

HAD A VERY NARROW ESCAPE.

A Roosevelt Incident in Elephant Hunting in Africa.

At last we came in sight of the mighty game. The trail took a twist to one side, and there, thirty yards in front of us, we made out part of the gray and massive head of an elephant resting his tusks on the branches of a young tree—elephants hardly ever feed at noon. A couple of minutes passed before, by cautious scrutiny, we were able to tell whether the animal we could see was a cow or a bull, and whether, if a bull, it carried heavy enough horns. Then we saw that it was a big bull with good ivory. It turned its head in my direction and I saw its eye; and I fired a little to one side of the eye at a spot which I thought would lead to the brain. I struck exactly where I aimed, but the head of an elephant is enormous and the brain small, and the bullet missed it. However, the shock momentarily stunned the beast. He stumbled forward, half falling, and as he recovered I fired with the second barrel, again aiming for the brain. This time the bullet sped true, and as I lowered the rifle from my shoulder I saw the great lord of the forest come crashing to the ground.

But at that very instant, before there was a moment's time in which to reload, the thick bushes parted immediately on my left front, and through them surged the vast bulk of a charging bull elephant, the matted mass of tough creepers snapping like packthread before his rush. He was so close that he could have touched me with his trunk. I leaped to one side and dodged behind a tree trunk, opening the rifle, throwing out the empty shells, and slipping in two cartridges. Meanwhile Cunningham fired right and left, at the same time throwing himself into the bushes on the other side. Both his bullets went home, and the bull stopped short in his charge, wheeled, and immediately disappeared in the thick cover. We ran forward, but the forest had closed over his wake. We heard him trumpet shrilly, and then all sounds ceased.—From Theodore Roosevelt's new book, "African Game Trails," to be published in August by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Character.

Character is the peculiar, distinctive quality or qualities of men or women which distinguish them from others, and is either transmitted to them through heredity or molded and acquired by the stress and force of circumstances and environment. It is a personal asset, susceptible of imitation but not of appropriation by others. Were it possible to develop it in man to its highest susceptibilities it would produce an individuality approaching divinity—God-like in its attribute, grandeur, and majesty.

Be yourself what'er befall you, Let no other's thoughts enthral you; It matters not what people call you, Self is all that will install you Where you rightfully belong.

Let no honeyed words beguile you, Let no blandishments defile you, Let no evil reconcile you; Least some scoffer should revile you; Be yourself and self alone.

Be yourself; should others leave you, Let their absence undecieve you, Let their actions fail to grieve you. 'Tis yourself—alone—can shrive you; 'Tis yourself that God demands.—Selected.

The Need of Recreation.

Let not the necessity of work interfere with the joy of recreation. Flowers wither away because of continued drought and suddenly are refreshed and have new life by a sprinkle of water. So man withers away after continuous and incessant labor if not sprinkled by a little recreation to give him new life.

Human beings, like the animals and plants, demand a change from routine life, a restorative for the shattered structures of the mind and body is wanted. They need recreation—a walk through the forest, along the rippling brook, over the fields of sweet-scented clover, and a plunge into the pond. Such recreations will relieve the mind and body from too constant labor, will strengthen your labor and sweeten your rest, be it for but a short interval of time.—R. H. Stetzer.

5 or 6 doses "666" will cure any case of chills and fever. Price 25c.

In Norway persons who have not been vaccinated are not allowed to vote at any election.

Making the World Better.

Let me to-day do something that shall take A little sadness from the world's sad store, And may I be so favored as to make Of joy's too scanty sum a little more. Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed, Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend, Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need, Or sin by silence when I should defend. However meager be my worldly wealth, Let me give something that shall aid my kind, Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find. Let me to-night look back across the span 'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say, Because of some good act to beast or man, "The world is better that I lived to-day."—Selected.

Agricultural Revolution.

Perhaps coals have not yet been carried to Newcastle; certainly, grain from South Africa has been carried to New York; but who would have dreamed that Louisiana would be an exporter of corn? Here is the tale as told by the Montgomery Advertiser:

"Last year Louisiana became an exporter of corn, it being her first experience in that direction. This year they will have millions of bushels to sell, and some predict that next year the excess of the State's production over consumption may go to 100,000,000 bushels. When a State raises its corn production from about 16,000,000 bushels, at which amount it stood in 1902, to an aggregate approaching 100,000,000 bushels, it may be set down as a revolution in agriculture. There is plenty of corn-plant food in any Southern State, and all the Southern acres need is modern intensive cultivation in order to make them produce great crops of corn."

That is the work of that blessed pest, the boll weevil, that put the cotton planter out of business and forced him to resort to the makeshift of corn.

Louisiana is the delta of a mighty river than Europe or Asia can boast. Perhaps there is a less percentage of barren soil in that State than in any other. It is ideal for corn, as it is for cotton. It is more hospitable to alfalfa than Kansas or Nebraska, and he that would breed, graze, and fat hogs should seek a farm in this gulf and cotton State, where pork can be put on the market I cent a pound cheaper than Iowa, Missouri, or Kansas can supply it.

