



White House COFFEE

Introducing you to the New Sanitary Air Tight Package of White House Coffee. Accept no substitutes. None better at any price. For sale by all good grocers.

Sealed Tight

Every pound of good old Luzianne Coffee comes to you in an air-tight tin can. The original goodness is all there—sealed in! Good old Luzianne retains its flavor.

Go's Twice as Far

LUZIANNE

coffee

Wm. B. Esby & Co. Inc., New Orleans



GeeGo Wonder Soap

Cleans Pots Pans Silks Rugs Removes Grease Paint Stains Ink



Gloves---Hats--Shoes

CONTAINS NO INJURIOUS SUBSTANCES
25c Everywhere

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Try Gee-Go Wonder Soap at our expense. Give it a good and thorough trial; and if it doesn't do what we say it will, or if it is not superior to anything you have ever used, your money will be cheerfully refunded.

In the Home
At the Shop
For the Automobile!

Ask for Gee-Go at all good Drug and Grocery Stores. Accept no substitutes. 25c by mail.

GeeGo Wonder Soap Co.
ATLANTA — U.S.A.

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Mules and Mares.

I have 10 good young Tennessee Mules, 2 good Mares, and several good second hand Mules.

Will sell at a bargain as business calls me to other work.

N. C. PRICE,
Unionville, N. C.

PHILOSOPHER'S VIEW OF LIFE

Mr. Goslington Tells How Sight of Funeral Procession Brings Reflections That Uplift.

"As a rule," said Mr. Goslington, "I take a cheerful view. Perhaps when I get to be older I shall be more doleful, but it would be hard for me to be that way now. For as far as I've got life has been pretty good to me. I have had my little setbacks and now and then a real jolt, but on the whole my lot has been happy.

"True I have not accumulated a fortune, but I have had work to do and I have earned a living. I might say a comfortable living; and I have been blessed with good health. And so for me all nature smiles and men are friendly and the world is a pleasant place to live in; I take a cheerful view—as a rule.

"But I will admit that I do have spells, not of sheer despondency—I would not say that, but times when I am depressed, when things go wrong, when adverse happenings have all but discouraged me; times when I totally forget what we should in such days always remember, namely, that there never yet was a storm but cleared off some time, to leave everything bright and sunshiny as before; there are times, I say, when even I, usually so cheerful, am downcast.

"When thus oppressed I find great help in funeral processions.

"As the solemn cortege passes I cannot but reflect that I still have the one great priceless gift and blessing—life, with all its hopes and opportunities; and so, with all respect and sorrow for the dead, in this presence my own petty troubles vanish, the clouds roll back and the sun comes out clear and strong again.—New York Sun.

STORK'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND

Record of Bird's Appearance in 1416 May Be Found in Chronicles of the Country.

The white stork of the continent of Europe, which is encouraged in most, and even protected in some, of the countries to which it resorts to breed, and round which much story and legend have gathered, has been known for centuries to be an occasional visitor to the British Isles, chiefly to Norfolk, but very rarely to Scotland, though it has never been known to nest or even attempt to do so in Britain.

However, a record of its having nested in Scotland appears in Goodall's edition of the "Schotchechronicon." This work was begun by John Fordun, who died about 1384, and was continued by Walter Bower, the abbot of Inchoch. It is in Bower's chronicles for 1416 that the story appears. The translation runs thus:

"In the year of our Lord, fourteen hundred and sixteen, there died on the morrow of the birth of St. John the Baptist, Master James Bisset, prior of St. Andrew's. In this same year, a pair of storks came to Scotland and nested on top of the church of St. Giles of Edinburgh and dwelt there throughout a season of the year; but to what place they flew away thereafter no one knows."

Commenting on this, Lord Lagle Clarke says: "The church of St. Giles, on which the storks nested, was a new stone edifice commenced in 1387, to replace a former church destroyed in 1385, and some of it doubtless forms part of the cathedral of today."

Mark Twain on Conscience.

There is on record a conversation that Mark Twain had with Kipling, in which the former discoursed on the conscience. The story is told by Kipling. He reports Twain as saying: "A conscience is like a child. If you pet it and play with it and let it have everything that it wants it becomes spoiled and intrudes on all your amusements and most of your griefs. Treat your conscience as you would treat anything else. When it rebels spank it—be severe with it, prevent its coming to play with you at all hours, and you will secure a good conscience; that is to say, a properly trained one. A spoiled one simply destroys the pleasures of life. I think that I have reduced mine to order. At least I have not heard from it for some time. Perhaps I have killed it from severity. It's wrong to kill a child, but in spite of all I have said a conscience differs from a child in many ways. Perhaps it's best when it is dead."

