

THE INDIAN WOMAN.

Under Present Rule Her Lot is Not Very Bad.

There is nothing more interesting or more tragic in India than the cruel treatment of the women, and if I didn't feel that I had already written enough of my trip, I should give a chapter to the subject in this series of letters. I may do so later.

The lot of the Indian woman, however, may never be regarded as hopeless while the country holds the peerless Taj Mahal, the most beautiful monument ever erected in memory of a woman's love. True, Shah Jehan, the monarch who built it, was not a Hindu; he was a Mohammedan. And yet Mohammedanism, although its customs are less brutal, places women in almost the same low position as Hinduism. In considering the status of woman in India, therefore, scorned alike by both the great religions of the country, it is gratifying to be able to find at least some relief for the dark picture in the thought of this loveliest of all memorial structures.

I was especially fortunate in that my visit to Agra was so timed that I saw the Taj in the full glory of the Indian full moon. The inscription in Persian characters over the archway, "Only the Pure in Heart May Enter the Garden of God," as enough to assure us that Arjmand Panu, "The Exalted one of the Palace," whose dust it was built to shelter, was a queen as beautiful in character as she was in form and feature. We know but little about her; there are pictures which are supposed to carry some suggestions of her charm; there are records to show that it was in 1615 that she became the bride of the Prince who later began to rule as "His Imperial Highness, the second Alexander (Lord of the two Horns) King Shah Jehan," and we may see in Agra the rooms in the place where she dwelt for a time in the Arabian Nights-like splendor characteristic of Oriental courts. "Mumtaz-i-Mahal," they called her—"Pride of the Palace." And seven times Arjmand Panu walked the ancient way of motherhood—that way along which women find the testing of her soul, the mystic reach and infinite meaning of her existence as man must find his in some bitter conflict that forever frees him from the bonds of selfishness—seven times she walked the mother's ancient way down to the gates of Death and brought back a new life with her, but the eighth time she did not return. And grief-stricken Shah Jehan carrying in his heart a sorrow which not all his pomp nor power could ease declared that she should have the most beautiful tomb that the mind of man could plan. So the Taj was built—in memory of a deathless love, and in a garden that is always sweet with the odor of flowers, at the end of an avenue of fountains and stately cypress trees, and guarded by four graceful, Heaven-pointing minarets, "like four tall court-ladies tending their Princess," there stands the Dream in Marble, "the most exquisite building on earth."

Let us hope that this one matchless tribute to the nobility of woman, like a morning-star glittering from a single rift in a darkened sky may prove the prophecy of a fairer dawn for the womanhood of the country in which it is now so inconspicuously placed.—Clarence Poe, Raleigh (N. C.) Progressive Farmer

Special Privilege.

Rev. Lyman Powett, of Northhampton, has a bright little son who is very much frightened in thunderstorms. One day a heavy shower came up when the little fellow had wandered away from the house. His father, who was watching for him, saw him come running toward home as the first drops fell. He looked terrified, and his lips were moving.

"What were you saying," asked his father.

"I was reminding God that I am a minister's son," the boy replied.—Cosmopolitan.

They Were Adepts.

A man and a woman were in a dispute as to which could tell the bigger lie. The woman was given the right of way for her effort. "I was walking across the Atlantic ocean," she said, "and met a man no taller than that (she held one hand two feet from the floor to indicate his height), who was 300 years old."

The man whistled. It was a big one all right. "Did the dwarf have a wooden leg?" the man asked.

The woman replied that he did.

"Was he blind in one eye?" was the next question.

"He was," replied the woman.

"Then," replied the man, "he was my son."

HER HAIR GREW

That's Why a Thankful Woman Recommends Parisian Sage.

J. G. Hall will sell you a fifty cent bottle of PARISIAN SAGE and guarantee it to banish dandruff, stop falling hair and itching scalp, or money back. It's a delightful hair dressing that makes hair lustrous and fascinating.

"In the spring I was recovering from a severe case of erysipelas, which left me virtually bald on the front of my head and next to my ears. The hair kept coming out rapidly and nothing I used stopped my getting entirely bald, until I used two bottles of PARISIAN SAGE. This tonic made my hair start to grow in and, in fact grew me a good fair amount of hair, and it has entirely stopped my hair falling out.

