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VOLUME 3. WADESBORO, N. C., SEPTEMBER 8, 1908. NUMBER 15
Published Every Tuesday.

NAPOLEON'S TOMB AND VERSAILLES

(Progressive Farmer)
He was not a young man swept off his feet by youthful enthusiasm; he was a man upon whose brow were the snows of more than three-score winters but whose mind is active as ever, and he was talking to me last spring of his trip to Europe a year ago and especially of the magnificent mausoleum which the French people have erected as the last resting place of Napoleon Bonaparte.

"By Heaven," he exclaimed, "it was worth the trip across the Atlantic to stand at the tomb of that colossal man!"
The Tomb
I am now almost prepared to agree with him, certainly have seen nothing more impressive since I left America. The splendid structure, beautiful and airy as a palace, built entirely of white marble and surmounted by a gilded dome, itself challenges interest and admiration; but it is only when we enter the spacious chapel that the sublimity of the builder's conception dawns upon us. Here is solemnity unmarred by any suggestion of the funeral; the majesty of death without any trace of its gruesomeness. Massive bronze doors guard the entrance to where the body rests in its immense sarcophagus, and by the side of the doors are two kingly statues bearing in their hands the symbols of earthly power and dominion, the orb and the sword, the other the crown and the sceptre. On either side stain glass windows such as I have seen nowhere else in the world let in the light in a golden glow suggesting the beauty and calm of a golden sunset. Above you are the words from Napoleon's will, written in distant St. Helena: "I desire that my body shall rest on the banks of the Seine, and among the French whom I have loved so well." There is pathos unspokeable about the words and about the tragedy which they call to mind. Once he could have willed kingdoms and crowns; the proudest thrones of Europe had been at his disposal, and he had given sceptres to his brothers and his favorites as if crowns were but the baubles of an hour. Now the Napoleon who makes his last testament sees Death, the conqueror of conquerors, coming as a relief, and he who

can will little but his body itself, and cannot know that even this request for a burial place will be granted. Weary and heart sick, broken with the storms of state, how it would have rejoiced his heart could he have known with what honor his ashes would finally be entombed in his loved Paris and how here for a moment to come travelers from every corner of the earth would pause to pay tribute to one of the mightiest men who ever walked this globe of ours.
Napoleon's Cares
The fame of Napoleon is the surer because of the threefold character of his appeal to human interest—the romance of his rise, the epic of his achievements, the tragedy of his fall: each in itself sublime. Born of humble parents and upon a narrow island, his imperial mind and will won him place after place until he became the mightiest name in a thousand years of history. Power such as the Caesars had not known was his, and when he walked into the church at St. Denis here to wed the daughter of a King, he might have dreamed not without warrant of becoming the master of all Europe. He had great faults, I grant, but in character few of our chiefest warrior-rulers stand above him, and so long as the minds of men are stirred by mighty deeds wrought in spite of frowning circumstances, and as long as men's hearts are moved by the tragedy of a great man's fall, just so long will the blood quicken when Napoleon's name is mentioned, and just so

long will men make pilgrimage here, as I have done, to Notre Dame where he was crowned, to St. Denis where he married, to his tomb here where he is buried, and to the Museum of History where so many relics, both of his palmy days and of his twilight in lonely St. Helena are shown to interest thousands.
Of so much interest is the center of Napoleon, and I have seen so many traces of his foot steps here—some of his letters, his coronation robes, his bed-room and reception rooms at Versailles, the unpromising-looking rooms overlooking the Seine where he lodged before he became famous, his chair and bench and camp-bed from St. Helena, and his sword, saddle, hat and his famous war coat—that it is hard to give an entire article to this one subject; but I must hurry on, for Paris is full of historic and notable spots, and I am trying to tell in a letter what should be told in a book.

The French Babylon
Our first full day in Paris was spent at Versailles, where the French Kings once lived in shameless splendor and unconcern, and where a corrupt and profligate court once piled up wrath against the day of wrath, until the storm broke in blood and fury upon them some six score years ago. For long, long decades had the weary peasants of France toiled from year's end to year's end, only to see King and priest and noble seize the lion's share of their hard-won harvests, a government all the while growing more haughty and rotten and corrupt, and the peasant's lot harder and more hopeless. Stolid and spiritless perhaps this peasant seemed to the proud nobles who lived upon his labors and despised him, who felt that neither he nor his family had any rights that they were bound to respect; and yet an Edwin Markham would have seen in this oppressed and clouted figure the portent and prophecy of the coming Revolution.

