

THE MONROE JOURNAL.

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One Dollar a Year

PEAVINE HAY.

The Cheapest Way to Grow It. Only a Peck of Peas Needed to Plant an Acre, and One Cultivation Does the Work.

Will B. Crawford in Progressive Farmer.

On account of the high price of peas, the question of how best to get the most land in peavine hay with the least expense, is one which now interests the farmers more than at any previous season in the history of peavine hay making.

By adopting the plan which I will outline, the seed peas will be as cheap as four dollars per bushel as they were in previous years at one dollar.

Drop Peas in Every Fourth Furrow.

One of the best farmers in the county, near my place, used the following plan a year or so ago, and was highly pleased with results, making the finest crop of hay he ever raised, and used only one peck of peas per acre. He ran off his lands, just as if oats were to be sown, and in every fourth furrow he step-dropped peas, and by not plowing across ends of the lands, they were practically in rows. After the peas were up, he ran in between them one time with a cotton plow with nothing on but the point and sweep. This gave the peas a start ahead of the grass, and when ready to cut it was waist high, the finest crab grass and peavine hay ever seen to grow in that neighborhood.

To Make a Blessing of Pea Shortage.

Owing to the scarcity of peas, this is the plan we will adopt on Oak Glen farm this year, using a Cole planter behind the fourth plow, and cultivating one time, and we expect better results than the old way of sowing broadcast. If this plan is universally successful, and I have no doubt but that it will be, the loss of last year's crop of peas will prove a blessing in disguise to the farmers, showing them that while making two blades of grass grow where one grew before, they can also make one pea answer where four were used before. This is a valuable lesson in farm economy, which is as essential to agricultural success as abundant crops, and even more so, as it is what we make, but what we save, that counts for so much in making the farmer comfortable and independent.

Much Money in Small Economies.

Instead of using, then, all the peas we have, and in many cases buying more in order to have an abundant hay crop, we can save three bushels in every four, to feed to the old cow which the March winds failed to blow away, and be richly rewarded with an extra flow of milk, and decided improvement in looks and weight of "Rosie." Just so, the farmers are learning to chink many little leaks around the farm, which have been unheeded heretofore, and which will swell the credit side of the ledger until eventually they will fully enjoy that degree of financial prosperity which an all-wise Providence intended for them.

With the present demands for products of cotton seed, the South has wasted barrels of money in sowing it crop, and chopping out nine tenths of it, and no doubt in a few years just as good, or a better stand, will be obtained by planters that will drop the seed at the proper distance, thereby saving thousands of bushels of seed for the mills. But necessity, perhaps, will force this upon the farmers as it has the use of peas this year, and convince them that a thoroughly prepared seed bed for any crop, and good quality of seed, is more essential than quantity.

However, we hope to see results of experience from different farmers on the hay question discussed in your most excellent paper, from now until harvest. "In a multitude of counsel there is wisdom." Wayne Co., N. C.

Needlework for School Girls.

Youth's Companion.

The ability of a girl to do without teaching anything she is called on to do is pretty generally taken for granted. She imitates the countryman who, being asked if he could play the violin, replied, "I guess so; I never tried!" Thousands of girls marry and set up housekeeping whose experience in cooking consists in making "fudge" and concocting a Welsh rabbit on a chafing dish—pleasant eating in their place, but inadequate for the daily food of a hard-working husband.

So, also, the girl is supposed to know by instinct how to mend and sew. A certain young wife became on her marriage the stepmother of three small children. The first week's mending-basket was a revelation to her of her own helplessness.

"I was tempted to stop the holes

with court-plaster," she confessed afterward, "and I dare say it would have been as effective as what I managed to do."

Two generations ago in a famous school for girls in an Eastern city sewing was an important part of the curriculum. The first task of a new student was the making of a shirt for father or brother. Every stitch in that shirt was set by a thread. If a seam had to be ripped a dozen times, it must be fit for the closest inspection. This zeal on the part of the school was sometimes excelled in the home.

A tradition lingers in one family of a daughter who went to that school when she was six years old. So well did she sew at that age that she was excused from making the shirt, and set at once to a bit of fine needlework—a wide muslin collar, covered with embroidery as exquisite as lace.

