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VOLUME 3.

WADESBORO, N. C., OCTOBER 6, 1908.

NUMBER 19

Banking Service

Banks are becoming more and more the custodians of the funds of the people, of both large and small means. This is due to a wider appreciation of the value of banking service as its usefulness is extended and its methods become better known. In the case of

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

THE BEST SERVICE

is assured. Its officers aim in every way to protect the interest of its patrons, making use of every means of precaution. It's up-to-date system of accuracy, promptness, and the same careful attention to large or small depositors. It is a safe bank. It is the bank for all the people—rich and and poor, men, women and children. If you have any banking business to transact, come to the stone bank building.

The First National Bank of Wadesboro

REMEMBER

The City Restaurant

Is doing business at the same old stand; serving a larger number of patrons than ever. We have recently procured from a distance an up-to-date, first-class cook and from the Majestic Range Co., one of their latest and most complete coffee urns. We are now in a position to serve our customers better meals and lunches than ever before. Be sure and try a cup of our good coffee. We have fresh Oysters nearly every day and can furnish them by the quart or the gallon, Tuesdays and Fridays. Tables reserved for ladies. We have quite a number of regular boarders and can accommodate a few more.

THE CITY RESTAURANT

L. D. EDWARDS, Prop.

Rutherford Street.

A Beautiful Parlor Clock Free

This is a truthful proposition. When in our town call at our store and see this beautiful clock and we will tell you how you may get it without costing you one penny.

DO NOT FORGET that we are at the same old stand ready for business with right prices and good values. We do not claim to have LOWER PRICES AND BETTER VALUES than anybody else on earth, but we claim that we have prices and values that will command the attention of every purchaser. Try some of our "Gold Medal" Flour and we guarantee that you will be pleased, or money refunded. We ask a share in your full Shoe, Hat, Dry-Goods, and Grocery trade. Yours truly,

Boyd & Martin

Polkton, N. C.

If You Are Wise

You won't carry money on your person, tempting others and—perchance to lose it, but you will deposit it with us and pay your bills and other current expenses with checks—a business-like way.

Bank of Wadesboro

The Scrap Book

Anything For a Change.
"I'm tired of seeing that everlasting mackerel brought in for breakfast," grumbled a boarder, "and I intend to speak to the landlady about it." Some of his fellow victims applauded, but most of them doubted his courage. The matter was under discussion when the landlady appeared. "Miss Prunella," began the bold boarder, "I was about to say in regard to the mackerel that we desire a change."
"It's good mackerel," responded the landlady grimly, "and there will be no change."
"Then, for heaven's sake," resumed the bold boarder, "order the girl to bring it in all first for awhile."

Next Door.
We saw the tapers burn
In the home so close to ours;
But never our hearts might yearn,
We dared not send our flowers.
"He will not understand," we said,
"Our loving thought of his loved dead."
O city, thus you hide
In every heart!
Those who are at our side
You sander a world apart.
A little barrier built of stone,
And my neighbor grieves—alone.
—Smart Set.

Got It Cheap.
"A corruptionist," said a senator, "once entered a voter's house. In the voter's absence he pleaded his cause to the man's wife. Finally, spying a wretched kitten on the floor, he said: 'I'll give you \$25 for that animal, ma'am.'"
"She accepted those terms."
"The corruptionist, thrusting the kitten in his pocket, rose to go. At the door he said: 'I do hope you can persuade your husband to vote for me, ma'am.'"
"I'll try to," said the woman, "though Jim's a hard one to move when his mind's made up; but, anyhow, you've a real cheap kitten there. Your opponent was in yesterday and gave me \$50 for his brother."

Orders Must Be Obeyed.
"A martinet," said a military officer, "generally a fool."
"They tell story of a martinet of the civil war, a captain. He got orders from headquarters one day that his men were to change their undershirts."
"But, captain," said a sergeant, "to whom this order was communicated, the men only have one undershirt each."
"The captain frowned. Then he said: 'No matter. Military commands must be obeyed. Let the men change undershirts with each other.'"

