

Mrs. R. W. Winston Meets Tragic Death.

Raleigh, Feb. 18.—While suffering from a sudden attack of melancholia, Mrs. Robert W. Winston, wife of ex-Judge Winston of this city, rushed through the window of her room on the sixth floor of the Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia today and fell to death on the pavement below. The tragedy occurred during the temporary absence of her nurse. Mrs. Winston had been under treatment by Dr. Thomas McRae, a distinguished specialist, at this hospital for some weeks. She had been in poor health for several years, and under the stress of her physical affliction her nerves became affected, rendering her subject to attacks of melancholia. The people of the city were greatly shocked and grieved by the news of her death.

Mrs. Winston was Miss Saphronia Horner, sister of Bishop Horner and Mr. James C. Horner of Horner's School, Oxford, and of Miss Mary Horner and Mrs. A. W. Graham of Oxford, Mrs. H. G. Cooper of Henderson, Mrs. W. S. Manning of Spartanburg, S. C., and Mrs. Robert C. Strong of Raleigh. Her children are Horner Winston of Chicago, Robert Winston of Asheville, Mrs. Web of Durham and Miss Amy Winston.

The broom factory of Watkins Brothers in China Grove was burned last week. The loss was \$1,000 with \$500 insurance.

however, that will be up to you. Of course there are all kinds of stories, but the general impression here is that if they had used Gowans Preparation instead of a "just as good," for there are none, it would never have happened. I know, and you know, of many cases of croup that it has cured, and this was at first a very mild case. I do not see why people do not keep a bottle of Gowans in the house—it costs but fifty cents, or a dollar—there is a small twenty-five cent size—a croup size that will do. It is external and anything where there is inflammation it cures. But of course everybody knows everybody's business. I am very sorry.

Affectionately,

CLARA.

Sharing and Bearing.
If so it be you have a Joy,
Just go outside and share it,
But if some Trouble doth annoy,
Why, sit within
And try to grin
And bear it!

L. C. Swain an insurance man of Kinston committed suicide in the hotel at Washington Monday by drinking carbolic acid.

Dan R. Hanna, publisher of the Cleveland (O.) Leader and News, will give \$10,000 to establish a school of journalism at the Western Reserve University of Ohio.

"Fine night," said Smithers gazing at the heavens.
"No," said the Boston girl, "you mean infinite."—Harper's Bazar.

Driven From Home.

Jacob Riis in Outlook.

"Doctor, what shall I do? My father wants me to tend bar on Sunday. I am doing it nights, but Sunday—I don't want to. What shall I do?"

The pastor of the Olivet Church looked kindly at the lad who stood before him, cap in hand. The last of the Sunday-school had trailed out; the boy had waited for this opportunity. Dr. Schaffler knew and liked him as one of his bright boys. He knew too, his home—the sordid, hard-fisted German father and his patient, long suffering mother.

"What do you think yourself, Karl?"

"I don't want to, Doctor. I know it is wrong."

"All right then, don't."

"But he will kick me out and never take me back. He told me so, and he'll do it."

"Well—"

The boy's face flushed. At fourteen, to decide between home and duty is not easy. And there was his mother. Knowing him, the doctor let him fight it out alone. Presently he squared his shoulders as one who had made his choice.

"I can't help it if he does," he said; "it isn't right to ask me."

"If he does, come straight here. Good-by!"

Sunday night the door-bell of the pastor's study rang sharply. The doctor laid down his book and answered it himself. On the threshold stood Karl with a small bundle done up in a handkerchief.

"Well, I am fired," he said.

"Come in, then. I'll see you through."

The boy brought in his bundle. It contained a shirt, three collars and a pair of socks, hastily gathered up in his retreat. The doctor hefted it.

"Good night," he smiled. "Men fight better for it sometimes. Great battles have been won without baggage trains."

The boy looked soberly at his all.

"I have got to win now, Doctor. Get me a job, will you?"

Things moved swiftly with Karl from that Sunday. Monday morning saw him at work as errand boy in an office, earning enough for his keep at the boarding-house where his mother found him at times when his father was alone keeping bar.

That night he registered at the nearest evening school to complete his course. The doctor kept a grip on his studies, as he had promised, and saw him through. It was not easy sledding, but it was better than the smelly saloon. From the public school he graduated into the Cooper Institute, where his teachers soon took notice of the wide-awake lad.

