

THE GREAT

Semi-Annual Challenge Sale

Begins Monday, Jan. 19, and Closes Saturday, Jan. 24th.

This is our Regular Semi-annual Sale. It has grown from year to year, and is now recognized as the greatest event in the Dry Goods business. Every item is a Big Bargain. No Trash in this lot. All New Goods. Store opens 8 a. m. Closes 6 p. m. Don't come too late.

Table with 8 columns of challenge items. Each challenge includes a description of goods and their sale price. Examples include 'Ladies' Fine White Handkerchiefs', 'Black and Tan Kid Gloves', 'Unbleached Domestic', etc.

We will show complete Spring Stock of Wash Goods, Embroideries and Lawns during this sale. In addition to the above we offer 2,000 yards 10c Spring Style Dress Ginghams at 7 1-2 cents a yard.

WALTER WOOLLCOTT.

SENATOR VEST ON "STAND PAT"

There is a fuel famine in this country today, said Senator Vest, "not confined to seaboard cities or New England, but extends far out west to my own state. In St. Joseph, the third city in Missouri, anthracite coal was selling at \$15 a ton, and not a stick of coal could be had at any price, yet this city is in one of the wealthiest counties in the state. Schools were closed, factories shut up, and the people threatened with hard weather in an inclement latitude with all the horrors that attend a coal famine. The president tells us the remedy is not to remove the duty on anthracite coal for three months or three years, but to take it off absolutely, in order now, mark the words—in order to meet such crisis as may occur in the supply and price of coal. . . . Yet there is no more chance today, in my judgment, to reduce a single duty in the Dingley act, and as parties now stand in congress, than for me to carry of the capitol on my shoulders. . . . These protracted industries are like a brood of English sparrows. When one gives a cry of distress the whole air is darkened with the brood rushing to the rescue. When you attack the trust upon peanuts, you must encounter the trust on salt, lumber, meat, iron and all the necessities of life. All I want is a vote by yeas and nays. If it is to be a question of presidential election, that will end all discussion. . . . Some years ago, in 1858, a distinguished senator from Kansas, then a member of this body, said if he had his way he'd try the fat out of the wealthy manufacturers of Pennsylvania and make a campaign fund that would sweep the country. A country newspaper said, referring to the campaign of 1894: "Stand pat—pass round the hat, and the G. O. P. will fry out the fat." Three civil engineers while traveling this morning from Amiens to Paris began to play cards on an apparently abandoned lunch basket of large dimensions, which had been lying on the hat rack, says a Paris dispatch to the London Express. It appeared to be rather heavy, but they supposed it to be full of plates. The basket was placed on end and a leather portfolio placed on the top to form a table. Suddenly they were startled to hear loud cries, which came from the basket. It was opened, and a 3 months old baby was found inside. The baby was neatly dressed, and bore a card, on which was written: "To be delivered to Mme. Forsy Creull." The three men did their best to keep the child quiet until the train stopped Mr. Carpupe and several other professional gentlemen. On the first appli-

There a respectfully dressed woman came forward and claimed to be the owner of the baby. It appears that the child had been put out to nurse near Boulogne. Not having received any pay, the nurse had adopted this way of sending the child back to its mother. It is expected that the nurse will be arrested. Newgate (London Daily News.) At last Newgate is going. The house-breakers are throwing it down piece by piece. How many persons in the past would have been willing, without any payment, to prize out some of those great stones. Nay, some enterprising individuals have essayed demolition in a small way. Jack Sheppard, that theivish young London carpenter, destroyed some small portions of the institution. "On the first occasion," says Mr. Thornbury, "Jack, during an interview with two female friends in the lodge at Newgate, broke a spike off the hatch, and, by the assistance of the two women, being slim and flexible, was pulled through the opening, and so escaped. Retaken at Finchley, the angry turnkeys gripped the young thief with handcuffs, loaded him with heavy irons (such are still fastened above the side doors of the prison), and chained him to a stout staple in the floor of a strong room called the "Castle. There people of all ranks came to see him, and all gave money to the young lion of the hour, but extreme care was taken that no sympathizers should pass him a chisel or a file. Jack was, however, eager for notoriety, and resolved to baffle the turnkeys. "He chose a quiet afternoon, when most of the keepers were away with their amiable charges at the Old Bailey Sessions. With a small nail he had found, he loosened his chain from the floor staple, then slipped his small thin hands through his handcuffs, and tied up his fetters as high as he could with his garters. With a piece of his broken chain he worked out of the chimney a transverse iron bar that stopped his upward progress. . . . Jack forced off the lock in seven short minutes, and got into a passage leading to the chapel. To force a strong bolt here, he broke a hole through the wall, and with an iron spike from the chapel door opened a way between the chapel and the lower leads. The place is passing away, but its lamentable, pitiful, and awful memories will endure. Here is a sample of the grim associations of the Old Bailey: The bodies of murderers after execution were removed for dissection to the surgeons' theatre, and in the Annual Register for 1803 we read of an awful experiment performed on the corpse of a murderer named Foster. "It was," says the writer, "subjected to the galvanic process by Mr. Aldin (a nephew of Galvani) in presence of Mr. Keate, Mr. Carpupe and several other professional gentlemen. On the first appli-