The promise of the six-year-old child was richly fulfilled, and her needle was for a long lifetime a high satisfaction to herself and a joy to her fortunate family and friends. Sewing was never a slavery to her, but always a fascinating creative occupation. The patch on a jacket, the darn of a stocking or the embroidery of a gown or a napkin were alike welcome calls upon her capable fingers. When people spoke of her ability to turn out sewing, she used to say:

"That's because I know how to sew. I know how because I was taught. Skilful hands, even better than many hands, make light work."

Tired Mothers.

Chester Larnier.

The following lines are clipped from the Ninety-Six Star, but we do not know who the author is. If you can read them without tear-bedimmed eyes, then you have not missed "this restless, curling head from off your breast," nor "from your own dimpled hands have slipped."

A little girl leans upon your knee, Your tired knee that has so much to bear:

A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.

Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;

You do not prize this blessing overmuch. You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago I did not see it as I do today.

We are so dull and thankless and too slow To catch the sunshine till it slips away;

And now it seems surprising strange to me That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,

I did not kiss more oft and tenderly The little child that brought me only grief.

And if some night, when you sit down to rest, You miss the elbow from your tired knee,

This restless, curling head from off your breast, This hoping tongue that chatters constantly,

If from your own dimpled hands have slipped, And ne'er would nestle in your palms again;

If the white feet into their grave had tripped, I could not blame you for your heart-sore ache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret At little children clinging to their gown, Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,

Are ever black enough to make them frown. If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot And hear a patter in my home once more,

If I could mend a broken cart today, Tomorrow make a kite to reach the sky, There is no woman in God's world could say

She was more blissfully content than I. But ah, the dainty pillow next my own Is never ruffled by a shining head! My singing birdling from its nest has flown,

The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

The Magic No. 3.

Number three is a wonderful mascot for Geo. H. Parrish of Cedar Grove, Me., according to a letter which reads: "After suffering much with liver and kidney trouble, and becoming greatly discouraged by the failure to find relief, I tried Electric Bitters, and as a result am a well man today. The first bottle relieved and three bottles completed the cure." Guaranteed best on earth for stomach, liver and kidney troubles by English Drug Co. 50c.

John Cabell Coleman, member of the well known Cabell family of Virginia, was instantly killed last week in Danville, Va., while trying to save a woman from the brutality of George Lindsay. Lindsay knocked the woman down several times and Coleman ran up and told him to desist, whereupon Lindsay fired point blank and killed him. Lindsay was arrested.

A prompt, pleasant, good remedy for coughs and colds, is Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. It is especially recommended for babies and children, but good for every member of the family. It contains no opiates and does not constipate. Contains honey and tar and tastes nearly as good as maple syrup. Children like it. Sold by S. J. Welsh and C. N. Simpson, Jr.

A New Orleans woman was thin.

Because she did not extract sufficient nourishment from her food.

She took Scott's Emulsion.

Result:

She gained a pound a day in weight.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00

WIFE AND MOTHER ON FARM.

The Household Duties and the Care of Her Children Are Enough for Her Strength.

Hilda Richmond in Country Gentleman.

If any woman who reads this sees her own picture clearly portrayed in the life of the young farmer's wife herein mentioned, I trust she will stop and reflect for a few moments at least, if she does not heed the warning. It is difficult to believe that intelligent women will sometimes act as they do, but there are many unexplained mysteries in the world.

The young woman in question was brought up on a large farm where work was plentiful, but not too hard, and she received a fair education in the country schools. When about eighteen years old she married a young farmer who had no property, but was physically able to care for a wife and family. He rented a place, and his wife essayed to help him. Instead of staying in the house and caring for her little children, her chickens and her housework as the years went on, she thought that was not enough. In old, dirty clothes she rode on the cultivator to plow the young corn, drove the team in the hay field, and did various tasks far beyond her strength, beside her work in the house after a fashion.

Her babies were left to their own devices just as soon as possible, and out of a large family, no one will be surprised to learn that only two sickly little girls survive.

These small, unchildish creatures must do the family cooking, and around the old stove in the kitchen are small boxes, so that they may be able to reach the pots and pans. A few years ago, when one of the babies died, people said the mother would lose her reason; but the next week she was out in the field as usual. Her whole hobby was to get a home of her own, and now that they own a farm, she seems not to be able to stay in the house.

Learns to do only as much as your strength will allow, and do not commit suicide trying to keep to the standard set by some stranger. Your life is worth more to your family than a few acres of land, anyway. Sickness and funerals cost more money than hired help; so it is true economy to keep well and strong. Of course you may drag along for years, bringing a number of sickly, delicate children into the world before death claims you; but a great many women in the country die by their own hands as surely as do the people who take poison or shoot themselves.

