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THE MONROE JOURNAL.

VOLUME XII. NO 1 — MONROE, N. C., TUESDAY FEBRUARY 7 1905 — One Dollar a Year

In the Shadow of the Dollar

By HOWARD FIELDING

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WITH his jaw laid in the hollow of his hand as if he had a toothache, Dr. Willard Kirby paced the floor of his office. He was a tall young man, high shouldered and bony, and he had a loose jointed gait, slightly suggestive of a skeleton propelling itself without the usual assistance from the softer fabric of the muscles. His face was intelligent and rather pleasing, except for the deep lines across the forehead, which were partly fixed and partly the result of his strenuous mental effort of the moment.

Dr. Kirby was grappling with a remarkable problem, which gripped him in return as if with a dozen strong hands. It took hold upon his heart, his pocket, his professional honor and his private conscience. It arose out of the following facts:

In the early spring he had been called to attend old Putnam Durland, incomparably the best patient that had ever come his way. Upon this occasion the regular family physician was not to be found, and therefore the millionaire's grandson, Robert Walbridge, had summoned Dr. Kirby, with whom he had a slight acquaintance. It was not a great emergency, except as all illness is serious to a man of ninety years, but Mr. Durland was well pleased with the young doctor and angry with his former medical adviser, whom he promptly discharged and appointed Kirby in his place. The advantages, emoluments and incidental consequences of this appointment had changed the face of the world for Kirby, and he had expressed a hearty gratitude to Bob Walbridge.

Under the venerable Mr. Durland's roof there dwelt a strange and inharmonious assemblage of prospective heirs. There was Mrs. Rebecca Durland, dark and tragic, a picture all in straight lines—straight black eyebrows, straight thin lips, straight meager shoulders and a perennial black dress that hung straight down as rigid as iron. She was the widow of the old man's eldest son. There was Mrs. Julia Starr, daughter of his sister, long since deceased. Mrs. Starr was a weak woman of a straw yellow hue who seemed to be listening and waiting and always sat on the extreme edge of a chair so that she might jump up the quicker to claim her share of the money. There was a Mr. Starr, brother of Mrs. Starr's deceased husband. Mr. Starr naturally had no great expectations, and he revealed that fact by the settled melancholy of his visage. He was and had been for many years a clerk in a broker's office, and he

SHE HURRIED TO DR. KIRBY'S OFFICE.

sometimes spoke of Wall street operations with the air of one who directed them.

Robert Walbridge has been mentioned already. He was a big, handsome, reckless young fellow, a close pattern of his grandfather at the same age.

Lastly there was Celia Graydon, a very lovable girl with violet eyes and fine spun red hair of the sort that seems softly self illumined. Her relationship to Mr. Durland was exceedingly remote, but she was dear to his heart. He looked forward to her marriage with Robert Walbridge when the young man should have proved his capacity to strive with the world and subdue the perils of a hasty disposition. The attitude of the young people toward this match was somewhat indeterminate. It was viewed by the other heirs with natural disfavor. Mrs. Rebecca Durland had a son in the west; Mrs. Starr had two daughters at boarding school, "and, for goodness' sake," as she expressed it, "what do we want of any more?"

Early in the summer there had been an ebullition in the Durland household, and Robert Walbridge had boiled out over the edge of the kettle. He had a way of disappearing at such times, to the grief of Celia and the wrath of Mr. Durland. The others would always be anxious, though sustained by hope of the worst, and on the occasion in question they had good grounds, for it was reported that Robert had gone back to certain political associates whom his grandfather especially despised. Shortly after graduation from college the young man had developed a taste for politics and had not only chosen the wrong side (as his grandfather viewed it), but had formed friends who were not considered reputable even by one another.

The first direct communication between Robert and any member of the household took the form of a note which Celia received one afternoon in August. It ran as follows:

Dear Celia—I am in a terrible mess of trouble—under arrest and all that. You will get a better story from the evening papers than I can write, for, upon my word, I don't yet understand it myself. Worthington Winslow accuses me of something, but whatever it is I didn't do it. I want you to trust me and believe in me, yet that is not what I am going to ask of you.

