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GROWING MAY MAY BE MADE PROFITABLE

Varieties of Grasses and Legumes that will do well in the South. Obstacles in the Path of the Grower.

According to the most recent figures of the department, 1,395,000 tons of hay, valued at \$17,626,000, are brought each year into the 11 Southern States. In other words, the South produces only four-fifths of the hay that it consumes and imports the other one-fifth. This is a singular state of affairs for a great agricultural section, and the causes for it are analyzed in a new publication of the department, Farmers' Bulletin 677. "It is practicable," says this bulletin, "for the farmers of the South to produce all the hay that they need on their own farms."

For the city markets, however, southern hays find it difficult to compete with timothy, clover, or alfalfa, none of which have done well in the cotton belt, except in limited areas. Another obstacle is the likelihood of rainy weather interfering with the curing of the crop.

These two obstacles, however, do not alter the fact that, with suitable soil conditions, growing hay in the South for market should be a profitable production. The heavy clay uplands and the sandy soils along the coast are not well suited for this purpose, and the Department of Agriculture considers it doubtful whether it is advisable to attempt to produce market hay on them. On the other hand, bottom or alluvial lands, if sufficiently drained, are admirably adapted for hay production, and if there is a good market for hay in the vicinity, will probably give as great a profit in this way as in any other.

Granting that the soil is suitable, another factor to be taken into consideration is the amount of land at one's disposal. To produce market hay economically requires a special equipment, the expense of which is so considerable that it is doubtful whether a farmer is justified in incurring it unless he expects to have 20 acres or more of hay to cut each year. This equipment includes a mower, rake, tedder, wagon with frame, horse fork, pitchfork, and a hay press. The press, of course, is not absolutely necessary, and, unless the farmer has 50 tons or more to bale, it will probably be more economical for him to pay for the baling than to purchase the press.

A common method of overcoming this difficulty is for one farmer in a community to purchase a press and to make a business of baling hay for the others.

Among the grasses and legumes that make good market hays in the South are lespedeza in the lower Mississippi Valley; Johnson grass over most of the cotton belt; Bermuda grass on the rich bottom lands; the Arlington mixture (orchard grass, tall oat grass, and alsike) on the heavy uplands. Sudan grass is also showing much promise. In considering the relative merits of these market hays, it must be remembered that each market is likely to have its own requirements which do not always correspond to feeding values. There is also the question of prejudice to be taken into consideration. This is particularly true of Johnson grass, which has suffered greatly on the market from its bad reputation as a weed. It is indeed doubtful whether for this reason it should ever be sown on land not already occupied by it. Its merits in other respects, however, have been thoroughly demonstrated, and on land already covered by it it may be cut with profit for market hay. It is especially satisfactory for horses in the city, many livery men considering it practically as good as timothy for this purpose.

And 4 pounds of alsike for every acre, is not so well known as the crops already mentioned. In experiments on the Government farm at Arlington, Va., it has been found satisfactory in every way for horses, and for this reason should command a good price in the cities. At the present time there is a certain prejudice against orchard grass on account of its coarseness and against tall oat grass because it is supposed to be unpalatable. These beliefs do not appear to be justified and should disappear with better knowledge. Seeding with this mixture is rather expensive, but on the red upland soils it will make a good perennial meadow, so that this point is of little consequence.

Sudan grass is also something of a novelty as yet. There are indications that it may become a very important factor in hay production in the South.

Further details in regard to the relative merits of these various hays are contained in the bulletin already mentioned, "Growing Hay in the South for Market." This bulletin also contains an interesting table showing the kinds of hay sold in the principal markets throughout the South, the type of bale most in demand, and the common faults found in the hay supplied at the present time to these markets.

Named "North Carolina."

Kinston, July 10.—Dr. W. F. Hargrove, a prominent physician of this city now spending a few weeks in the West, writes back that he has discovered a giant tree in the Yosemite National Park, California, named "North Carolina." The park is filled with the big redwoods, and nearly all of them more than 25 feet in circumference at the base are named. "North Carolina" is one of the finest specimens, Dr. Hargrove declares, although still a "young tree" of about 5,000 years. One of its older brothers is supposed to be the oldest living thing in the world, having taken root, it is estimated, not less than 8,000 years since.

It is 100 feet from the ground to "North Carolina's" lowest branch. There is not a tree in this part of the country near as old as the big redwood named in Old North State's honor. The closest approach to it was a great juniper cut in Tuckahoe swamp, near here, two or three years ago, estimated to be close to 1,000 years old.

Paradise.

