoes & Shoes

Cool weather and Jack Frost suggest Shoes. Knowing it was coming, we prepared ourselves to supply your wants. Our stock is complete and up to date. They are the best of leather put together in the best possible manner, combined with style and perfect fit, and sold at a low price. These facts enable us to sell more shoes than our competitors. Fitting the whole family a specialty. Come and be fitted at

The Winchester-Howey Co.

MINERAL SPRINGS, NO. CAROLINA.

A Peculiar Find of Old Relic! Away back in the early forties there was an old man who owned a country store in what is now Goose Creek township. He hauled all his goods from Camden and Cheraw, S. C. All his books, accounts, etc., were preserved and a short time ago one of his grandchildren discovered that he (the old merchant) succeeded in business by charging a very small per cent. profit, and therefore sold a great quantity of goods. I have adopted that motto. I will sell you anything in the grocery line cheaper than anyone in town, and guarantee that what I sell you is of the very best quality. Just give me one trial. That's all I ask. You will be satisfied with your trade and I will be satisfied that you will come.

L. S. HELMS.

Pawn Brokers and Sanitary Clothing

I have added to my stock a large line of Clothing, looks like new. Overcoats for Men, Youths and Boys. Coats and Vests from 40c up. Nice line of Ladies' Coats. All these goods are nicely cleaned and pressed, and looks as well as new goods. Remember I am carrying this as a side line.

Marked Up at Only 10 per cent. and selling them for less than the other fellows buy them. Highest prices paid for Country Produce, cash or trade.

W. P. PLYLER & SON, LEADERS IN LOW PRICES, R. F. D. NO. 4. MONROE, N. C.

Land Sale.

By virtue of an order and decree made by E. A. Armfield, Clerk of the Superior Court of Union county, in a special proceeding wherein The Savings, Loan and Trust Company, administrator of the estate of J. J. Price et al., defendants, and Frank Johnson, J. J. Price et al., are plaintiffs, I will, on Monday, December 5th, 1904, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the court house door in Monroe, N. C., a certain lot or parcel of land, lying and being in the county of Union, State of North Carolina, at or near Unionville, containing three (3) acres more or less, and being the lot described by J. J. Price in his will, dated November 11, 1890, which said deed is recorded in the registry of Union county, Book 26, page 293, to which reference is hereby made for a full description of said lot. Terms of sale—third cash and the remainder on a credit of six months. Title retained until all the purchase money is paid. This the 8th day of October, 1904.

R. B. REDWINE, Com. Redwine & Stock, Atty.

GRAIN DRILLS AT A SACRIFICE.

We have recently bought a lot of Grain Drills at a bargain, and we are going to let our customers have the benefit of it. A good farmer doesn't want to pay the prevailing high prices for flour, and the only way to decrease your present cost of living is to buy a

Grain Drill,

and make your own wheat and oats. You can get one of us at an unheard of price. See us at once and we'll let you know about this good thing. Only a limited number at this figure, and you don't want to be too late

Heath-Lee Hardware Co.

To the Public:

WE ARE THE LEADERS In the Vehicle and Harness Business in Union and Surrounding Counties.

If style, finish, honest material and workmanship, fair dealing, and a warrant that is good for something means anything to you, you are the man we want to see. It's a well known fact that we sell the best

Runabouts, Phaetons, Surreys, Traps, Bikes and Buggies

of endless varieties that can be found anywhere. Our buggy trade has been enormous the past year and we expect to be able to increase our trade continually in the future by increasing our already big stock. If you want to trade your old buggies for new ones, be sure to come to see us. Don't forget us when you want a fancy turnout for city or country drive. Phone 95.

C. C. and V. D. SIKES.

I Have What You Want,

If you want the best goods in Watches, Jewelry, Cut Glass, Silverware, Fancy China, Etc. I have just received new assortments in all these goods and you should see them before you make any purchases of such goods. The prices are always right. The goods are always guaranteed just as represented. Let me show you through my stock.

W. E. LINEBACK, The Jeweler, Monroe, N. C.

B. W. Baker, J. C. Foard.

BAKER & FOARD, Dealers in Marble and Granite Monuments.

In erecting a monument to your relative or friend you are performing a labor of love, and paying your last tribute to the departed one. It is but fitting and appropriate that the quality of the monument should be such as to indicate the high esteem in which you hold the memory of your friend. No shoddy material is worthy to inter into it. Only the best will do. The workmanship also should be of high order. Come to see us. We can furnish monuments of the most modern and artistic design. We are now buying stock of higher grade than that heretofore used by marble men in this section of country. We are buying largely and are now in a position to serve you. Monroe, N. C., Sept. 20th, 1904.