Don't let my grandfather hear of this. I have been trouble enough to him, heaven knows why or how, but I have. I don't want to add this to it. I hear that he is ill and confined to his room. At his age there is danger that even a slight illness may take a fatal turn, and I wish that he might go to his rest—if he must go now—untroubled by any further cares on my account. Please do your best. Dr. Kirby will help you. ROBERT.

Celia ran out to get the afternoon papers, but they contained nothing about young Mr. Walbridge. When she had satisfied herself of this she hurried to Dr. Kirby's office and laid the matter before him.

Even at that early date Kirby's self interest would have prompted him to permit the disclosure of this news to Mr. Durland and secure the disinheritance of Robert and his final banishment from the house. Kirby was already in love with Celia, though he had as yet no more than a hint of the burning fire that subsequently fed upon his heart. Of course he promised to assist her, for he could not set himself up as one of the enemy. It was better to be on her side and fall with her. Failure seemed certain to him at that time, for there was no news which Mrs. Rebecca Durland would more gladly carry to her father-in-law than the story of Robert Walbridge's disgrace.

However, the most terrible thing about Mrs. Rebecca was her own New England conscience, and Kirby had a faint suspicion of this truth. It was at least possible that he could frighten her into silence, and this should be a great service to Celia, who was doubly anxious to obey the instructions of the letter, first, because she did not wish to see Robert cut off from his inheritance, and, second, because she truly believed that the shock of such news might kill Mr. Durland.

The result of this situation was a conspiracy between Celia and Kirby, by means of which Mr. Durland was kept for more than a month in ignorance of the fact that his grandson was under arrest. Kirby succeeded in frightening Mrs. Rebecca Durland, and she controlled such other members of the household as might have had an interest in bearing the story into the room to which the patient was confined during this period.

Circumstances greatly assisted the plot. The news of Walbridge's arrest was withheld from the newspapers through the exercise of mysterious influences. It was a political affair in one sense and was buried so cleverly that Kirby had great difficulty in getting at the facts.

It appeared that a political contribution in the form of a check for $12,000 had been drawn as usual to the order of "the bearer." This had come into the care of Worthington Winslow, an important personage at the headquarters of his party. It was through Winslow's "pull" that Walbridge obtained his position, and he acted as a minor assistant to that exalted individual. By means of the opportunity thus afforded he obtained possession of the $12,000 check, cashed it at the bank and gave the money to a confederate waiting outside. Then he returned to the political headquarters, where he was subsequently arrested.

This was the accusation in the rough. If Walbridge had made any defense Kirby could not learn what it was. His lawyers advised absolute silence and told Kirby that if he was Walbridge's friend he couldn't do better than to let the whole matter alone.

"The man who drew that check," said they, "won't let this case come to trial. Even if the money doesn't show up Walbridge will be released in a little while. It's in the interests of both sides that this case should be 'on the quiet.'"

Kirby conveyed this view to Celia, and, though she raged against it and protested her confidence in Robert's innocence, she did not know what else to do. The case remained strictly "on the quiet," as the young man's lawyers had expressed it, and Robert was buried in the city prison as if it had been the old bastile. His name, however, remained in his grandfather's will, set opposite a sum decided upon in the days of the closest affection between them.

Mr. Durland was no better in health, and for all that Kirby knew he might be worse. Kirby had had very scanty experience with patients of advanced age. He was assiduous and sincere in his efforts. He pretended to understand everything, to have foreseen everything, to be prepared for everything, but in reality he was sorely puzzled. He should have called in a more experienced physician, but he dared not do so, having always in mind the fate of his predecessor.

Meanwhile he was falling more and more deeply in love with Celia, and fears were besetting him. The specter of Robert Walbridge haunted him. He was afraid that Mr. Durland would die suddenly and leave Robert a fortune. He was afraid that the case against Robert would lapse and that he would come home and be forgiven. How should it be prevented? How should Celia and Robert be separated forever? That was the problem that racked Kirby's brain as he paced the floor of his office on that October afternoon.

His decision surely did him no credit, for it was false, tricky and dishonorable. He decided that the news must come to Mr. Durland's ears. That Robert had remained so long passive under the accusation was proof of his guilt. It was not just that a thief should inherit a fortune in the dark.