Ingenious "Fake" Pistol.

A French inventor has recently placed on the market a "fake" pistol. This weapon, although in reality absolutely harmless, goes off with a very realistic crack when the trigger is pulled. It also makes a blinding flash calculated to scare any burglar.

Inventions of an even more complicated nature are constantly being heard of. A well-to-do gentleman living in Surrey has recently had his house and grounds fitted with an elaborate burglar trap. With this device a midnight marauder cannot approach near the house without setting a number of electric bells within a ringing. And should the burglar not hear them and actually enter the building he would be caught in a vise by one of the many steel contraptions cunningly placed about.—London Tit-Bits.

Second Thoughts.

Mrs. Justwed—When I married I resolved to yield to my husband in everything.
Mrs. Langwed—So did I. And then resolved never to act on that resolution.

Feed Your Cattle Hulls and Save \$12 the Ton

Isn't it pure extravagance to feed your cattle hay, worth from \$30 up the ton, when cotton seed hulls can be bought from \$16 to \$18 the ton?

It doesn't matter if you did raise your own hay. You should determine the cost of it as feed for your cattle by the current market price.

By selling your hay and buying hulls you save \$12 on the ton, which goes to your pocket, and hulls are about as good as any hay raised in this section, too.

Had you thought of it?

Southern Cotton Oil Co.

W. Z. FAULKNER, Mgr.

MONROE, N. C.

Intelligent Horses.

The anecdote about Old Jack, a self-reliant horse, which appeared in a recent issue of The Companion, reminds a contributor of a horse called Old Kit, which Dr. L. O. Rogers of Newton, Iowa, owned years ago. Kit had a fiery disposition, he writes, and generally went as fast as she could go. Because she would not walk downhill, the doctor never let a woman drive her, but one day just as she was starting downhill the holdback strap broke. He expected that Kit would run away and smash up the carriage, and possibly kill him; but the sagacious animal stopped and allowed the carriage to run forward against her legs, while she stood and held it for the doctor to repair the break. He decided then that women could drive Kit safely.

The doctor generally drove downtown to his office and left Kit in an alley without hitching her. One cold day, when he came out, she was gone. Hurrying home, he found her standing by the stable back of the house. He looked at her a moment, and then said, "Why, Kit, what are you doing here?" She turned about and went back downtown to the alley back of the office, and never again deserted her post.

Another Old Kit was owned by a Mr. Bigelow, if my memory fails not, who lived near Phelps, New York. Whenever he went out of town he

would drive Kit to the station and fasten the lines and then tell her to go home. This she always did without mishap. At the church steps he would throw the blanket on her and tell her to go to her stall. Off she would go and remain in her stall until he called her at the close of the service, when she would back out and return to the steps.

"Phantom limbs," formed the subject of some interesting studies by the late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Nearly everybody who has lost a limb or part of one has, at one time or another, the impression that the lost member is still there. Moreover, the impression can be strongly revived by the application of an electric current to the stump. Often only the hand or foot seems to be present, without the intervening part. The subject has a distinct impression of the position of these members and of being able to move them. In many cases, after amputation of a limb, the hand or foot seems gradually to get nearer the body, until finally it seems to be in contact with the trunk, or even inside it. Severe pain, itching and other sensations are frequently felt in the nonexistent members. One person, mentioned by Doctor Mitchell, for nearly a year tried at every meal to pick up his fork with a missing hand, and was made quite ill by the nervous effects of his failure.

SALE OF THREE CITY LOTS.

Under and by virtue of Chapter 517 of the Public Laws of North Carolina, Session 1907, the County Commissioners of Union county will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the court house door in Monroe, N. C., at 12 o'clock, on Saturday, the 6th Day of March, described and designated as Lots Nos. 10, 11 and 15 of Block One of Wilgor Heights, or the County Home property, which said lots lie on the west side of the Griffith road, lots 10 and 11 fronting 50 feet on said road and lot No. 15 facing Charleston St. and lying in the rear of lot No. 11. See map in the office of Register of Deeds for Union county for a more particular description.

Done by order of the Board of County Commissioners of Union county in regular session Feb. 2, 1920.
A. A. SECREST, Chairman
Board of County Commissioners of Union County.

The train was about to start when an enormously corpulent individual hauled himself aboard. A small boy appeared to be fascinated. His ardent gaze eventually began to annoy the fat man, who demanded in angry tones: "What are you staring at me for?"

"Please, sir," replied the lad, "there's nowhere else to look."



We have the Fish

TO FARMERS who know the value of fish and want it in their Fertilizer, we announce that we have laid in an ample supply of fish scrap to meet all demands. If you want the genuine, original Fish Scrap Fertilizer, insist on

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