Karl was finding himself. He took naturally to the study of languages, and threw himself into it with the ardor of an army marching without baggage train to meet the enemy. He had "got to win," and he did. All the while he earned his living working as a clerk by day—with little baggage yet to boast of—and sitting up at nights with his books.

When he graduated from the Institute, the battle was half won.

The other half he fought on his own ground, with the enemy's tents in sight. His attainments procured for him a place in the Lenox Library and his opportunity for reading was limited only by his ambition. He made American history and literature his special study, and in the course of time achieved great distinction in his field.

"And they were married and lived happily ever after" might by right be added to this story. He did marry an East Side girl who had been his sweetheart while he was fighting his uphill battle, and they have to-day two daughters attending college.

It is the drawback to these stories that, being true, they must respect the privacy of their heroes. If that were not so, I should tell you that this hero's name is, not Karl, but one much better befitting his fight and his victory; that he was chosen historian of his home State, and held the office with credit until spoils politics thrust him aside, and that he lives today in the capital city of another State, an authority whose word is not lightly questioned on any matter pertaining to Americana. That is the record of the East Side boy who was driven from home for refusing to attend bar in his father's saloon on Sunday because it was not right.

He never saw his father again. He tried more than once, but the door of his home was barred against him. Not with his mother's consent; in long after years, when once again Dr. Schaffler preached at Olivet, a little German woman came up after the sermon and held her hand out to him.

"You made my Karl a man," she said.

"No," replied the preacher, soberly, "God made him."

The Legislature of the State of Washington is considering a bill to pension destitute mothers, an allowance of \$15 per month being made for the first child and \$5 per month for each additional child until the children reach a certain age. An allowance of \$1.50 a day is also made wives of prisoners in penal institutions.

We are preaching co-operation among the farmers, which is well. There is no finer opportunity for co-operation than in the purchase of commercial fertilizers. If a neighborhood will give an order for 100 or about 1,00 tons the manufacturers will name very low prices, especially if it is a cash sale. It is to pay for some time, and with the abundance of money in our banks seeking loans, the farmers should be able to co-operate again and borrow money, if necessary, to purchase for cash, and get the benefit of the cash discount, which is much more than the interest charged on the loan.—T. B. Parker, in The Progressive Farmer.

Why the Southern Farm Boy Hates Milking.

Tait Butler, in Progressive Farmer.

A friend asks: "How is it that Southern boys dislike milking cows so much, when those raised on the Northern farms do not look upon milking as more disagreeable than many other kinds of farm work?"

There are several reasons which may account for the difference. The writer has often asked himself the same question. He began milking cows before he was ten years old, and preferred milking to many other forms of farm work. In fact, he regards milking, as he did when a boy, as by no means more disagreeable than the general run of work on the farm.

But there is a difference. The Southern farm boy probably dislikes milking for the following reasons:

1. He is taught by precept and example, that it is disagreeable work. This plays an important part in forming his opinion.

2. He does not know how to milk, because so little of it is done and it is so cordially disliked that he has never been taught to milk properly. We like to do the things we do well, and per contra, dislike to do those things which we do poorly.

3. Milking is not profitable to the Southern boy. A profit goes a long way towards removing the disagreeable features of any business.

4. Milking is done under the most adverse and disagreeable conditions in the South. The cows are not properly trained, the calf is an ever-present nuisance, and the milker is lever in sympathy with his work.

Recently the writer heard a lawyer give as one of the reasons why he left the farm, that he was made to milk cows when a boy. He raged, with the innocence born of ignorance, what a terrible task milking was, with the cow restless and a lusty calf fighting for a part of the scanty supply of milk afforded by the mismanaged cow.

I could not help feeling that the boy did right in leaving the farm for the law; for a boy taught to milk a cow while being fed in a filthy stable, and at the same time compelled to engage in an unequal struggle with a vigorous and determined calf for the scanty supply of milk such a cow would probably yield, was scarcely likely to find dairying, or any other farm work, agreeable or profitable.

When our cows are properly weaned from their calves, are trained to stand quietly and enjoy the process of milking without being fed; when milking is done amid clean and pleasant surroundings, and when good cows are milked by boys taught to do the work properly, then, and not until then, will milking cows cease to be regarded as disagreeable work by Southern farm boys. In fact, not until then will it really cease to be disagreeable work.

