

Mr. Tobacco Grower:-  
Here are five reasons why it will pay you to sell your tobacco in Durham

- [1] Good prices
- [2] Quick sales
- [3] Large Warehouses
- [4] Good Roads
- [5] Central Location

"SELL YOUR TOBACCO IN DURHAM"

# The FIDELITY Bank

Durham, N. C.

"Growing Larger By Serving Better"

whom they belong. Those American school-marks are blissfully ignorant of the fact that they are being surveyed by the burning cold eyes of the Oriental.

That family of Spanish nobility seems to be seeking some particular painting—perhaps portraits of their ancestors. They pass haughtily by that old gentleman, I do not mean "old", I mean "antique." He tries to appear venerable—methinks he is out of place somewhat, he should be down in the archaeological rooms.

The portly gentleman there announces with his first gesture on entering the room that he's from New York—and further that he is not ashamed of that fact. He is rapid, precise in his gestures—sure of himself. Art has no terrors for him—he has none of that awe and reverence in the presence of sublimity. Every line of him breathes out wealth and ease. The picture most provocative of pathos and emotion causes but a slight ripple in his ocean of self-assurance and self-satisfaction. I judge that he will not tarry here long—there is not sufficient attraction to hold for long the attention of a man of his parts. I am undecided whether he will be in London tomorrow night or in the Swiss Alps.

There go two travel companions—strange pair! The one an Englishman—rather a cosmopolitan citizen of English birth. He has just returned from South Africa, let us say; and the lad who is with him seems to be from India—slender and silent, he is the lesser of the two. He has scarcely spoken, but listens attentively to what his comrade tells him. What strange co-incidence has linked together these two? Perhaps the one saved the other's life in a thrilling adventure in Calcutta eighteen months ago, and out of gratitude the elder took the younger with him. Gratitude and respect have changed into mutual friendship without themselves being lost.

But enough of this for a time. I shall return later to renew my geography lesson.

NOTES AND PERSONALS

M. A. Moose, of Burlington, attended a meeting of the A. M. O. S. (Ancient and Mystic Order of Samaritans) which is a branch of the Odd Fellows, held at Danville recently.

A revival is in progress at the Milton Methodist church, the preaching being done by Rev. Ralph Haga, of Danville. Last Sunday Mr. Haga preached two splendid sermons, and the people were all very highly pleased and interested. All the people in reach are urged to attend the services Thursday and Friday nights. There may be a service Saturday night.

Miss Graves Satterfield has been doing special nursing at the Edmunds hospital for several weeks. She is now nursing Ivey Smith, who underwent an appendix operation about two weeks ago.

Hassie lost a new barn full of tobacco by fire last Thursday.

SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE IN CASWELL AND PERSON COUNTIES

On Saturday, October 15, 1927, at Semora, in Caswell County, North Carolina, the undersigned will sell at public sale to the highest bidder or bidders the following described real property belonging to the estates of T. A. Winstead and Mrs. Bettie S. Winstead, both deceased, to-wit:

CASWELL COUNTY PROPERTY

1. That tract situated at Semora in Caswell County, containing 90 acres, more or less, adjoining the Semora-Cummingham public road on the north, land of Ben Barber on the east, land of Jesse Yarboro on the south and land of W. L. and Huldah Taylor on the west, being that tract of land owned and occupied as a place of residence by the said T. A. Winstead during his life and by his widow, Mrs. Bettie S. Winstead until her death.
2. A certain lot of land owned by Mrs. Bettie S. Winstead at Semora, containing 5 acres, more or less, and being a part of the T. A. Adams subdivision situated on the road leading from Semora to Hightowers, same having been conveyed to her in two adjacent lots by T. T. Adams and wife and by C. W. Pointer and wife. Said land has been subdivided into four lots

A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION

# J.C. Penney Co. INC.

DEPARTMENT STORES

BURLINGTON, N. C.

25th Anniversary

## Clever Frocks Made At Home

From Our Fine Silks Are Fashioned

When silks of heavy, lustrous quality can be bought at such modest prices, it is easy to make smart frocks at home.

J. C. P.  
Crepe de Chine, \$1.49  
Our own standard—in all of Fall's approved colors.

Charmeuse,  
\$1.98

A particularly smart material this season—drapes gracefully.

Crepe Satin,  
\$2.49

The lustrous finish of this fabric makes it a fall favorite.



Bring Your Tobacco to Burlington  
THE MARKET OPENS OCTOBER 4th  
Make Our Store Your Headquarters,  
Opposite the Leader Warehouse.

## Purdum's Piedmont Paint

Paint ..... \$2.30 Per Gallon

To each gallon of Piedmont Paste add one gallon of Pure Linseed Oil, making two gallons of Finished Paint, costing \$2.30 per gallon.

Manufactured in Danville, and is the result of 35 years experience in the paint business.

"None Better"

## W. R. Purdum & Son

Danville, Virginia.

NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of authority contained in a certain deed of trust executed by Robert J. Mimms, on the 3rd day of October, 1924, and recorded in Book 76, on page 493 of the Register of Deeds Office for Caswell County, North Carolina, the undersigned trustee, will at the written request of the holder of the bond secured thereby, the stipulations in said deed of trust not having been complied with, on

SATURDAY, THE 15TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1927,

at 12:00 o'clock M., at the Courthouse door, in the Village of Yanceyville, offer for sale and sell at public outcry, for CASH, one-half undivided interest in that certain tract of land located on Hogan's Creek and adjoined by the lands of W. H. Baise, J. H. Lane, and others and is known as the Mimms farm and is now occupied by Robert J. Mimms and was formerly a part of the Nunally land.

This, the 12th day of September, 1927.

GEORGE MIMS, Trustee.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Having this day qualified as Executor of the estate of Robert Z. Warren, deceased, this is to request all persons indebted to the said estate to come forward and make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against the said estate will present them to me for payment on or before the 2nd day of September, 1928, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

This, the 2nd day of September, 1927.  
F. R. WARREN, Executor.  
Prospect Hill, N. C.

## Dull Headache and Sluggish Feeling

"We are a healthy family and haven't had to use much medicine," says Mr. J. H. Adams, of Bishop, Ga. "But I have found it necessary to take some medicine."

"I had headaches. My head felt dull, and like I couldn't hold it up."

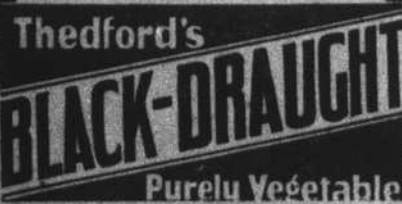
"I had a bad taste in my mouth; felt sluggish and tired."

"I brought home some Black-Draught and took a few doses, and I got good results. I felt so much better. My head cleared up. I was hungry and wanted to get out and work."

"Black-Draught has proved satisfactory and we have used it ever since."

Thousands of other families have had equally satisfactory experiences.

Sold everywhere in 25 cent and \$1 packages.



A FEW OF A STRANGER'S OBSERVATIONS IN PARIS

(Continued from Page 5)

ball bat and glove to all the treasures the Louvre contains. The tired little wife, too, longs to be back in her kitchen but she is willing to say nothing in order that her husband may enjoy the

trip. Strange how each sacrifices happiness to give it to the other, and therefore each is happy—not from the other's sacrifice but from his or her own.

Your rather rotund gentleman is a wealthy planter from the Argentine. He has been here for some weeks, or else this is not his first visit to Paris,—but what is the thing he is observing? It appears to be some beggar. I shall give him something with which to get a hair-cut. No, I am entirely wrong. It is an artist who is copying some of the faces from a baccal scene. I beg pardon again, he is rather an actor who is pretending to be a painter. He has discovered that he is under observation, and is acting the part admirably. His opening flourishes say, "Now watch me,"—already he has changed into a musician waving his baton to synchronize a twenty-four piece orchestra; now he appears to be a swimmer poised, dreading to plunge into the icy depths. He has decided not to plunge; how readily he changes individuality! Now he is an expert swordsman fencing with an opponent. Ah, the Argentine has gone, the actor relaxes into his real self, and while he waits for more spectators he touches up his canvas to make it look like the original.

Quite different was the diminutive in an inconspicuous corner of the last room through which I passed. He had forgotten that he was in Paris—thousands of miles from home; he knew not that there were other persons there as well as he. Oblivious of the fact that it was then mid-afternoon and he had had no luncheon, he was living in the painting at the end of his brush—the scene of arrest in the Garden of Gethsemane.

Once he came out of his trance to survey his work and to study the original, and then he was working again with feverish inspiration. From time to time he paused to breathe and live again. Perhaps Christian; perhaps a worshipper of Buddha, he was certainly an artist.

The long-haired superficial pretender has begun again, this time for the benefit of Frenchmen who are passing. A playful lap dog has become interested in his antics and pauses to watch, while this supercilious mistress and companion drags it onward by the leash.

Two Russians have paused before that table made from Florentine marbles. Observe how their eyes grow wide with wonder as the guide explains to them that the various colors, the leaves, petals and thorns of the roses are different pieces of vari-colored marble set in so skilfully and polished so smoothly that the most sensitive finger can not detect a flaw.

There be two types of humanity—the type that can see everything in the Louvre in an hour and a half, and the type that can spend a life-time there and not see it all. There be modifications of these types in between. This observation is caused by the sight of that ill-matched pair whom I notice for the second time. The one takes in a room full of masterpieces in a single glance and then hurries to a window seat to give greater expression to the fact that the ennui is annoying. His comrade strides each object with tireless tiresome thoroughness, irritated by the other's inordinate haste.

Yon supercilious smile and lofty mien befit the Arab sheik to