

BACKACHE



SHOULD WARN WOMEN.

of the Public Schools, of Columbia City, Wash., also Past Grand of Independent Order of Good Templars, Dr. Hartman received the following letter:

COLUMBIA CITY, WASH.,
"I can speak only good words of the repeated benefits I have had from the use of Peruna."

"Too constant application to work last winter caused me to have severe head and backache and dragging pains. I could not stop my work, neither was I fit to go on. Reading of the beneficial results from the use of Peruna I purchased a bottle and within a few days after using it, began to feel better."

"I constantly improved and before the seventh bottle was completely used, all pains were gone, my strength was restored, and I now seem ten years' younger."

"If I get tired or feel bad, Peruna at once helps me, and I feel you deserve praise for placing such a conscientious medicine before a suffering public."

Mrs. Amanda Shumaker,
Mattie B. Curtis, Secretary Legion of Loyal Women, Hotel Salem, Boston, Mass., writes:

"I suffered for over a year with general weakness and debility, manifested especially in severe backache and headache."

"My physician prescribed different medicines, none of which seemed to help me until a club associate advised me to try Peruna, as it cured her of constitutional headache and stomach troubles. I at once ordered a bottle and before it was used, felt greatly improved."

"I have taken four bottles and for two months have been entirely free from these maladies. Several of my friends are using Peruna with beneficial results, especially in cases of troubles with the kidneys and other pelvic organs, together with weaknesses peculiar to women."

Peruna is a specific for the catarrhal derangements of women. Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio, for free book on catarrh written by Dr. S. B. Hartman.

WHITE HOUSE MYSTERIES.

What Mean These Fiftal Shadowgraphs—Last July the N. Y. Herald Printed a Weird Story of a White House Ghost.

White House shadowgraphs are mystifying the Washington Daniels, says the New York Herald.

Strange signs and portents are making their presence felt in the first mansion in the land. Residents of the executive establishment are given over to puzzlement. Visitors are awestruck regarding the most curious of modern phenomena. Attachés have become a prey to superstition. Doubt is the portion of the guest within the gates. The queer bird Enigma has builded her nest over the entrance to the home of the presidents, and each separate flapping of the wings of mystery is attended by a different manifestation.

Faces of the dead and gone are appearing on the pillars of the presidential portico. Outlines of the living are to be traced when the conditions are right. The quick and the dead are impartially represented in the solid stone columns. From out of the uncertain past rises the wraith-like profile of a statesman whose tread once resounded upon the very stones which lie at the base of the carved witchery. Snatched from the present is the graver suggestion of a mighty councillor of the day, clear, convincing and firm, as though the original, in his exit from the conference chamber, had paused and leaned his cheek against the receptive pillar, there to be indelibly etched by some magic artist. Men of affairs and women who have helped make the history of the nation come and go in the impressive stone. And none there is to interpret the handwriting on the circular wall.

To-day the outlined shadow is that of Marcus A. Hanna, senator of the American congress, rotund in appearance, jolly of laugh, quick of wit; Hanna, the actuality—and the possibility. The outline face in high light is to be noted on the fantastically endowed pillar of the White House—to be exact, the central pillar on the east side of the portico.

What does it mean? Is it an omen of ill? Is it a coming event of good fortune which casts its shadow before? Does the misty apparition silhouetted on the solid stone presage a future of happiness, prosperity and preferment, or has the visitant a more ominous meaning? When the subject of the White House shadowgraph, for all the world like the outline of his own sturdy physiognomy, is broached a laugh is the senator's comment. He says he's too much of a materialist to "take stock in" the flashings and fadings on the whitened column. Materialist or not materialist, the face of Senator Hanna is, in fact, unassertive, yet complacent, faint at times and again more strong, bursting into prominence from nothingness, the lines and angles, the curves and characteristics of the senator from Ohio are apparently imprinted on a prominent part of the portico.