A farewell dinner in honor of ex-Speaker Cannon, given in Washington Saturday evening, was attended by President Taft, cabinet officials, Chief Justice White, members of both houses of Congress, past, present and prospective, and a host of other political and personal friends of Cannon.

Captain A. P. Garden, assistant doorkeeper of the House of Congress was found dead in his rooms in Washington Friday night, with his throat cut. An incoherent note, hastily scribbled, indicated that he had taken his life while temporarily deranged. Garden was appointed from Wheeling, West Va.

More than 1000 children made their safe escape from a fire which destroyed the laboratory of the Salisbury graded school. Nine children were injured but none seriously. The fire started from a defective flue on the second story of an old frame building.

The annual pension appropriation bill, carrying \$150,000,000, an increase of \$15,000,000 over last year, was taken up in the House last week. The bill carries a greater total than any annual pension bill ever reported to the House. The increase is caused by the extension of the pension roll by the Sherwood pension law passed by the last Congress.

"Stomach Misery ALL GONE"

"My! How I Did Suffer But Now I'm Happy All Day Long and Sleep Fine."

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"I wish it lay within my power to persuade every woman suffering from dyspepsia or indigestion (or whatever they may think their stomach trouble is) to give MI-O-NA Stomach Tablets one week's fair trial. I am sure that every one of them would thank me from the bottom of her heart."

"I am well and happy for the first time in years and I do not hesitate to give MI-O-NA Stomach Tablets all the credit." Follow this advice. Give MI-O-NA Stomach Tablets a week's trial; if they do not benefit, English Drug Co. will return the cost—50 cents.

Striking coal miners in West Virginia, whose most recent reign of lawlessness had just been checked by an active State militia, descended upon the State capitol at Charleston Thursday and were cleared from the building only after a riot call had brought a large force of policemen. In ejecting the miners from the building several persons were slightly hurt. It had been reported that the miners were coming to forcibly take charge of the capitol and when they began to pour into the building the riot call was sounded. The Legislature continued in session while the disturbance was on in the corridors.

"Why are all these dogs hanging around that letter box?"

"Somebody just mailed a package of liver."—Washington Herald.

REBELS LOOT RANCHES.

Band Moves Through Country Gaining Strength on Way.

Brownsville, Tex., Feb. 20.—Rebels en route from San Benito, Mexico, to join those in control of the town of Matamoros across the border from Brownsville, looted two ranches today, according to advices received here tonight. At the Solano ranch, 24 miles west of Matamoros, \$2,000 in cash, horses and cattle were stolen. A store was pillaged and employees of the ranch robbed. One aged woman was forced to surrender \$100 which she had hidden in her dress. La Palma ranch was also raided, but the extent of the operations there has not been learned.

When the band left San Benito it numbered 80 men, but recruits were found on the way, and it is reported that about 200 men are now in the party.

How to Bankrupt the Doctors.
A prominent New York physician says: "If it were not for the thin stockings and thin soled shoes worn by women the doctors would probably be bankrupt." When you contract a cold do not wait for it to develop into pneumonia but treat it at once. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is intended especially for coughs and colds, and has won a wide reputation by its cures of these diseases. It is most effectual and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Twenty-eight horses and mules perished in the flames which one morning last week destroyed the stables of C. L. Bevil and J. F. West in Fayetteville. The insurance on the stock and barn was only \$7,500.

Insurance Adjuster Convicted of Arson.
New York, Feb. 20.—"Izzy the Painter's" confession that he had fired 300 houses at the behest of a local "arson trust" bore first fruits today in the conviction of Robert J. Rubin, an insurance adjuster. The jury returned a verdict of guilty of second degree arson after 20 minutes deliberation. Rubin faces a term of imprisonment from one to 25 years.

Jinks—"You're losing your hair mighty fast, old man. What is the cause of it—too much tonsorial friction?"

Rounder—"No—matrimonial!"
—Judge

Notice of Administration.
Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Columbus Simpson, deceased, late of Union County, N. C. this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned or his attorneys on or before the 14th day of January, 1914, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

A. B. MEDLIN, Administrator of Columbus Simpson, decd.
Love & McNeely, Attorneys.

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