In a few years it will be realized that the South is as good a grain section as the West and the South has an immense advantage in her climate, that makes the crop season 60 days longer than that of the West, and 90 days longer than that of the North.—Washington Post.

He Profits Most Who Serves Best.

Finally at the zenith, the full-orbed day of intelligence, we find wisdom; and "wisdom is the principal thing." And so, when man comes to the light of wisdom, he sees, among other things, that the square deal pays; he comes to see that the science of business, after all, is the science of service. He profits most who serves best.—A. F. Sheldon.

\$1000

"I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for the good VINOL has done me. I was told that Cod Liver Oil was the medicine I needed for my weakened condition and poor blood. I could not take the greasy mixture, and when our druggist told me that VINOL contained not only tonic iron but all the medicinal properties of Cod Liver Oil without the grease or oil or bad taste, I made up my mind that was the medicine for me. I tried it and to-day am strong and well."

Mrs. J. T. SNYDER, Greensboro, N. C.

We guarantee the genuineness of the above testimonial.

We sell VINOL with the understanding that if it does not give the purchaser perfect satisfaction, we return his money without question. Will you try a bottle under these conditions?

HOOD BROS., Druggists, Smithfield, N. C.

Coal is cheaper in China than anywhere else in the world.

TWENTY LIONS ARE PLENTY.

A Hunter With Three Cartridges Counts Them and Goes Home.

The strong odor of a lion suddenly assailed my nostrils. I jumped from my pony and snatched the rifle from my gun-bearer. A few feet ahead was a clump of bushes. Leaving the pony with the gun-bearer, I advanced cautiously. Around the edge of the thin foliage I saw a large lioness beating the ground softly with her tail and crouching for a spring. I knew that she could reach me in two jumps and that there was no time to lose. Forgetting in my haste that there was a good cartridge in my rifle, I lifted the bolt and pulled it back. A good cartridge flew out, leaving me with only two charges. Aiming carefully, I fired and hit the lioness in the shoulder. She fell over on one side but, recovering herself, made a limping bound toward the shelter of another bush. As far as she was concerned, I was safe, but the echo of my shot had not died away before her mate, a fine lion with a long mane, suddenly came out from a piece of scrub about a hundred yards away and gazed at me. I fired my last cartridge at him and missed.

The lion did not move. We stared at each other for a moment. Out of the corner of my eye I happened to catch a glimpse of a tawny head in another bush. I glanced about now, and was astonished to see that lions were looking out from numerous clumps of scrub.

Being defenseless against their powerful teeth and paws, I realized that the best thing to do was to remain as quiet as possible. So I sat down on the grass and counted the animals. Including cubs, there were just twenty of them. I never wanted a few cartridges so much in my life, but since I had none I returned to where my gun-bearer was holding the scrub, went back to camp. All night I could hear the lions lifting up their voices in deep grunts and dismal roars.—Alfred Jordan in Adventure for November.

Rules for Health.

A clean and cheerful house makes a happy home.

Frugality and sobriety form the best elixir of longevity.

Rise early, retire early, and fill the day with work.

Cleanliness prevents rust; the best cared-for machines last the longest and do the best work.

Enough sleep repairs waste and strengthens; too much sleep softens and enfeebles.

Cheerfulness makes love of life; love of life is half of health. Sadness and discouragement hastens the coming of old age and feebleness.

Water and bread maintain life; pure air and sunshine are indispensable to health.

By distractions and amusements, the mind is refreshed and invigorated; but abuse of them leads to dissipation, and dissipation to vice.

To be sensibly dressed is to give freedom to one's movements and sufficient warmth to protect against sudden changes of temperature.

If you gain your living by your intellect, do not allow your arms and legs to get stiff from disuse; if you earn your living by physical labor, do not allow your mental powers to get rusty, but enlarge your mental outlook by thought.—Medical Review.

The Rosy Touch.

"If I can put some touches of rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman," said George MacDonald, "then I feel that I have wrought with God."

To make an old person happier, more comfortable, more hopeful—that is to "put the touch of rosy sunset into human life." It is a special privilege of youth to cheer old age. How naturally an old person turns to a young person for sunshine! It is beautiful to see the sympathy that subsists between the two extremes of life. In some respects youth and age are as like as sunrise and sunset; and it seems to be God's blessed will and plan that each should turn to the other for the things that each lacks and the other can give.

It is the power of every young person to bring sunlight into the life of some old person, to impart that "touch of rosy sunset" which is so sweet to the aged pilgrim who is drawing near the close of life.—Selected.

The Advantage.

Old Maid—"Why should I want a husband? I have a cat that stays out all night."

Matron—"Yes; but you won't be a widow till he loses all nine lives."—Judge.

The Persians have a different name for every day in the month.

Short, thick, curly hair is an indication of great natural strength.

To a Wood Violet.