As a result of his strenuous meditations Kirby thrust on his hat and went to a public telephone, where he called up the office of Stanley Curtis, who was Mr. Durland's attorney. Pretending to be a reporter, Kirby inquired about Robert Walbridge, rumored to be incarcerated in the city prison. Mr. Curtis had not heard the rumor; he was amazed by it; he would investigate immediately.

Kirby took a long walk and then went to the Durland house as if upon his usual late afternoon call. Mrs. Rebecca met him in the hall, her face wearing a cast iron smile.

"Mr. Curtis just called by telephone," said she. "He has heard about Robert."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Kirby. "You haven't told Mr. Durland?"

"HERE, YOU!" HE CRIED.

"No," she replied. "I was waiting for you. I told Mr. Curtis what you had advised."

"And what did he say?"

"He only said 'Nonsense!'" retorted Mrs. Rebecca, smiling somewhat more broadly.

At this moment Celia came flying down the stairs.

"Who are all these men?" she cried. "All these men who are coming into the yard?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Kirby. "I don't know."

The bell rang sharply. A servant opened the door. A voice without said: "I would like to see Mr. Durland. I represent the Herald."

Then there was a confused murmur out of which, as it seemed, the tall form of Stanley Curtis emerged as if he had broken his way through a mob.

"Mr. Curtis," cried Kirby, "if I were you I wouldn't!"

The lawyer was already halfway up the stairs.

"We have done our duty," said Mrs. Rebecca, folding her hands upon her bosom.

Celia was busy with the reporters, and Kirby with his own nerves, which were jumping out of his body. Presently a noise above attracted the attention of all. Celia turned about, and a gust of wind blew the front door open as the girl's hand slipped from the knob.

The majestic form of old Putnam Durland appeared upon the stairs, his white hair waving behind him.

"Here, you!" he cried, waving his hand to the reporters on the steps. "Come in here. I've got something to say to you. And to you," he cried, catching sight of Kirby—"you've known of this from the beginning, and you've kept it away from me. That's settled your case. Send in your bill, sir; send in your bill. As for you, Celia, I forgive you. Women are not supposed to have any judgment; they're better without it. And now, boys," he added, turning to the reporters, "I'm ready for you. It appears that a crooked old rascal named Worthington Winslow, whose unsavory record I know from 1868 down to the present time, has got my boy Robert—Robert Walbridge, my dead daughter's child—into a peck of trouble. Well, gentlemen, I'm going to get him out again. You may say in your paper that every dollar I have in the world is back of this.

"I know where that money has gone. It has gone into Winslow's greasy pocket. My lawyer here, Mr. Curtis, got wind of this thing an hour ago, and he has seen my boy, who has been wrongly advised by a couple of crooked political lawyers. He says that Winslow gave him that check and told him to give the money to a certain man. Simple, perfectly simple! How was my boy going to prove it? Nobody saw Winslow give him the check; nobody knows who got the money. Winslow has influence; Robert hasn't any—or wouldn't have if I were on my deathbed, as Winslow supposed me to be. But I'm very much alive in spite of a bad doctor, and if you gentlemen will watch the developments of the next few days you will see the last of Mr. Worthington Winslow. That's all at present. For further particulars see Mr. Curtis."

The reporters exchanged glances; they scented a fine fight. Unfortunately, however, the game was spoiled by Winslow himself, who decamped next day, leaving a shortage in his accounts, which explained the desperate trick he had played on Walbridge.

Robert came home and was forgiven, and there was general amnesty all around, except for poor Kirby, who was a victim of justice blindfolded.

"If he hadn't sense enough to know what I'd do in a case of this kind," said Mr. Durland, "he hasn't sense enough to be my doctor, so there's the end of him, and there's no need to discuss the matter either."

New Store Announcement.

Having opened a new stock of Groceries in the store room at Shute's camp lot, formerly occupied by Shannon & Co., here you will find one of the newest and best selected stocks of heavy and fancy groceries to be found in Monroe. All we ask is for the good people of Union and surrounding counties to give us a call and our goods and prices will do the rest. We bought our goods for the cash, got all the discount off, no 30 or 60 days time, and we are in shape to save you money on your groceries. See us before you buy and save money on what you need.

