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# The Enterprise

## DIRECTORY

**Town Officers**  
 Mayor—R. F. Godwin.  
 Commissioners—A. Anderson, N. S. Peel, W. A. Bilton, J. D. Leggett, C. H. Godwin.  
 Street Commissioner—J. D. Leggett.  
 Clerk—C. H. Godwin.  
 Treasurer—N. S. Peel.  
 Attorney—Wheeler Martin.  
 Chief of Police—J. H. Page.

## Lodges

Shewarkee Lodge, No. 99, A. F. and A. M. Regular meeting every 2nd and 4th Tuesday nights.  
 Roanoke Camp, No. 107, Woodmen of the World. Regular meeting every 2nd and last Friday nights.

## Church of the Advent

Services on the second and fifth Sundays of the month, morning and evening, and on the Saturdays (5 p. m.) before, and on Mowdays (9 a. m.) after said Sundays of the month. All are cordially invited.  
 B. S. LAMETER, Rector.

## Methodist Church

Rev. T. L. Kirton, the Methodist Pastor, has the following appointments: Every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and night at 7 o'clock respectively, except the second Sunday. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Holy Springs 3rd Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Vernon 1st Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Hamilton 2nd Sunday, morning and night; Hassells 2nd Sunday at 5 o'clock. A cordial invitation to all to attend these services.

## Baptist Church

Preaching on the 1st, 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting every Thursday night at 7:30 Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:30. J. D. Biggs, Superintendent. The pastor preaches at Hamilton on the 3rd Sunday in each month, at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., and at Riddick's Grove on Saturday before every 1st Sunday at 11 a. m., and on the 1st Sunday at 3 p. m. Slade School House on the 2nd Sunday at 3 p. m., and the Biggs' School House on the 4th Sunday at 3 p. m. Everybody cordially invited.  
 R. D. CARROLL, Pastor.

## SKEWARKEE LODGE

No. 90, A. F. & A. M.  
 DIRECTORY FOR 1905.  
 H. W. Stubbs, M. W.; W. C. Manning, S. W.; S. S. Brown, J. W.; A. F. Taylor, S. D.; W. S. Peel, J. D.; S. R. Biggs, Secretary; C. D. Carstarphen, Treasurer; H. C. Taylor and J. D. Bowen, Stewards; T. W. Thomas, Tyler.  
 STANDING COMMITTEES:  
 CHARITY—H. W. Stubbs, W. C. Manning and S. S. Brown.  
 FINANCE—R. J. Peel, McE. Taylor and E. J. Ourganus.  
 REFERENCE—W. H. Edwards, H. D. Taylor and W. M. Green.  
 ASSISTANT—G. W. Blount, O. K. Cowling and F. K. Hodges.  
 MARSHALL—I. H. Hutton.

## Professional Cards.

**DR. J. A. WHITE,**  
 DENTIST.  
 OFFICE—MAIN STREET.  
 PHONE 9.  
 I will be in Plymouth the first week in each month.

**DR. WM. E. WARREN,**  
 PHYSICIAN  
 AND SURGEON.  
 OFFICE IN  
 BIGGS' DRUG STORE  
 'PHONE No. 20

**BURROUS A. CRITCHER,**  
 ATTORNEY AT LAW  
 Office: Wheeler Martin's office.  
 Phone, 23.  
 WILLIAMSTON, N. C.

**S. ATWOOD NEWELL,**  
 LAWYER  
 Office upstairs in New Bank Building, left hand side, top of steps.  
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 Safe, Quick, Reliable Regulator  
 Sold by S. R. Biggs, Williamston, N. C.

## OLD LOVE LETTERS.

BY J. BURCHENING ELLIS.

The letter slipped from her hand and lay upon the carpet at her feet. The scented sheet of paper, rony from the fire, seemed to blush with the message it had brought. For six months she had been expecting Edgar Duval to ask for her hand, but his letter found her more undecided, more ill at ease than she could have imagined. Yet, she liked him. Five years he had been her friend. Ever since their mock-marriage at the country schoolhouse he had been resolved to make her his bride in reality. He was bright and attractive; their tastes were congenial. She realized that their marriage would mean much for her and for her parents. And yet—

And yet, that morning at church, the sight of a face dispelled all the glamour she had sought to cast over her friendship for Edgar Duval. The face was not so handsome as that of the man whose letter lay at her feet; it was not so distinguished; but it was the face of the man she had loved. How long had that been? Or had she really ceased to love? She stared into the hollow among the glowing coals and tried to see the picture of herself as she was six years ago.

