

The Way Out.

Mr. Halle in his book "Notes From a Painter's Life" tells an amusing story of the celebrated caricaturist Carlo Pellegrini.

He borrowed \$5 from the author. "When he had got it and put it in his pocket he said these memorable words in his broken English: 'Halle, my fellow, if I take this \$5 as a loan every time I see you I say: "Dere dat tiresome Halle. I owe him \$5." And you say: "Dere dat tiresome Pelican. He owe me \$5." It make unpleasant betweeu us. So I take dis as gift.'"

Gentle, nice, pleasant, easy pills are Rings Little Liver Pills. A real salve for any emergency when you need salve, is Pinesalve Carbolyzed. It heals, cleanses and soothes. Sold by all druggists.

Oh, lucky "S," of all the alphabet you are the "luckiest," because you stand for

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(Mention this paper)

A Handsome Woman

Every woman may not be handsome, but every woman should **seep with care the good points nature has given her.** No woman need have **sallow skin, dull eye, blotchy complexion, who pays proper attention to her health.** Where **constipation, liver derangements, blood impurities and other irregularities exist, good complexion, bright eyes and sprightly movements cannot exist.** Internal derangements reveal themselves sooner or later on the surface. **Headache, dark rings around the eyes, yellow skin, a constant tired feeling—mean that the liver and digestive organs are needing help and correction.** Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets give this necessary help. They work in nature's own way. They do not merely flush the bowels but tone up the liver and stomach to fulfill their proper functions. So mild and gentle do they act that one hardly realizes that they have taken medicine. Chamberlain's Tablets can be relied upon to relieve biliousness, indigestion, constipation and dizziness. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents.

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While Waiting

A Chance Meeting and What Happened Between Trains.

By SARA G. IGLEHEART

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"Two days' limit," said Willis Bates as he looked doubtfully at the ticket. "Can I make it in that time?"

"Yes," said the agent pushed some change through the window and waited expectantly for the next man in the line. "We make close connections. Ten minutes stop at Columbia and twenty at Charlotte for dinner. Jacksonville? Nineteen." And Bates felt himself pushed unceremoniously aside by a portly man, who was eager to exchange a banknote for the ticket which was being stamped.

"That's your train on the outside track," the agent called warningly. "Better hurry."

As this advice was accentuated by a sharp "All aboard!" and a rush of a few belated passengers toward the outside track, Bates snatched up his hand bag and sprang forward.

"Whew, that was certainly a close connection!" he said grimly as he swung himself on the rear car of the moving train. "If I keep on at this rate I'll get through in time for the sale, and that will mean a thousand dollars in my pocket. Lucky I thought of it."

The parlor car was full, so Bates went on until he found a seat with a loquacious, insistent hotel runner. Just across was a bright looking woman in a plain traveling suit, and he glanced at her with sudden, half recognizing inquiry.

But a traveler is always running across faces that look familiar, and his attention was soon engrossed in warding off the advances of the hotel runner.

The train rushed on with the vehement, noisy impetuosity peculiar to south trains, as though striving to give an impression of terrific speed, and the fine South Carolina dust sifted in through the windows and spread thickly over the dingy plush seats, calling forth handkerchiefs and impatient exclamations from the passengers and swirling now and then into angry clouds at the feeble onslaught of the train boy's broom.

Once he noticed the woman of the opposite seat looking at him inquiringly, as though she, too, was trying to recall something familiar. But when he turned to her she was gazing from the window.

At Columbia he spent the ten minutes in a forced defense of politics and at Charlotte was glad to leave his companion and join the rush toward the railroad restaurant. As a general thing he avoided such places. There were apt to be poor food and service, and not infrequently one was served so late that he could only snatch a few mouthfuls before it was time to hurry for the train.

But here he was agreeably disappointed, and when he went to the desk near the door to leave his 75 cents it was with a feeling of satisfaction at not having been imposed upon. Outside he looked at his watch. It still lacked five minutes of train time, so he walked leisurely down the platform.