We will pay the highest market price for all country produce. Bring us your corn, peas, chickens, eggs, butter, Irish and sweet potatoes, onions, in fact, anything you may raise on the farm.

To the People in Town:

Please phone us your orders; we deliver goods anywhere in Monroe. We will at all times keep the best the market affords and will appreciate your trade, ever so small or large as your bill may be.

We will supply you with fresh eggs and chickens every day from our poultry farm one mile from Monroe. Chickens dressed or undressed. Yours truly,

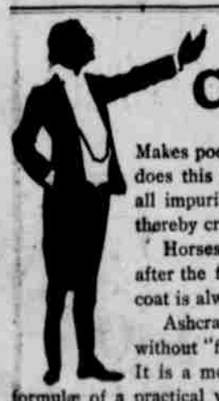
Kendall Grocery Co.

W. P. KENDALL, Manager.

At Our Store

You will find everything that a first-class, up-to-date drug store should have, and it is a pleasure to fill your wants.

C.N. Simpson, Jr.



Ashcraft's Condition Powders

Makes poor horses and mules fat without bloating. It does this by first thoroughly cleansing the system of all impurities, allowing perfect assimilation of food, thereby creating solid muscle and fat.

Horses and mules improve in appetite and spirits after the first few doses, the hair sheds, and the new coat is always sleek and glossy.

Ashcraft's Condition Powders are packed in doses, without "filler," and good for horses and mules only. It is a most powerful tonic and appetizer, being the formulæ of a practical veterinarian of over a quarter of a century's experience. It is easily the foremost remedy in its class on the American market to-day. Price 25 cents package.

For sale by English Drug Company, Monroe, N.C.

All Run Down

THIS is a common expression we hear on every side. Unless there is some organic trouble, the condition can doubtless be remedied. Your doctor is the best adviser. Do not dose yourself with all kinds of advertised remedies—get his opinion. More than likely you need a concentrated fat food to enrich your blood and tone up the system.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

is just such a food in its best form. It will build up the weakened and wasted body when all other foods fail to nourish. If you are run down or emaciated, give it a trial: it cannot hurt you. It is essentially the best possible nourishment for delicate children and pale, anaemic girls. 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
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WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

Some of Their Famous Feats of Physical Endurance.

One of the finest achievements of a war correspondent was that of Holt White, a representative of the New York Tribune, in the Franco-Prussian war. He witnessed the battle of Sedan from the Prussian headquarters on Thursday, Sept. 1, 1870. At its conclusion he rode to Brussels, but there the postoffice authorities refused to transmit his dispatch to London and even threatened to arrest him for saying that the French had been defeated. He then went on to Calais, crossed to Dover by special steamer and took a special train to London, where he arrived at 5 o'clock on Saturday morning. Next day there was a description of the battle six columns long in the Tribune. It was not till Tuesday that the London newspapers had accounts of the conflict from their correspondents.

But the most famous deed of physical endurance in the race for news between war correspondents was told of Archibald Forbes. In the Servian war of 1876 Semlin, the nearest telegraph station, was 120 miles distant from the scene of the battle. So soon as Forbes knew the result he rode off, and all night long he kept at a gallop, changing horses every fifteen miles. At Semlin he had one long drink of beer and then at once sat down to the task of writing, hour after hour, against time, the tidings of which he was the bearer. After he had written the story of the battle and put it on the wires he lay down in his clothes and slept twenty hours without waking. He had witnessed the battle, which lasted six hours; ridden 120 miles and written and dispatched a telegraphic message four columns in length to the Daily News, all in the space of thirty hours.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Just Like Americans.

A peculiar revelation in regard to train travel in Japan is that the people of various classes, customarily polite in their intercourse with one another and in their dealings with aliens, lose nearly all sense of courtesy when they enter a passenger car. When I first rode in a first class car in Japan and saw several dainty Japanese women in pretty silks standing while Japanese men remained resolutely seated I could almost fancy I was on an elevated train in New York bound for Harlem.—Harold Bolce in Booklovers' Magazine.

His Coat of Arms.

"Now that you are wealthy, Mr. C.," said the man who deals in pedigrees and the like, "you really should begin to adopt a coat of arms."

