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THE - BEST - ICE - CREAM - ON - EARTH.

Your Friend **J. G. HALL,** Oxford, North Carolina.

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THE DIAMOND BRAND
Ladies Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold Packaging. They are the BEST. Buy of your Druggist. A CUP OF SWEET DEARLY BEHOLDEN PILLS, for 25 cents. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.



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The State's college for training industrial workers. Courses in Agriculture, Horticulture, Animal Husbandry and Dairying; in Civil, Electrical and Mechanical Engineering; in Cotton Milling and Dyeing; in Industrial Chemistry; and in Agricultural teaching.

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Hot! Hot! Hot!

And Still A Heating.
"THAT REMINDS ME"
You want a nice bottle of Hudnut's Toilet Water, Some Colgate's Floating or Pond's Extract Soap, a Large Box of Hamilton's Violet Talcum Powder, and some nice Gold Cream and Violet Ammonia.

BRIDAL PRESENTS. If you are looking for a bridal present during the next 15 days you will do well to call on Hamilton for what you want. You get the best and save money too.

Beginning July 15th till Aug. 1st, we will sell all Cut Glass, Japanese and other Vases, Toilet Sets and other goods left over from the Holiday trade Ladies Leather Hand Bags, Books and some stationery

AT COST FOR CASH.

If you want to save money come early and get what you want. No better time than now; no better goods than ours; and no better place than Hamilton's Drug Store to get what you want in the drug line.

HAMILTON DRUG COMPANY.

BRITISH NAVAL DRILL

Practice That Keeps the Crews in Fit Condition.

CLEARING SHIP FOR ACTION.

A Lively Time While the Decks Are Being Stripped of Everything That Would Impede the Fire of the Guns. Working the Torpedo Nets.

It is a little after two bells in the forenoon watch, or in those going talk, a m., and the officers and men of the battleship wear an expectant air. The ship's company is fallen in at stations for general exercise. The commander, surrounded by his staff—a midshipman, a bugler and the chief boatswain's mate—is standing on top of the after barbettes. A kind of tense hush is over all hands and, indeed, over the rest of the squadron at anchor in the bay. It is a general drill morning, and the ships of the squadron are about to compete against each other at various evolutions.

On the after bridge the glasses of the signal boatswain and his yeoman are glued on the battleship. Presently a couple of saucy colored flags are hoisted at her main. Hardly have they left the rail when the signal boatswain spins round. "Signal's place not defense, sir?" he cries. "Out nets," hails the commander. "Out nets," shout the boatswain's mates. Instantly hordes of men dash at the rear roll of wire nets lying on the shelf round the ship and push it overboard. One edge being held in place, it unrolls as it falls, making a veil on the side. "Clear the net shelf!" The men vanish. "Man the purchase!" Somewhere above a bugle blares out a "G."

The marines, handling large bearing out spars, shove the upper ends of the booms, from which the nets hang, outboard. They revolve slowly about their lower ends, which are near the water line and, hauled by the steam capstan on one side and the seamen on the purchase on the other, extend themselves as right angles to the hull. "Break!" bellows the commander, and a signalman jerks the halyards. A red, white and blue pendant, hitherto waiting in a ball at the topsail yardarm, breaks from its confinement and floats out on the breeze, announcing to all and sundry that the ship has finished the evolution and is now protected from torpedo attack by her cordon of nets. "First ship, sir," reports the signal boatswain, and the men, once more at their general stations, grin contentedly and make contemptuous comments on the struggles of the remainder of the fleet. There is a short pause till these are ended; then another hoist rises from the flag-ship's bridge. "In nets!" is the order, and the ship's company is once more galvanized into action. Amid a scene of orderly confusion the huge booms return to position, shut back against the ship's side, the brails which pass beneath the nets every few yards are manned, all hands haul with a will, the mass of steel meshes is rolled up and secured on its shelf, and the bright pendant at the topsail yardarm is again broken by the signalman.

A short "Stand easy!" follows, soon ended by another signal, "Clear for action!" To the mind of the bewildered spectator pandemonium follows. But it is only in appearance. Each man knows what he has to do and does it. Under the onslaught of the seamen davits, stanchions, rails, stove-pipes—in fact, all things that can possibly restrict the fire of the guns—disappear with a rapidity that gives the impression of their being mowed down; skylights are masked by steel hatches, boats are turned in and secured, and in two or three minutes the decks are stripped bare and the men again fallen in, awaiting the order to replace gear. This done—a longer job, but still accomplished with celerity—the last and most exciting signal of the forenoon appears—"Away all boats' crews; pull round the fleet."