Six years ago the thought of teaching school had not occurred to her. Why should it? She was graduated, and Morton Summers was her accepted lover. Every one knew they expected to marry when he should have won his way for them in the West. It seemed hard to the lovers that they must be separated a year while his uncle in Colorado "tested the young fellow to find if he was made of the right stuff." But Morton left her in her Missouri home, full of hope, and conscious of the power to wait. Letters were exchanged regularly at first, but after while they were not sent so often. Her heart was as true and as loving, but family cares took much of her time, and fancying he delayed his answers, she delayed her responses. The pastor preached at Hamilton on the 3rd Sunday in each month, at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., and at Riddick's Grove on Saturday before every 1st Sunday at 11 a. m., and on the 1st Sunday at 3 p. m. Slade School House on the 2nd Sunday at 3 p. m., and the Biggs' School House on the 4th Sunday at 3 p. m. Everybody cordially invited.  
 R. D. CARROLL, Pastor.



To announce the engagement

He had not been in her thoughts that morning as she sat in the choir, waiting for the first song to be announced. Indeed, she was thinking of Edgar Duval who sat behind her behind her among the tenors. She was tracing the history of their acquaintance and friendship from the night she leaned upon his arm under the bride's veil in the mock-marriage. When she became sure of Morton's infidelity, she found Duval's companionship a relief. As the years passed, she began to wonder if she could care for him in the way he evidently cared for her. Sometimes she told herself the image of her faithless lover was fading from her heart.

It was so on that Sunday morning. She was about to convince herself that she really loved the tenor with the rich full voice, the changing smile, the distinguished lift of the head, the man who had been true to her while she had offered him no hope of reward. And wondering if this were so, and half-believing he might bring her happiness, her eyes wandered to an obscure corner of the little church, and there found the face of her girlhood's romance. Her heart stood still, and she grew cold from head to foot, but her face did not alter. She turned her eyes upon the open song book, but during the service, though she looked intently at the minister, she saw nothing but the pale face of Morton Summers. How much older it appeared and yet so like the old face, her heart ached miserably.

When the congregation was dismissed, he waited to greet her. His manner was very quiet; his hand scarce touched hers. In answer to her conventional question he said he would be in town only till the morning. She did not ask him to call, but swept past, her hand upon Edgar Duval's arm. And now in the afternoon this letter had come from the morning's escort asking her to be his wife. She wis... it had not come today. Presently she picked it up, and read it slowly through. Again it fell from her listless fingers. Suddenly she shuddered and stirred the fire. If it had come yesterday! At last she rose hurriedly and go-

ing into the next room, returned with a small ebony box. She unlocked it, and drew forth a bundle of old letter and a few queer objects, whose value lay only in the associations of past thoughts and feelings. She untied the faded ribbon and began to read the letters. They were all from Morton Summers.

"No matter how long it may be," they ran. "No matter what happens, I will always trust you, you will always trust me." Perhaps all lovers have written so. The tears presently hid the words. "Through the blundering epithets shone, 'Darling Sweetheart.' She never tired of gazing upon them. It was as if his voice still called her thus. She dashed away the tears, and caught sight of the letter upon the floor. She held it up in one hand and seemed to weigh it against the bundle of old love letters. How much older they were than the love of which they spoke!

"Which shall I destroy?" she asked aloud, stepping to the fire. "I cannot keep both. Poor Edgar, he loves me so faithfully! Poor Morton, he loves me once! And I—and I? God help me! I love him still! I know—I know," she faltered, the tears again rushing to her eyes. "That I shall love him always."

She cast Edgar Duval's passionate appeal into the flames and sinking back into the chair, buried her face among the letters of long ago, kissing them wildly. She had made her choice; the choice of a lonely life, a life of privations and toil, but a life which could be lived true to its ideals and its girlhood's faith.

"Yes, she is at home," said the maid to the tall, pale stranger, "she is in the parlor. Will you walk in?" She had not heard the doorbell, nor did she notice the opening of the door. She did not live in the room, just then, but in a fairy wood with golden splashes from the sun, and fragrant perfumes now vanished many years, and a gentle voice—yes, she lived with it, and with eloquent eyes, and a clinging hand. Her mind was so far away she could not hear the footsteps drawing near, nor see the startled gaze riveted upon the old letters heaped in her lap.

A sudden exclamation of surprise and pain brought her, with a violent shock, back into the present.

Thinking Edgar Duval stood near at hand, she glanced down with dismay at the love letters, while her cheeks, still damp from tears, grew crimson. Then seeing it was Morton her confusion and distress sought relief in anger. She hurriedly dashed the letters into the box, crying out her.