"I'll do just as I please," retorted Mr. C. hotly. "If I like to go about in my shirt sleeves, that ain't none o' your business!"

A Real Hero.

"You don't believe in divorce, then?"

"No, sir; I've got too much sportin' blood."

"What has that to do with it?"

"I believe in a fight to the finish."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A little nonsense now and then brings failure to a lot of men.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty.—Colton.

None of That Kind.

"We had been digging a drain to our warehouse in Mobille," said the major, "and before going home for the night I told our porter Sam that he'd better hang out a red lantern as a caution to the public. He was absent for awhile and then came back to me to say:

"'We kyant put out no red lantern, Majah Dibbs.'

"'But why?'

"'Kase I's bin to ebery grocery stob in Mobile an' ebery one o' 'em am jest out o' red candles at present. Shall I go back an' ax 'em fur blue or green?'"

Sifted Pearls.

Some years ago the sultan of Sulu learned that the pearl fishermen were reaping big profits. He supplied his revenue collectors with sieves and ordered that all pearls found near Sulu must be tested in these sieves. Those that dropped through were to be retained by the fishermen; those that remained in the sieves were to belong to the sultan for taxes. It nearly ruined the pearl fisheries.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the Mother's Favorite.

The soothing and healing properties of this remedy, its pleasant taste and prompt and permanent cures have made it a favorite with people everywhere. It is especially prized by mothers of small children, for colds, croup and whooping cough, as it always affords quick relief, and as it contains no opium or other harmful drug, it may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by C. N. Simpson, Jr. and S. J. Welsh.

HAMLET'S MALADY.

A Study of the Melancholy Dane and His Moods.

The tragedy of Hamlet is that a man of a peculiar introspective temperament is called upon to settle a practical crisis. Hamlet knew this very well himself, and that makes the tragedy deeper. Brutus never doubted when once his decision was taken that he was the right man to cure the evils of Rome; Hamlet doubted from the very beginning.

The times are out of joint. O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set them right.

He was too fine, too distinguished, too intellectual, a character to be the rough instrument which fate demanded. He has the fatal malady of analyzing his own motives, which is generally destructive of action. If you once begin asking yourself what will be the results and consequences of a definite act, you will find that at the moment of action your will is paralyzed by excess of scrupulosity, as Hamlet's was when with his drawn sword he saw his uncle praying. It was a disease of will from which Hamlet was suffering. In any other times it would not have been so fatal. In this particular time, when he was called upon to do a specific act—to avenge his father and kill the usurper—it is not he, but a man rather of the Fortinbras build, who will be the savior of society. Observe, too, that, like many intellectual men, he cannot be sure of his own moods. He sees the ghost of his murdered father, but is it an honest ghost, is it really his father's spirit? Hamlet believes in it on the battlements of Elsinore, but be entirely disbelieves it in another mood, when despite the evidences of his senses he talks of "the bourn from which no traveler returns." The traveler who had returned is dismissed apparently as a fantasy of his brain. And these supernatural visitings in such an analytic and introspective mind do not, as a matter of fact, supply him with the motive for his subsequent action. The ghost can make him put on an antic disposition, play with such creatures as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, deride the senile humorings of Polonius and lessen the torrent of his words against his mother. But what the ghost cannot do is to make him kill his uncle. He murders him at last, more or less accidentally, because his mother was poisoned and Laertes had played foul in the fencing bout. So curiously destructive of strong, practical volition is an intellectual malady when it has grown morbid—the tendency toward introspection, self analysis, metaphysical speculation.—W. L. Courtney in National Review.

A BUDGET OF MAXIMS.

Rather than say nothing, men are content to speak ill of themselves.

A proud man can never be a loser—no, not even when he renounces his pride.

It is much less for a man's honor to distrust his friends than to be deceived by them.

Few people have the wisdom to like reproofs that would do them good better than praises that do them hurt.

It is with true love as with ghosts and apparitions, a thing that everybody talks of and scarce anybody hath seen.

The most disinterested love is, after all, but a kind of bargain in which the dear love of our own selves always proposes to be the gainer some way or other.—Rochefoucauld.

Naval Cadets.

