

Are You Capable

really capable of starting and building a bank account of your own? If you really WANTED to start and build an account could you do it?

It's a question of some importance to you—a matter of a very vital importance to your future welfare.

Certainly you could—then why not do it? Why not begin at once? You appreciate the fact that a growing bank account has many advantages other than accumulating just the amount you are able to save. You cannot get rich on small savings alone, but YOU CAN GET RICH by using your accumulated savings to make good investments.

No matter how small your start, we shall be glad to have you open an account with us; be glad to help you in any way we can consistent with safe, sound banking.

Farmers & Merchants Bank.

CAPITAL \$60,000.00.
SURPLUS \$ 8,000.00.

M. K. LEE, President J. L. EVERETT, Vice President.
C. B. ADAMS, Cashier.



Horses, Mares and Mules.

We have about forty head in our barn now, all kinds and all sizes and grades. Come and see them before you buy or trade.

We also have about fifteen good second hand buggies and surrys we will sell cheap. Our terms are reasonable.

Don't forget our number when you want a livery turnout.

Respectfully,

MOORE & FOWLER

Phone 227.

West Franklin Street.

The Savings Department

Savings, Loan & Trust Company

Pays 4 per cent. on savings accounts, compounded quarterly.

Start an account with us now and watch it grow.

R. B. Redwine, President,

S. O. Blair, Vice-Pres., H. B. Clark, Cashier.

Look Here, Gentlemen!

HERE IS SOMETHING TO AROUSE YOUR ENTHUSIASM. Spring is almost upon us and while we are getting in our stock of CLOTHING and want you to come in and see it, we are offering you some ROCK BOTTOM BARGAINS.

LOOK AT THESE:

Our whole line of the famous E. & W. Shirts that sell everywhere for One Dollar, all colors and sizes, while they last 75c. Our whole line of the famous Silver Brand Dollar Shirt, at 75c. We can give you all colors of these shirts and all sizes. We are going to sell every one of them. The opportunity is yours.



We have 250 handsome four in hand Ties that are so popular in beautiful colors that we are offering for only 15c. each. They look as good as any 50c tie. Here is your chance to look just as well and save 35c. We picked up this lot unexpectedly and give you the benefit.

And we have a Fifty Cents Silk Socks that we are letting go for only Twenty-five cents. It will surprise you. In all the popular shades and colors.

All High Cut Shoes Reduced.

To make room for our Spring Stock of Shoes we will sell all our well known brands of high cut shoes at greatly reduced prices. It will pay you to see them.



And Don't Forget to Come and See the New SPRING SUITS.

Grow Bros. Cash Store.

An Unexpected Promotion.

Jim Carson drove the water wagon for the Palmer thresher. There were three men besides himself with the machine—Dacie, the engineer, and Bill and Sam Scott, the two feeders. It was Jim's duty to keep the engine supplied with water, and when they happened to be near a river or spring, his work was light; but if they were threshing at a considerable distance from water—as was often the case—he was taxed to his utmost to keep up the supply.

During the working season—that is, from the time they began to thresh out the grain in July, to October or November—they were busy. Days commenced with the light, and only ended when it was too dark to see. Often they worked as many as seventeen or eighteen hours in a day, and it seemed to Jim that he had only touched his bed at night when it was time to rise.

There were several threshing machines in the neighborhood and competition was keen; and this competition made his employer accept jobs that he would otherwise have refused. A farmer would want his rye threshed one week, and his oats the next, and perhaps his wheat a week later; and often he would not have more than one or two hundred bushels of either. As the machine was capable of threshing from ten to twelve hundred bushels a day, it necessitated a constant moving from one farm to another. Some days they would thresh at as many as three or four places, and more than half the time would be consumed in moving.

Naturally this made a sharp competition for large jobs. The farmer who had three or four hundred bushels of wheat to thresh was an object of interest to the owners of machines, and they approached him from every vulnerable point.

Jim was not yet fifteen, but he was strong and well-grown, and had already been over a year with the machine. He was thoroughly interested in his work; and as he was a boy to be trusted, the owner, Mr. Palmer, was already beginning to hint that he might be given charge of the thresher. The other men were fair workers, but they were stolid and ignorant, and had little interest in their labor beyond the wages it brought them. They had been with Mr. Palmer for years, but they were not the kind of men to have charge of a machine, so he said. He wanted a hustler, a person who would be ambitious to pick up jobs. The only trouble with Jim was his age; but if he kept on as he had been doing he would certainly be competent to look after the entire outfit before long.

And with this understanding Jim rose in the morning and went to bed at night; and the thought of it made his work lighter, and the days shorter, and his small wages more satisfactory. There were only himself and his mother, and they lived in a small cottage surrounded by two or three acres of land. The owner was anxious to sell, and Jim had already saved one hundred of the four hundred dollars necessary for its purchase; and now he was looking eagerly forward to the time when he would be old enough to have charge of the thresher. With the good wages he would then receive, it would be only a question of time to pay for the place.

During the latter part of August the season became very dry, and many of the small streams and springs dried up. At some places it was almost impossible to find water enough for the engine.

At one of these places Jim was obliged to go to a small roadside spring nearly a mile away, and dip water with a bucket. Just across the road from the spring was a Negro cabin. As Jim was filling his wagon a Negro woman came wrathfully across the road.