It is with pleasure that I give a public recommendation to PARISIAN SAGE, which I know is a wonder. Mrs. Ella Gilchrist, W. Pitt St Bedford, Pa.

NEW TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

These Merchants Resort to Some Remarkable Schemes To Drum Up Customers.

New York World.

There are tricks in every trade, and the Metropolitan Section Scout discovered several new ones last week.

The first was found in front of a Broadway jewelry house, and it was only chance that led to the discovery. Among the people who were looking at the display of watches diamonds and other pretty things was a strikingly handsome woman well gowned and plentifully supplied with jewelry.

She stood, seemingly engrossed in the window display, and in a minute or so another lady stopped along side her. The first turned and in a tone indicating marked surprise said:

"Well, what do you think of that? There as a ring exactly like one I am wearing, marked \$65, and I paid \$125 for mine." Then showing a ring, she said: "Don't you think it is exactly the same?"

The other woman looked at the ring in the window and at the one on the other's hand, and admitted that there was a strong resemblance.

"I am tempted to go in and ask the salesman to let me see that one. Won't it be a big surprise if it's just the same, and I paid so much more. Come in with me and see."

The newcomer prompted by curiosity and a desire to learn whether the other had been overcharged went into the store, and a moment later the scout saw a ring being taken from the window.

Fifteen minutes later he was surprised to see the same handsome woman talking to another, and, impelled by curiosity, he stopped and listened. This time he learned that it was a brooch that resembled one in the window. The same talk brought the new comer into the store.

This was repeated several times within the next hour, it being either a watch, earring hatpin or some other piece of jewelry, according to the appearance of the prospective customer. An interview was sought by the scout, but a chilling look and a steely glint of her eyes forced him to leave without the desired story of this new way of securing customers.

The second discovery was made on one of the side streets near Broadway. A crowd gathered in front of a "faker" caught the scout's attention, and he found a man selling a combination opera glass, magnifying glass, reading glass &c.

He was a fine talker and was holding the crowd well. A neatly dressed man asked to be permitted to examine one of the articles. Receiving it, and being told how to work it, he had it arranged for use as an opera glass.

He turned it in one direction and then in another, finally keeping it pointed toward a window in one of the tall office buildings. The "faker" soon finished his talk and asked the man whether he wished to buy it, and as he did the other said aloud:

"By George, she's kissing him. Well I'll be hanged!"

Several of the people looked up, trying to see what he was looking at, and the "faker" again asked him whether he wanted to buy or. The answer was a chuckle, and without removing the glasses from his eyes he reached into one of his side pockets and handed the other a half dollar, telling him to keep the change, as the show was worth the extra quarter.

The third discovery was made on Sixth avenue, in front of a store wherein an auction sale was being held. An energetic talker stood in the doorway, and from his remarks it appeared as if he was about to do some startling trick of magic.

He carefully counted out a number of ten-cent pieces, then some nickles and also some pennies. Next he took out a roll of bills and counted off a number of these. Each of these groups he arranged separately on a large plush box. All the while he kept informing the constantly growing crowd that this mystifying trick had baffled the people the world over.

"I am going to change the pennies into quarters, the nickles into halves and the dimes into silver dollars, and then I am going to make these bills become gold pieces in front of your eyes and without touching them."

This was the cue for the "capper," who asked what was inside the box.

The man with the money said that the box had nothing to do with the trick, being used only as a stand to place the money on. The "capper" insisted that the box was a device to help the other in doing the trick, and insisted that it be opened. The man refused and an argument followed.

"Now my friends this man insists on my opening this box. I'll gladly do so, but first let me tell you that this box contains something valued at \$7. It was on the counter when I came out here to do my trick of magic and I took it to rest the money on. Before going on with the trick and to show you that I am fair in my dealings with you I will let you bid on the contents, and to the successful bidder I will guarantee to refund the money if he does not find the contents to be worth 10 times the amount of the bid or if he is not satisfied. Some one start it. No bid refused.

The bidding was begun by another "capper" at 25 cents, and the bid closed at 50 cents.

"Now I will show you, sir, just what you have purchased for one half a dollar. A seven-dollar article. A clear profit to you sir, of six dollars and fifty cents."

The bidder stepped forward and as the lid was raised quickly he said loud enough for every one to hear, "Isn't that a beauty? Hurry up and let me have it."