Long have the shadows sported with the men of state. But never has their weird approach been more strongly felt. A mute array, intangible and shivery, they come into the life of the nation's fathers and as suddenly depart. No man may say just when their hour of coming. And none may tell their period of duration. An office seeker scurrying up the stairs; a man of state advancing more sedately; a colleague called to lend a voice in council, or one of all of these may note the visitant. It comes and goes, erratic and all-puzzling; unstable, airy, fathomless and fleet; one minute conjuring up a swift resemblance, the next minute the coldest marble of the quarry.

White are these pillars as the virgin snow, save where the shadow lays its mystic fingers, unlike the granite columns lying eastward—the pillars of the Hall of Statuary—within the many terraced capitol. One traces on these variegated towers of brown and gray and white and terra cotta quaint images and figurings in plenty—a nun, full hooded, meek of mien and eyes cast down; a farmer with his hat of straw; a tender mother bending over her child, and many another curious bit of peering. But these are not so wondrous as the shadow which comes and goes upon the spotless white shafts of the executive mansion.

No, the pillars of the church of state, as represented by the White House, are not as the pillars of Statuary Hall. The latter offers a puzzle comparatively easy of solution. The figures are there all the time, or for so long as the columns stand, and they may be deciphered with a little care, at any hour of the day. Not so with the shadowgraphs. They are defiant of solution. "Mother McKinley," "Queen Victoria," "The Pointing Hand," "Senator J. Sherman," "President McKinley,"

Pennsylvania comes to the front with the meekest man on dock. He has sued the girl who jilcked him for the presents he gave her when he was "a courtin' of her" and for the cost of the marriage license in which he had invested when he thought he had a dead sure thing on her.

A Shocking Calamity
"Lately befell a railroad laborer," writes Dr. A. Kellott, of Williford, Ark. "His foot was badly crushed, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve quickly cured him." It's simply wonderful for Burns, Boils, Pimples and all skin eruptions. It's the world's champion healer. Cure guaranteed. 25 cents. Sold by Dr. W. S. Taylor, druggist.

"The Old Woman at the Spinning Wheel" and "Senator Hanna" are the most startling forms assumed by the all-inferable shadow.

About the time the state of health of the president's mother became such as to cause national alarm, the shadow which has come to be known as "The Pointing Finger" made its appearance. It was seen upon the central pillar, vague, awesome and dreadful of dread happenings. Various interpretations were placed upon the marvel. Gradually the tide of White House opinion swept on until it rolled at the feet of "Mother McKinley." "She it is," decided the interpreters, "who is meant." But, after all, it was only a hand, visible to the inmates and visitors at certain hours of the day, usually around noon, and then for only a few minutes at a time.

Later, however, came conclusive testimony to the correctness of the view—at least do the faithful believers in the shadow contend. Says one who tells the tale of the pillars and the passing of the mother of a president:

"When a guard who received the first ad telegram from Canton had ushered the messenger up the stairway, he leaned for a moment in the embrasure of the hall window. Casting his eyes upward, he observed a strange shadow outlined sharply on a white column of the stately entrance. Plainly silhouetted, as by an artist's brush, was the form of an elderly woman, the profile turned toward the White House doorway."

The strangely marked features at first suggested President McKinley, but every moment the figure took on more feminine guise. As the guard watched it, the shadow, growing more feminine each instant, turned slowly away, as if looking back over its shoulder, and disappeared. It had lasted during five minutes.

"Nothing more suggestive of the gentle woman who had passed away could be imagined—a visitant born of sunlight and sentiment shadowing the snowy columns in weirdly tender guise—a spirit of watchful mother love and yearning farewell."

The mortuary peculiarity, so started, caused much apprehension from that time on. It's the logical association, said the persons who discussed the affair. But when, a short period thereafter, there came another shadow, this time taking the shape of an old woman and a spinning wheel, there was little satisfaction to be had from the local Daniels.

So sure, they were agreed that some dire happening was betokened. But what? They could not tell. They have not been able to tell to this day. The old lady and the spinning wheel defy analysis. The resemblance is so clear and distinct as to make little demand on the imagination of the one who looks. It is a likeness, a rough one if you will, but yet a likeness.