"O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with the Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with thrones
With kings who shaped him to be the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?"

Let us go then to Versailles today and see where the French once reared its lofty head, where women as vile as they were beautiful once ruled the court of France, and where the peasant's hard-earned taxes were wasted in vice and gambling and display. Here before us now is the gorgeous bed upon which Louis XIV., "the Grand Monarch," died in 1715, and we may well wonder if in death the avenging angel did not whisper to him of the impending doom which his folly had done so much to insure; or if neither he nor his yet more worthless successor, Louis XV., (who died in a room to our left) did not once stumble upon a hearing or reading of that passage wherein we are told that the cries of the defrauded laborer have "entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth," and—

"Your riches are corrupted and your garments are mottled. Your gold and silver is cankered and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire."
We may not know whether or not this fearful warning ever came to the ears of a pleasure-loving court that once flitted through the royal palace of Versailles, but the record of these historic walls only affords fresh proof that the Apostle's language is sound political as it is religious doctrine. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small." The avenging Nemesis of nations never sleeps; the relentless retribution of Nature never fails. On heedless ears too often falls the phrase, "The wages of sin is death," and yet all human history, even more loudly than the Book of itself, proclaims the truth of this everlasting doctrine. Today

A SORRY RECORD.

Some of the Things the Roosevelt Administration Has Done and Some It Has Left undone.
(New York World.)
The question "Shall the People Rule?" is too general in its terms for a campaign issue. It is hardly a good battle-cry. Both Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft will be compelled very soon to get much closer than they have yet approached to the vital questions which are uppermost in the public mind. Abstractions will not do. There must be firing at the mark.

We have had nearly seven years of Rooseveltism without convincing evidence as yet of popular disapproval. Democrats have vied with Republicans in support of the most extravagant, the most violent, the most truculent and the most arbitrary of Administrations. It is probable that too much unanimity on the part of the people in favor of Mr. Roosevelt has led him into many of his excesses.
In spite of his great ability, wide experience and natural conservatism, Mr. Taft, professing to admire all that the present Administration has done, insists that there is no issue except its endorsement. Instead of accepting the challenge Mr. Bryan endeavors to separate Mr. Roosevelt from his party, praising the one by inference and condemning the other in detail. Thus no issue is joined. No issue will be joined unless the campaign proceeds on different lines.

That the Roosevelt Administration, which is attempting to project itself into the future, is highly vulnerable, needs no proof beyond the presentation of the bare facts.
1. It has been extravagant and wasteful.
2. It has attempted to popularize war.
3. It has gloried in Philippine imperialism.
4. It has menaced the States with Federal usurpation by means of constructive jurisprudence.
5. It has recklessly undermined confidence in our business methods, causing panic, depression, and suffering.
6. It has profited by the political contributions of corporations seeking legislative favors.
7. It has spoken vociferously against the malefactors of great wealth, but it has not brought one of them to justice.
8. It has bullied Congress, threatening to do as it pleased, law or no law.
9. It has assailed the courts when their judgments were contrary to its wishes.
10. It has maintained the highest tariff ever known in a free country and has made no move in favor of income and inheritance taxes.
11. It has constantly demanded law and more law for the prosecution of trusts, although existing laws are held to be too drastic for enforcement.
12. It is now attempting to round out a career of willfulness, greed, ambition and tyranny by forcing the election of a personally excellent and amiable Proxy.

There must be Opposition to this sort of thing. It must be specific, intelligent and forcible. It must take account of the one responsible man. What more inviting opening could a truly Democratic party seek? It is hardly worth while for Democratic leaders to ask if the people shall rule and then pause for a reply. It is their duty to show how the people may rule more wisely and more justly than they have ruled in the recent past; how laws may be enforced; how money may be saved and taxation decreased; how the high ideals of self-government may be advanced; how respect for the rights of others may be restored, and how prosperity may be re-established.

Initiative.