The crowd pushed forward to get a view and some one cried out:

"Give us all a look." "I will be pleased to do so," said the auctioneer, "But as it is against the law to block the sidewalk I invite you all to step inside, where I will show you the contents of this box and also to complete my wonderful feat of magic"—and, like sheep, they all followed.

The easiest road to wealth is to have a rich relative die and leave you a fortune.

A woman's idea of a striking gown is one that hits her husband's bank balance.

POST OFFICE BUILDING.

Will Be Considerably Delayed Owing to Congress's Failure to Appropriate for Clerk Hire.

By the failure of the extra session to make an appropriation of \$200,000 for clerk hire and expenses in the supervising architect's office, the erection of several hundred public buildings throughout the country will be considerably delayed. These buildings have been authorized by Congress and the money appropriated for them, but as there is no fund to pay the architect's clerks about one hundred of them have been dismissed and work on the plans suspended. This oversight or neglect is laid at the door of the House appropriations committee. A number of buildings in this State, which the communities anticipated would be built right away, are affected by the development and actual work on them is indefinitely postponed.

To the average layman this looks very much as if it were a political subterfuge, and as if the supervising architect's office is not practical and economical. That is to say, the government has been for years constructing buildings all over this country, large, small and medium sized, and it would seem that after all these years, with separate and distinct plans drawn for each and every one of them, a system of standardization would have been perfected and adopted, so that there would be available plans and specifications for a half dozen or more \$50,000, \$100,000, \$200,000, etc., buildings. The appropriations being made, all that is necessary is to decide on the style building of that price and go ahead with the work under the drawings already approved and used. A North Carolina town would not object to having a building like one in Kentucky, and Kansas would not bleed because a Vermont postoffice was reproduced in that State. This thing of having to get up new drawings for every new building looks very much as if the architects also are coming in for a right fat take from the pork barrel, which is all right from their viewpoint but as an irritating imposition upon the communities, that want and need and are entitled to buildings.

KEEP YOUR SKIN COMFORTABLE AND YOUR COMPLEXION CLEAR DURING THE HOT WEATHER.

If your skin is kept comfortable, you will be comfortable yourself. If you or one of your children are being made miserable by hives, prickly heat, rashes or eczema or if you are worried by pimples, black heads, sun burn or skin trouble of any kind we want you to try ZEMO and ZEMO Soap.

We are so anxious to have you use ZEMO and ZEMO Soap that we offer you a generous sample of each and our 32 page booklet "How to preserve the Skin" if you will send five 2c stamps to E. Rose Medicine Co., 3032 Olive Street St. Louis, Mo., to pay postage or get them today from J. G. Hall Drug Store who indorse and recommend ZEMO and ZEMO Soap for all skin troubles whether it be on infant or grown person.

We know you will be pleased with results from the use of ZEMO and ZEMO Soap at J. G. Hall's Drug Store.

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 gastric juices it becomes sluggish, and in this way disturbs the stomach and bowels, with which it is supposed to work in harmony. Then comes the sallow 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 Syrup Pepsin, which contains ingredients especially intended to promote the activity of the liver.

Among the many thousands who have written the doctor about the results achieved with his remedy, and who are glad to make the facts public so that others can help themselves are Mr. Jas. Kennedy, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. S. A. La Rue of Smith's Grove, Ky., and many others.

These, like thousands of others, started the use of Syrup Pepsin with a sample. If you will send your name and address you can also obtain a free trial bottle. This will prove to you that liver trouble is promptly cured with this remedy or money will be refunded. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is permanent in its results, is pleasant to take and does not grip. It is especially good for all those who cannot stand a violent purgative.

Dr. Caldwell personally will 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 I will reply to you in detail. For the free sample simply send your name and address on a postal card or otherwise. For other request the doctor's address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, E. 50 Caldwell Building, Monticello, Ill.

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Dennis G. Brummitt, Attorney at Law. Upstairs in Hunt Building. Phone No. 91. OXFORD, N. C.

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IT is not as easy to get a foothold in business or to own real estate as it was a generation or two ago. The easiest and surest way to be prepared for the winter of life is to put money in the bank. Money in the bank goes a long way towards insuring a happy Christmas and it always enables Santa Claus to visit your home. You can see examples every year at this time of unhappy families who have no bank account. Start your bank account at once and you will always be prepared for this event in the future.

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