He Didn't Buy.
Among the older rank of San Franciscans, says the Argonaut, there is a citizen eminent in the world of finance and liberal enough in all large ways when it comes to trifles. He is ready enough to accept those courtesies which still mark the meetings and greetings of the old style San Franciscan, but he has rarely been known himself to stand treat. Recently he came upon a crowd loitering, as if waiting for somebody, near the entrance to a well known bar. "Hello, Bob!" he said. "What are you doing here?" It was an opportunity long desired, and the gentleman addressed made the most of it. "Well, John," he replied, "I'm just waiting round for somebody to come along and buy me a drink." "All right," was the reply, "I'll join you!"

A Forecast.
An Irish fireman applied for a place as engineer. He answered the officials' severe questions during the examination in a satisfactory manner until one asked, "Suppose your engine were running single track and, running around a curve, saw another engine come toward you at the same speed and only a short distance away, what would you do?"
"I'd bless myself,"—Lippincott's.

Burr's Fierce Retort.
Aaron Burr at one time attended a church in Albany where all the aristocracy of the town was to be found on each Sunday. Soon he fell into the practice of being late, and finally the warden of the church asked the minister to reprimand him openly. On the next Sunday when Burr entered late as usual the minister stopped in the middle of his sermon and said, "Sir, I shall appear at the judgment seat against you!"
Burr gazed at him placidly and answered, "Sir, in all my practice I have found that class of criminals that turns state's evidence the most to be despised." There were no more public reprimands in that church.

A Game of Chance.
The belated husband carefully inserted his key in the lock, slowly opened the door and entered the dark hallway on tiptoe. Shutting the door noiselessly behind him, he turned to ascend the stairs, when the form of his wife loomed up before him and he started back.
"Oh, it's you, dear?" he blurted, smiling guiltily. "And you haven't retired, worrying about me? Really, dear, I had no idea it was so late. I'm very sorry, but you see," he went on to explain, gaining confidence through his wife's silence—"you see, dear, I became interested in a little game of whist that I didn't hear the house strike on the clock at the 11—"
"Go to bed!"
Without another word he obeyed. She stood below and watched him sheepishly ascend the stairs to his room. As his door closed after him the hall clock chimed the hour, and, smiling grimly, she emitted a deep sigh and murmured:
"Three! It's a lucky thing I got in first!"

Particular on That Head.
An American, while visiting Kings-Canada, saw flames issuing from a house he chanced to be passing at nighttime. Rushing around the corner, he burst into a fire engine station, shouting "Fire!"
At the entrance and cry an old man, the only occupant of the station, who

not reading a newspaper, slowly arose, carefully deposited his paper on the chair and hobbled over to a desk, on which was a large book. "Now," said he, taking up a pencil and opening this volume, while the American stared in amazement, "wot's the street and number?"
"I don't know, but it's just around the corner."
"Well, you'd better go back and find out the number," advised the old man, shutting the book. "When the boys get back from dinner and hear there's a fire, they'll be pretty anxious to know just where it is!"

Embraced Them All.
"Nowhere, not even in Russia, are the girls so pretty as in America," said a visiting Russian. "It seems wrong and stinky that a man can only marry one of them. Every American, surrounded by all this beauty, must envy the snap that a friend of mine in Russia had. 'So you are engaged,' a man said to my friend, 'to one of the beautiful Wromsky triplets, eh? Yes, my friend replied. 'But how can you tell them apart?' The man asked. 'I don't try,' said my friend."

Hit the Wrong Target.
A Richmond man bought a turkey from old Uncle Ephraim, and said him in making the purchase if it was a tame turkey.
"Oh, yais, sir; it's a tame turkey or right."
"Now, Ephraim, are you sure it's a tame turkey?"
"Oh, yais, sir; dere's no so't o' doubt 'bout dat. It's a tame turkey or right." He consequently bought the turkey, and a day or two later when eating it he came across several shot. Later on, when old Ephraim on the street, he said:
"Well, Ephraim, you told me that was a tame turkey, but I found some shot in it when I was eating it."
"Oh, dat war a tame turkey or right," was Uncle Ephraim's reiterated rejoinder, "but de fact is, boss, I's gwine to tell yer in confidence dat dem dere shot was intended for me."