cation of the process to the face the jaw of the deceased criminal began to quiver, and the adjoining muscles were horribly contorted, and one eye actually opened." Today a notice board over the prison walls draws attention to the temporary cells constructed by some patent process, that have been erected on an area that has been cleared of the ancient buildings. TOAST TO OUR NATIVE LAND Huge ad alert, inarticulate yet strong. We make our fiftal way 'mid right and wrong: One time we pour out millions to be free. Then rashly sweep an empire from the sea: One time we strike the shackles from the slaves. And then, quiescent, we are ruled by knaves. Often we rudely break restraining bars, And candidly recoil out toward the stars. Yet under all there flows a hidden stream Sprung from the Rock of Freedom, the great dream Of Washington and Franklin, men of old, Who knew that freedom is not bought with gold. Strange mixture of the gross and fine, yet sage And full of promise—destined to be great. Drink to Our Native Land! God bless the State! (Robert Bridges, in Jan. Atlantic.) (Brooklyn Eagle.) "George," she said, "mother has sent me a check for \$40 to get a new gown." "Very thoughtful and nice of her," he commented. "It's to be spent for nothing else." "Quite right." "I wish you'd put it in with your bank account and I'd ask you for it when I want it. I can't do my shopping just now." That was the first chapter of this financial tale. Now we come to the second. "George," she said about a week later, "I wish you'd bring me home that money." He brought the money home and gave it to her, and that ended the second chapter. The third had a surprise. "George," she said, toward the close of another week, "I wish you'd bring me home that \$40 that mother sent." "Why, I gave you that last week," he protested. "Oh, you gave me \$10, of course," she admitted, "but you remember mother said her money was to be used for a 'yes.'" "Well, I didn't use that for a gown, so the me—wasn't hers. I got some

things for the children and the house with it, and now I want her money for the gown." "Oh!" he exclaimed, "so you misappropriated funds." "I did nothing of the kind," she asserted. "She gave you the money for a certain purpose and you expended it for something else," he argued. "That's a clear case of misappropriation." "Not at all," she insisted. "If I had spent it for the gown it would have been her money; but so long as I didn't use your's and I spent it for your children and your house, now I want the money that mother sent." "And what could the poor man do? Why, nothing at all except bring home \$40, and wait for the next chapter." "Well," she remarked in the course of another week, "you have \$15 left of mother's money, and I believe I'll take it now." "But I gave it all to you," he protested. "You gave me \$40," she replied, "and I spent \$25 of it for a skirt. That was \$15 went for the children and the house, so that wasn't mother's." "There's just enough left for a jacket." "I'll meet you tomorrow," he said, "and we'll go together and get that jacket. I don't believe I care to take mother's money all right, but the other any more chances with that money." John W. Mallon, of Riley county, Kan., some time last May, while riding alone in his buggy, got himself tangled up with a bunch of stamped horses belonging to the post at Fort Riley, and my, oh! my, what a commotion it has caused along Red Tape avenue in the War Department, says the Washington Star. Mr. Mallon sued the government for the damage to his carriage, which amounted to \$25. Then the trouble began. First, there was an order for a board of survey to be held at Fort Riley. Three officers composed this board, and met June 23. The postmaster of Ogdon, Kan., where the accident occurred, testified that he saw it happen, and that the damage done amounted to fully \$25. The "Hoss Wrangler," Private Fred Thompson, who had the stamped horses in charge, testified that the accident happened, and that he couldn't help it, as the bunch had got away from him. The assistant horse wrangler testified to the same thing, and said he couldn't help it, either. The board gravely considered the evidence before it, and conscientiously gave it as its opinion that \$25 ought to be paid to the injured Mr. Mallon's feelings, and at the same time pay for the damage. It also found that the accident was "unavoidable," and no one could be held responsible for it. The members of the board all signed the opinion, and it was approved and countersigned by "C. C. Carr," Colonel, commanding. Then it started on its rounds. It went to the D. Q. M. G., U. S. A., and C. Q. M., at Om-