"Doan you take dat water!" she cried. "We'll 'pend on hit 'spressly for our libin.' Jes' you frow dat bucket in de cyart an' hit out. Now I tells ye."

Jim laughed. "But I must take it, aunty," he explained. "This is the only water in the neighborhood and we must keep our machine going."

"What I car' for your machine? I tells you leave dat water 'loue. Dar's de creek."

"Two miles away aunty. Too far for us. Plenty more water will run into the spring for you to use," and Jim reached down to take up another bucketful.

"Hello, what's the matter?" asked a gruff voice; and Jim looked up to see a portly, well-dressed man rein in his horse.

"Dis rascapillion thresher's done takin' the water," complained the colored woman. "I tells him I make my libin' by dis spring."

"Too bad—too bad," said the man. "There's too little water in the spring for it to be taken away by wagon loads."

Then turning to Jim, he said, "Can't you go to the creek?"

"It's too far away," answered Jim civilly. "I couldn't get it fast enough to keep the machine going."

"Whose machine are you with?"

"Mr. Palmer's."

"Ah! Did he tell you to come here for water?"

"Yes, sir; he got permission from the man who owns the land."

"What I car' for dat?" broke in the Negro woman fiercely. "I been use dis spring for twenty year. Judge. Ain' I got to wash you alis clothes, an' ain' Mrs. Laura tell me do hit sho' tomorrow? Mebe dis spring run 'nough to drink, but how 'bout de washing? I 'bleeged to have mons'rous big lot, Jedge; an' if dis thresher use hit all, whar I be? Take dis no 'count spring free days to run full ag'in. Jes' make him go 'way honey."

The Judge shook his head. "I reckon you'll have to make the best of it, Aunt Lisa," he said. "This boy seems to be rather obstinate. If he has permission from the owner of the land, there's nothing more to be said. But it does seem too bad

to have all our spring water used up by threshing machines."

Jim watched him anxiously as he rode away. Judge Morgan owned several large farms, and was supposed to have ten to fifteen thousand bushels of wheat to thresh.

Mr. Palmer had been negotiating for the job, but so far had only been able to obtain an indefinite answer. Would this incident affect his decision? Jim was afraid that it might.

"Can't you leave me jes' a few tubfuls, please, sur," asked the Negro woman anxiously, as she saw the water gradually disappear from the spring. "I jes' 'bleeged to wash for de Jedge tomorrow. If you take hit all dar won't be 'nough tomorrow to rene de clothes."

"Can't you find enough in the neighborhood to do your washing?" asked Jim.

"All but dis spring done dried up." "Well, I'm sorry, aunty; but I'm afraid I'll have to take every bit of it. Mr. Palmer told me to keep the machine going at all hazards, and I can't do that and go to the creek. We are on a particular job which we must finish before night."

But it was not long after dark when the job was finished, and Jim was free to seek rest. Instead of doing that, however, he went to the creek and once more filled his water wagon. And it was near midnight when he stopped at the Negro woman's cabin and called her to bring out her tubs.

A few days later Judge Morgan rode up to the machine as it was at work.

"I've decided to let you have that job, Mr. Palmer," he said abruptly. "You may commence on it whenever you like. And, by the way, I saw that water boy of yours the other day. Q'ite an independent, well-spoken fellow I thought him. I particularly like the way he treated an old colored woman who does our washing. She told my wife about it. From a business point of view, Mr. Palmer, I would advise you to keep hold of him."

As the Judge rode away, Mr. Palmer turned to Jim.

"I don't believe it will be worth while to wait until you grow up, Jim," he said smilingly. "It isn't always age and size. You're perfectly competent to run the machine now, and you're trustworthy and hustling. Suppose you take charge at once. I have other work that needs my attention, and will be glad to be relieved."—Frank H. Sweet, in American Messenger.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine. It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box, 25c.

Found a Cure for Rheumatism.

"I suffered with rheumatism for two years and could not get my right hand to my mouth for that length of time," writes Lee L. Chapman, Mapleton, Iowa. "I suffered terrible pain so I could not sleep or lie still at night. Five years ago I began using Chamberlain's Liniment and in two months I was well and have not suffered with rheumatism since." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

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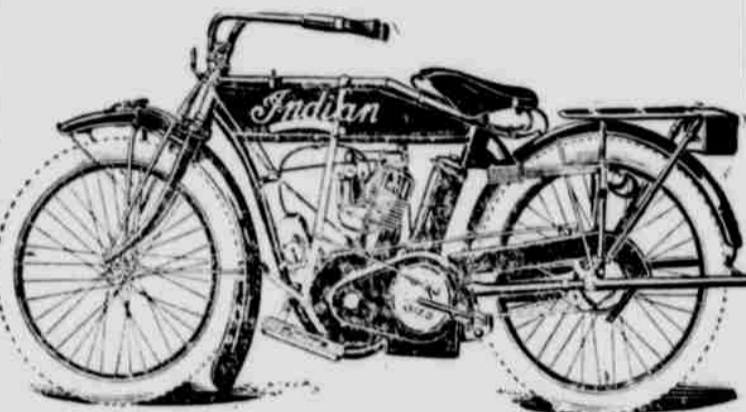
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