

Your Rich?
Use Blackstone
bone Tankage
Fertilizers
 get it in treated bags.
This Kind of fertilizer and bag agents sell it at your station. come to see, or write
BLACKSTONE GUANO COMPANY INC.

Executor's Notice,
 undersigned having duly qualified as executor of the estate of the late Lizzie ... deceased, all persons owing to said estate are requested to come forward ... All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Administrator's Notice.
 having qualified as the administrator of the estate of Bell Edwards, ... all persons having claims against said estate ...

Notice.
 of trust executed to ... and duly recorded in ...

Notice.
 of cash in front of the ... court in house and lot ...

Administrator's Notice.
 qualified as Administrator, C. C. ... estate of R. C. Woods ...

Executors Notice.
 qualified as Executor on the estate ... deceased, will annexed, late of ...

Roxboro Pressing Club.
 opposite new warehouse

WANTED--you to know that this is the best equipped place in town for cleaning, pressing, dyeing and repairing, work called for and delivered promptly, Phone 48.
R. E. GENTRY, Prop
 212 in 3m

Notice--Sale
 by virtue of a deed of trust executed to ... by W. H. Clay and wife, duly recorded in Person County in book 16 P, 234 I will ...

Saturday Sept. 30th, 1911
 sell at public auction for cash in front of the Court House door in Roxboro, N. C., that certain tract of land described as follows:
 Beginning at a point off the road from Longhurst to Providence, thence N. 5 degrees E. 87 1/2 ft. to Pass' line; thence South 87 degrees East 73 ft. to lot No. 3; thence with No. 3 South 5 degrees West 365 to a point on Pass Street, thence with said street South 88 1-2 degrees West 73 ft to beginning, it being lot No. 2 containing 62-100 of an acre.
 This Aug 31st, 1911 N Lunsford, Trustee

DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
 Will Surely Stop That Cough.

Children Cry for Fletcher's
CASTORIA
 The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
 Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*
The Kind You Have Always Bought
 In Use For Over 30 Years
 THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 27 HURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Common Colds must be taken Serious!
 For unless cured they sap the vitality and lower the vital resistance to more serious infection. Protect your children and yourself by the prompt use of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and note its quick and decisive results. For coughs, croup, whooping cough, bronchitis and affections of the throat chest and lungs it is an ever ready and valuable remedy.
 Morrill Webb Drug Co.

Roxboro Real Estate & Trust Company.
 You can make no mistake when you invest in Roxboro dirt, it is sure to increase in value. If you have any idle money and want to invest it we can show you where you can do to advantage.
 Town Lots and farms is our specialty—let us show you.

INSURANCE.
 When you place your insurance with us you know that you are protected. Only Best Company represented, prompt settlements, satisfactory adjustments.
 We are here to serve you, give us a call.
 Yours truly,
Roxboro Real Estate & Trust Co.
N LUNSFORD, Manager

Buy Near Home
 Many people have an idea that they can buy their supplies for home use cheaper in the larger towns, but such is not the case for we buy our stock in as large quantities as any store and are prepared to furnish you with

DRY GOODS, SHOES, HAT'S,
Groceries and Farming
Implements.

at prices as low as anybody, and you have the advantage of getting what you want near home
 Visit our store and get our prices and you will see the advantages we offer.

Reade Bros. Company
HELENA, N C

Pathetic Death at Statesville.
 (Special to Daily News.)
 Statesville, Sept. 14.—Earl Lazenby, aged 14 or 15, died Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lazenby, in Cool Spring township, death resulting from diabetes. Because of the circumstances attending his death, the passing of this youth was very pathetic. He had been afflicted for several months, but was not confined to his bed and was able to at the dinner table Monday. While sitting in his room late Monday afternoon he suddenly turned to his sister, who was in the room, and with the declaration that he was dying threw his arms around the young lady and kissed her. He then called all the members of the family who were in the house to his room and telling them that he realized the end was near kissed all good-bye. A short time later he became unconscious and never rallied.

A Delicate Problem.
 Parson Johnson, an evangelist of color, was caught hugging one of the finest "ewe" lambs of the congregation, who was a very popular young lady, and it created quite a stir. So Brudder Johnston was brought up for trial. "You have seen these great pictures, I suppose, so you know dat de great Shepherd am always pictured with a lamb "in his arms," said Brudder Johnson. "Yes, sah, pahson, dat am so," admitted Deacon Jones. "Den, Brudder Jones, what am wrong in the shepherd of dis flock having a lamb in his arms?" This was too much for Brudder Jones, so he proposed that the people have a call meeting that afternoon. After the point was discussed at the afternoon meeting the following resolution was adopted. "Resolved, Dat [for the future peace of the congregation, dat the next time Brudder Johnson feels called on to take a lamb of de flock in his arms, dat he pick out a ram lamb."

Charged With Embezzlement.
 Statesville, Sept. 14.—D. A. Ingle, a citizen of Fallstown township, was given a hearing before Justice J. C. McLain in Mooresville Tuesday afternoon on charges of embezzlement preferred by Miss Jennie Alley, of Davidson township. As a result of the hearing Ingle was required to give a \$200 bond for his appearance at the next term of Iredell Superior court. The allegation is that he sold property of Miss Alley and appropriated the funds to his own personal use.

China again has a rebellion
 The city of Cheng Fu, capital of one of the interior provinces, is besieged by rebels. The missionaries in that section are behind the walls, guarded by troops. The Canadian Methodists have mission stations in this province. It is thought the government can handle the uprising without much blood shed.

A Queer Episode.
 A curious electoral episode is reported from the Slovak village of Zakopce, in the Trencsen county of Hungary. The official candidate, Baron Ludwig Levay, was attempting to address a public meeting of Slovaks in the Magyar language when a peasant came forward and asked him to speak English, as his audience knew no Magyar. The candidate therefore spoke English for half an hour and received a vote of thanks, also in English. He subsequently ascertained that more than 80 per cent of the 3,000 inhabitants of the village had returned from America, where they had as emigrants acquired a good knowledge of English.

Ocean Freight.
 One of the marvels of the age is the extreme cheapness of ocean carriage. The modern tramp steamer could carry her cargo 1,000 miles for ninepence a ton and make a profit of 10 per cent. A modern tramp steamer could leave

A Country Doctor's Record.
 Dr. James Morris, who was one of the oldest medical practitioners in Scotland, has just died at Dunfermline. When he celebrated his jubilee as a doctor some ten years ago he made this statement: "During my fifty years in practice I have attended 60,000 patients, administered chloroform 10,000 times with absolute immunity from fatal results, had 5,000 births (1,000 consecutive cases without a death), made about 1,000,000 visits and traveled about 500,000 miles." Not a bad record for a country medical man.—Westminster Gazette.

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SELECT CULLINGS
The Curator's Plight!
 Signor Luigi Luzzatti, the new Italian premier, being also minister of the interior, was conducted the other day over the spacious archives of that department. Heaving a sigh at the mountainous piles of dust laden documents, Signor Luzzatti asked, "Is it really necessary or desirable to preserve all these accumulations?" "Decidedly so," quickly retorted the curator. "Here, for instance," exclaimed he, picking up a bundle at haphazard, "is a dossier dealing with a grand scheme of administrative reform which occupied successive ministers for thirty years." "Heavens!" ejaculated Signor Luzzatti, now profoundly interested. "Let's have a look at it." Imagine the poor curator's plight when, the parcel being undone, the contents were found to consist of a big bouquet of faded violets, a very old pair of gloves and a large liver patty, all supposed to be relics of the faroff days when Crispi ruled.—Milan Letter to London Chronicle.

An American in Japan's Councils.
 Henry Willard Denison occupies a position in Japan not unlike that which Sir Robert Hart held so many years in China when he was inspector general of the Chinese customs. Ever since 1880 this American jurist has been legal adviser to the foreign office at Tokyo, and in that capacity he has been behind the scenes of Japanese policy for thirty years. He has even been a representative of the Japanese government on several important occasions, notably at Portsmouth and The Hague. The fact that an American is a most important part of the Japanese foreign policy has never helped us to the slightest degree in any negotiation with Japan. But as a barometer of international relations Mr. Denison's office is of the greatest interest to us. He has just renewed his contract with the Japanese government for five years, and in case of war between America and Japan he would instantly resign. At present, therefore, the barometer stands steadily at set fair.—Metropolitan Magazine.

An Unlucky Find.
 An unfortunate experience has just befallen a French stibbieman named Brodequin. Seven years ago when cleaning a carriage he found a brooch with a white stone inset, which he took to be an imitation diamond. He married and a year later became the father of a girl. The brooch was used to hold up the baby's bib, and on her sixth birthday Brodequin took the child to a jeweler to buy some earrings. The child was wearing the brooch, and the jeweler, recognizing the white stone as a diamond, offered 1,000 francs for it. Brodequin refused the offer and took the brooch to another jeweler, who handed him over to the police. Experts find the brooch to be worth 4,000 francs, and Brodequin is to be prosecuted for theft because he did not take his find to a police station seven years ago.