(Elbert Hubbard.)
The world bestows its big prizes, both in money and honors, for but one thing. And that is Initiative. What is Initiative? I'll tell you: it is doing the right thing without being told. But next to doing the thing without being told is to do it when you are told once. That is to say carry the Message to Garcia: those who can carry a message get high honors, but their pay is not always in proportion.
Next, there are those who never do a thing until they are told twice: such get no honors and small pay.
Next, there are those who do the right thing only when necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honors, and a pittance for pay. This kind spends most of its time polishing a bench with a hard-luck story.
Then, still lower down the scale than this, we have the fellow who will not do the right thing even when some one goes along to show him how and stays to see that he does it: he is always out of a job, and receives the contempt he deserves, unless he has a rich Pa, in which case Destiny patiently awaits around the corner with a staffed club.
To which class do you belong?
Don't be afraid to give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to your children. It contains no opium or other harmful drug. It always cures. For sale by T. R. Tomlinson.

It Can't Be Beat

The best of all teachers is experience. C. M. Harden, of Silver City, North Carolina, says: "I find Electric Bitters does all that's claimed for it. For Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles it can't be beat. I have tried it and it is most excellent medicine. Mr. Harden is right; it's the best of all medicines for weakness, lame back, and all run down conditions. Best too for chills and malaria. Sold under guarantee at Parsons Drug Co. 50c."

The BEST Fire Insurance that any country building can have is a Cortright Metal Shingle Roof.
It cannot burn. It cannot leak. It never needs repairs, and makes the handsomest long lived roof on the market. Insurance Companies recognize its advantages and are glad to quote lower prices where it is used. Drop in and see them.
BLALOCK HARDWARE COMPANY
WADESBORO, N. C.

Passing of the Cheraw Bridge—An Event of Note.

(Cheraw Chronicle)
The Seaboard trestle was in bad shape and the embankment on the Marlboro side was gradually giving away. A force of hands was there at work putting in bags of sand in an effort to stop the washout, but it was of no effect. Against one of the stone piers of the Seaboard trestle was accumulated a large raft of trees, limbs, heavy timbers and other debris, and several efforts were made to get it off. Finally, dynamite was resorted to but apparently to no avail. After resting while the hands would return to the work of getting the raft loose, and finally, at about 10 minutes after 11 o'clock, they succeeded. This raft then started on a mad rush down the river. It reached the public bridge in an incredibly short time and struck broadside the span of the bridge on the Marlboro side of the river. As it struck, the bridge rose up in the air (or water), went down in the water, rose majestically, turned end foremost down the stream and sailed away to be seen no more by the citizens of Cheraw, many of whom loved it almost as if it were one of their children.

The "Sherman" freshet, when the water rose to a height of 38 feet 4 inches, has heretofore held the belt. This freshet was in the spring of 1865. Rain fell for about 10 days. Wheeler's cavalry was camped here and could not cross because of high water. Just as soon as the water receded Wheeler crossed over. When Sherman arrived, only a short while after, he was stopped because the bridge had been burned by Wheeler's men, and before the ground dried off sufficiently for Sherman to stretch his pontoon bridge, Wheeler and his men had made good their escape. Because of the circumstances surrounding this occasion this freshet—the largest ever known up to that date—has since always been spoken of as the "Sherman" freshet. May we, and the coming generation, be able to refer to this 45th footer as the "Bryan" freshet, or as the big freshet the year Bryan was elected President.

Two counties are cut apart by the washing away of the bridge. This breaks a public highway, and it looks to the Chronicle as if it will be up to Marlboro and Chesterfield counties to furnish the permanent connecting link.

It was in 1865 that the old bridge was burned by Wheeler's cavalry as a military measure. The bridge was rebuilt in the year 1867 by the Cheraw Bridge Company, a private corporation, and was operated as a toll bridge until 1898, when it was bought by the town of Cheraw and made a free bridge. This bridge has been repeatedly pronounced by experts one of the best bridges they ever saw.

Yes, What Do They Mean?

Most people have noticed that no matter what political candidate gets up to speak, as a rule he receives some kind of an ovation. Judging from the noise often made on such occasions, one would think his "call and election sure" but, along with his admiring friends, that same candidate has learned that the people didn't mean that he was going to get all the votes in that section. A story told by one of the presidential candidates, illustrates the point at issue. Mr. Taft made a speech recently at the fortieth annual reunion of Yale's Philadelphia alumni. After he was introduced and arose to speak, the guests began shouting, "Taft for me!" and Mr. Taft thereupon began his speech with this anecdote:
"I heard once of a small boy named Johnny, who was playing in the cellar. His mother was on the fourth floor and he had made a hole in the ceiling to get down to her. So she called over the banisters to him. No response. Then she called again, and again, and still again, and still had no answer. Then at last there came faintly up to her in a boyish treble: "Say, Ma, do you really want me, or are you only hollering?"

