

Is Life Worth Living? That depends upon the Liver. If the Liver is inactive the whole system is out of order—the breath is bad, digestion poor, head dull or aching, energy and hopefulness gone, the spirit is depressed, a heavy weight exists after eating, with general despondency and the blues. The Liver is the housekeeper of the health; and a harmless, simple remedy that acts like Nature, does not constipate afterwards or require constant taking, does not interfere with business or pleasure during its use, makes Simmonds Liver Regulator a medicinal perfection.

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THE MAN WHO NEVER SWEARS. I've often wondered how he feels when troubles come his way, when every thing goes wrong, and clouds obscure his sunny day. For instance, when a great of wind takes off the tile he wears, I wonder what he thinks about—the clay that never swears.

An Editor's Mistake. The editor of a weekly journal lately lost two of his subscribers through accidentally departing from the beaten track in his answers to correspondents. Two of his subscribers wrote to ask him his remedy for their respective troubles. No. 1, a happy father of twins, wrote to inquire the best way to get them safely over their teething, and No. 2 wanted to know how to protect his orchard from the myriads of grasshoppers.

Episodes of Famous Women. From an article on "Unknown Heroines of Famous Women" we learn that Mr. Humphrey Ward is an art critic of The London Times and is author of quite a many books as his wife; that the husband of Mrs. Leese of Kansas lives in Topeka and says, "It's all right for my wife to make speeches, but it's the drug store, just the same, that keeps things a-running;" that the husband of Margaret Deland is a hustling advertising agent and won fame by devising the "flying wedge" in football; that the husband of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger (Julie Grayson) is Colonel S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, manager of the new Trinity church corporation in New York city, and that Mr. Burton N. Harrison is a New York attorney, and that "when his wife's literary work is mentioned he is dumb."

What to Do With Castoff Clothes. If you are rich and can buy new clothes whenever you want them, you will probably get them much oftener than you need, and my hint is take the trouble to see that your good fellow gets the clothing you cast aside. Remember the boys that are thickly clad in the cold, instead of letting the clothing go to some cousin of the cook's who does not need it at all. It won't take a minute to say to some good woman friend: "There is that suit. I am done with it. You may give it to some one who really has not some such woman friend—mother, sister or aunt. Through them let your castoff clothing do all the good it can."—Home Magazine.

For a Better Purpose. "I'll have another pound of that butter," said Mrs. Bright. "Be sure that it's the same I had before." Grocer—Ah! glad you like it. Mrs. Bright—Yes, indeed! Three of my neighbors who have been constant borrowers have utterly neglected me since I loaned them some of that butter. I have two more borrowing neighbors, you see, and they may drop in for butter any moment.—Boston Transcript.

About Pedestrianism. While out walking with Miss Daisy Dimple, one of the society belles of Manhattanville, Gus Snoberly, who is very close, said: "Don't you think it is a great waste to spend money on our fare when walking is often so much more agreeable." Miss Daisy—Oh, yes—when it is.—Texas Sittings.

Trees often die from entirely inexplicable causes. It is a question with people who know trees well whether there is not something especially injurious to trees in the red gravel which is often used in making walks. According to a table compiled by Printers' Ink, there are 263 papers in the United States and Canada with over 25,000 circulation. All but five of the papers are published in the United States.

The remains of a gigantic race of extinct human beings have been discovered near Vasa, Minn. Each had double teeth in front as well as in the back part of the jaw. In a cemetery adjoining a small town in the state of Vermont there is a tombstone bearing this legend: "Sacred to the memory of three twins."

A VERY GOOD FISH STORY. When You Come to Inquire Into It, It's a Good Ghost Story Too. "A few years ago," said an old gentleman, "I was a-cutting and piling driftwood on the lake shore when a party from the village came down to fish through the ice. It was a cold, raw day. They told me if I'd let them use my fishing shanty they had no luck they should give me some fish. Well, at it they went. Just as I was a-packing up at night to go home they fetched me a pickerel that would a-pulled down six pounds good and strong. I brought him home and put him up in the crock of that apple tree over there. Then I done my chores, got my supper, got the pickerel and thought I'd clean him, but he was froze hard as a brick, so I run a string through his gills and hung him up back of the stove to thaw him out.

"I'd got a good grip on the sleep that night and was a-ploving ahead on the gallop when my wife woke me up and said there was some one at the door. I listened a bit and heard a noise just like some feller was a-knocking on the door with mittens on his hand. I were a bit vexed, slid out of bed, pulled on my pants and boots, but did not strike a light, grabbed a big can which stood at the head of my bed, hurried to the door, opened it and jumped out ready to knock the stuffing out of anything. But, my dear sir, there weren't anything there to knock. I run round the house. Not a living critter could I see, nor even my tracks in the snow.