Some calamity, said the observers, was bound to follow the appearance of the old lady and her archaic work piece. Of this the interpreters were reasonably sure. But they had no manner of doubt as to the significance of the shadow which next took shape. This appeared as the head of John Sherman, veteran wheel horse in the wars of state, senator, secretary and candidate for president. John Sherman died. Even after the death of the original the presentment continued. Indeed, so long did it remain that attaches and visitors of the White House came to regard it as a permanent. But one day it vanished, passing from the sight of men as suddenly as it arrived, and as thoroughly lost to view as the actuality of the man it represented. Now it is a memory.

During the busy season of the last campaign came the McKinley outline. The contour of the president and candidate was plainly cast upon the marble. With the remembrance of the previous shadows and their meaning fresh in mind, there were many who predicted the defeat, at least, of Mr. McKinley. On the other hand, friends of the president construed it as a favorable omen. The victory of Mr. McKinley set a new mark for consideration of the shadows. Not all meant fatality. However, the next tragedy was unmistakable and admitted of no two constructions. Coming at the time of the serious illness of the Queen of England, the pillar shadowed the familiar lines and curves of Victoria Regina. "Tis a sign," cried the superstitious, and declared themselves not surprised when the cable brought tidings of the death of the much beloved sovereign.

And now comes the stone picture of Senator Hanna. What does it mean? The shadows mean something. So thinks all watching. The town is eagerly watching for further advances on the marble, the quaint, round certain on which the figures from the mystic world are thrown. But it is not at all easy to catch a glimpse of the shadows.

The visitants do not run according to a schedule. The time of their appearance is as variable as the winds of heaven. They may appear at 11 o'clock in the morning, making use of the central pillar of the east side, or the fantastic creation may choose the central pillar of the west side for its resting place. If the latter location is selected by the esprienne shadow the time for such preferment is usually in the afternoon, between 1 and 2 o'clock.

While the great majority of those who have viewed the shadowgraphs regard them in the light of the uncanny, there are such materialists in Washington who would account for the appearance by the most natural of agencies. To the many, however, this explanation is simply a makeshift attempt to interfere with what is fast becoming a cherished institution. As a nation, there is little place for the mysterious. We are not so old as to be able to afford abandoned castles and the amiable ghosts which are the accepted and logical appearances thereof. We are not so young as to pin our faith to witchery. Few luxuries in the line of mystery are at our command. Wherefore, plead the believers in signs and tokens, let there be no scoffing over the appearance of the White House shadows, which have been and are and ever shall be numbered among the marvels, mysteries and passing phenomena.

Faith in Roosevelt.
We reproduce to-day from a large number of newspapers in all parts of the country, Democratic, Republican and Independent, estimates of President Roosevelt.

It will be observed that these representative newspapers with remarkable unanimity express strong faith in the president's character and the confidence that he will give the country a capable and clean administration.

Even those newspapers which refer to Mr. Roosevelt's alleged brashness express the belief that the responsibilities of his great office will have a steady effect upon him.

In no quarter have we seen evidence of apprehension as to his capacity or fitness.

Everywhere it is admitted that he is able, high-minded and courageous. President Roosevelt possesses the executive faculty in a high degree. He has had an experience in politics and in the direction of affairs that will stand him in good stead.

Both his public and private life have been above reproach. We believe that the confidence of the people in him already so general and strong will be strengthened by the manner in which he will meet the requirements and discharge the duties of his exalted office.—Atlanta Journal.

The Brooklyn Bridge is not Safe.
A New York special says the engineers appointed by the district attorney, following the accident to the Brooklyn Bridge on July 24, to examine the condition of that structure as to its present safety have reported. While withholding much of the report, the district attorney gives out the following as the conclusion of the document:

"We believe the present margin of safety to be so small that the necessity for repairs is very urgent, and have suggested means by which the safety can be increased without materially interfering with traffic at a comparatively small cost."

"It was further stated in the report," said the district attorney, "that the margin of safety will be increased by the absence of hot weather."

