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Respectfully yours, Mrs. JOHN BAILEY, West Main St., Portland, Ind. Suffered and sworn to before me on 12th day of July, 1909. C. A. BENNETT, Notary Public.

Dr. J. C. LIVERMAN, DENTIST. Office up stairs in Whitehead Building. Office hours from 9 to 1 o'clock and 2 to 5 o'clock.

DR. A. D. MORGAN, Physician and Surgeon. Office in the building formerly used by Dr. J. P. Wimberley.

CHAS. L. STATON, Attorney-at-Law. Practice wherever his services are required.

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Kitty and the Cabinet

And a Ring That Was Finally Put to Good Use.

By JOHN BEAUMONT.

"See here," said Chester hotly, "if you think I stole the ring why don't you say so and search me?" "Vincent," cried Elvia, "how can you say such a thing?" "I'm simply putting into words what Miss Celeste has been hinting for the last ten minutes," he cried. "Celeste may have been unfortunate in her remarks," said John Noddles soothingly, "but she meant nothing of that sort." Vincent Chester laughed. Ever since Miss Celeste Noddles descended upon her brother's household at the death of his wife she had fought Vincent. He was a boy then, but even then in love with Elvia, and Miss Celeste had high ideas of matrimony for her very attractive niece. This evening the two had been examining a ring, and somehow, none knew how, it had disappeared. They had hunted all over for it, but it could not be found, and it was to be expected that Miss Celeste's acid tongue would but thinly veil her suspicious thoughts. "If Mr. Chester's conscience is uneasy," chuckled Miss Celeste, "I can understand that he takes to himself purely impersonal speeches." Vincent turned to Mr. Noddles. "Will you search me, sir?" he asked. "Senseless," cried his host. "Celeste, for heaven's sake keep still. My boy, no one believes that you would steal anything—except one thing." He patted Elvia's shoulder meaningly to explain his last sentence and thereby added fuel to Miss Celeste's flame. "I don't see why he should not be searched," she fumed. "The ring was here a moment ago, and now it is gone." "You see," said Vincent. "Again, I don't want to search me." "My boy, you were not a day old when I first took you in my arms," said Mr. Noddles. "I would as soon accuse myself of crime as to believe it of you." "Well, if you won't," said Vincent briskly, "I'll have to do it myself. I guess."

Rapidly he turned out the contents of his pockets, spreading them on the table. John Noddles sprang forward as though to stop him, but Elvia laid a detaining hand upon his shoulder. "It is better so," she whispered. "It is the only way to convince a牛皮鬼." They stood silent until the things had been returned to Crawford's pockets, then Mr. Noddles stepped forward. "This should satisfy you, Celeste," he said sternly. "I want to tell you that if you ever raise the question again I shall not condone your second offense." "Very well," said Miss Celeste, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Since I seem to be so much in the way here I suppose that Mr. Crawford will permit me to retire." She swept grandly from the room, leaving the three to face each other uncomfortably. All knew that Miss Celeste was not satisfied and were fearful of her next outbreak. Each tried to appear at ease, but the pleasure of the visit was gone, and presently Crawford made an excuse for taking his departure. Elvia followed him to the door. "Will you drop in tomorrow evening," she asked. "We shall probably be able to tell you then where we found the ring." "I am afraid that I cannot get around," he said uncomfortably. "If you don't mind," pleaded Elvia, but Vincent shook his head. He had been shocked by the accusation, and not even the belief of Elvia and her father could soothe his wounded feelings yet. It seemed almost as though he were passing out of Elvia's life.