To enter the Naval academy at Annapolis a boy must be between fifteen and twenty years of age, physically sound, well formed and of robust constitution. He will be examined in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, English grammar, United States history, history of the world, algebra through quadratic equations and plane geometry.

He must sign articles by which he binds himself to serve in the United States navy eight years, including the time of probation at the academy, unless sooner discharged. His pay, which begins at date of admission, is $500 a year.

A Fair Opportunity.

Tasso, being told that he had a fair opportunity of taking advantage of a very bitter enemy, replied, "I wish not to plunder him, but there are things which I wish to take from him—not his honor or his life, but his malice and ill will."

Well spoken! A noble taking from an enemy, "his malice and ill will!" How is that done? Love is the potent weapon. "Heap coals of fire on his head."—Exchange.

His Farewells.

"That young chap that calls on our Myrtilla reminds me of Patti," said the old man in the dining room.

"Why so?" asked his wife.

"He has so many farewell performances in the vestibule."—Baltimore Herald.

Worse Than That.

"Do you think that the governor's remarks were spontaneous, grandma?"

"Worse. They were positively scand'lous."—Exchange.

Those Girls.

Stella—He wore my picture right over his heart, and it stopped the bullet. Bella—No wonder, dear; it would stop a clock.

Bribery.

Gracie—Oh! Stealing jam! I'm going to tell mamma. Freddy—Wouldn't you rather have some jam?—Harper's Bazar.

Remember that to be successful as a hypocrite you need to be a first class actor. Comparatively few can play the part.—Somerville Journal.

Bad breath, belching of gas and sour risings are all due to indigestion Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is a guaranteed cure. L. A. Soper of Little Rock, Ky., writes us. "We feel that Kodol Dyspepsia Cure deserves all the commendation that can be given it, as it saved the life of our little girl when she was three years old. She is now six and we have kept it for her constantly, but of course she only takes it now when anything disagrees with her." Kodol is the best medicine in the world for indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. A trial of this greatest of all digestants will convince any who suffer. Good for young or old. Sold by English Drug Co. and Dr. S J. Welsh.

ADMIRAL BYNG.

A Brave Sailor Who Paid the Penalty of Other Men's Folly.

Two years after Voltaire left Prussia George Keith came to visit him in Switzerland to plead the cause of an English friend, Byng. The story of Byng is familiar to all his countrymen. The French had beaten the English on the sea, and, mad with disappointed rage, the blundering ministry of England turned on their luckless instrument, Byng. Voltaire was the lifelong friend of Richelieu, the conqueror. But he was, too, the man of whom it was said that "for twenty years the redress of judicial wrong" hung entirely on his pen. On Dec. 20, 1756, he wrote to Richelieu telling Byng's story, and that vainglorious person replied generously enough in an open letter, wherein he stated that had Byng continued the fight the English fleet must have been totally destroyed and that the admiral's misfortune came not from cowardice or inefficiency, but from the hand of God and the valor of the French.

Voltaire wrote to Byng, sending Richelieu's letter, but he could not save the victim. Byng paid the penalty of other men's folly. To Voltaire he left a grateful message and a copy of his defense, and in "Candide," with that bantering malice which is his alone, Voltaire sharply satirizes the scene of the admiral's execution.

"And why should this admiral be put to death?"

"Because he has not killed enough people. He fought with a French admiral and is not considered to have been sufficiently near to him."

"But," said Candide, "the French admiral was just as far away from the English."

"That is certainly true," was the answer. "But in this country it is salutary to put an admiral to death now and then pour encourager les autres."—Cornhill Magazine.

ZUNI FAMILY LIFE.

A Village Looks Like a Huge Hive of Clay on a Sandy Knoll.

The little half civilized children of Zuni so aroused our curiosity that we drove through forty miles of sand and sagebrush, from the railroad at Fort Wingate, to pay them a visit. As the Indians do not provide for travelers we took our hotel with us—tents, beds and food—and camped just outside their village. The village looks like a huge beehive made of clay and stuck fast to the top of a sandy knoll. The hive is filled with a mass of cells—300 single rooms, placed side by side and piled in rows one on top of another.