The district attorney will immediately submit the report to other engineers and obtain their advice as to the report's contents before deciding whether or not to present the case to the grand jury.

The death penalty for murder has been restored in Iowa and Colorado. This leaves only four States—Wisconsin, Michigan, Rhode Island and Maine—in which the death penalty is not inflicted.

EGZEMA'S ITCH IS TORTURE.

Eczema is caused by an acid humor in the blood coming in contact with the skin and producing great redness and inflammation; little pustular eruptions form and discharge a thin, sticky fluid, which dries and scales off; sometimes the skin is hard, dry and fissured. Eczema in any form is a tormenting, stubborn disease, and the itching and burning at times are almost unbearable; the acid burning humor seems to ooze out and set the skin on fire. Salves, washes nor other external applications do any real good, for as long as the poison remains in the blood it will keep the skin irritated.

SAD FORM OF TETTER.

"I had Tetters on my hands, which caused them to swell to twice their natural size. Part of the time the disease was in the form of rungs, very painful, and causing me much discomfort. I had tried many remedies, but they did not do me any good. I had been told that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would cure me, and I have been cured. This was fifteen years ago, and I have never had any more of it."—Mrs. L. B. Jackson, 1241 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.

S. S. S. neutralizes this acid poison, cools the blood, and restores it to a healthy, natural state, and the rough, unhealthy skin becomes soft, smooth and clear.

THE LATEST DISCOVERY—For all disease caused by a weak, run-down condition of the nervous system, cure the bad effects of indigestion and whisky, opium, etc. The only remedy not discovered for five years, and will not harm anyone or leave any bad effects on the system, an entire new discovery. It will cure the most stubborn cases of indigestion, flatulence, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. It will cure the most stubborn cases of indigestion, flatulence, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. It will cure the most stubborn cases of indigestion, flatulence, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, etc.

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Old Time Oysters.

Artificial oyster beds are said to have existed in China many hundred years ago, long before they were known to the Romans, although Pliny claims the first artificial oyster beds were established at Baiae, near Naples, in the year B. C. 95. The old Romans paid considerable attention to the cultivation of the mollusc. Near the city of Naples was an enclosed bit of water called the Lucrine Lake, in which were located the oyster beds for the luxurious tables of Rome. Oysters brought very high prices in Rome in those days, and indeed only the rich were able to afford them. The old writers have all touched upon the subject of the oyster. Horace, Cicero, Pliny and others have enlarged upon the various qualities of the bivalve. Pliny mentions that according to the historians of Alexander's expedition, oysters were found in the Indian sea which measured over a foot in diameter. Sir James E. Tennant affirms the correctness of this statement, reporting that at Kothiar, near Trincomalee, enormous specimens of edible oysters were secured, one shell measuring more than 11 inches in length by half as many broad.

These measurements, however, are exceeded by the oysters found at Port Lincoln, South Australia, which are the largest edible oysters in the world. They are said to be as large as a dinner plate, and of the same shape. Their flavor is delicious and not surpassed by any other variety in the world. Oysters are also found in the East Indian archipelago. A bay on the southwest coast of New Holland, north of King George's sound, is called Oyster Harbor from the number of oysters found there. Another similar spot is situated in the Bay of Bengal, called Oyster Island, which abounds in small rock oysters, as they are called, which the natives detach with hammers and carry away for transportation to Calcutta.

In the tropics, particularly on the west coast of Africa, what is known as the "tree oyster" grows in large quantities. They attach themselves to the stems of the mangrove tree, which grow at the water's edge, and these stems are sometimes a foot or more covered with oysters. The negroes who inhabit this coast are accustomed to detach a branch from the mangrove tree laden with well-filled shells. These oysters are said to be as delicious in flavor as our own.

The age of an oyster can sometimes be told by carefully examining the shell. Every one who has scrutinized an oyster shell must have observed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers or plates overlapping each other. Three layers are technically termed "shells," and each of them marks a year's

growth, so that by counting the "shells" we can tell the age of the creature. How the female oyster must resent these titillating "shells"?