"To bed I went agin and was just dropping off when the old woman she nudged me hard and whispered: 'Hear that! Jest listen! There it goes agin!'" "I sat up in bed, and just as plain as day I could hear a dull sort of a thump, thump. I began to feel ager-shilike. Mought have trembled a bit, then hollered, 'Who's there?'" "No answer."

"I kinder shivered for 'bout half a minute, when there was the darndest racket out in the kitchen you ever heard. Sounded as if some one was a-kicking a tin pan all around the room, and my dog he came a-yelping and howling in the bedroom and crawled clear under the bed, where he kept up a-whining and a-yelping. My wife screamed and a-crawled down under the bedclothes. I had not only the ager, but the chills—sweating chills good and strong. I was rattled—badly rattled. Jest had sense enough to crawl out of bed, grab my gun, which was loaded, and creep carefully to the kitchen door. There was certainly some feller there barefooted, and he was having a hull dancing school all to himself. I located him as near as I could in the dark, then without making any noise brought my gun to my shoulder and let her go.

"The flash of the gun was just long enough to let me see what the trouble was. I went back, lit a candle, and then went to the kitchen. There, right in the middle of the floor, was that cursed pickerel having the liveliest kind of a circus all by himself. He was a-cutting up in great shape with his floppity flop, hippity hop, just as lively as if he had jest been pulled out of the water. With a stick of firewood I busted that he show quicker'n you could say soe.

"You see, I hung him up in a good, warm place to thaw out, directly over the old woman's dishpan, right under the pan being a good, warm, out of the way place the dog used to sleep. As the firewood pickedel began to thaw out his old cussedness crept back into him. Between the flappings of his tail and the workings of his jaws he broke the string, then dropped onto the dish, and both fell onto the dog."—Forest and Stream.

Interesting Photography. M. Marvey, the well known experimentalist, has been enabled by means of combining photography and electric light, to secure some valuable data as to the laws and phenomena of hydraulics. His attention was mainly directed to the study of the interior movements of liquids. In following out this line of investigation he found that the ordinary methods employed in such cases were insufficient for his purpose, and in many respects unsatisfactory. At last he hit on the idea of immersing silver balls of the same specific gravity as the liquid and photographing their movements by electric light. The results have been most valuable.—Exchange.

Afraid of the Peacock's Feathers. A popular reader, speaking of a playwriter who had partially engaged to furnish her with a monologue, added: "But when he came to talk it over I noticed that he eyed the peacock's feathers in the corner of my drawing room very dubiously. The next day he threw up the contract for no just reason. Evidently he considered me doomed to ill fortune and had no intention of possibly participating in it."—New York Times.

Settling a Difficulty. Mrs. Zenawick (who has been reading about the wrappings on the Mexican frontier)—Ah, Mr. Witt, what is your solution of the border troubles? Mr. Witt—Fewer stewed prunes.—Kate Field's Washington.

The English in Africa. The idea of an Anglo-African empire stretching from the Nile down to Cape Town, along the course of that river and embracing the interior lakes, is captivating, and I am not surprised that it should find advocates. But it is not business. We are already the masters of larger areas in South Africa than are ever likely to become Anglo-Saxon colonies. In Asia we have above 200,000,000 of subjects, who are ruled by a bureaucracy with an army to maintain it. Egypt can only be ruled by us in the same way, and I am convinced that we do not add to the strength of the empire by including in it fresh subject races, but very much the reverse. Egypt for the Egyptians, not Egypt for us, should be our aim, and the sooner that we come to some agreement with the European powers to convert it into another Belgium the better will it be for us.

So, too, in equatorial Africa we have absolutely nothing to gain by acquiring sway over millions of quarrelsome Mohammedans and pagans, some of whom are ready to call themselves Protestants, provided that we will help them to mastery. The notion that we gain by such annexations is as absurd as it would be to plunge our hands into a hornet's nest in order to extract honey. Were I a jingo I hope that I should have the sense to seek to acquire something worth having. Just as, were I a pickpocket, I should put my hand into a pocket with a full purse in it, not a barbed hook.—London Truth.

Paper Pulp From the Poplar Tree. Attention is being more than ever directed to the best methods of wood pulp production for the manufacture of paper and to most profitable sources of supply present and future. A drawback to the use of pine is that the wood needs to be treated chemically before it is ground into pulp, or before it is placed in the digester for the manufacture of either chemical or sulphate pulp. Spruce is admittedly most superior as a wood pulp for white paper.