In each of these rooms lives a Zuni family. There are no inside stairways leading from story to story, but if the boys and girls living in one row wish to pay a visit to a house above them they must go outdoors and climb a ladder. On the slope between the village and the Zuni river are a number of small vegetable gardens, each one inclosed by a mud wall. Zuni has no inns, no shops, no saloons, not even proper streets, but only narrow alleys that thread their way through the strange town. As we walked through the village all the world came out to see us. Girls and boys clustered on the roofs or sat on the ovens—queer little cones of mud which seem to grow up out of the house tops—while fathers, mothers and babies peered out from dark doorways to stare at the visitors. When we had finished our tour of the roofs and alleys we were hospitably invited indoors. Even there the children followed us, and as we glanced up at a hole in the ceiling which served as a window a girl's laughing face filled the opening. We must have looked strange enough in our hats and gloves and long skirts.—Maria Brace Kimball in St. Nicholas.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY, } ss

Frank J. Chaney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHANEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

[SEAL] A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Methodist orphange at Raleigh has agreed to take the children recently made homeless by the burning of the orphanage at Montreat, near Black Mountain.

Afraid of Strong Medicines.

Many people suffer for years from rheumatic pains, and prefer to do so rather than take strong medicines usually given for rheumatism, not knowing that quick relief from pain may be had simply by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm and without taking any medicine interally. For sale by C. N. Simpson, Jr. and S. J. Welsh.

A road machine for Jackson township has just arrived here by freight. It is to be hoped that this means better roads for this community in the very near future.—Waxhaw Enterprise.

Startling but True.

People the world over were horrified on learning of the burning of a Chicago theater in which nearly 600 people lost their lives, yet more than five times this number or over 3,000 people died from pneumonia in Chicago during the same year, with scarcely a passing notice. Every one of these cases of pneumonia resulted from a cold and could have been prevented by the timely use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. A great many who had every reason to fear pneumonia have paid it off by the prompt use of this remedy. The following is an instance of this sort: "Too much cannot be said in favor of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and espacially for colds and influenza. I know that it cured my daughter, Laura, of a severe cold, and I believe saved her life when she was threatened with pneumonia." W. D. Wilcox, Logan, New York. Sold by C. N. Simpson, Jr. and S. J. Welsh.

A WHOLE VILLAGE

Attacked by Grip—One Family Escapes by Using Pe-ru-na.

WINONA, STARK CO., IND.

During the winter I and my family of six were taken with la grippe. The disease was very prevalent at that time in the village where I resided, nearly everyone being sick with it. Our doctors treated it as best they could, but were very unsuccessful in the treatment of it. As soon as my family were taken sick I went to the drugstore and bought six bottles of Pe-ru-na, and we all took it according to the directions given on the bottle; and although our cases seemed to be more than usually violent in the outset, yet our recovery was prompt, and we were all well much sooner than those who were treated by the regular physicians.

Many people died of this la grippe during this epidemic, and few if any, were sick so short a time as myself and family. After we were all well we had one bottle of Pe-ru-na left.

C. T. Hatfield.

Send for a free copy of "Winter Catarrh." This book contains a lecture by Dr. Hartman on la grippe which has attracted wide attention and has been reported in leading papers. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

Re-Sale of Land.

By virtue of the power invested in us by the last will and testament of J. D. Stewart, deceased, we will, at 12 o'clock m., on

Monday, March 6th, 1905,

sell, at the court house door in Monroe, N. C., the following piece or parcel of land, viz: Lying in Union county, North Carolina, on the waters of Stewart's Fork creek, adjoining the lands of M. S. Secrest and others, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake by a p. and three p. o's on the northeast side of the Cheraw road, a corner of the school lot, and runs two lines of said lot N. 33 E. 3 chains and 18 links to a b. j. by a p. o. and 2 b. j's; thence N. 57 W. 3 chains and 4 links to a b. j. by a r. o. and 2 b. j's; thence S. 33 E. 30 chains and 25 links to a small r. o. by a r. o., b. j. and 2 p. o's in M. S. Secrest's line; thence with said line S. 20½ E. 25 chains and 51 links to a small p. o. by a pine, hickory and b. j.; thence with J. D. A. Secrest's line S. 57½ W. 20 chains and 75 links to a p. o. by a pine, J. P. Secrest's corner on the south west side of said road; thence with the various courses of said road N. 82½ W. 9 chains, N. 56 W. 1 chain and 75 links to the beginning, containing fifty-one and a half acres, surveyed the 12th day of November, A. D. 1901, by J. S. Baucom, surveyor. This 26th day of January, 1905.

