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Many mixtures are offered as substitutes for Royal. No other baking powder is the same in composition or effectiveness, or so wholesome and economical, nor will make such fine food.

Royal is the only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

Suicide or Runaway.

Spencer, Feb. 19.—Mystery surrounds the disappearance of L. De Vault Hines, a well known travelling man of Greensboro, whose clothing was found late Sunday afternoon on a pier of the Piedmont Toll Bridge near Spencer with a note saying: "I have decided to end it all and wish to thank my friends for kindnesses" and signed L. D. Hines.

With the clothing was a valuable gold watch running and a good ring. There are a number of theories as to the matter. One is that Hines was laboring under a melancholia fit and ended his life by jumping into the river. The bridge is about 20 feet above the water, which is about five feet deep at his place.

It is said Hines was seen making a trip from the Rowan to the Davidson side of the bridge and was not seen to return late Saturday night.

It is stated that he travelled for the American Art Works of Coshocton, Ohio, and that he attempted to get drafts on this house cashed in Spencer and Salisbury Saturday, but failed.

He left his home in Greensboro unceremoniously last Monday and his family believe that he is temporarily demented.

The officers believe that Hines returned to Salisbury Sunday night after the alarm had been given and boarded a train for the South. The theory of suicide is discredited by the officers who have worked hard on the case.

Hines has a wife and child in Greensboro.

Mr. R. H. Varner, editor of the Lexington Dispatch, who recently announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for the State Senate, has withdrawn from the race. He is too busy looking after the Underwood presidential boom and other matters to run for the Senate.

Georgia Republican State convention Wednesday endorsed the Taft administration and the four delegates at large to the national convention were instructed to vote for him. More than half the delegates to the convention were negroes and a negro was permanent chairman.

Presiding Justice Adjourned Court to Fight.

W. H. Knowles presides at the commissioner's court—a county tribunal probably somewhat like our boards of county commissioners—at Midland, Texas. The other day Knowles made an assertion about a former ruling of the court. "You're a liar, judge," said Commissioner Jules Driver, a member of the court.

"This court will stand adjourned," announced Judge Knowles, "until I whip the man who called me a liar."

Then it happened. Those who witnessed the fight say the judge scored the greatest number of pugilistic points. A few minutes later the judge reconvened court, fined himself for fighting and paid the fine. The court then went back to work and its dignity was not further ruffled.

Had Her Coffin Made to Order.

Lumberton Robesonian.
Mrs. Eliza Bass, who is nearing her 79th birthday, has stored in a barn at her home on the northeastern edge of the town the coffin in which she wants to be buried. She does not want to be buried in a store bought, machine manufactured coffin, so some time ago she gave Mr. A. A. Ivey, who works at the Kingsdale lumber mill, an order for a coffin to be made according to her own ideas. The coffin was delivered last week and will be kept against the day when it shall be needed—which her friends hope will be many years yet.

Major Albert S. Sexton, a prominent citizen of Alabama, was accidentally killed in his home at Montgomery, Ala., early Tuesday morning. He was going through his house, pistol in hand, looking for a burglar, when he slipped on the polished floor, his pistol was discharged and the ball entered his brain, killing him instantly. An open door was evidence of the presence of the burglar, but he escaped.

Let us have neither the conservatism of stagnation, nor the radicalism of indiscriminating destruction. We want progress along right lines.

That Invitation

"That's funny," said Mrs. Crockett. "Mrs. Hamilton Hurlburt Dickson requests my presence at bridge Monday afternoon and she requests it in the most expensive engraved old English, too!"

"Why funny?" inquired Crockett, temporarily suspending the reading of the sporting page. "Did you expect her to pick the letters in a pin or make a transparency of it?"

Mrs. Crockett turned up her nose at him. "It is funny," she said, "because I have not the slightest idea who Mrs. Hamilton Hurlburt Dickson is—have you?"

Crockett laid down his paper. "Never heard of her," he said.

"But think, Jimmy," begged Mrs. Crockett. "Was she on your list when we sent our announcement cards?"

"She was not," sang Crockett in descending scale. "To the best of my knowledge, she isn't the sister or mother or relative of anybody I know or ought to know. Why should she invite you?"

"Well, as to that, why shouldn't she?" bristled Mrs. Crockett. "And it's to be at the Northedge club, and I'm dying to see the inside of that club. It's two weeks off, so it must be a big party."

"Well, why don't you go?" asked Crockett. "You've got the ticket letting you in."

"Go to a party given by an utterly strange woman?" demanded Mrs. Crockett. "I have heard of women who were social climbers inviting women they wanted to get in with, even if they hadn't ever met them. Maybe—"

"Darling," interrupted Crockett, "I am loath to blast your sweet illusions, but why should anyone as expensive as Mrs. Hamilton Hurlburt Dickson look to be from her invitation card be sitting up nights planning how to get acquainted with a perfectly sweet lady living in a \$45 flat and able to afford one tailor gown a year?"

"All this," said his wife, "comes from having a legal mind! But I simply don't understand! It is addressed to my full name and the address is right!"

Mrs. Crockett stuck the card in her dressing mirror so it would be handy to ponder over. By diligent search she found that Mrs. Hamilton Hurlburt Dickson lived on a boulevard quite near, and she walked by the house without getting any further clues. Every night she told Crockett that she simply must find out about the invitation, so she could either accept or decline it.