There is a better world they say, a shining place across the way, where people weep no more; and all my days I have been told of jasper gates and walls of gold, and streets of virgin ore. I'm sure there is a better land, where we'll rejoice to beat the band, and lay our burdens down; but no one there thinks gold a prize, and none will pause to analyze the metal in his crown. The pictures of that joyous place with which they bring me face to face, are sordid, gross and mean; for one, I don't believe in such a heaven for the idle rich, with gold and gasoline. The truth about that land is sealed; its glories have not been revealed, men would not understand and all the stories that we hold, of pearly gates and streets of gold, were writ by mortal hand. They do not measure values there as would a fourth rate millionaire; there's no such thing as Cost; if gold is valued more than zinc, up where the angels nectar drink, then heaven is a frost. Ah, no, my friends; that sunny shore, where we shall meet when life is o'er, has ne'er a use for coin; it has no gold along its pike; it does not measure values like Chicago or Des Moines.—Uncle Watt Mason.

Teaching Cooking To a Cook.

Mrs. Wales came in from a shopping trip, and having some important instructions to give the cook, went down to the kitchen, relates the Pathfinder. "Why, Ellen," she cried, as she gazed around the room in great disapproval, "what a kitchen! Every kettle, pan and dish is dirty, the table looks like a junkshop and the floor is littered with things! It will take you a week to get things cleared up. What have you been doing?" "Sure, mum," responded Ellen, "the young laddies has just been down, showing me how to roast a potato the way they learn at the school."

Honest Tom Jarvis!

And Jarvis was also an honest man. He began public life as speaker of the House of Representatives in 1870. Later Lieutenant Governor and afterwards Governor for six years, followed by four years service as Minister to Brazil, this service in turn being followed by a term in the United States Senate, the last twenty years of his life rounded out as a practicing lawyer, he yet died a poor man. He was able to acquire and preserve an estate so modest that it was practically represented by two insurance policies and a library, the whole being appraised at less than \$10,000! There could be no better evidence wanted of the native honesty of this great North Carolinian. In the course of long public service there had no doubt been thrown in his way many an opportunity to swell his income by legitimate means—no one ever had the courage to approach Jarvis with a grafting proposition—but he was a man of simple taste and was content to devote his time and talent strictly to the duties which had devolved upon him and with the compensation provided for the performances of these duties. The two policies and the simple library which he left are eloquent tokens to his rugged sense of obligations and honor. It was within his power, however, to make pathetic dispositions of only his modest personal accumulations. There had been disposed of other and greater assets which had been automatically bequeathed to the State—assets of which the State took account where he did not. The chief of these is the splendid education plant at Greenville which is dedicated to the training of the teachers of North Carolina. A greater monument than that perpetuates the memory of no North Carolinian. It will be remembered that on an occasion about two months ago, when Governor Jarvis attended public exercises at the institution and delivered an address. The Observer predicted that the day would soon arrive when its name would be changed from the Eastern Carolina Teachers' Training School to the Jarvis Training School for Teachers. No doubt the board of trustees has recently had that very suggestion in mind.—Charlotte Observer.

Contributory Negligence.

Aunt Rosa, who had presided in the kitchen for many years and was a person of high privilege in the family, came into the library in a highly flustered state wiping her fat hands upon her apron, says the Literary Digest. She was plainly both distressed and indignant. She addressed herself preamble to the master of the house.

"Mister Willie," said she, "please sub, len' me fifteen dollars, sub. Day done 'rest my boy 'Rastus ag 'ic-Dey got him shet up in de jail an' dey 'fuse to let him out 'lessen I pays bail."

"What has the lazy rascal been doing, Aunt Rosa?"

"He ain't done nut'in' 'tall, Mister Willie—nut'in' 'tall, sub. De boy was jest a settin' on de do' step wiv a knife in his han', an' a onery nigger come by, an' fell on it an' rip hisself open—dat all, sub."

A Man's Bodily Value.

In an Indiana court recently a judgment of \$1.00 was rendered on an employe of a foundry company as damages for the loss of part of a finger. A jury in the same court gave another man \$1,000 for a broken back.

At first thought this wide divergence in estimating the value of a man's members seems highly unjust and yet may not have appeared so to the court and jury. A man with a broken back has but a brief life ahead, and if he alone had to be considered, and not his family, it may have seemed to those dealing with the case that inasmuch as no compensation could be offered for life itself, \$1,000 would provide him with all the migrations possible while he remained alive.

On the other hand, a mutilated finger might deprive a workman of his skill, especially if it were an index finger, and be a damage to him throughout a long life. That does not seem likely to be true of a foundryman, though it would do so with, say, a jeweler or a printer or a pianist. At the same time it is likely that few men or women, whatever their occupation, would hold up their hands before them and select a finger that they would willingly part with for \$1,000.

LADIES' FASHIONS FROM THE SHOULDERS UP.

What Milady Wears Upon Her Head and Around Her Neck Defies Time and Place, to Suit Her Fancy. Summer Furs at 90 Fahrenheit.