S. B. BUNDY,
J. D. PUTCH,
Surviving Executors of J. D. Stewart, dec'd.

Notice.

North Carolina, } Superior Court,
Union County. } Before the Clerk.

Allee Young
vs. NOTICE.
Will Young

The above named defendant, Will Young, will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Union county, for the purpose of dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and the defendant, and the defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear at the next term of the Superior Court of said county, to be held on the 2nd Monday after the 1st Monday in February, 1905, at the court house of said county, in Monroe, N. C., and answer, plead or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint. Done at my office this the 17th day of January, 1905.

E. A. ARMFIELD, C. S. C.
Williams & Lemmond, Attys.

Notice of Administration.

All persons are hereby notified that I have this day qualified before E. A. Armfield, C. S. C. of Union county, N. C., as administrator of Jas. L. King, deceased, and all claims against the estate of the said deceased should be presented to the undersigned administrator on or before the 26th day of January, 1906, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their right of recovery. All persons indebted to said estate should make prompt payment and save costs.

This the 21st day of December, 1904.

J. M. KING, Admr.
of James G. King.

Redwine & Stack, Attys.

Publication of Notice of Summons.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, } SUPERIOR COURT,
Union County. } Before the Clerk.

Dyers Medlin and John Medlin,
Exrs. of Ervin Medlin, dec'd, } NOTICE.
vs.
Elmira Simpson, et al.

To Amanda Asheraft, Frank Asheraft, Bright Carelock and William Carelock: You and each of you are hereby notified that the above named plaintiffs have instituted a special proceeding in the Superior Court of Union county, N. C., against the above named defendants for a final settlement of the estate of Ervin Medlin, deceased. You and each of you are further notified to appear before the undersigned Clerk of Superior Court of Union county, N. C., at his office at the court house, Monroe, N. C., on Friday, the 26th day of January, 1906, and answer or demur to the petition filed in said cause, or judgment will be rendered in accordance with said petition.

Done at my office this the 19th day of December, 1904.

E. A. ARMFIELD, C. S. C.
Redwine & Stack, Attys.

Administrator's Notice.

Having qualified before the Clerk of the Superior Court as administrator of Richard Simpson, deceased, late of Union county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased, to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 1st day of January, 1906, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate settlement and save costs.

Notice is further given that, on Thursday, the 19th of January, 1905, beginning at 10 o'clock a. m., at the late residence of Richard Simpson, deceased, the undersigned will sell at public auction, for cash, the personal property of said estate, viz: About 200 bushels corn, 30 bushels wheat, 20 bushels oats, 1,000 bundles fodder, a lot of shucks, two mules, two wagons, a wheat drill; shop, carpenter and farm tools, household goods, etc.

This 24th December, 1904.

ELIJAH SIMPSON, Admr.
of Richardson Simpson, dec'd.

Redwine & Stack, Attys.

Notice!

All persons having claims against the firm of Lichtenstein & Flow are hereby notified to present them, duly authenticated, to the undersigned on or before December 30, 1905, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to make prompt payment and save costs.

D. W. FLOW,
Surviving Partner of Lichtenstein & Flow.

This December 28th, 1904.

Administrator's Notice.

Having qualified as administrator de bonis non of the estate of E. L. Davis, deceased, before E. A. Armfield, Clerk of the Superior Court of Union County, North Carolina, I hereby notify all persons holding claims against my intestate to exhibit them to me on or before the 19th day of January, 1906, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. Persons indebted to the estate will make prompt payment.

January 13th, 1905.

A. C. DAVIS, Adm'r D.B.N.
of Edmund L. Davis, decd.

Adams, Jerome & Armfield, Attorneys.

HOLLISTER'S
Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets
A Busy Medicine for Busy People.
Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor.

A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Boils, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 35 cents a box. Genuine made by Hollister Drug Company, Madison, Wis.

GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE