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SALEEBY

Candy Kitchen.

'PHONE 17.

IN A DAY'S SHOPPING

By Keith Gordon

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She was young and had lived always
 in the suburbs, where life rolled smilingly
 under clear skies, sweet enough,
 to be sure, but just a trifle uninteresting.
 There were times even when she was
 that little girl when she had craved
 the tonic of the world's uglier
 moods, burned to see it at its fiercest,
 as indifferent to human beings as if
 they were ants.

This may have been mere youth and
 inexperience or it may have been because
 she was surfeited with beauty. Was not
 her home the most imposing in
 Farville? Inside the house an exquisite
 stillness that made her want to shout
 and whoop in defiance.

Her sisters were "the beautiful King
 girls." She herself, as a chance
 remark had informed her, was "the plain
 one." At the moment she had felt deeply
 mortified. She hadn't supposed it
 was so bad as all that. From this time
 her distaste for beauty grew more
 marked and in one of those heated
 moments that will occur even between
 the best of sisters had said plainly that
 she was "sick and tired of their everlasting
 beauty!" With this observation she
 had made a rapid but highly character-
 istic departure from the room, and the
 family beauties had grinned at each
 other knowingly.

"She's a funny little sister," observed
 Elaine indulgently, a remark that was
 met by Bertha's thoughtful "I wonder
 why she is so bitter against beauty?
 She's not half bad herself. She's un-
 usual, the restless little monkey!"

And, indeed, this view of her appear-
 ance was shared by a man who had on
 more than one occasion allowed him-
 self to look at her the second time,
 though she was unconscious of his very
 existence. Her trips to New York in-
 variably led her to one destination, and
 there he had come to watch for her.

The mother and the beautiful sisters
 never knew, any more than they knew
 her keen interest in the gloomy inter-
 iors visible from the elevated trains,
 that their youngest was in the habit of
 rushing through her shopping at the
 high class stores where they had credit
 and then basking herself pellmell to
 a great Sixth avenue department store,
 where, as she passed through the re-
 volving doors, she felt with a shiver of
 delight that she plunged into the
 stream of life.

The jostling and crowding, the teem-
 ing exhibits that overran counters and
 were forever falling to the floor, the
 near silk, near silver and near gold
 commodities that filled the place so
 lavishly, far from offending her taste,
 stirred her fancy oddly, and she scam-
 pered up and down the long aisles
 alive with that suppressed excitement
 that is one of the keenest emotions
 life had to offer and indifferent to the
 buffetings of the crowd which seemed
 to her delightfully good natured if a
 little bit lacking in form.

But the spot that she loved best of
 all was the broad landing of the mar-
 ble staircase that swirled grandly up-
 ward from the center of the first floor
 with a magnificence that was dazzling
 even for a department store. This
 landing formed a balcony, rich with
 oriental rugs and upholstered furni-
 ture, and, most desirable of all, it
 commanded a panoramic view of the
 floor beneath.

Here "the youngest" often sat for
 an hour or so at a time, with her chin
 resting on the railing and her eyes
 fixed greedily on the scene below, a
 fascinated spectator of one of the best
 theatrical productions that the big
 world has to offer.

The man—he was an artist, and he
 haunted the balcony on the lookout
 for types—had noticed that she usually
 came out of her absorbed contempla-
 tion of the scene below her with a
 start, glanced in a dazed way at the
 bold faced clock near by and then fair-
 ly scampered down the flowing marble
 stairs and melted away in the crowd.
 Not being a mind reader, he could not
 know that she was wondering if there
 was any chance of catching the 3:50
 or how on earth she should explain her
 absence since 9:30 by the purchase of
 six yards of val lace.

But the studies of her face and head
 in his small sketchbook multiplied,
 and the oftener he drew her the more
 dissatisfied he became. Always he
 just missed catching the spirit of her,
 the youth, the interest, the ardor and
 the innocence of her glance, of every
 line and movement, for it seemed to
 his artist's eye that she was a very
 marvel of expression.

It was about this time that the pub-
 lishers for whom he did more or less
 work sent him a book for illustration,
 and as he read the manuscript it
 seemed the very girl of the balcony
 who had wandered into its pages. By
 some strange fate the lines that he
 selected as the pictorial points told a
 tale. "She stood looking down at the
 through below her, breathless, absorbed,"
 was one; "Malvern, watching
 her, recognized that of the thousands
 she was the one," was another, and
 the pictures composed themselves in
 his brain with a precision that could
 not be gainsaid.

He had watched for her before with
 dreamy pleasure. Now his watching
 became eager, intense. His fingers
 itched to tell the story—tell it, as he
 knew he could, as he had never told
 a story before. Once, indeed, she had
 glanced toward him with a mute in-
 terrogation that went from his book
 and pencil to his face. But he had
 quickly feigned an absorption that
 must have convinced her, for she

turned away and glanced toward him
 no more.