The men tumble into their boats at the davits, the lowerers pay out the falls, and in a few moments the cutters, whalers, gigs and galleys are pulling for dear life, a midshipman in charge of each. On the after bridge the commander, waving two small hand flags which control the huge steam derrick, is lifting the pinnace and launch from the beat deck and depositing them in the water. Men drop into them, double and treble banking the long cars, and soon these are pounding after the lighter boats.

The evolution is a race, ship against ship. Who will have the first boat back? Who will have all boats back and hoisted first? Midshipmen, probably with bets on the matter, are urging their crews on. Every man is putting his back into it for the honor of his ship. Telescopes watch progress from all the vessels of the fleet. Here comes the galley—the captain's boat, manned by a picked crew and dancing through the water under the long sweeping strokes of the oars—first boat back. Again the tricolor pendant flies out, and the captain's "doggie" (midshipman) climbs out of the galley's stern sheets, beaming all over his boyish countenance.

The boats are hoisted as they return, the men left on board manning the falls and running away with them to the sound of the ship's band playing on the shelter deck. Presently all is square again. The boatswain's mates pipe "Hands carry on smoking." The forenoon's drills are over, and officers and men alike are in good humor, proud of the final signal received from the all powerful flag-ship. "Evolutions smartly performed," London Globe.

GOOD IN SPOTS.

One Man Who Discovered That War Was Not Wholly Bad.

Len Jackson loved to loaf. He lived in the mountains not far from Greenville, Tenn., with his wife and a large brood of children. Len had a "boom daze" that he set great store by, and he spent most of his time loafing in a runway waiting to shoot a deer driven in by old Dose or sprawling on the bank of a stream fishing. In that way he was a good provider after a fashion, but not all the urging, scolding, nagging and breamstickling of his shrewish wife could drive him to work. Len led the lazy life of a Rip Van Winkle until the outbreak of the civil war, and then he joined the Confederate army. At the end of six months Len was shot through the right thigh, and it was long before he was able to limp out of the hospital and back to his regiment. In the second year he was shot in the left shoulder, and when he returned to duty his left hand was bent far back by a shortened tendon, but he was still able to raise his rifle. Early in the fourth year they got him again—a musket ball through the body—but he was back in the ranks long before the fighting was ended. Every one wondered at Len's persistence in sticking to the terrible trade of war.

Dr. Gardner met Len hobbling down the street in Greenville one morning in June, 1865, still pale and weak from his latest wound, his right leg short and waddly, his left hand stiffly bent back. "Glad to see you alive, Len," said the doctor. "I suppose you're glad to be home again?" "Waal," Len admitted without enthusiasm, "I s'pose I had to git erlong home. Gin'ral Lee he surrendered us down to Appomattox, an' we all had to go home." "But aren't you glad to be away from the dangers of war?" "Why, doc, war ain't so bad," cried honest Len—"war ain't so bad. There's lots of days when you don't have nothin' to do."—Harper's Weekly.

A GAME OF BALL.

How It May Strike a Stranger Who Sees It For the First Time.

Nothing has set America so high in the estimation of foreign nations, says Ellis Parker Butler in Success Magazine, as the adoption of baseball as the national sport. If a foreign spy wanders into America seeking to fathom our real inwardness and sees a game of baseball only feeling of contempt for our newness gives way instantly to awe-struck admiration. At his first glance baseball is to him a mystery, and it remains a mystery to him. He sees 30,000 men and women suffering the tortures of the lower regions on hot grand stands. He sees a man pick up a small white ball as hard as a pine knot. Facing him is another man who holds a smooth but deadly club in his hands. Behind this second man is a third man whose face is hidden behind a birdcage. Suddenly the man with the ball raises one foot in the air and shows the man with the bat the sole of his shoe. The man at the bat sees that there are spikes in the sole of the shoe, and it angers him, and he raises his bat to throw it at the man with the ball. But—ah, ha!—the man with the ball is too quick for him. He throws the hard, white ball at the man with the bat with all his strength. The man with the bat waves defiance by swinging the bat in the air. The ball proceeds. The batsman never flinches! Will the ball kill the man or will the impact crush the ball? But, see! The ball finds man unflinching; the ball is panic stricken; the ball dodges around the man; the ball is lost, buried in the huge leather chair cushion that covers the hand of the birdcage man behind the batsman! "Strike one!" says the umpire. Thirty thousand cheers! Why?

The Difference.

"Mistab Walkah, kin yo' tell me de difference 'tween a cold in de head an' a chicken coop wit' a hole in de rufe?" "No, Sam; that's a bard one. What is the difference between a cold in the head and a chicken coop with a hole in the roof?" "De one am a case o' influenza, an' de uthah am a case o' out few hens, suh."

The Cobra of India.