Quite Good Enough.
She had just received a message through the telephone and, still holding the receiver to her ear, said to her husband:
"The Thompsons want us to dine with them tonight. Is it good enough?"
"Before he could speak over the wire the answer came:
"Yes; quite good enough. Come along."

An Ideal of Patriotism.
Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.—Daniel Webster.

Easy Bookkeeping.
A young husband, finding that his pretty but rather extravagant wife was considerably exceeding their income, brought her home one day a neat little account book. This he presented to her, together with \$50.
"Why are you sorry for that?" he asked her to put down what I give you on this side, and on the other write down the way it goes, and in a fortnight I will give you another supply."
A couple of weeks later he asked for the book and she said:
"Oh, I have kept the account all right!" said his wife. "See—here it is."
On one page was inscribed, "Received from Willie \$50," and on the opposite page was the comprehensive little summary, "Spent it all."

Calming Him Down.
"If women just had a little tact and didn't fly to pieces their own selves when their husbands get to jawin' and tearin' around, there'd be less trouble in families," said Mrs. Grim to a neighbor.
"I suppose that's so," replied the neighbor.
"I know 'tis," replied Mrs. Grim. "Do you suppose I lose my head and my tongue and go all to pieces and say things I'm sorry for afterward when Grim gets into one of his tantrums? Well, I don't. I just keep cool and calm him down."
"How do you calm him down?"
"Well, sometimes with a stick and agin' with a broom handle, or mebbe I'll grab up a pall o' water and douse it all over him. There's plenty o' ways to calm a man down if a woman will only keep cool herself and try 'em."

A Real Surprise.
"Where are you goin', ma?" asked the youngest of the five children.
"I'm going to a surprise party, my dear," answered the mother.
"Are we all goin' too?"
"No, dear, you weren't invited."
After a few moments' deep thought:
"Say, ma, then don't you think they'd be lots more surprised if you did take us all?"

Pity the Poor Bachelor.
(Memphis Scimitar.)
Bachelors should not be taxed. The poor devil who has never tasted the sweets of matrimony, who has never known what it is to have her gathered 'round them about his knees and listened to them as they sing such sweet and tender melodies as "Everybody Works but Father;" who has never been called upon to heal the injuries of the wounded doll; who has never risen in the night to furnish a remedy for the aching interior of the liliuputian anatomy; who has never had his collar and shirt front mussed by soiled hands of loving progeny. This chap ought not to be taxed. In loneliness he is every day expiating his failure; in solitude, he is his worst enemy.

In all that life holds he is an outlaw with a price upon his head. Pity the poor bachelor—don't tax him.
Every \$1 means 400 votes or points.

Haskell and Roosevelt—A Comparison

(Charlotte News.)

Roosevelt wrote Harriman a letter, inviting him over to discuss the railroad phase of his message to congress. "We are practical men," quoth Teddy to the railroad king. And "practical man," Harriman proceeded to get up a campaign fund of \$260,000 for practical man" Roosevelt.

Haskell is accused of restraining his attorney general from barring a Standard Oil subsidiary concern from laying pipe lines in Oklahoma. "Practical man" Roosevelt's administration had given the Prairie State Oil Company authority to enter Oklahoma. Governor Haskell did nothing more than restrain a gentleman who sought to restrain a company that was working under the authority of the federal government.

Haskell never invited over one of the "practical men" of the Standard Oil to discuss his contemplated action. He never received pecuniary favors from Standard Oil for "services rendered." He merely acted in accordance with the wishes of the administration, and in the interest of his fellow-citizens many of whom would have been thrown into bankruptcy with an inadequate supply of pipe lines to market their oil.

"Practical Man" Roosevelt, who accepted Harriman's money to secure his election, complains of the most in his brother's eyes. Forgetting for the moment that Roosevelt is president, and that Haskell is only a governor of a sovereign state, in the eyes of common honesty, whose crime is the greater—that of the honored accuser, or that of the humble accused?

If Haskell has erred, his crime is small in comparison with that of his accuser.