It Was His Dog.

Youth's Companion.

An automobile dashed along the country road. Turning a curve, it came suddenly upon a man with a gun on his shoulder and a weak, sick-looking old dog beside him. The dog was directly in the path of the motor car. The chauffeur sounded his horn, but the dog did not move—until he was struck.

The automobile stopped and one of the men got out and came forward. He had once paid a farmer ten dollars for killing a calf that belonged to another farmer. This time he was wary.

"Was that your dog?"

"Yes."

"You own him?"

"Yes."

"Looks as if we'd killed him."

"Certainly looks so."

"Very valuable dog?"

"Well, not so very."

"Will five dollars satisfy you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, here you are." He handed a five-dollar bill to the man with the gun, and added, pleasantly, "I'm sorry to have broken up your hunt."

"I wasn't going hunting," replied the other, as he pocketed the bill.

"Not going hunting! Then what were you doing with the dog and gun?"

"Going down to the woods to shoot the dog."

A Fortunate Texan.

Mr. E. W. Goodloe of 107 St. Louis st., Dallas, Tex., says: "In the past year I have become acquainted with Dr. King's New Life Pills, and so laxative I ever before tried so effectually dispenses of malaria and biliousness." They don't grind nor gripe. 25c. at English Drug Co.'s.

The boy who cannot be induced to work will never get to first base in the game of life.—Jefferson Citizen.

No greater mistake can be made than to consider lightly the evidence of disease in your system. Don't take desperate chances on ordinary medicines. Use Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents tea or tablets. English Drug Co.

Emma Sorrells, wife of the man who was killed by a sheriff and who killed an officer when arrested for blackmail, was discharged in Mitchell county when tried for conspiracy with her husband to blackmail.

Bert Barber of Elton, Wis., says: "I have only taken four doses of your Kidney and Bladder Pills and they have done for me more than any other medicine has ever done. I am still taking the pills as I want a perfect cure." Mr. Barber refers to DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, which are unequalled for backache, weak kidneys, inflammation of the bladder and all urinary troubles. A week's treatment for 25 cents. Sold by S. J. Welsh and C. N. Simpson, Jr.

Fortunate is the man who knows how big a fool he can be without trying.

Death of Senator Morgan.

Charlotte Observer.

In the death of John T. Morgan, United States Senator from Alabama since 1877, the country loses one of its most distinguished public men. Born in Tennessee 83 years ago, he died in the fullness of years and honors. Mr. Morgan's active career began with admission to the Alabama bar in 1845, but he took little part in politics until 1869, when he became a Breckinridge and Lane elector for the State at large. The beginning of the civil war found him in the Confederate ranks as a private. Subsequently he raised the Fifth Alabama regiment, became its colonel, and in 1863 was commissioned a brigadier general. After the war he resumed practice at Selma, and in 1876, without having held any regular office prior to that time, was elected to the United States Senate. Re-elections in 1882, 1888, 1894, 1900 and 1906, the last two times with the unanimous assent of even Populists and Republicans, serve to show his great and increasing hold upon his State's affections. In 1906, the Democratic party of Alabama, wishing to continue in office Mr. Morgan and his equally venerable colleague, Mr. Pettus, and at the same time settle the succession, adopted the novel expedient of naming "alternate Senators" in their primary. As first alternate, former Congressman John H. Bankhead, whose defeat for re-election by Captain Richmond P. Hobson, turned out to be a blessing in disguise, will become the new Senator. In 1892 Senator Morgan was appointed by President Harrison one of the American arbitrators in the Behring Sea Court of Arbitration, and in 1898, after the passage of the Hawaiian annexation bill, President McKinley appointed him one of the commissioners to prepare a system of government for the islands.

It was as an able lawyer, a vigorous advocate, a statesman of constructive intellect, and an incorruptible public servant that he made his great and durable reputation in the Senate. A man of naturally encyclopedic mind, he took almost any subject even when little or no opportunity for preparation had presented itself. This wide range of information, together with remarkable facility and endurance on his feet made him easily the champion long-distance talker of the Senate and highly useful to his party when the call was for some one to talk an obnoxious measure to death. If our recollection serves us, his best record for continually holding the floor was during the Democratic fight on the force bill, when he kept his feet for 14 hours, killing part of the time by reading extracts from books with little regard to relevancy. He himself has been quoted as saying that he could talk two hours upon a subject of which he had never heard before and about which he knew nothing. This time-killing ability led some people to set him down as a long-winded bore, but they were much in error.