New York, July 12.—Transparent hats and furs, velvet head-gear and low necks—these are some of the things in the summer fashions that men question, and even a few women come up to and shy at, as the thermometer soars skyward. The little maiden with her "rikisha" hat goes serenely on; the girl with the white fox furs hugs them more closely, and the wearer of the velvet hat sedately raises a parasol. Such matters are beyond the comprehension of mere man or the woman who was brought up to view clothes for comfort.



A Sports Hat of Blue Taffeta, the Woven "Rikisha" and Silk Sailor; the "Chin-Chin", the Jabot and the Puritan Collar.

Their very oddity is the lure that makes them popular. What matters a coat of tan if the hat is woven with holes to duplicate the head-dress of the man that pulls the jinrikisha in Japan?

Even the woman who is conservative with her dress and suit, casts wisdom to the winds above the shoulder-line. What lies above bespeaks the true woman who, in her heart of hearts, loves the fantasies of fashion. The demure Quaker and sassy "Chin-Chin" collars, the floppy hat and stiff-brimmed sailor, even the plug hat of silk beaver fringe that Mrs. Vernon Castle made famous at the races, appeal to those of us who like something "different."

The mode breathes romance, and romance is what fashion thrives on. Every hat and every collar awakens a memory or tells a new tale. It is interesting to note that the Quaker collar has its origin in the collar of the man's costume. How scandalized the shades of the old-time Quaker and Puritan must be to see their collars made in frivolous organdy, swiss and cretonne! Jabots and frills come from another period, when French courtiers wore fur-bowls. In modern times, Sara Bernhardt, gives her famous youth-giving frill to the high collar; while the flaring half collars that are still shown on dresses and waists hark back to a portrait of Shelley. Nor is the mode without humor; "Chin-Chin" collars, aimed at a giddy masquerade costume, have gone far of the mark and appear on coats.

Past modes are drawn on for hats, too. In an exclusive shop, just off the Avenue, one of the girls of the younger set ordered a garden hat the other day of white chip, with a pyramid of pink roses—the exact duplicate of the hat her great-grandmother wore when she tripped across the lawns at the Capitol. All these garden hats of leghorn and Milan recall Colonial days. Even the "rikisha", imported in spirit from Japan, smacks of this style when trimmed with roses, the black varnished cord of which it is made contrasting with the light frocks.

Broadly speaking, the hats of the season are divided into four classes; these portrait fashions and garden hats, stiff-brimmed sailors that bespeak the past or the present, according to the materials and trimmings; the sports hats, borrowed from the four corners of the globe, and last, but not least, the cocky turbans, which show the martial note in millinery.

The stiff-brimmed sailors are a chapter in themselves. Already the straws are on the wane. Chiffon brims we have tired of, and so the attention naturally turns to sailors of blue taffeta, black velvet and cretonne. "America", the white, leather-faced, blue taffeta, is a worthy emblem to the country from which it takes its name. White beaded wings for trimming brings to mind the speed of Mercury; and the glory of ancient Rome lies in other bead trimming for other taffeta hats.

Black velvets, shiny and plushy as cat's fur, are embroidered with fleecy white wool, as wintry as possible to shock the sun of summer. Birds and animals in the wool crawl over the crowns, and the brims are invariably finished in old-fashioned quilt-stitch, varied in length to make a design.

With white linen and cretonne costumes, "Mistress Mary" cretonne hats make a smart finish. These need no trimming, the bright colors being gay enough for any summer landscape, whether mountains, country or shore.

Sports hats come from odd nooks and corners. The latest, a dark blue taffeta, is decidedly Chinese in aspect. It has a sloping brim, with a soft edge an inch wide that flaps down and shades the face, dented on one side with heavy balls suspended from the ends of a cord tied around the crown. Scotland contributed the tam, and there is a soft hat made completely of narrow bias strips of silk that is finding favor under a "Made-in-America" label.



A Garden Hat of White Chip, the Military Turban and Sports Hat of Bias Silk Strips, with the Flaring, the Standing and the Quaker Collar.

Those of the turbans that are smart are military, tipped fearlessly to one side, with sides of velvet and crowns of silk. Indeed, so simple and so smart are these hats, they baffle description.

At the present time, hats come under these four classes, black and white prevailing, dark blue being the exception that proves the rule. Later, when suits grow darker, no doubt, hats will gain in brilliance. Already in Paris there is a trend in this direction. From the "City of Modes" we receive such messages as: "Occasionally, a very brilliant spot of color will be noticed in the hat, currant-colored hats of the new blue de l'etaile being worn with the tailored suits of beige, white, dark navy blue or brown"; that "The Italian military 'bersagliere' is being worn with its flowing cocks' plumes at the side"; and again, "The suits of tan are usually trimmed with wide shawl collars of white wool or faille silk, and are topped by tiny white hats or by broad-brimmed sailors made of soft white crape de Chine."

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