As he turned to come back he found himself face to face with the woman who sat opposite him in the car. For a moment they gazed squarely into each other's eyes, then both started forward.

"Aren't you Charlie Holbrook?" the woman asked eagerly. "I thought I knew you on the train."

"Yes, and you are, or was, Alice Durfee," Bates said, no less eagerly. "My, but I'm glad to meet you! Let me see, it's eighteen years since I left the old village, and I haven't seen a soul from there since. How are they all—your mother, and Henry Taber, and my cousin, Bob Bates? Bob's the only kin I have, but he and I never did get on well together. Oh, I beg your pardon—hurriedly—"I forgot."

"My mother died ten years ago," she answered steadily. "After that I came south and have only been back once since. Henry Taber had the postoffice the last I knew, and Bob—"

There was a significant movement across the platform, and Bates glanced at his watch.

"It's time to get on board!" he exclaimed. "We'll finish our talk in the car."

But the woman drew back.

"This isn't my train," she said. "I wait here two hours."

"Really?" with sudden dismay in his voice. "Why, I was counting on a good long talk. Is Bob—your husband—along?"

She looked surprised.

"I don't know what you mean," she answered. "I have never married. I came south ten years ago in search of work and have been teaching school ever since. You'll miss your train."

It was already gliding down the platform, but he neither noticed it nor her warning. In his eyes was an expression of incredulous inquiry.

"Isn't Bob Bates?"

She motioned toward the train.

"You'll miss it!" she cried again; then her hand dropped to her side. "There; it is too late! Was it very important?" anxiously.

"Yes—no—that is, I guess so," he answered indifferently. "A thousand dollars, I believe."

A man with the emblematic S. R. on

his cap came down the platform, and Bates called him with a gesture.

"How long before the next train north?" he demanded.

"An hour and forty minutes."

"Good!" turning to her, with beaming satisfaction. "And you have to wait two hours. That will give us plenty of time to talk. Now," with a strange eagerness in his voice, "do you mean to tell me that you did not marry Bob Bates the fall I left?"

"Certainly I did not," wonderingly.

"I never married anybody, much less Bob Bates. I never liked that man."

"Strange, and he told me—"

"What?" she demanded sharply.

"Why, that you were promised to him and that—well, what he told me was the cause of my leaving and of my not communicating with any one in the old village during all these years. And to think—"

Here a truck load of trunks was pushed rapidly toward them, and they were forced aside. Bates caught the eye of a waiting hackman and nodded. A moment later the carriage stood beside the platform, with the driver holding open the door for them to enter.

"A station platform is no place to talk," said Bates genially. "Suppose we take a drive through some of the quiet streets of the city. We have plenty of time." Then he looked at her with a new thought in his eyes.

"I didn't see you in the"—he began, then added hastily, "You haven't had dinner, I suppose."

"No," hesitating and flushing a little. "I—"

"Oh, I understand," quickly. "You are like me and can't put up with the makeshifts of a railroad restaurant. Now, I'll tell you what," unblushingly.

"I'm about as hungry as a man can be. There's a nice hotel in back somewhere. We'll go to that and have dinner, and then we'll drive about the city and talk until train time."

There was hesitation, almost refusal, on her face; but, feigning not to notice it, he urged her into the carriage and then sprang in himself and motioned for the driver to close the door.

An hour passed and then a half hour, and soon after a train rumbled into the station and then rumbled away. Twenty minutes more and another train arrived and departed. As it disappeared the carriage again whirled up beside the station.

"Has my train gone?" the woman asked anxiously as she reached the platform.

Bates took out his watch and looked at it meditatively.

"I'm afraid it has," he answered, "and my train, too, with its possible thousand dollars. We've been gone a little over two hours. Driver," severely, "you ought not to have taken us so far."