During nearly the whole of Mr. Morgan's career in the Senate he was most conspicuous as an advocate of an inter-oceanic canal by the Nicaragua route, long serving as chairman of the Senate committee on inter-oceanic canals. His fight on the Clayton-Bulwer treaty in pursuance of his contention that no other country should be admitted to any share in the venture forms an important part of recent political and diplomatic history. He always maintained that the Nicaragua route was very much the better from the South's standpoint. When President Roosevelt, having found a way to kick the effete Colombian dagoes off the isthmus of Panama without causing too loud an international ruckus, had Congress buy out the French company and commit the country to the Panama route Mr. Morgan was greatly displeased. He never became reconciled to the change of plan, and his recent severe cross-examination of Wm. Nelson Cromwell, attorney for the French interests, is still fresh in the public mind.

In his political philosophy Mr. Morgan belonged to the strictest school of Democrats. More than once he referred to himself as ambassador from the sovereign State of Alabama to the Federal government.

Every Man His Own Doctor.

The average man cannot afford to employ a physician for every slight ailment or injury that may occur in his family, nor can he afford to neglect them, as so slight an injury as the scratch of a pin has been known to cause the loss of a limb. Hence every man must from necessity be his own doctor for this class of ailments. Success often depends upon prompt treatment, which can only be had when suitable medicines are kept at hand.

Chamberlain's Remedies have been in the market for many years and enjoy a good reputation. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Chamberlain's Pain Balm (an antiseptic liniment) for cuts, bruises, burns, sprains, swellings, lame back and rheumatic pains. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for constipation, biliousness and stomach troubles. Chamberlain's Salve for diseases of the skin. One bottle of each of these five preparations costs but \$1.25. For sale by English Drug Co.

Fortunate is the man who knows how big a fool he can be without trying.

RUFFIAN ATTACKS SPEAKER.

While Mr. Connor of the Department of Education is Speaking in Davidson County, He is Assaulted by Ex-Distiller and Murderer and a Fight Ensues.

Lexington Herald.

Saturday night at an educational meeting at Churchland Academy, in Boone township, while Mr. R. D. W. Connor, Jr., of Raleigh was speaking in behalf of local tax for schools, he was interrupted by H. Clay Grubb and a fight ensued between the two which broke up the meeting.

Mr. Connor, who is a son of Judge Connor of the North Carolina Supreme Court, is an officer connected with the State's educational department under Dr. J. Y. Joyner, superintendent of public instruction; and he had been invited, just as Superintendent Joyner, as some time ago, to deliver an address in behalf of the special school tax which was to have been voted on Monday of this week.

He had been speaking about 15 minutes, perhaps, when the trouble began. At this particular juncture he was making the point that if the people of Churchland school district voted a special tax on themselves for better schools, the money would be used only in their district and the country at large would have nothing to do with it. Prior to this point in his speech, he had stressed the importance of education, and had contrasted the North and the South; the one educated, the other not so much, the one rich, the other not so rich, and had referred humorously to the old saw making the sharp New Englanders making wooden nutmegs and selling them South.

When he made the point about where the special tax money would be used, H. Clay Grubb, who opposed the tax, arose and called the speaker a "G—d—liar," asserting that if the tax were voted, any boy or girl over the 7th grade in the county might attend the school. Mr. Connor pointed out that this was true of the high schools, where the State gives one dollar for every dollar raised by the people, and requires the high school to admit any child in the county, but that the Churchland matter would be purely a local school and was different. There is none of these high schools in Davidson county. Mr. Connor said to Grubb, "My friend, you don't know what you are talking about."

Grubb then referred to the nutmeg matter, and said that this assertion about the school tax was as much of a lie as the tale about the nutmegs. "Any man who says that the Yankees can sell Southern people wooden nutmegs," he shouted, "is a G—d—liar."

The speaker, who is a smaller man than Grubb, weighing about 140 or 150 pounds, was "game" and immediately snatched his coat, and the two advanced on each other. They met and Mr. Connor delivered a stiff right hander, striking Grubb in the face with such force that he was turned partly around. They clinched then, and in the melee Grubb bit his antagonist's middle finger on the right hand pretty severely. They scuffled about a minute and broke away. Then Mr. Connor seized an umbrella and hit Grubb over the head, and the latter wrenched the umbrella away and returned the blow. Honors were pretty even.