Up in her room Miss Celeste was sitting at her writing table while her tiny pen covered sheet after sheet of note paper. Not until she had written a dozen pages did she cease her work, and then, going over to her bureau, she unlocked the upper drawer and drew therefrom a paper covered book with a gaudy title page. From the inside of this she clipped a coupon, which she attached to the letter before slipping it into an envelope. A year before while visiting the city she had been tempted to visit a vaudeville theater at which a man and woman known as the X-Rays were creating a sensation with some mind reading accomplishments. Always inclined to the supernatural, she had been greatly interested by the Rays' accomplishment and had slipped back the next

afternoon to purchase some of the books which gave her the right to ask questions by mail. Once or twice since then she had consulted the oracle, and now she was writing for advice as to the whereabouts of the ring. It was well for her faith that she was not present at the answering of her question. Two young men sat before a table in a cheap theatrical boarding house when a messenger entered with a package of letters to add to the pile on the table. One of them caught the thick blue envelope up. "Here's another whole book to be answered," he laughed as he slit open the cover. "Twelve pages," he gasped as he turned over the closely written pages. "She must want her money's worth." "What's the question?" laughed the other. "Love or theft?" "Something about a ring," chuckled the first as he read the first paragraph. "Listen. 'At several crises in my life,'" he read. "I have turned to you for advice, and you have never failed me. Now, in sore distress of mind, I come to you for advice as to a ring which I have reason to believe was stolen. I will acquaint you with the facts in the case." "Cut it," urged the other. "Just use the old standby. 'Your first suspicion was correct.' That'll do as well as anything." The reader scribbled on the pad of paper before him and slipped it in the return envelope. A couple of days later Miss Celeste read the confirmation of her suspicion and bore it in triumph to her brother.

PROPHCY OF CLASS OF '13.

Read by Miss Irene Whitehead of the Graduating Class.

It was a glorious morning, such as comes to us in the merry month of May; I had arrived unexpectedly at my home in Asheville from a trip abroad. Finding that all at my home were still roaming in "The Beautiful Vale of Dreams," I sat down on the veranda to enjoy the beauties of Nature. The town nestled among the mighty mountains which seemed to caress it on all sides. The peaks towered in their lofty grandeur to the heights of the firmament. Here and there could be seen rose-colored shafts mingling with the blue of the horizon as the sun, the powerful King of day, slowly rose above the mountain peaks. The balmy spring weather was gloriously beautiful and the soft air was diffused with the blended fragrance of honeysuckles and rhododendrons. The heaven was without a cloud, but a pearly white mist loitered in the atmosphere of the upper calm which the rosy radiance of the ascending sun began to lift as it rapidly suffused the horizon. During the night a gentle rain had fallen, and under the first shimmering sunbeams of the dawn the waving grasses and tender foliage of the trees and shrubbery took on a deeper brilliancy. As I sat in the full enjoyment of the vivid picture before me, lo! there came to me wafted by the sweet breezes of morn the full sweet notes of a song falling from the lips of some early riser, even now at his toils of the day. The familiarity of the melody forced me to listen intently for the words. Ah! they came to me as clearly as the tinkling of the bell. Could it be possible so far away from the place of my childhood school days that this was a song of then? Yes, it was the class song of the graduating class of 1913, when at the high school in Scotland Neck. It thrilled my soul, and as the echoes slowly died away my thoughts were borne to each and every one of my school mates of old, and I wondered what had become of them, what heights they had attained in the seven long years that had elapsed since those happy days. I was seriously thinking when suddenly a fairy appeared before me in wonderful beauty. She was clad in dazzling white raiment, a crown of jewels adorned her head and a silver wand swayed to and fro in her hand. As I looked at her in mingled wonder and surprise she advanced nearer. "What is the one great wish of your heart?" The words seemed a part of my reverie and I could scarcely believe but what I was dreaming. "The one great wish?" I echoed. "Yes," and the tones were as gentle as snowflakes, "one wish, whatever it may be, I will grant you." Instantly and almost involuntarily I exclaimed, "Tell me of the high school class of 1913." As a picture there appeared before me at the waving of the hand, a large, sunshiny room. In it was a gracious young woman surrounded by little children who looked at her with loving eyes. Who could it be? A second look and I recognized Alice Tillery, who had always wanted to teach kindergarten. Little did I think, however, to see her in Denver, Colorado. The scene changed to Bellevue Hospital, New York. The alert young man coming down the hall with quick step was Dr. Richard David House, probably the most noted surgeon in the city. While taking a degree at Johns Hopkins Hospital he became interested in the study of the eye. By repeated experiments he discovered that he could make a lens by hardening the vitiline substance of the eye that would reflect rose-colored rays of light through the skull and clearly define the minute anatomy of the brain. Since this great discovery led to the cure of every form of insanity Dr. House is the most noted scientist of the world. As he had so many cares, he naturally hurried, but this morning he was hurrying to lunch with his charming wife. It was easy to recognize in the beautiful woman who awaited him Hilda Hancock, whose talents and rare intelligence made her as popular as her husband. Quite different was the next scene. Here in a cozy home on the banks of the Yangsteking I saw Laura White. As a trained nurse she made many friends in China, among them Mr. Newton, a missionary. She liked