It is a fact that the oyster has no head, and is ranged by naturalists among "headless beings," hence there is good reason for the oyster being called dumb. The oyster has a heart, however, as well as a liver, stomach and breathing organs similar to the gills of a fish.

As a food oysters are the most beneficial and nourishing of viands. For children over two years of age nothing better could be provided, as they are of value in giving strength and helpful to digestion. They are also very valuable for old people, and a case is cited where a patient of advanced years was kept alive for a considerable period only by a diet of raw oysters. Doctors all agree that the oyster is endowed with the proper medicinal virtues, as taken before a meal they aid in creating an appetite and may be eaten late at night without harm, as they solicit rest.

Admiral Dewey said: "Admiral Howison is excused from service, for which I know him to be very glad." If Admiral Howison had excused himself several weeks ago, he would have occupied a more enviable position.—Augusta Chronicle, Dem.

Rock-a-Bye Baby

These are sweet words, but how much pain and suffering they used to mean. It's different now. Since Mother's Friend has become known, expectant mothers have been spared much of the anguish of childbirth. Mother's Friend is a liniment to be applied externally. It is rubbed thoroughly into the muscles of the abdomen. It gives elasticity and strength, and when the final great strain comes they respond quickly and easily without pain. Mother's Friend is never taken internally. Internal remedies at this time do more harm than good. If a

Woman is supplied with this splendid liniment she need never fear rising or swelling breasts, morning sickness, or any of the discomforts which usually accompany pregnancy.

The proprietor of a large hotel in Tampa, Fla., writes: "My wife had an awful time with her first child. During her second pregnancy, Mother's Friend was used, and the baby was born easily before the doctor arrived. It's certainly great."

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The Apple Industry.

It is said that a Missouri farmer who has an apple orchard containing two thousand acres has sold this year's crop on the trees for \$75,000, buyers to take all risks from now on. The orchard promises a yield of 100,000 bushels. The apple crop is now an important item in the agricultural wealth of the country, and in a good year amounts to something like 150,000,000 bushels. No State in the Union can grow greater apples than the State of Virginia and apple culture in this State has become a most profitable industry. We have often remarked that a first class apple orchard in certain sections of Virginia is as valuable as corresponding orange grove in Florida. The apple has an advantage over the orange in that it is a hardier fruit and is less affected by weather conditions. Virginia farmers have been somewhat slow in making the most of this branch of industry, but it is a growing industry and will continue to add wealth to the State.—Richmond Times.

Central Asia's Great River.

Dr. Sven Hedin, whose explorations of Central Asia have attracted so much attention, has resumed his work there. One of the most interesting things recently reported by him is his survey of the Tarim River, Eastern Turkestan, which, he says, is the largest stream in Central Asia. A peculiarity about the river is that over a part of its course it is simply a multitude of interlaced lakes. Among his other discoveries are salt lakes, dried-up lakebeds, abandoned habitations and temples, and interesting people almost unknown hitherto.

There is a war on in Japan against rats. Between the 12th and 26th of August Tokyo got away with 209,092. The Government pays a reward for every one slaughtered. When they find the rats too numerous in any particular locality to get rid of by other means, they set fire to the houses and cremate them.

Does It Pay to Buy Cheap?
A cheap remedy for coughs and colds is all right, but you want something that will relieve and cure the more severe and dangerous results of throat and lung troubles. What shall you do? Go to a warmer and more regular climate? Yes, if possible; if not possible for you, then in either case take the only remedy that has been introduced in all civilized countries with success in severe throat and lung troubles, "Boecher's German Balm." It not only loosens and stimulates the tissues to destroy the germ disease, but allays inflammation, causes easy expectoration, gives a good night's rest and cures the patient. Try one bottle. Recommended by many years by all druggists in the world. For sale by I. W. West, Druggist, Mount Airy, N. C.

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Thanking all my customers for many past favors and soliciting a continuance of their valued patronage, and hoping to add to my list many new customers; promising all my best efforts to please them in every respect. I beg to remain most respectfully,
AARON T. PENN.