When truth gets a hearing such men as Roosevelt, who call their brethren liars and slander them for alleged misdeeds small in comparison with their own blatant transgressions, will be repudiated by honest citizens.

A blustering, blatherskith four-flusher cannot hold the respect and trust of plain, honest men for long—and these are some of the distinguishing attributes of the president of the Republican party.

New York Larger in Population Than Sixteen Different States and Territories.
(National Magazine)
Some one who is apt at figures has shown that New York City today is larger in population than sixteen different States and Territories, and further that within a radius of twenty miles are living over 10,000,000 people.

The improved methods of transportation, which are fast widening the limits of New York's business energy, will soon embrace a radius of fifty miles, within which are located 2,274 different towns and cities whose total population, with that of Greater New York, is equal to fully one-fifth of the population of the United States.

When it is realized that the permanent increase in population of New York last year was about 400,000, a city the size of Cleveland, Ohio, some idea of the tremendous growth of the city can be appreciated. One of the assurances of a continued and permanent growth is to be found in the 50,000 marriages that take place every year.

Besides this permanent increase New York is entertaining an average of over 150,000 transient visitors every day, and at some seasons, when the hotel accommodations are taxed to their utmost, fully 300,000 people are chronicled in their home papers as "spending a few days in New York on pleasure and business."

Things Trying to Down You

(Success Magazine)

Did you ever think how many things in your experience are trying to down you, to keep you from what you are endeavoring to do? How every one of your weaknesses, mistakes, and blunders, every poor piece of work, every slipshod effort, is trying to down you; every deceived customer, every questionable sale, trying to thwart your ambition?

Many eyes are watching you, and every slip or break you make is set down against you. Every quarrel, every injury to another, every slighting remark, every falsehood, every hard bargain, every reflection upon others' motives, is a handicap to your career.
"Little things," you say? Life is made up of little things.

In every establishment there are employees who are kept back by some little, foolish, sensitive, and touchy, and there are certain things you can never talk to them about without causing an explosion. They may be very strong in most things, but they have some little weakness or sensitiveness which keeps them in mediocre positions when they have the general ability which should win their rapid advancement.

Does He Really Live?

(Success.)

The real test of a man's success is his daily life. Does he really live? Is he alive in every part of his being, or have his best qualities shriveled and atrophied from disuse?

What matters it how much money one has if there is only a small part of the real man alive; if his sympathies have dried up from the lack of use or cultivation of his appreciation of the beautiful and his love of the good have become paralyzed?

Is a man whose brain has developed one huge muscle gland for secreting dollars, while all his other faculties have died from disuse or neglect, a success? Have growth and the unfolding of all the powers nothing to do with real success? Is living in a business rut for a quarter of a century grasping, elbowing one's way, trampling upon others' rights and opportunities, scheming to get something away from others, indifference to the welfare of one's employees, cherishing only one grasping motive—getting, getting, grasping, absorbing—is this real living? Is this character build, living?

Is a huge tree trunk with all but one of the branches lopped off and that one developed into an enormous monstrosity because of its having absorbed all of the sap intended for the other branches, a tree? Have symmetry, balance, and beauty nothing to do with a perfect tree? Most of us are at best monstrosities, with one faculty enormously over-developed at the expense of all the others. How rare it is to find a fully poised man one with perfectly balanced development of faculty and function!

Here's to Good Roads!

(The Robesonian)

Having very recently visited your growing town, when I drove over some of the country roads adjacent to Lumberton, I want to compliment the citizens of your county on the progress they are making on public roads. There cannot be any doubt that money invested in road building will bring better results than any other investment, and the whole community is benefited. Good roads means that farms are more valuable and distances are shortened. In fact good roads make life in the country worth living. Here is a little parody that I have just jotted down that I think applies to good roads as well as to the floor for which the original was written (By Oliver Herford in Colliers.)

Here's to good roads,
The best friend of all,
Where they haul big loads,
Summer, winter and fall.
When vehicles are fickle
And horses betray
And wheels are revolving
They are there to stay.
When we can't stand alone,
With roads for a backer,
We'll never be thrown.
Here's to our best friend,
In life's every stage!
A boon to youth,
A luxury to age!
A health to our roads!
Supporter and stay,
Though he often be full,
May he never give way!