In this secluded shrine, O miracle of grace, No mortal eye but mine Hath looked upon thy face.

No shadow but mine own Hath screened thee from the sight Of Heaven, whose love alone Hath led me to thy light.

Whereas—as shade to shade Is wedded in the sun— A moment's glance hath made Our souls forever one.—John B. Tabb.

A Sure Sign.

"I understand, Mr. Reuben," said the visitor, "that your son is devoted to the turf."

"Ya-as, I reckon he is," said the old man. "Jabez kin lay down on the grass for hull hours 'thout makin' no complaint."—Harper's Weekly.

Singleton—"I always feel sorry for a fellow who is going to be married. Wigwag—"Why should you?" Singleton—"Because he hasn't sense enough to feel sorry for himself."—Philadelphia Record.

OVERTAXED.

Hundreds of Smithfield Readers Know What it Means.

The kidneys are overtaxed; Have to much to do. They tell about it in many aches and pains—

Backache, sideache, headache. Early symptoms of kidney ills. Urinary troubles, diabetes, Bright's disease follow.

The statement below shows you a certain cure.

R. E. Smith, 213 Boundary St., Goldsboro, N. C., says:

"I do not hesitate to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills, as a remedy that lives up to representations. I suffered from pains through the small of my back and there was a soreness across my kidneys. The kidney secretions were too frequent in passage, especially during the night and robbed me of my rest. When Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended to me, I procured a supply and began their use. They soon relieved the pain and soreness in my back, regulated the passages of the kidney secretions and made me feel better in every way."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Pot Shots.

Broad hints are wasted on narrow-minded people.

A kindness is never as long-lived as a grudge.

Those who live on hope are seldom troubled with obesity.

Honeyed words do not always indicate a sweet disposition.

Scratch a sensitive person and you will generally find a selfish one.

Books that sell like hot cakes generally give one mental dyspepsia.

Success generally spoils a man or else makes him too fresh.

The trouble with most of us is that we neglect to do tomorrow what we have put off to-day.—Philadelphia Record.

Free Child's Remedy

What mother is not looking for something that will help her children in the little ills of life, something for the stomach trouble and the bowel trouble? Long ago she probably has become convinced that a child cannot readily swallow a pill or a tablet, and that to "break them in half and crush them" is an annoyance; that usually they work too drastically and are nauseating and too powerful for the little one's stomach.

Any mother who will take the trouble of sending her name and address can obtain a free sample bottle of a remedy that thousands of other mothers are using and now paying for. This remedy is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and the offer of a free trial bottle is open to any mother who has not yet used it. Having used it and convinced yourself that it is what you want, you can obtain it in the future of your druggist at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle, just as so many others are doing. The free sample being simply to convince you of its merit. It is the best way to begin on it. Mrs. L. Davis of 387 W. Harrison street, Chicago, and Mrs. Mary Belford, 1719 Coke street, Louisville, Ky., both started with a free sample and now they write that they have never been without a bottle in the house since.

It is undoubtedly a great family remedy, as it is adapted to all ages, being mild and pleasant to take and yet thoroughly effective. It is especially the ideal remedy for children and women and old folks, who need something pure, mild and natural. It has the advantage of being a thorough laxative and yet contains tonic properties. Use it for the most stubborn constipation, indigestion, liver trouble, sick headache, sour stomach and such complaints with a guarantee that it will cure.

Dr. Caldwell personally will be pleased to give you any medical advice you may desire for yourself or family pertaining to the stomach, liver or bowels absolutely free of charge. I explain your case in a letter and he will reply to you in detail. For the free sample simply send your name and address on a postal card or otherwise. For either request the doctor's address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, R. 500 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

HOOD BROS.

COUNTY CANVASS

The Democratic nominees for the Legislature and the County offices will address the people at the following times and places on the political issues of the day. The opposing candidates are respectfully invited to be present, and a division of time will be accorded to them.

Table with columns for Day, Date, and Location. Includes entries for Monday, Tuesday, Saturday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Sunday across various townships like Bentonsville, Meadow, Ingrams, Banner, Pine Level, Selma, Wilders, O'Neals, Beulah, Boon Hill, Elevation, Pleasant Grove, Cleveland, Clayton, Wilson's Mills, and Smithfield.

The people are earnestly requested to come out and hear the issues discussed.

Z. L. LeMAY, Chairman.

ED. F. WARD, Secretary.

Advertisement for 'PRESBYTERIANS DO NOT FORGET NOVEMBER 13-20' with decorative border.

Advertisement for 'Big Lots of NEW GOODS' by W. H. ETHEREDGE, SELMA, N. C., including a list of goods and contact information.

Advertisement for 'HOOD'S CROUP, COLD and PNEUMONIA REMEDY' by HOOD BROTHERS, Smithfield, North Carolina.

Large advertisement for 'ATLANTIC COAST LINE' featuring '\$2.10 TO FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.' and 'Cumberland County Fair' on October 26, 27, and 28, 1910.