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him so well that she decided to change both her name and vocation. From China to Germany was a long way, but in a moment I saw an auditorium in Berlin crowded with people listening with bated breath to music which fell from the fingers of our old friend, John Josey. During the years since 1913 he had gained distinction as a pianist, and it was considered a great privilege to be allowed to attend his concerts. Back to the United States again to Boston. After teaching two years in the town of Idaho Kate Tillery, with her large brown eyes, gibsony air, and charming manners, could not fail to attract a handsome representative of the stronger sex and although she thought that she had strongly fortified herself against the weapon of Cupid, one good archer's dart finally pierced the bulwarks, and as a result a Massachusetts representative in congress carried her off as his prize. Another class member, Turner Whitehead, seemed to have prospered, to judge from his palatial home in California, where he had become the head of an immense steel trust. The former Scotland Neck belle, Lydia Josey, was sharing his joys and sorrows. Strange to say, Henry Moore and Seba Whitehead had continued the friendship of high school days and they had become millionaires by deals with Union Pacific railroad stock. They had not married, but in their trips over the United States in their private car they had attracted many of the fair sex and had become, in the slang phrase of the day, "heart smashers." Strangest of all, and I experienced a shock as I perceived this, Willie Moore and Missoura Purvis had remained "unplucked blossoms." Though they had numerous suitors they rejected them one and all, turning a deaf ear to their pleadings and lived together in a cozy little cottage with their cats and parrots. It is never too late to mend, however, so their prospects might change. Jesse Bowers developed his talent for baseball and became catcher on the American league team of Philadelphia. At many of the games while thousands of people crowded the bleachers, only one face loomed before his vision. It was that of Miss Gertie Dunn, of Scotland Neck, who had grown to a beautiful young lady. I was not surprised to recognize in the Honorable James Shields, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, our old friend Jimmie. Although he had to be dignified at times, his grin remained the same and occasionally one could hear his familiar laugh when he was amused. As a fitting close to the interesting scenes I beheld a New Haven of rest in Connecticut, where Miss Lewis resided with the one and only William.

A Morning Tooth Talk.

The following is a very good letter on teeth: "Good morning, Mr. Busyman. My name is Tooth—A. C. Tooth, of the North Carolina Tooth Company. My object in seeking this interview is not one of complaining, but merely one of explanation regarding the feeling and condition of certain members of our company who have been working faithfully for you for a number of years. "It seems that you are such a busy man that you forget entirely to show proper attention to your teeth, those hard working servants and companions of your daily life. They serve you every day, and sometimes half the night, and so far have received nothing but neglect. "Now, you are a reasonable man, and so I am sure you will realize the importance of showing some attention to those necessary partners of your activity. Of course, you have thought about it frequently, and I truly believe your inattention is not intentional; nevertheless, it is harmful, and so I warn you unless you get busy soon and show your teeth some decent attention your neglect will prove both costly and painful. "Yes, I knew you would admit the justice of my remarks, and I certainly am pleased to have you say you will give these hard working members proper daily attention. They will be able to serve you much better, and, briefly, you will find it to your interest in every way. You certainly know they are wonderful little workers, and can do wonders for you, but when it comes to helping themselves they are helpless. Keep your word and do the needful, and I am sure you will find them ever true and grateful. "Good morning sir," W. P. E.