Witnesses of the fight state that friends of Grubb surrounded the combatants and prevented interference, saying, "It is a fair fight; let them have it out." The same witnesses state that they saw guns and that some of the men were under the influence of whiskey.

Meanwhile the one hundred or more people had scattered, the meeting was at an end and Mr. Connor returned to Lexington and took the train for Raleigh.

Sunday a delegation of citizens came in from Boone seeking legal advice as to what course to pursue.

Nursing Mothers and Over-burdened Women.

In all stations of life, whose vigor and vitality may have been undermined and broken down by over-work, exacting social duties, the too frequent bearing of children, or other causes, will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the most potent, invigorating restorative strengthener ever devised for their special benefit.

Nursing mothers who find it especially valuable in sustaining their strength and promoting an abundant nourishment for the child. Expectant mothers too will find it a precious remedy for the system for a baby's coming and for the ordeal comparatively painless. It can do harm in any state, or condition of the female system.

Delicate, nervous, weak women, who suffer from frequent headaches, backache, dragging-down distress low down in the abdomen, or from painful or irregular monthly periods, gnawing or distressed sensation in stomach, dizzy or faint spells, see imaginary specks or spots floating before eyes, have disordered, pelvic extractions, dropsy, prostration or retroversion or other displacements of womanly organs from weakness of parts will, whether they experience many or only a few of the above symptoms, find relief and a permanent cure by using faithfully and fairly persistently Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This world-famous specific for women's weakness and peculiar ailments is a pure glyceric extract of the choicest native medicinal roots without a drop of alcohol in its make-up. All its ingredients are pure and of the highest quality, and are printed in plain English on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. Dr. Pierce thus invites the fullest investigation of his formula knowing that it will be found to contain only the best agents known to the most advanced medical science of all the different schools of practice for the cure of women's peculiar weaknesses and ailments.

If you want to know more about the composition and professional endorsement of the "Favorite Prescription," send postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for his free booklet treating of same.

You can't afford to accept as a substitute for this remedy any brown composition or secret nostrum of unknown composition. Don't do it.

at the election Monday in order to prevent further trouble and to keep down further intimidation of voters. Legal advice was scarce and after consultation with several gentlemen, they decided to let the election go by default and not hold it. The real cause of the trouble is laid to the bad feeling existing between some men who advocated the tax and some who didn't, the latter caring less about the tax, however, than they did about the prominence some were taking in public affairs—a sort of rivalry, it seems, as to who should run things in that neck of the woods.

[Grubb is an ex-distiller, and the man who killed his brother-in-law at church not long ago, and afterwards killed a negro.]

Over the Wire.

Youth's Companion.

"Yes, indeed, four o'clock will suit me as exactly as well, Mr. Harvey. If you children don't shut up you'll be sorry in a minute!"

The two sentences, one in the gay, sweet voice he knew so well, the other sharp with anger, reached the young man at the telephone with nearly equal clearness. He had always thought Rose Jessup's voice one of her greatest charms, and had smiled to himself to find how little the quality was changed over the wire when, an unexpected business matter detaining him down town, he had telephoned to ask if he might bring his sleigh round at four o'clock instead of three. And then that sudden bewildering revelation.

Busy as he was, Jack Harvey stood for many minutes staring blankly down into the street beneath his window. His mother and sisters had never liked Rose, but he had taken the matter lightly, saying that they must love her when they knew her, and pretty soon—that was as far as he had gone yet. Now standing at his window in a bewilderment of pain, he was glad that he had gone no farther. He fancied that voice in the home he had begun to dream of—he turned sharply from the window and rang for his office boy.

Two hours later Rose was flying round the speedway behind Jack Harvey's splendid horses. All the town was out, and Rose grew gayer and lovelier to look at every moment. She knew that people were taking things for granted, and the consciousness of it went to her head. She was sure that the things—wonderful things—were coming true soon.

The next morning Rose received a note from Jack. She read it with bewildered eyes. He was going away quite suddenly upon a three months' business trip, he wrote, and took this way of saying goodbye because his hurried preparations left him no time to call. It was a pleasant note, but there was in it no hint of any future hopes, and Rose knew with a dull certainty that her happy world of dreams had vanished in a night.

"I didn't deserve it!" she cried, passionately. And in a way she did not. It was one of the terrible judgments of life.