Left All For Wife.

Joe Jackson, a young cotton mill operative of Greenville, S. C., who created a sensation in league baseball by his wonderful playing, jumped his contract with Philadelphia the other day, and went back to his home because he wanted to be with his girl-wife.

As a result he has been blacklisted and cannot play league ball any more. After going to the Quaker City, he pined for his young wife—both are mere children—and they sent her to Philadelphia, but the lights and the fuss of the big city bewildered her, and she straightway went back home. Jackson followed her to Greenville in a few days, and there they live. Jackson preferring home and wife to the big money he was making. The base ball magnates offered to send him and his wife to school this winter—Jackson can't read or write—and offered to do other things, but the boy turned all offers down.

Taft Says "Liar" Twice and "Fool" Once.

Table Rock, Neb., Oct. 1.—Judge William H. Taft used this strong language here in his labor speech today:
"Now some ordinary cheap common liar has devoted himself to the business of running around the country and saying that I am in favor of paying a laboring man a dollar a day, and I have said that that is enough. I was at the head of the Panama canal for four years and we pay steam shovel men down there \$250 a month. As I figure that out it makes a little more than one dollar a day. Anybody that says I ever made that remark is a liar and the man who believes him is a fool. Why under Heaven I should say that I cannot understand, or in what connection or under what circumstances."

Lame Back

This ailment is usually caused by rheumatism of the muscles of the small of the back, and is quickly cured by Chamberlain's Liniment two or three times a day and massaging the parts at each application. For sale by T. R. Tomlinson.

Sunday School Department

Conducted by Special Editor.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11

Lesson.—God's Promise to David.—1 Chron. 17:1-14.
Golden Text.—"There hath not failed one word of His good promise."—1 Kings 8:56.
Time.—About the middle of David's reign. Not long after the last lesson.

Persons.—Nathan, the prophet, now first mentioned. David the king.

THE LESSON PLAN

1. David's desire to build a temple for worship of God. Vs. 1, 2. Nathan favors the idea.
2. God has another purpose. The desire was right but God had another way of accomplishing it. Vs. 3-10.
3. God promises David greater things. A spiritual temple. The seed of David to reign forever. Vs. 10, 12, 14.
4. The temple which David desires is to be built by his son. Vs. 11-14. God promises to be with them as he is with the father.

COMMENTARY

V. 4. Of David's purpose to build a house God took notice, and he was well pleased with it, as appears (1 Kings 8:18). Thou didst well that it was in thine heart; yet he forbade him to go on with his purpose. David is a man of war, and he must enlarge the borders of Israel, by carrying on their conquests. David is a sweet psalmist and he must prepare psalms for the use of the temple when it is built, settle the course of the Levites; but his son's genius will be better suited for building the house, and he will have a better treasure to bear the charge of it.—Matt. Henry.

V. 4. Oftimes our thoughts, although springing from motives of real religion, are not God's thoughts; and the lesson here conveyed is most important of not taking our own impressions, however earnestly and piously derived, as necessarily in accordance with the will of God, but testing them by his revealed word,—in short, of making our test in each case not subjective feeling, but objective revelation.—Edersheim.

V. 4. To serve God in God's way, and to give up our cherished plans is not easy; but David sets us an example of the simple-hearted, cheerful acquiescence in a Providence that thwarted darling designs. There is often much self-will in what looks like enthusiastic perseverance in some form of service.—Maclaren.

V. 8. In the fervency of his aspirations, in the closeness of his communion with God, in the firmness of his trust, in the strength of his love, David was unrivaled by any human character of the Old Testament. No man ever touched humanity at so many points, and the many-sidedness of his character, and the variety of his experience, which qualified him for practical sympathy with all ranks and all conditions of life among his subjects, made him again a type of him whom "it beamed into his brethren." He was an eminent example of the human soul as a recipient of the Divine illumination, preparing the way for the highest example of all—Kirkpatrick.

V. 10. God must build us a house before we can build one to him. It was not that David was first to rear a house for God, but that God would rear one for David.—Edersheim.