Another Opinion of the Peebles Sunday School Dispatch.

(Lexington Dispatch.)
Judge Peebles has got the church people buzzing around his ears like angry bees because of his somewhat startling decision that the exercises carried on in a Sunday school do not constitute religious worship so that disturbing a Sunday school would come under the law which forbids disturbing religious worship. Apparently he ranks the Sunday school, so far as being religious under the law is concerned, with the Legislature, which opens with prayer! If Sunday school services aren't religious services, some millions of people have strangely twisted ideas, and they will be loath to part with their because of this decision. Some fear that it will lay the bars down to toughs who are wont to break loose at Sunday schools, but the fact that about everybody but the judge looks on the services as entirely religious will continue to guarantee good order at the church training schools.
J. F. Hinkel shot and killed Mrs. Emma Anderson, a keeper of a boarding house at Seneca last week and then killed himself. The shooting was probably due to jealousy.

Just Exactly Right

"I have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for several years, and find them just exactly right," says Mr. A. A. Felton, of Harrisville, N. Y. New Life Pills relieve without the least discomfort. Best remedy for constipation, biliousness and malaria. 25c. at Parsons Drug Co.

GOVERNOR GLENN COMING

To Speak in Wadesboro on Friday, September 18th—Political Issues Will Be Discussed.
North Carolina's eloquent Governor, Hon. R. B. Glenn, will speak in Wadesboro on September 18th at 11 o'clock. He comes here by assignment of State Democratic Chairman A. H. Eller, and will speak in the interest of the Democratic party. Come and hear him.

Rockingham Man Broke Up Farmers' Convention With a Fish Story.

(Raleigh Times.)
Col. H. C. Dockery of Rockingham, who is here attending the Farmers' Convention, broke up the meeting with one of his Munchausen narratives.
Col. Dockery started off by asking how many of the farmers present had ever had black snakes to relieve their cows of the milk. On receiving several answers to his question, he related his peculiar experience. He had noticed his cows coming in every afternoon without any milk. This mysterious disappearance of the milk continued for several days and no explanation could be given by the boy attending the cows. The boy was given a shotgun and told to shoot the first man or beast that even looked cross-eyed at his cattle. But that afternoon the cows came in dry as on previous afternoons.

Mr. Dockery became alarmed by the state of affairs and determined to find out for himself the cause of the lack of milk. In accordance with his determination, he himself went down to the pasture and stayed with the cows all day and nothing happened to arouse his suspicion until the cows went into the river to take their afternoon draught. When they went into the water their bags were full, and when they came out the milk had disappeared. He remembered seeing quite a rustle in the water when the cows waded in, so he had an idea what was happening.
Next day he hung some fishhooks to each of the cows' bags and sat down by the river to await results. The cows waded in the usual routine, accompanying their entrance, and when they had finished drinking it was with great difficulty that they came out of the water. To the surprise of everybody around, about a dozen huge eels were hanging to each cow.

The convention stampeded and a motion to adjourn was passed by acclamation.
Republican Editor Sits Down to Dish of Crow.
(Stateville Landmark)
After the Democratic State convention, editor Hildebran, of the Industrial News, rubbed it on various Democratic editors who had before the convention, jeering while they made the best of their dish of crow. Now Editor Hildebran is having his dish of crow. It will be recalled that a few weeks ago he wrote a letter, which found its way into the newspapers, in which he denounced Mr. J. Elwood Cox, saying among other things that if Cox was nominated by the Republicans for Governor some one other than himself would have to write the editorials for the Industrial News supporting him, as between Cox and Kitchen he (Hildebran) would prefer to vote for Kitchen. Hildebran is eating his crow in silence mostly. It is to be said to his credit that so far he hasn't slopped over for Cox but he will come around all right by and by.

Worst Flood in 113 Years.