Her Squint.

Youth's Companion.

In Europe many curious superstitions, half of medicine, half of witchcraft, still survive among the peasants. Occasionally immigration brings them to our shores, usually from less enlightened countries than England; but in a recent instance the patient, who was afflicted with a bad squint, came from Devonshire.

She was, except for that defect, a wholesome, rosy, pretty creature, from a remote farm on the moors, very anxious indeed for a cure, but with little hope that it could be effected. She had come to the doctor only to satisfy a friend who had greater faith in his powers than she.

A squint, she told him, had but one cause: spying upon a couple who were courting. If a child were born with it, one of the parents must have done so; if it developed later, then the afflicted person was herself the culprit.

There was but one sure cure: the victim must persuade some pair of compassionate lovers to invite her to be present during a "courting hour." Then, at parting, the afflicted eye must be closed, and each lover stroke the eyelid three times; when it was opened the squint would have disappeared.

"But then why haven't you taken the cure?" inquired the young doctor, curiously.

"Oh, I couldn't," explained the girl. "I couldn't bring myself to ask of folk that were courting, sir. They might have laughed, or they might have been angry—and anyway, 'twas too much, and I couldn't ask it, sir."

Much to her surprise, she was easily cured without the necessity of embarrassment to any fond and foolish couple.

When you feel the need of a pill take a DeWitt's Little Early Riser. Small pill, safe pill, sure pill. Easy to take—pleasant and effective. Drives away headaches. Sold by S. J. Welsh and C. N. Simpson, Jr.

While on his way to Vassar College commencement where his daughter is a graduate, John A. Hedrick of Salisbury was stricken and died in a hospital in Washington Wednesday. He was one of the wealthiest men in Rowan and second largest land owner.

The medicine that sets the whole world thinking. The remedy on which all doctors agree. The prescription all your friends are taking is Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. English Drug Company.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF MONROE.

CAPITAL STOCK, \$100,000

Chartered May 29th, 1907.

Safe as all safeguards known to the banking business can make it. It has the Government back of it. In a speech last week on the railroad question President Roosevelt said:

"No State, of course, can do for the railways what the national government has already done for the banks, and that government should do something analogous for the railways. National bank stocks are bought and sold largely on the certificate of character which the government, as a result of its examinations and supervisions, gives to them."

Your business solicited.

O. P. HEATH, Pres. ROSCOE PHIFER, Cashier.



"You WANTED to see the BEST"

You can be sure that it is the best, because we'll show you the inside. You don't have to judge by outside appearances alone, as you would if you shopped elsewhere. It is impossible to make any better than

THE STEARNS & FOSTER MATTRESS

(Our name proves it's genuine. Look for it.)

800 filmy webs, form the nine snow-white downy felts of which it is built. Not a particle of anything but new, clean cotton goes into any Stearns & Foster Mattress.

Don't be satisfied by seeing "open end" Samples, nor even an open sample mattress. We'll show you the inside and outside of the identical mattress you buy. And we'll let you try it sixty nights, free—then if you are not satisfied, will promptly return your money. Could anything be fairer than that?

Not a luxury, but a necessity in all households. Come in to-day—delay means regret on your part.

T. P. DILLON


W. S. BLAKENEY, President. J. R. SHUTE, Vice President. W. C. STACK, Cashier. C. B. ADAMS, Asst. Cash'r.

The Bank of Union,

MONROE, N. C.

Is now established in its permanent home. The location was selected and the building erected with an eye to the convenience of the public. The site and the superstructure are ideal for business. Not only this, but the Bank has installed in its offices an entirely new outfit. A vault has been built that is absolutely fireproof for the keeping of books, papers and records, with private lock boxes for rent cheap. Considerable money has been invested in a safe in order that the customers of the Bank may feel safe at all times in regard to their deposits. This safe is a marvel of mechanism and has no superior in this country for strength and safety. It will be shown to customers and visitors with pleasure. In short, the Bank of Union has made an effort to please the public and to provide every comfort, convenience and safeguard for those doing business with it. The accommodations afforded are now unsurpassed. If the people will recognize these facts by bringing their deposits, their patronage will be highly appreciated and the benefits will be mutual.

The Bank of Union, Monroe, N. C.



SILVER KING.

The lightest running ball bearing shuttle machine on the market.

Price \$20, cash

Manufactured for and guaranteed by

W. J. Rudge Co.,
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