It was not until after the picture-
 had gone from him, not until the al-
 sorbing work of weeks was ended,
 leaving his mind temporarily as blank
 as a room denuded of its furniture,
 that any doubt of what he had done
 assailed him. Then, with some con-
 sternation, he realized that the world
 is very full of people, a fact that for
 the past weeks had escaped him en-
 tirely. He had thought of it as peo-
 ple—exclusively like the garden of
 Eden—simply herself and him. Now
 a sudden consciousness that his story
 lay in an open book for others as
 well as her to read, made him
 tremble. It had seemed the only way
 to bring her out of the vague atmos-
 phere and into the circle of known
 things. Now he wondered if his
 method were not too blatant—if it
 would not make her shrink farther
 back into the crowded outer circle,
 and with a sort of miserable, hope-
 less patience he awaited the appear-
 ance of the book.

"Who is the girl?"
 Kendry, an artist friend, was look-
 ing at the proofs, and he scowled and
 narrowed his eyes in an effort to re-
 call the face in the picture before
 him; then a light dawned and his brow
 smoothed.

"I say, it's uncommonly like that lit-
 tle King girl, the sister of the beau-
 ties. I didn't know that you knew
 them."

The maker of the pictures shook his
 head with well assumed indifference.
 "Never heard of them, I think. Where
 do they live?"

His voice didn't sound natural to him-
 self, but Kendry was absorbed in the
 pictures and apparently did not notice.

"Farville," he answered absently, and
 the other took courage.

"That's a mere face in the crowd,"
 he tossed off airily. "Found it in a
 Sixth avenue department store."

Kendry showed his disbelief. "If
 they have that sort in department
 stores," he observed, "I think I'll go
 to one of them to get me a wife." To
 which his listener had the temerity to
 answer:

"Do you know, the same thought has
 crossed my mind."

The next post carried an advance
 copy of the book to Miss Katherine
 King, Farville, N. J. As she glanced
 at the pictures she tingled with delight.
 The great, swirling river of life had
 caught her up at last, no longer passing
 her by as if she were but a part of its
 smiling shore. She swept into her
 mother's room without ceremony.

"Mamma," she said breathlessly, "I
 must, I really must, go to town tomor-
 row for a day's shopping."
 Something told her he would be wait-
 ing!

Such a Thoughtful Woman.
 When the man and the woman start-
 ed down the subway stairs the man
 felt in his pocket for tickets.

"By George!" he said. "Isn't that a
 shame? I've got to stop in all this mob
 and buy tickets!"

"Oh, no, you won't," said the woman.
 "I have them. When I came down-
 town I remembered what you said
 about those people who buy only one
 ticket at a time making such a nu-
 sance of themselves, so as I had 15
 cents to spare I bought three tickets.
 I have two left. We can go right on
 through."

So the man and the woman drifted
 along with the pushing crowd to the
 point where the ticket chopper held
 them up and demanded tribute. Then
 the woman looked in her purse for the
 tickets. Suddenly her face assumed a
 painful blankness.

"I—I haven't got them," she faltered.
 "I was in such a hurry when I came
 through that I must have dropped all
 three tickets into the uptown box."—
 New York Press.

Homely Abraham Lincoln.

In Colonel Clark E. Carr's book,
 "The Illini," he tells of his first
 glimpse of Abraham Lincoln and of his
 impressions of him at that time. He
 says: "Rapidly as the coach had swept
 by the hotel I had noticed that the
 driver was not alone on his high seat.
 He had a companion, and before any
 of the other passengers could alight
 this companion had alighted, stepping,
 as it seemed to me, from the high coach
 box clear to the ground, he was so very
 tall and his legs were so very long.
 My first impression was that he was
 the homeliest man I had ever seen, but
 as he moved and spoke this impression
 was gradually changed. He was awk-
 ward and ungainly, bony and angular,
 his body abnormally extended, his long
 legs and arms terminating in big feet
 and large, bony fingers. His neck was
 long and seemed to be intended espe-
 cially to lift his head high enough to
 survey every object about him. His
 head was covered with thick, matted
 brown hair."

A Horrified Cabman.
 Henry Herman, the English theat-
 rical manager, had a glass eye, which
 on one occasion figured prominently in
 a joke he played upon a brutal cab-
 man.

"Cabby" was driving Herman home to
 his residence at Hampstead and on
 the way mercilessly thrashed his horse.
 Herman objected to the man's cruelty,
 says Mr. George R. Sims in his interest-
 ing book entitled "Among My Auto-
 graphs," but said nothing until he got
 out of the cab. Having first carefully
 removed his glass eye, he held it out
 between his finger and thumb and ex-
 claimed:

"That's what you have done, you
 scoundrel! You have cut my eye out
 with your whip! I shall give you into
 custody!"

The cabman gave one horrified glance
 at the eye, exclaimed, "Oh, crikey!"
 and, without waiting for his fare, whip-
 ped up his horse and drove off at a
 furious rate.

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....IS STILL IN PROGRESS....

It Will End Next

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 is well to do Today.

D. Oestreicher.