Raleigh, Aug. 23.—It is said that there is absolute evidence that there has not been rain and flood conditions hereabouts so severe as those just receding in 113 years past. New Chapel, who was born in 1812 and lived to be ninety-eight years old, had direct evidence of a water mark made by floods in Crabtree creek, near Raleigh, in 1799, that had never been attained by any subsequent flood. This time, however, this mark was reached and even exceeded by a foot or more, according to statements vouched for by Commissioner Beddingfield and Chief Clerk George W. Norwood, of the department of state.

The Remedy That Does.

"Dr. King's New Discovery is the remedy that does the healing others promise but fail to perform," says Mrs. E. R. Pierson, of Auburn Center, Pa. "It is curing me of throat and lung trouble of long standing, that other treatments relieved only temporarily. New Discovery is doing me so much good that I feel confident it continued use for a reasonable length of time will restore me to perfect health." This renowned cough and cold remedy and throat and lung healer is sold at Parsons Drug Co. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Sunday School Department

Conducted by Special Editor.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

Lesson.—David Made King Over Judah and Israel.—2 Samuel 2:1-7 and 5:1-5.
Golden Text.—"David went on, and grew great, and the Lord God of Hosts was with him."—2 Samuel 5:10.
Time.—David became King over Judah in 1055 B. C. and in 1048 he became king over all Israel.
Place.—The first capital was at Hebron.

BEFORE THE LESSON

After the death of Saul, a young man hastened to Ziklag and told David that Saul and Jonathan were dead. Thinking that he would be rewarded, he claimed that he had slain Saul at his own request. David, angry that the Lord's anointed king had been killed, caused the young man to be put to death.

EXEGETICAL

David inquired of the Lord. Possibly through prayer, God told him to go to Hebron. Here the men of Judah met and he was anointed king over Judah. This is the public anointing, that by Samuel in the earlier day was private. David then sends an embassy to the men of Jabesh-Gilead and expresses his joy at their kindness in the burial of Saul's body. This also an indirect appeal for their allegiance. Ishbosheth, Saul's son is reigning over Israel. He reigned two years and after his death, the tribes of Israel came to David at Hebron and the reunion of the kingdom takes place. David is now the king over the whole nation. David was thirty years old when he was anointed at Hebron and thirty seven when he became the king over Israel.

COMMENTATIVE

The crown was in sight, but it did not dazzle David. He showed allegiance to Israel's God and would take no step until directed by Him. He knew that he was God's choice for the throne, but he was set on ruling under divine guidance. No one needs the wisdom of God more than those who rule and upon none is He more willing to confer his guiding spirit.—Hatcher.

A Woman's Heroism.

(Baltimore Sun.)
History has presented few examples of greater heroism than that of Mrs. S. J. Rooke, the telephone operator of Holston, N. M., who, when warned by a resident of the hills to flee for her life from the flood speeding to engulf the valley, rejected the opportunity to save herself and employed the hour that intervened between the warning and her own death by drowning in calling up subscribers by telephone and acquainting them of their danger. More than 40 families have already acknowledged their lives saved through the magnificent courage of one frail woman, whose lifeless body, with the telephone headpiece still adjusted to her ears was found 12 miles down the canyon.

David was a capital waiter. He knew how to wait patiently, for he was brought up to it. One of his trying waits was for the unification of Israel. It was a task seven years for it to come, but the king fretted not nor yielded to folly. His soul waited on God and was quiet and the blessing in due time. Much of God's mercy and much of our training, is found in the lodge of delay.—Hatcher.
So David reached the throne at last. Schooled by suffering, and in the full maturity of his powers, enriched by the singularly varied experiences of his changeable life, tempered by the swift, consolidated by heavy blows, he has been welded into a fitting instrument for God's purposes. Thus does He prepare for larger service. Thus does He ever reward patient trust. Through trials to a throne is the law for all noble lives in regard to their earthly progress, as well as in regard to the relation between earth and heaven. "No cross, no crown" is the lesson of David's life.—Maclaren.

PRACTICAL

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him and he shall direct thy path."
In all things God knows best. His time is the best time. We can afford to wait God's time.
We should cultivate the habit of seeing the good in other people. It does not require much effort to see the faults of others.
Two of the best virtues to be cherished are prudence and patience. They should be in partnership in every life. It pays to wait.
The waiting times of life are the preparation periods. God is fitting us for life's responsibilities.