There was grave concern in his voice, but in his eyes was a sly twinkle, which she did not notice. The driver twisted his hat apologetically in one hand, but into the other a generous tip had been slipped, so he was silent.

"It is really too bad," Bates continued sympathetically. "There is only one more train out today, and that goes toward Richmond. But I'll tell you what," as though struck by a sudden solution of the problem, "suppose we take that. You know what you have promised me at the end of three months. Now, what is the use of waiting that long? You have no people, and I have none, and if you go back to that school you have been telling me about it will be to unappreciative employers and at wages that will scarce pay your expenses. I have a good house waiting for somebody to look after it and more money in the bank than I know what to do with. Now, my idea is for us to go to a minister. You know where a minister lives, don't you?" to the driver.

"Yes, sorr," grinning.

"And then come back and take the train for Richmond. It is a very nice city, and you are bound to like it. How does the scheme strike you?"

Evidently it struck her unfavorably or as something too astounding to admit even of a reply.

"Good!" he said beamingly. "Silence means consent. Now we will drive back to the hotel and write a couple of letters. You tell the school committee that unforeseen circumstances prevented your returning, and I will write that the same kind of circumstances have kept me from attending the sale. Come."

She parted her lips as though to protest and even tried to draw back, but her heart was with this man who had been so much to her youth and who had returned, and in the end she entered the carriage with him and the door was again closed by the driver.

It is said that the groom is usually the one to show trepidation at a wedding, but in this case it was the bride. In a twinkling the whole course of her life had been turned. She was being transformed from a schoolteacher to a wife. But in her breast was that satisfaction at being permitted to give up that struggle with the world which is natural to men and usually distasteful to women. Instead a vision glimmered before her eyes—a vision of home, husband and children—and, despite such gasps as one will take at being swung over a precipice, she was happy.

An hour later this driver was standing on the platform of the station watching the train rumble away toward Richmond. Not until it had disappeared did he climb back to his box and drive toward home. Bridget, his wife, was preparing supper when he came in from the stable.

"Och, Pat," she called in sudden apprehension, "how come yes so soon? It is bad luck ye've been havin' the day?"

"Troth, no, Biddy," catching her in his arms and swinging her about the room and then slipping a crisp new ten dollar bill in her hand. "That's for the new clothes the childers made."

What the Local Paper Does for Material Progress.

Charlotte Observer.

Much of the development and new life which the small and isolated towns of this State have recently taken on is due to the progressive action of their local papers. The latter have done a great deal of good; in fact, have been a power of influence in bringing about the wonderful changes which have taken place and are still going on. The man in the village or country who thinks his county newspaper has no influence or that its voice is not heard outside the immediate community is greatly mistaken. A county newspaper properly conducted is a powerful factor and has a wide circle of influence. The good such papers do is beyond calculation, and the greater financial support they have at home the greater and the more widespread is their influence for good to the community in which they are published.

Saved from Awful Peril.

"I never felt so near my grave," says Lewis Chamblin of Manchester, O., R. F. D. No. 3, "as when a frightful cough and lung trouble pulled me down to 115 pounds in spite of many remedies and the best doctors. And that I am alive today is due solely to Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me. Now I weigh 160 pounds and can work hard. It cured my four children of croup." Infallible for coughs and colds, it's the most certain remedy for a grip, asthma, desperate lung trouble and all bronchial affections. 50c. and \$1. A trial bottle free. Guaranteed by English Drug Company.

The Young Orator.

"Halser is a mighty fine young man, I know," said Uncle Peter Benadom, "and since he's been to college he can make a pretty fair speech. But I wish he'd pitch in and work a year or two before he goes into politics. He minds me of them incubator chicks Doc Haines hatched out last spring."

"How's that, uncle?" asked Zachary Melick.

"The blamed things wouldn't scratch," said Peter. "They just stood around and peeped their fool selves to death."—Newark News.