V. 12. David is but a very conspicuous example of a law which runs through all our work for God. None of us are privileged to perform completed tasks. "One soweth and another reapeth." We do our little bit of the great work which lasts on through the ages, and, having inherited unfinished tasks, transmit them to those who come after us. It is privilege enough for any Christian to lay foundations on which coming days may build. We are like the workers on some great cathedral, which was begun long before the present generation of masons were born, and will not be finished until long after they have dropped trowel and mallet from their dead hands. The greater our aims, the less share has each man in their attainment. But the division of labor is the multiplication of joy, and all who have shared in the toil will be united in the final triumph.—Maclaren.

SUGGESTIVE.

The teaching of the lesson is along two lines; the bearing of what is recorded on the growth of the nation, and its revelation of the character of David under the new tests to which it is submitted.

1. Consider how much David has already accomplished in unifying the people and the influence of his victories; the significance of the capital, and its establishment as the religious as well as civil center of the nation.

2. Study the bearing and statement of the new project; the tendency it would have to fix permanently the religious center, especially if, as was evidently plan-

ned, it was made so costly and exhaustive of the resources of the people that no rival to it could arise; the manner in which it commended itself to Nathan.

3. Inquire into the grounds of the postponement of the plan, the considerations that made it premature; the larger security in the proposal to make the monarchy hereditary and to reserve this work for David's son.

4. Go carefully over the lesson especially David's response to the divine message for his personal characteristics, particularly for the sense that has grown upon him of God as the Almighty, the Deliverer, as One with whom man may have personal relations, and whose faithfulness can be depended upon.—Merrill.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

Starving the Soul. It is well to provide liberally for spiritual needs, by building churches and maintaining them. Ward McAllister, once the leader of New York's "Four hundred," named \$169,000 a year as absolutely necessary for the best style of living. He supported his estimate by giving the elements of this large expenditure in detail. But in this exhibit there was less than one dollar for soul and mind to every one hundred and seventy dollars for the body.

A Fruitful Disappointment. An earnest woman of England longed to go as a foreign missionary. She made the tender of her services and was bitterly disappointed in being rejected. "Alas! my barley loaves are worthless," she cried. But her grief touched the heart of a talented but careless young nobleman. He conferred with her and she succeeded in winning him to Christ and to the work of missions. He, in turn, won remarkable victories for Christ—far greater than she could have hoped to win.

Jacob Sleeper, of Boston is known and revered as one of the founders of Boston University. The great building on Somerset street is called "Jacob Sleeper Hall" in his honor. The Rev. James E. Odlin states that when he was a young man he began studying for the ministry, but was compelled to give it up by the failure of his eyesight. He turned to business and became very successful. Amazing great wealth, he gave liberally to the Church and to many charities, and supported eight or ten ministers all the time himself, "each one of whom doubtless did more good than Jacob Sleeper himself could possibly have done if he had gone into the ministry and given his life to what would on the face of it, seem a more self-denying experience." Jacob Sleeper's life was an illustrious success. Being dead, he yet speaks through Boston University and the thousands of it graduates. Through his noble benefactions he will be a living influence, doubtless to the end of time.

A Beautiful Toast.

On a grand day in the old chivalric times, when the lady of each knightly heart was pledged by name, when it came to St. Leon's turn, he lifted the sparkling cup on high and gave them this: "I drink to one," he said, "whose image never may depart, whose memory is dead." With that he paused as if he would not breathe her name in careless mood thus lightly to another, then bent his noble head as if to give that word the reverence due, and gently said "My mother!"

How About It?

You buy Heavy and Fancy Groceries every week from somebody, and I want to speak for at least a share of your business in this line.

Offer You This Week

A fresh shipment of Melrose and Porcelain Flour—the best on the market, at right prices. Fresh shipment of Kingan's Hams and Square Cut Shoulders.

V. F. Tarlton
PHONE 87



Hardwood Mantels

We manufacture and carry a large stock of Hardwood Mantels; also dealers in Tile and Grates. Can fill orders promptly. Write for catalogue.

J. H. WEARN & CO.
Charlotte, N. C.