"I'd hate to offend her by declining it if it really is some one I ought to know," she wailed. "But, of course, I don't want to thrust myself upon her if she doesn't know me! Consider how awkward it would be, Jimmy, for a perfectly strange hostess to meet a perfectly strange guest, and neither of us have the slightest common ground to stand on! We can't even ask how each other's families are, because we don't know who belongs to the families! They say that Northedge club is perfectly beautiful. Of course I'm not so crazy to go that I want to accept this invitation, still—and there's my new velvet dress, and this would be such a good chance to wear it."

"Well, go on and go!" urged Crockett.

"Oh, I wouldn't dream of such a thing!" cried his wife. "But do you think it would be awful if I did? If she's asked me she should take the consequences, shouldn't she? Of course I shan't—but, then—don't you think that last hat I got looks particularly well with the velvet? I'm just dying for a good game of bridge—I've got to write my acceptance or regrets today, 'hat's all there is to it!'"

That afternoon, as Mrs. Crockett sat down at her writing desk, her sister-in-law came in. She saw the card from Mrs. Hamilton Hurlburt Dickson, and reached out a casual hand, when Mrs. Crockett told its story.

"Oh, that's meant for me!" she said. "Mrs. Dickson is a bride, and I'm a friend of her mother's and her mother is in Europe, and she didn't know my front name, so she looked in the telephone book and when she found a Crockett on this street she thought the first one must be I. I wouldn't have missed that party at the Northedge club for anything!"

Crockett heard about it that evening. "I'm awfully sorry," he sympathized, "when you wanted to go so badly!"

It was then that his wife exploded. "Why, James Crockett!" she cried. "As if I ever dreamed of going to her old party! The idea! I should say not!"

Difficult Alternative.
"What I want to see," said the economist, "is a system which will compel these big enterprises to get out and fight each other to a finish."
"In other words, your idea is that the only way to prevent collusion is to arrange a collision."

Squelched Him.
Mr. Hoopah—"You's de onliest girl I ever loved, Della!"

Miss Cole—"You kin set heah an' say dat till you turns black in de face, but I ain't gwinter b'lieve yo'!"—Puck.

ARRESTS IN DYNAMITE CASES.

Large Number of Labor Union Men Arrested in Connection with Dynamite Conspiracy.

The United States government has arrested almost all of the fifty-four men indicted in the dynamite conspiracy cases.

It took into custody within a few hours practically the entire official staff of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers including the chief officers, members of the executive board and about 20 business agents and former business agents. Those included Frank M. Ryan, the president, John T. Butler of Buffalo, N. Y., the 1st vice president, and Herbert S. Hocklin, the 2nd vice president and successor of J. J. McNamara, as secretary-treasurer. Each of these men was required to give \$10,000 bond for his appearance for arraignment March 12.

More than 40 of the men, chiefly labor union officials, who are charged with conspiring to destroy by dynamite or nitro-glycerine the property of employers of non union labor, were under arrest by night, and it was declared the apprehension of all the others would follow within 48 hours.

By its action the government revealed the identities of the men whom it charges with being the accomplices of the McNamaras and Ortie E. McManigal in the dynamite plots, embracing almost 100 explosions which were begun in Massachusetts in 1905, which were scattered over the country for six years and which resulted in the wrecking of the Los Angeles Times' building and an attempt to blow up President Taft's special train at Santa Barbara, Cal., last October.

First Leap Year Marriage in Wilkes.

Wilkesboro Chronicle.
Some of the girls in Wilkes believe in exercising their leap year privileges. Out on the Brushies last week a 16-year-old girl decided she wanted a husband and she also decided exactly who she wanted. So she put on her "meeting clothes" and about dark went over to where he lived, found him alone and unprotected, kidnapped him by "force and arms," carried him to Rowan county and married him. The girl's name was Ola Hubbard and the boy's is Vernon Childers.

Andrew Jones, an old colored man who lived in Cumberland county, was frozen to death in the snow-storm Saturday night. He was going from Fayetteville to his home in a wagon and when found was frozen stiff in the wagon, which had lodged against a tree. The mule had broken loose from the wagon and was wandering in a nearby field.

After a spelling match at Pool school house in Providence township, Rowan county, Tuesday night, a crowd of rowdy boys fired pistols as they left the place. A ball took effect in the knee of Arthur Frick, a young man who was walking in advance of the party and who had no part in the shooting. The wound will probably render him a cripple for life.

Send ten trial subscriptions to The Democrat at 25 cents each for a year, and get a \$1.50 fountain pen free. Ten names and \$2.50 gets the pen by return mail.

Falsehoods.
Falsehoods not only disagree with truths, but they usually quarrel among themselves.—Webster.

No Chance There.
Kind Hearted Woman (in county village)—A man as strong as you are ought to be able to find work. Haven't you any regular occupation?
Wayfarer (with his mouth full)—Yes'm; I warsh th' winders o' sky-scrapers.—Chicago Tribune.

What Do You Have?

We have everything that a first-class grocery store should have to supply the wants of a fine trade.
Fresh supply of fine hams and breakfast bacon, pound cakes and fine loaf bread.
Respectfully,
M. WALLER



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by fire in this country every year. Million upon million of dollars worth of property goes up in smoke. Those who had the foresight to protect themselves with fire insurance lost nothing. Those who were without policies in many cases were ruined. Better join the first class by having us insure you at once.

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Gordon Insurance & Investment Co.

Stock of Goods at Altan For Sale.

Until 6 o'clock, Saturday, February 24th, I will receive bids for the W. M. Starnes stock of goods at Altan, N. C., which inventoried about \$2,573.00. Parties interested will see me at once. Will arrange to allow inspection of the stock any date convenient.

This February 17th, 1912.
D. B. SNYDER,
Trustee W. M. Starnes, Bankrupt.

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