For rheumatism, rheumatic twinges, pain in the back, weak back or urinary troubles, take Pineules, the new kidney remedy. Pineules help the kidneys to pass off uric acid poison from the system. Sold by all druggists.

You Are Subject To The Law of Accidents.

Are you proof against disease and accidents? If you are not, come and see us and let's talk over the importance of protecting yourself and family. An accident and health policy will protect you from loss of time and will pay your doctor bills. We have the best policy you can buy. Consider seriously the following facts:

Every year 3,280,000 persons are injured by accidents;	Every year 393,600 are killed by horses or vehicles;
Every year 1,383 are killed or injured by lightning;	Every year 492,000 are killed or injured on the streets every year.
Every year 590,400 accidents occur about the home;	Your chance is one in 1,300, and you may be the next one.

Be on the safe side and talk to us about it. And then you ought to have your life insured in the great PHILADELPHIA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Insurance is the most important thing for you to attend to promptly. Come and talk with us about it.

Gordon Insurance and Investment Company.

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Pile Remedy

ManZan is Prepared Especially for the Treatment of Piles in all of the Various Forms of This Distressing and Painful Affliction.

This preparation is antiseptic, astringent and healing. It is a jelly-like preparation put up in a tube with perforated nozzle attached, thus enabling sufferers of Pile diseases in any form to apply ManZan to the affected parts readily. ManZan draws out inflammation and heals the affected parts. Every man, woman and child who is afflicted with piles in any form should use ManZan and avoid a painful, serious operation.

CURES PILES

We guarantee ManZan to give satisfactory results or refund your money. Why? Because we believe it to be the best pile cure on the market today. It will be a pleasure to us to mail free to anyone suffering from Piles or any rectal diseases a sample of the marvelous ManZan Pile Cure. Don't wait. Delays are dangerous. Send us your name and address to-day and we will gladly send you a free trial package of this wonderful preparation, admitted by thousands to be one of the best remedies of its kind for the relief and cure of Piles in any form ever known. Purchase a 50 cent tube of ManZan from your druggist or dealer and if the preparation does not do all we claim your money will be refunded. Take no substitute, but insist on ManZan.

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HOME-MADE FERTILIZER

Home-made bread sounds good, smells good, and is good, because it is made with loving hands, skilled, patient, and careful.

How about home-made clothes and shoes? Our hands lost their cunning for work like this, and we buy such things from factories where they are made in quantities by skilled workmen, who do the same thing day in and day out. These men turn out uniform work, and when we buy a certain brand of shoe, we are guaranteed that it will be like all the others of that brand.

Why then do we want Home-Made Fertilizers?

Suppose we can figure out that there is a saving of a dollar a ton by buying the ingredients and mixing them at home. Suppose we do this and find out after it is everlastingly too late that the man we had working on the job made a mistake and got the ingredients wrong, or slouched his work (men have done such things) and failed to thoroughly mix the ingredients. When we compare our crop with the neighbor who bought the proper brand and made two bales of cotton against our one and a half, we figure out the saving backward. Thus:

Half bale of cotton lost \$40.00
Saved on Home-Mixed Fertilizer 1.00
or \$2.00, or \$5.00, or even \$10.00.

What's the answer?

Suppose it were possible to save as much as \$2.00 by home-mixing. Suppose with the utmost care, you get the best hand mix possible; is it worth jeopardizing a whole year's toil to save this and run a chance of falling short in the crop even a little bit? A ton of good fertilizer ought to make two bales of cotton worth fully \$150.00. If by any chance, you, should miss this 2 per cent., more than all the saving is gone.

Does any farmer believe that he can mix fertilizers with farm labor and never go wrong by as much as

Two Per Cent?

Nothing but first-class machines in a first-class factory, run by first class skilled labor, can approximate this result. There is no way to accurately mix fertilizers and be sure that every ounce is like every other ounce except to

Mix by Machinery.

To find out all about the brand you want write

THE SOUTHERN COTTON OIL COMP'Y, MONROE BRANCH.