Henlock cannot be used to advantage in connection with spruce pulp for the reason that its fiber is more brusky, having less strength than that of spruce, and there is also a red coloring matter in connection with henlock which it is difficult to remove by chemicals. In the first experiments with wood pulp in this country poplar appears to be the most desirable wood and was most sought after for the purpose. It produces a soft feeling pulp and requires less chemicals to bleach it than other woods, yet it lacks the element of strength and is thus inferior to spruce.—New York Telegram.

Just Before an Earthquake. An earthquake is likely to be attended with great atmospheric disturbance, such as explosions, thunder, lightning, etc. At Millhedge there was an explosion in the fog just before the city for several days before the great earthquake, many houses having their roofs and upper stories completely ruined as the result hours before the shock which completed the awful work of destruction. In other instances queer looking clouds, in some cases not larger than a good sized balloon, will hang over a spot threatened by an earthquake for several days prior to the beginning of the terrestrial disturbances. This was the case at London in the year 1149, at Munster in 1612, at Lisbon and at Riohanda, South America. At Dunstail, England, all the water in the lake "stood up like a pyramid to the height of 100 feet, and in several cases all the water was thrown out of the wells."—St. Louis Republic.

Poor Economies. Whatever else you heard, do not include in the list old medicine bottles. The cost of these when perfectly new is very trifling, and the utility of saving them against a possible errand to the chemist's is very apparent. Nor should tacks taken up when you remove carpets from the floor for the annual or semi-annual shaking be put aside for a second use. A new paper of tacks should be used whenever a carpet is relaid.

I once knew a woman who made one match, by careful economy, serve three separate lightings. When she went to her grave with the spirit of a pauper, and a bevy of spendthrift cousins swooped down on her fields and barns as eagles on the prey.—Harper's Bazar.

A Conservative Bookkeeper. It is no part of our intention to presume to mention "the best hundred books" nor to disparage unduly the works of modern authors. But when there is so much that is standard in our language, so much that has stood the tests of time and trial, it is impossible not to sympathize with that bookseller, justly proud of his conservative tendencies in the matter of literature, who replied, on being asked for a copy of a modern theological novel, "I sell nothing which time has not mellowed."—Chambers' Journal.

Where a Daily Beats a Weekly. "I see you take The Daily Itemizer. Do you ever find anything in it you want to know?" "Yes, I did yesterday. I couldn't remember what day of the month it was, and a glance at the date line told me."—Exchange.

HORSES LIKE TO BE TALKED TO. Some Animals Are Even Able to Carry on a Prolonged Conversation. "There is nothing that horses are so fond of as being talked to," said a clubman to a reporter the other day—one who knows all about the animals he was discussing. "So well known is this that in the Austrian cavalry and in several other armies of Europe the soldiers have strict orders never to enter the stalls without speaking a few words to the nags. I had often endeavored to impress this fact upon my colored groom, a very bright and unusually intelligent lad, who, whenever I told him to talk to my horses, would invariably laugh sheepishly, convinced that I was making fun of him.

"The other evening, after taking one of our friends to the station, he was driving home leisurely in a rather mellow mood, when suddenly my recommendation on the subject of talking to the horses occurred to him, and without thinking what he was doing he addressed the pony he was driving as follows: "Well, Pompey, old boy, do you remember the name of the man as used to own you in Texas?" "I do not know whether the word 'Texas' aroused memories in the breast of the pony, but the fact remains that he stopped short, turned his head round and whinnied at Dawson—that is the lad's name.

"Balaam was certainly not more astonished when his donkey addressed him than was Dawson, who, with a cry of 'Jee-rusalem! Great Scott! Hey, what's the matter with you, Pompey, are you crazy?' jumped out of the carriage and ran to the pony's head, convinced that either he himself or the horse had become bewitched.

"So startled was he by the horse's utterance that it was quite two or three minutes before he could recover his equanimity sufficiently to mount the box once more and to resume his drive home—now talking all the way with the pony, who ever and again whinnied in reply. "Since then my horses and this particular attendant have become infinitely better friends, and the groom is delighted to have found at least two creatures who appreciate his jokes.

"While on this subject," he went on, "let me give you an infallible cure for a halting horse, which, moreover, will have the advantage of diminishing much of the beating and other kinds of cruelty to which the animals are subjected by people ignorant of the true character of this kind of equine hysteria. "There is nothing to do save to take up a handful of ashes or dust, in preference to shavings, and opening the horse's mouth wide put the ashes as far back as possible down his throat.