Among the true cobras of India the naja is found all over India and Ceylon, Burma, the Andaman islands, southern China and the Malay peninsula and archipelago. It ascends the Himalayas to an altitude of 8,000 feet. It extends also over Afghanistan and through Persia to the eastern shore of the Caspian. It may attain a length of nearly seven and a half feet, but it is usually not more than a little over five and a half feet long. Najas vary much in color and markings, but have generally the spectacle mark on the back of the neck, which they always distend before making an attack.

Grub Street's Pawnshop.

If the Avant is not the oldest and best known pawnshop in the world it deserves to be. It has been in existence ever since the days of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. It is in Fleet street—Grub street—and has been the poor writer's uncle for all these centuries and years. It has an old legend something like this: "Old Literary Friends Never Forgotten." There are many souvenirs, sayings and traditions of the greatest men on earth who, going broke, had to patronize it. Outside of its own name it is well known as the Grub street pawnshop.—London Mail.

Unspellable.

The Newfoundland seal folk for some reason not given by the St. John's correspondent of the New York Sun describe their greasy spoil as "swolls," and they also say they "spell" an object when they mean to carry it. One can imagine the amazement of the young cleric who on one occasion asked a burly hunter how he spelled "swolls." "We don't spell 'em; we hauls 'em," was the bewildering reply.

The Retort Courts.

"I hate to press this bill, Mr. Slow-pay," said the tailor, taking a much wrinkled memorandum of accounts from his pocket, "but—" "Oh, don't bother, Snip," said Slow-pay genially. "You don't need to press it. I don't mind the wrinkles in it at all. Fact is, I've got a dozen fresh copies of it at home already."—Judge.

A Wide Waist.

Miss Thyan—I saw Jack put his arm around you. Miss Plumdeich—You didn't, either. Miss Thyan—Well, then, as far around as he could get it.—Boston Transcript.

AN ARCTIC CAMP.

Peary's Canvas Tents, Which Were Absolutely Snow Proof.

"A man's first night in a canvas tent in the arctic is likely to be rather wakeful," says Commander Peary in Hampton's. "The ice makes mysterious noises, the dogs bark and fight outside the tent, where they are tethered, and as three Eskimos and one white man usually occupy a small tent and the oil stove is left burning all night the air, notwithstanding the cold, is not overpure, and sometimes the Eskimos begin chanting to the spirits of their ancestors in the middle of the night. Sometimes, too, the new tent's nerves are tried by hearing the dogs howl in the distance.

"The tents are specially made. They are of lightweight canvas, and the floor of the tent is sewed directly into it. The fly is sewed up, a circular opening in it just large enough to admit a man, and that opening fitted with a circular flap, which is closed by a drawstring, making the tent absolutely snow proof. An ordinary tent when the snow is flying would be filled in no time.

"The tent is pyramidal, with one pole in the center, and the edges are usually held down by the sledge runners or by snowshoes used as tent pegs. The men sleep on the floor in their clothes with a musk ox skin or a couple of deerskins wrapped around them.

"The kitchen box for our sledge journeys is simply a wooden box containing two double burner oil stoves with four inch wicks. The two cooking pots are the bottoms of five gallon coal oil tins fitted with covers. When packed they are turned bottom side up over each stove, and the hinged cover of the wooden box is closed.

"On reaching camp, whether tent or snow igloo, the kitchen box is set down inside. The top of the box is turned up and keeps the heat of the stove from melting the wall of the igloo or burning the tent. The hinged front of the box is turned down and forms a table. The two cooking pots are filled with pounded ice and put on the stove. When the ice melts one pot is used for tea and the other may be used to warm beans or to boil meat if there is any.

"Each man has a quart cup for tea and a hunting knife which serves many purposes. He does not carry a fork, and one teaspoon is considered quite enough for a party of four. Each man helps himself from the pot—sticks in his knife and fishes out a piece of meat.

"The theory of field work is that there shall be two meals a day, one in the morning and one at night. As the days grow short the meals are taken before light and after dark, leaving the period of light entirely for work. Sometimes it is necessary to travel twenty-four hours without stopping for food."

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Fish in Former Times.

Men of former ages, unless they lived near the sea or a river, had great difficulties in gratifying their taste for fish. The great houses had their fish ponds or stews, but sea fish, such as cod, bream, sturgeon, herring and sprats, were salted, and the excessive consumption of highly salted fish in the middle ages is said to have produced leprosy. Fish was also baked in pies to enable it to be carried for great distances.

In a New Light.

Actor-Playwright—I have been told, sir, that the Corot you sold me is not genuine! Art Dealer—Who said so? Actor-Playwright—The art critic of the Daily Whirl. Art Dealer—Do you believe what their dramatic critic says about your plays? Actor-Playwright—I never thought of that! What have you to show me today?—Smart Set.