Let us with patience and prayerfulness await His call.

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. God lead me! We follow. He is our shepherd! We trust. He is a shepherd as well as a prince.
David went on and grew great and the Lord God of Hosts was with him. God is ever with the man who 'goes on Godward'. That man 'grows great and still greater' because God is with him.

ILLUSTRATIVE

Adolf Lorenz was a poor boy wandering about the streets of Vienna. He early conceived the ambition to be a surgeon. He says: "After many struggles, I had overcome all obstacles. I taught general surgery and the dream of my life was to become a famous surgeon. The dream never came true because I contracted a peculiar form of eczema. I could not follow my chosen work. So it was by necessity that I became a dry surgeon." That seemingly hard providence thus became the stepping stone on which Prof. Lorenz has risen to be the most famous surgeon in his specialty in the world today.

OBEDIENCE THE WAY TO SUCCESS.

In Prussia a while ago a switch-tender found that an approaching express train would be derailed on account of a misplaced switch. As he turned to replace the switch, he saw his only child, a boy of five years, playing between the rails on the track of the approaching train. If he stopped to adjust the switch he would lose his boy; if he stopped to save his boy, he would lose his train. He cried, "William, lie down flat." The boy immediately lay down between the rails just where he was, flat on the ground, and the train passed over him without hurting a hair of his head. One moment's hesitation, asking why, disputing the reasonableness of the command, would have lost him his life. It was the implicit obedience of the child to the explicit command that saved the father's heart from laceration and saved the boy's body from destruction.

'Tis not for man to trifle: life is brief

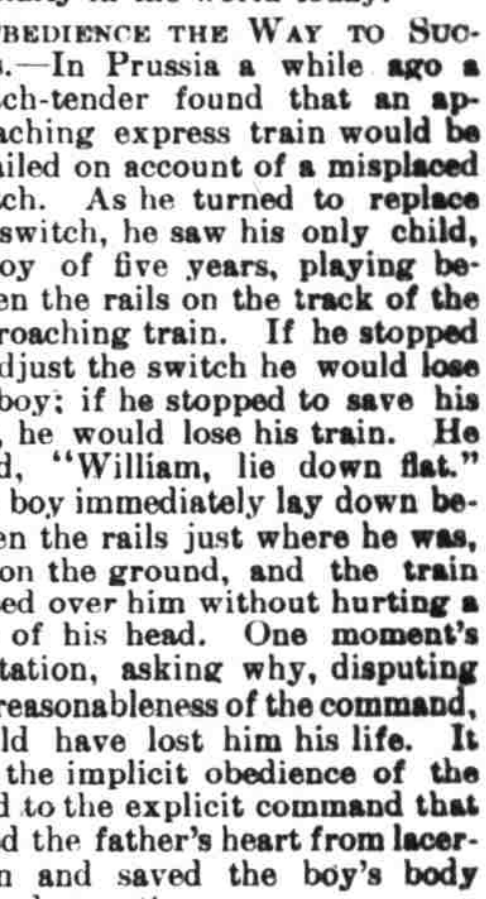
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf.
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours:
All must be earnest in a world like ours.
'Not many lives, but only have we:
One, only one.
How sacred should that one life ever be—
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil."

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We manufacture and carry a large stock of Hardwood Mantels; also dealers in Tile and Grates. Can fill orders promptly. Write for catalogue.
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Wood's High-Grade Seeds.

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CRIMSON CLOVER will increase the productivity of the land more than twenty times as much as the same amount spent in commercial fertilizers. Can be sown by itself or at the last working of corn, cotton or other cultivated crops.
Wood's Trade Mark Crimson Clover Seed is the best quality obtainable, of tested germination, and free from impurities and objectionable weed seeds.
Write for "Wood's Crop Special" giving prices and information about Crimson Clover and other Seasonable Seeds.
T. W. WOOD & SONS,
Seedsmen, Richmond, Va.



Wood's Trade Mark Crimson Clover Seed is the best quality obtainable, of tested germination, and free from impurities and objectionable weed seeds.
Write for "Wood's Crop Special" giving prices and information about Crimson Clover and other Seasonable Seeds.
T. W. WOOD & SONS,
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The BEST Fire Insurance that any country building can have is a Cortright Metal Shingle Roof.
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