Hard Wood.
 Ever since he was a boy at school Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, who recently celebrated his seventy-second birthday, has had a tough time and often has been called "Hard Wood." At the age of ten years he went to the Marlborough grammar school and then to the college in the same town. Here he received his baptism of "war." It was a riot among the boys, brought about by the prohibition of pyrotechnic displays on the 5th of November. The culmination was a month of mutiny, during which the head master's desk was burned and great damage done to the premises. Young Wood was flogged, fined £2 and given 300 lines of Latin to learn by heart.—Tit-Bits.

No Bond of Sympathy.
 An earthquake I have never met While strolling down the pike, Nor am I curious a bit To know what they are like. I wouldn't care to call one down Or try its wrath to stem. If they will just let me alone I'll do as much for them.
 Some foolish people might desire An earthquake for a pet, But that would not appear to me To be the one best bet. I'd rather have a poodle dog To follow me around Than have the very finest quake That ever shook the ground.
 An earthquake is so very rude; For all the capers that it cuts In working out its game. When it has in a reckless mood Mussed up some special spot The owner of the place observes His house won't fit his lot.
 Experience is very fine— It helps a man along— But I will pass the earthquake up And take some not so strong. If in advance I can but know Where it will run amuck I'll take my family and my grip And make a graceful duck.
 No Visible Supply.
 "Do you question my sanity?" "Well, I might under some circumstances."
 "What circumstances?" "If I were ever to see enough of it to point a question at!"
 Skyscrapers.
 The second generation of skyscrapers in lower Manhattan has appeared. The twenty story building at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets is now being torn down as obsolete in order to make way for a new and much higher thirty-two story structure. New York skyscrapers may soon be classified like battleships—at the end of ten years "obsolete," at the end of twenty "obsolete," and then the scrap heap.—Springfield Republican.

Factors of Spring.
 Suds, floods, Whitewash and suds, Ladies that gleefully sing: Bees, trees, Maybe a freeze— Such are the factors of spring.
 Hats, snats, Stray butterflies on the wing; Sleet, frost, Carpeted heat— Such are the factors of spring. —Pittsburg Press

Like Some Other Epitaphs.
 "I was called in by a close fist old merchant the other day," a Boston lawyer remarked, smiling. "He wanted me to draw his will, and this I proceeded to do, following his verbal instruction. Presently he said: "To each and every clerk who has been in my employ for ten years I give \$10,000." "This seemed like a considerable sum to me, and I ventured a slight protest, as he had a number of daughters and his entire fortune was not large. "Oh, that's all right," he said, with a little crooked smile. "You know people have always said that I was close and hard, and I want them to think well of me when I'm gone." "I was a little touched and said something, but he waved it aside, and we continued with the draft. When it was finished, and as I was about to leave the office the old fellow smiled again his little crooked smile. "About those \$10,000 legacies," he said, "there isn't a clerk in my place who has been with me over two years, but it will look well in the papers!" —Green Bag.

A Ballad of Teething.
 Our yearling youth is incubating bugs, We watch with him in day and night Shift gears, and try to hush the languageless hir-ranges In which he rails at awful gum lumps pangs. Alternately we walk the hardwood floor And strive to still his loud, unresting roar. We feed him dope from our domestic store, Hoping gray dawn may show one molar more.
 A bas that white and shining ivory row That in the tooth past advertisements show! Bleenapud bring an overplus of woe, A nuisance when they come and w they go!

Undeniably.
 The milk of human kindness is never condensed. You can't preserve friendship in alcohol. It's safer being bent on economy than broke on extravagance. Many family trees are shady. If the birds were all early there wouldn't be worms enough to go round. The ancients believed the world was square. Perhaps it was in those days.—Success Magazine.
 When a Feller's Gittin' Gray. In a mighty hurry for the time to slip away. But it's brifer than a dream is when a feller's gittin' gray.
 Haven't time for roamin' to reap a rose o' May; River beats your runnin' when a feller's gittin' gray.
 A minute's worth so much then! There's only this to say— The world seems brighter, sweeter, when a feller's gittin' gray. —Frank L. Stanton.
 Cut Off in Flower of Youth. Mr. Johnsing, aged ninety years and his faithful wife, aged eighty-seven, were returning from the burial of their only son, who had died at the age of sixty-three. The father was taking his loss very much to heart, when the mother put her hand on his arm and said: "It ain't so sudden, Rastus. You know I always said we'd never raise dat child."—Everybody's Magazine.