"The horse will, in his endeavor to get rid of the foreign substance, forget all about halting and will, without thinking of it, go forward without the slightest whimpering or other method of forcible persuasion."—Chicago Tribune.

Utilizing Roof Space in a City. The folly of building a house in Washington exactly like a house in Boston is too obvious to need pointing out. In a city where evenings indoors are insupportable every inch of roof should be utilized, and where space permits there should be commodious balconies in front or rear of the upper stories of dwellings. This is not a difficult architectural problem, and his skillful solution would add a characteristic feature to the homes of the city.

In a town where the summer is two months long and nearby mountains or sea provide a convenient refuge it makes little difference whether houses are built to warm weather comfort, but where summer lasts for four months and hills and shore are half a day distant it is most important to provide every possible alleviation for the poor town caged mortal.—Kate Field's Washington.

The Adjutant Bird in Bengal. In India the adjutant bird holds a position similar to the Dutch stork. He is a scavenger and is respected and protected by the law. The adjutants are the fore-runners of the rains in Bengal, and toward the end of May make their appearance on the government house. No old resident expects rain in Calcutta until he has seen 13 of these solemn birds sitting on the viceregal palace. The rains, they say, cannot come until this occurs, and the residents of the City of Palaces would almost die of despair if they did not toward the end of May see these majestic birds. Twelve would not do; there must be the regular 13.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Coal Somewhere Ahead. We are born in this world, and yet we are somewhat strangers to it. We have to take ourselves as we are, and yet we know that we are not what we were meant to be. Ideas of which the sun and moon and stars and the wild earth know nothing seize hold of us, and we have in our mind's eye a vision of a life that is not this life. It is in some degree a dream, and yet it is not a dream, for it is the life that we are born of, and we are bound to it by our nature. And so I say we are pilgrims, every one who enters on the mortal life is a pilgrim; his eyes are set far ahead—it is not another land he seeks, another earthly home, but the attainment of the spirit, a rest for the affections, a company of souls wherein a perfect love doth reign.

We struggle on, we fight our lonely battles, we try to meet each day's tasks and duties, we catch but glimpses of the perfect goal to which our being tends, and yet, if our manly confidence can be of any use to another, let me say that I believe that a goal there is, that the moral requirement shall have some day its fulfillment, that we dream of and the heart sighs for will at last come true. We are not pilgrims traveling nowhere. We have a country, though it is not yet.—V. L. Salter in Light.

Struggling With Duty. It is always a conflict, this wrestling with duty. A young dressmaker, a member of the Salvation Army, received a letter from a would be customer asking among other things whether the material she was planning to bring—plush—would be suitable and look well to use in the big sleeves in vogue.

Now, the fame of the customer as a parlor dictionist had proceeded her, but was misunderstood by the dressmaker as associating its object with the stage, which her duty taught her to abhor. So she sat down and conscientiously replied to the letter that she could not enter an agreement which was to be worn by a person so contaminated and urged her to seek other employments and turn her talents to some better advantage. The letter ran on thus for three pages and as sternly closed.

But duty having been pleased the natural kindliness of human nature popped up in a little postscript. "I think the plush quite too heavy for the use you suggest. It would be better to make the sleeves of silk."—New York Times.

Genes Found in the United States. The United States has entered the field as a gold producer. Turquoise mines are in successful operation in New Mexico, and the stones taken out are in many respects, including color, equal to the best Persian. Rubies and sapphires are being mined in considerable quantity in several places in Montana, and the stones are very beautiful, although no true red ruby or true blue sapphire has as yet been found there. Fine turquoise have been discovered near Colfax in the state of Washington. Mine buildings have been erected and a settlement called Gem City founded, which, it is hoped, will prove the center of a paying industry. A surprising fact to the general public will be the pearl fishing of Wisconsin, which for the past few years has been extensively carried on along the Peconic and Apple rivers and their tributary creeks. Pearls weighing over 50 grains each and varying in value from \$50 to more than \$1,000 have been taken.—Mineral Industry.

What Mr. Frog Had to Tell. One day as a snail was crossing our lawn it was seen and pursued by some member of the family. It seemed to be rather portly and incapable of flight, and finally, in order to be free to move, it opened its jaws and emitted a frog, after which it wriggled rapidly away.

The frog lay pulled out at full length, a glantly spectacle. A great deal of sympathy was expended over its inanimate form, and just as it was about to be removed from the spot, behold! it drew in first one leg and then the other, contracted itself into a respectable frog and hopped off as if nothing had been amiss. "My dear," it probably said to Mrs. Frog on reaching the pond, "I shall never smile again. Such a remarkable experience as mine solers one for life. I went out this morning comparatively young and cheerful. I returned an older and a sadder frog."—Charlotte H. Yonge.