Read by Miss Irene Whitehead of the Graduating Class.

I clasped it and I felt a current passing through it and up my arm, distributing itself through my being. From that moment I was so absorbed that I forgot to make the responses, and the clergyman was obliged to wait till I had done so before proceeding. When the end came and I heard the words "man and wife" pronounced I was in a delirium of anxiety. For the first time I dreaded disappointment, but I had no time to indulge my emotions. In an instant every light was turned on at once. I turned and looked up into a handsome, manly, kindly face that looked down upon mine with an encouraging smile. A clapping of hands sounded in my ears, but since my whole being was engrossed in what I believed to be a prize I had drawn in the lottery of marriage it seemed to me in some faraway theater. My husband offered me his arm, and we led the little procession of attendants to the adjoining room, where the breakfast was served. It had been agreed that there should be no congratulations, since they might be painful. But we were no sooner seated at the table than some one proposed a toast to "the first and second prize, the former drawn by the groom, the latter by the bride." I tried not to show my relief and happiness, but to spite of all my efforts a continual smile hovered on my lips and a blush burned in my cheek at every happy word spoken to me. Our breakfast lasted till early afternoon, when one by one the others withdrew, and presently we found ourselves alone. My husband rose. "The contract, I believe," he said, "calls for a parting immediately after the breakfast." "Immediately?" I said, looking I know not where to avoid his gaze. "I leave you to name the exact time." "Then let it be later. We will visit awhile in the drawing room." The only part of the contract that was not carried out was the parting. I do not recommend the plan of my marriage to others, but for me it was an instantaneous and, I may say, a lifelong success.

Royal Baking Powder. ABSOLUTELY PURE. The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar. Makes delicious home-baked foods of maximum quality at minimum cost. Makes home baking pleasant and profitable.

A Real Lottery of Marriage. By MARY T. BRYCE. I grew up with a full realization of the great risks attending marriage. I wished that a husband might be selected for me, as marriages are made in foreign countries, especially among princes. If, however, I had left the matter to my parents both of them would have died leaving me an old maid. And being an old maid was a horror to me. I wished to be a wife, the mother of children, the feminine head of a home. My trouble was to make a selection of the man to be the masculine head. This may sound amiss, but the truth is there were several men who had proposed to me. They were all good men, but I dared not risk matrimony with any of them. "I know what's the matter with you," said my friend, Mrs. Seamon. "You have never met a man of your own caliber—one who, the moment you saw him, you would wish to possess." "It wouldn't make any difference," I replied. "I would not marry him. The only way for me to marry is to not know who the bridegroom is to be and married in the dark. Once tied I would have to get used to it, I suppose." "I am not sure but you are right. I know such a man as I have described to you. You might be married to him, just as you say, in the dark without ever having seen him. He has never seen you and was only yesterday making the same point you have made."

Desirable Farms. If a farmer wants to buy a farm he will pay more for one on a good road. This shows that he knows that a farm on a good road is worth more than one on a bad road. It proves conclusively and absolutely that he is satisfied that a good road adds to the value of land. Therefore, according to the logicians, a farmer is going back on his horse sense when he votes against building improved highways. Every good road is a value-making and all of us recognize it when we prefer to have a farm on the very best "good roads" in the country. Hence no man can make a mistake when he votes for improved roads and the rural development that is brought about as a consequence. We leave the subject right here in this nutshell and defy anybody to crack it.—Wilmington Star.

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