aha, Neb. He "respectfully returned" it to the Adjutant General, Department of Missouri, to forward to "higher authority for payment." He sent it with his approval to the Adjutant General of the army. The Adjutant General "respectfully submitted" it to the Secretary of War, who evidently turned it over to the Q. M. G. for information, for it was returned to him with a brief of its import. The report by this time took on like a fan, upon which are the indorsements of twelve other officers, men and citizens. The cost in the thing had by the time the bill got before Congress amounted to about \$500, and yet the little old \$25 was no nearer being paid, because each officer to whom it was submitted declared that he had at his disposal no funds with which to pay it. Now Congress is to come to the aid of Mr. Mallon and help him liquidate the damages to his "kerridge." He will have earned the money by the time it gets to him. (New York Sun.) Andrew Carnegie was recently asked: "What influenced you most in the selection of your lieutenants in the steel industry?" "Apparently trivial incidents. I watched young men with whom I came in contact, and whenever I ran across small action or word uttered in ordinary conversation, made me feel that he had the qualities demanded in my business, I gave him a chance to prove he really had them." "And now many of these men are millionaires. Passing Charles Schwab, H. C. Frick, Thomas Lynch and other more prominent ones take the case of A. R. Peacock as typical. Twelve years ago Mr. Peacock was salesman for a New York decorating house. At that time Mr. Carnegie wanted some decorating done in his Fifth avenue house, and Peacock was sent to him. Carnegie was so pleased with the salesman that, just as Mr. Peacock was leaving he said, apropos of nothing that had gone before: "Young man, you will be rich some day." "Mr. Carnegie," he answered, "if I thought so, I'd be willing to give the man who helped me to riches a liberal discount." Mr. Carnegie's reply all but took away his hearer's breath. "I'll take you at your word. Go to your employers, resign at once and come with me." Mr. Peacock did as he was told, and, judging by results, he gave Mr. Carnegie a liberal discount in work, for his fortune is conservatively estimated at \$10,000,000. Andrew M. Moreland, former secretary of the Carnegie Steel company, owes his present financial position to his ability to send and receive telegraph messages with lightning-like rapidity and unerring accuracy. Mr. Moreland, when auditor of the

company, was summoned to New York to consult with his commercial master. At dinner Mr. Carnegie set wine before his guest. "No, thank you, I don't drink," said Mr. Moreland. Later on Mr. Carnegie brought out the cigar. "No, thank you, I don't smoke," said Mr. Moreland. Still later in the evening Mr. Carnegie proposed a game of cards. "No, thank you, I don't play cards," said Mr. Moreland. Mr. Carnegie looked at his guest. "Tell me why you don't do any of these things?" he said. "You've kept me working too hard all these years; I've had no time to learn," was the reply. Mr. Carnegie thought a moment. "And," he said, "I'm going to give you a three months' vacation. Now, for heaven's sake, go off somewhere and learn to do something besides work." "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a number of years and have no hesitancy in saying that it is the best remedy for coughs, colds and croup I have ever used in my family. I have not words to express my confidence in this Remedy.—Mrs. J. A. Moore, North Star, Mich. For sale by Crowell, McLarty & Co., Bobbitt-Wynne Drug Co., North Side Drug Store, W. G. Thomas. Miss Vera Rich—"Yes, papa has fired Ferdy out a dozen times." The Maid—"Heavens, miss! And he still keeps calling 'Isn't he flat?'" Miss Vera Rich—"Yes; papa calls him a fireproof flat"—Judge. "What are the chief products of South America?" asked the school teacher. "Tommy Taddell, you may answer." "Rubber, coffee, ultimatums and insurrections," replied Tommy.—Judge. Mr. Crimmonbeak—"I see a Brooklyn woman has discovered a way of preventing her losing her hair." Mrs. Crimmonbeak—"Indeed! And what does she do?" Mr. Crimmonbeak—"Locks it in the safe."—Yeakers Statesman. Special Rates via Southern Railway The Southern announces special rates to Raleigh, N. C., account meeting improved Order Red Men's Bazaar, Raleigh, N. C., Jan. 20-23. Tickets on sale at 91 cents within the state, including Norfolk, Suffolk and Danville Va., Jan. 20, 21, and 22nd, return until Jan. 24th. The Southern announces special low rates to attend account Annual Convention North Carolina Association of City School Superintendents and Principals Jan. 23-24th. Tickets on sale Jan. 21, 22 and 23rd. Final limit Jan. 27th. Rates apply from all points within the state including Norfolk, Suffolk and Danville, Va. For further particulars, tickets, Pullman reservations, etc., write or call on T. C. STURGIS, C. T. A.

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