More Expensive Than Woods. A volunteer who was a great man in his own eyes was by some influence appointed captain. He could hardly speak of anything but his new dignity. Meeting a friend one day he accented him thus: "Well, Jim, I suppose you know I have been appointed captain?" "Yes," said Jim, "I heard so." "Well, what do folks say about it?" asked the captain. "They don't say nothing," replied truthful James; "they just laugh."—Exchange.

HE WANTED TO WADE, HE DID. The Wears bank President Found a Rocky Path to the Sun. A smart gentleman, well on to 60 years, was in the throng of Saturday afternoon visitors at the Produce Exchange bottles yesterday afternoon. He told everybody that he had a hard week. He said he was a bank president. All the attendants seemed to know him. He knew all the attendants too. They were Tom and Jim and Pete to him.

He wanted everybody to understand that he'd had a hard week. Every newcomer was corralled and impressed with the fact. Then he said he wanted someone to take his hand and wade through the pool with him. The pool is 50 feet long and 15 feet wide, with five feet of salt water. He wanted to wade in, row summer and all. It would rest him and make him forget his hard week, he said, if somebody would take his hand and wade in with him.

"I'll make me feel like a boy again," said the alleged bank president. "We used to wade in clothes and all when I was a boy," he added when his appeal was not heeded. "While he was waiting for someone to take his hand and wade in, he walked a young man also in a new summer suit. The young man wore silver bowler spectacles. He is a graduate of Yale. He peered over his spectacles at the old fellow, who returned the peer and then made his appeal to the young man.

"Well, old man," said he of the silver bowler spectacles, "I was out pretty late myself last night. I'll go you." Solemnly the old man and the younger man clasped hands and walked to the edge of the pool. They zigzagged a little, but they stood upon the bank of the pool steadily enough, and bumping their hats down upon their heads, they stopped off. The water was nearly up to their shoulders. But hand in hand they waded the length of the pool, the bank president smiling and contented and the young man peering over his silver bowler spectacles as if in a contemplative mood. Not a word did they say to each other. The old man's face wore the expansive smile of childish delight. The younger man was solemnly content. They clambered out of the pool hand in hand, soaked from shoulders to heels. The old man shook the hand of his younger comrade and said:

"I thank you, sir, you have afforded me much pleasure." "All right, old man," said the Yale graduate, "any time you want to wade send for me." He gave the old man a hand, and as the old man jabbed the hip pasteboard into the public in his waistcoat pocket he reminded his watch. He pulled out a massive gold timepiece. The salt water had stopped it and probably ruined it. As he came to this conclusion the old man said: "Well, never mind, we had fun, didn't we?" Then the two men were tacked off to the steamroom and stripped, and for two hours they nodded sleepily at each other while their clothes and shoes were drying.—New York Sun.

Given a Royal Sendoff. At a recent wedding the contracting parties were marked out by several of their intimate friends as the objects of a joke which was prolonged to a most embarrassing degree. After the trials had been packed they were taken charge of by the frolicsome young people who carefully lifted out the garments, striving rife in the folds of each. Naturally anxious to avoid a public demonstration, the newly married couple requested that none of the wedding party should attend them to the station. The request was granted, but instead of attending in person the merciless ushers sent down by messenger a huge basket of the most wonderfully fashioned paper flowers, tied to the handle of which was a big cardboard bearing the inscription, "For the bride."—Kate Field's Washington.

Electric Lantern For Yachts. A variation of the carriage battery, which consists of five cells enclosed in a box under the coachman's seat to supply current to the carriage lamp, has been made for yacht lighting. Three cells of storage battery made of slate, so as to prevent the spilling of the solution, can be easily stowed away and supply current to lantern placed in the bow of the boat. The lantern consists of three cells, showing white light and red light respectively. Each battery is illuminated by an 8-candle power lamp, and the lamps can be run six hours on one charge of the cells.—Exchange.

How Chicago is Spelled. In sorting over the letters for Chicago a man in the general Chicago office has kept an account of the number of different ways the word Chicago is spelled. Recently the record showed 157 different ways. Some ripe scholar in Finland sent a letter to his teacher and asked the name of the garden city, Zilzowa. Still another foreigner, assisted with a snister mother, spelled the word Jagjago, Hipocho, Jajjio, Scheechocho, Hizzocho and Chanchicho are also prime favorites.—Postal Record.