Firmness.

"When my wife makes up her mind," said Mr. Meekton, "there is no use of arguing with her." "But every woman changes her opinion sometimes." "Yes, and Henrietta is particularly resolute when she makes up her mind to change her opinion."—Washington Star.

Self Love is at Once the Most Delicate and the Most Vigorous of our Defects.

Nothing wounds it, but nothing kills it.

Free Liver Remedy

It is well to stop a physical ailment at the first signs of its approach, and that is especially true of liver trouble, which can eventually give rise to so many serious complications. Many have liver trouble and imagine it is indigestion, and hence take the wrong remedy.

When the liver does not store up sufficient nutritive juices it becomes sluggish, and in that way disturbs the stomach and bowels, with which it is supposed to work in harmony. When comes the salivary complexion, the pimply face, the dull pain in the forehead, the thinning of the blood, etc., a very quick and sensible way to stop the trouble, as well as to cure it is by the use of Dr. Caldwell's Serravallo's Compound, which contains ingredients especially selected to promote the activity of the liver.


Among the many thousands who have written the doctor about the results achieved with his remedy, are those named to make the facts public so that others can help themselves, are: J. J. Caldwell, Esq., 1200 Broadway, N. Y.; A. L. Taylor, Esq., 1000 Broadway, N. Y.; and many others.

These, like thousands of others, started the use of Dr. Caldwell's Compound with a simple idea. They had your name and address on their cards, and a free trial bottle. This will show to you that the remedy is promptly cured with this remedy or money will be refunded. Having tried it you can then buy it in the regular course of your doctor at five cents and one bottle a bottle, and the latter is sufficient for an entire family.

This remedy is a vast improvement over cathartic tablets and salts, which only do good for the time being. Serravallo's Compound is permanent in its results, is pleasant to take and does not cause any of the violent purgative effects of the latter.

Dr. Caldwell personally can be pleased to give you any medical advice you may desire for yourself or family pertaining to the stomach, liver or bowels absolutely free of charge. Explain your case in a letter and he will reply to you in detail. For the free sample simply send your name and address on a card, as above, otherwise, for either request the doctor's address is Dr. W. E. Caldwell, 2,500 Caldwell Building, Brooklyn, N. Y. Address, any substitute, A. S. CLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

For Sale by CRENWILLO DRUG CO.



MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN.
A Certain Relief for Feverishness, Constipation, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething, Diarrhoea, and Worms. The Break up Colic in 24 hours. At all Druggists. Do not accept Sample mailed FREE. Address, any substitute, A. S. CLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

BLOCKADE.

Every Household in Oxford Should Know How to Resist It. The back aches because the kidneys are blocked. Help the kidneys with their work. The back will ache no more. Lots of proof that Doan's Kidney Pills do this.

It's the best proof, for it comes from Oxford.

Ernest Harper, Orphan Asylum, Home, Oxford, N. C., says: "I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills in highest terms, being fully aware of their merit. My kidneys were disordered for a long time, causing constant dull pains across my back. I also had a difficulty with the kidney secretions. When Doan's Kidney Pills were highly recommended to me I procured a box at R. L. Hamilton's Drug Store and began their use. I was entirely relieved of the backache and my kidneys were restored to a normal condition. I now feel much better in every way."

For Sale by All Dealers, Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Charlotte.—The Rev. A. J. Crane, a leading Presbyterian minister of Mecklenburg county, today before a magistrate submitted to a charge of fighting. In a nearby magistrate's office Constable D. W. Teeter was doing likewise. The minister yesterday is alleged to have put up such a stiff fight as only a trained athlete could in inflicting punishment upon the constable, who had taken exception to the minister's remarks about blind tigers and liquors.

Three times, it is said, Teeter was about to be counted out, when he arose only to be laid low by the pugilistic preacher. The minister who has served as moderator in his church, is said to have declared that no man could stand by and listen to the language concerning himself which Teeter used of the preacher. The two will be given hearing later.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the being its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Physician's Faith in Tuberculosis Medicine

"Have used it in several cases of tubercular glands of the neck, with excellent results every time. In one case it cost me \$50, for the girl was put on it only until she could arrange to be operated, and in a week, short time an operation was not needed. I suppose your records are just as fine as of old. You know my faith in the medicine." Eckman's Alternative is the "medicine" referred to. Original of above letter on file at office of Eckman Mfg. Co., Philadelphia.

Eckman's Alternative is good for throat and lung trouble and is on sale in J. G. HALL and other druggists. Ask for booklet of cured cases, or write to Eckman Mfg. Co. Phila., Pa.