"You have no right here!" "These give me the right," cried Morton, his eyes burning as he tore the letters from her grasp, and held them up. "They speak for me to-day as they spoke six years ago. Hear them, Darling, every word is true. You loved them once—you love them now. I saw it in your eyes as I entered."

She turned upon him, her eyes blazing.

"You come to me after all these years—after all these years—you come and speak of love after—"

Her voice faltered. There was something in his gaze which awoke her anger and made her grow afraid from the sudden hope too wonderful for belief.

"Dear sweetheart—the only one I ever loved"—he faltered, extending his arms. "There has been a terrible mistake. I came here to-day, to see you once again as a friend of the past, thinking you were Edgar Duval's wife. But when I saw you bending over those letters I knew, somehow, it was not as I had thought."

"How could you have thought me his wife?" And yet, perhaps if he had not come, she might indeed have been what he had believed!

"I read of your marriage in the schoolhouse, five years ago—and then I thought I understood why why your letters had grown far apart. I couldn't believe it, darling, oh, I couldn't think it true! I wrote to a friend, and he told me you had married Duval. He thought it a joke, no doubt."

She understood at last and paled, then crimsoned. Passionate joy beat in her bosom. To still her emotion, her voice sounded dreamy, far away.

"Yes, we gave an entertainment. There was an old-fashioned spelling-match and a mock marriage. I remember the county paper wrote up the ceremony as if it were a real wedding. That was for fun, of course. I remember how we laughed over it. And you saw that—and you believed it true! Oh, Morton, while we were laughing at the account, you were—you were—"

She could say no more; sudden sobs interrupted her plying voice. But he did not need her pity now. He felt, as her head sank upon his breast, and the love of youth spoke in eloquent silence, fresh and warm and true from lips to lips, that he needed nothing in all the world, but what had been his long ago.

**Creeks' Medicine Man.**  
 The medicine man of the Creeks will not eat anything scorched in cooking; in treating a gun or arrow shot wound he is as well as the patient will fast four days, only drinking a little gruel, says the Indian Journal.

He will not allow a woman to look at his patient until he is well or dead. If his patient dies the medicine man takes a lot of medicine himself in order to cleanse himself from the fumes or odor of the dead. The palbearers, as we might call those assisting in the burial, also take the same cleansing process.

And again when an Indian committed murder, even in self-defence, he went to the medicine man and took the cleansing remedy, claiming the remedy appeased the crime and the trouble to his mind. The medicine man has a horror of women, keeping out of their company as much as possible. At the full of each moon it was the custom of the Creeks to drink medicine made by the medicine man to cleanse their system. In camp the Indian killed nothing which was not eatable.

**Satisfy for Winter Crop.**  
 Satisfy is like parsnip in one respect. It is improved by freezing. The roots intended for winter use should be left out as long as is safe, then stored in sand in the cellar. There is quite a difference between the roots that have been tempered by the frost and those that have not been. Those wanted for spring use are usually left out all winter. Another way of treating the roots is to cords them up in small piles on the ground and cover slightly. The roots will keep moist and freeze and thaw with the weather. If the pile is covered with straw or matting on the approach of severe cold weather, it will be accessible during the winter. Parsnips may be kept in a similar manner and are much improved in quality by holding them until spring.—Field and Farm.

**Literally Broken.**  
 No man ever dies of a broken heart in his love affairs, according to both Shakespeare and Thackeray; the heart, however, does physically break, either from sudden shock or from overstrain. A captain on a vessel who had set out to marry a lady, on reaching his destination was abruptly informed that she had married, and the man fell to the ground and expired. The heart was discovered to be literally rent into two pieces. Again, an instance is on record of a boy, very strong and healthy, who, in attempting to raise a sheaf of corn, fell dead in the effort. In this instance the post mortem disclosed a large rent in the blood upon the left ventricle, which is the hardest worked portion of the heart and where the rupture generally takes place, forces the tissues asunder.

**Only an Electric Shock.**  
 Everybody has experienced the queer little shiver that comes upon one now and then without apparent cause. It is generally put down as "some one walking over my grave." Actually we are told it is the effect of electricity. This great power is constantly being generated everywhere, and when the positive and negative parts of the power meet, they produce a shock on any living thing. There is a good deal of electricity in the air, and when the human body is made a meeting point the sensation is liable to be felt about the region of the spine. Some people are liable to shocks now and then in special parts of them, in the ankle for instance, or very commonly around the base of the brain. There is no harm in it but it shows a rather highly-strung organization.

**Senses of Reptiles.**  
 An Austrian doctor has lately published the results of his observations upon the special senses of animals, especially upon the sense of reptiles. He concludes that these are capable of going directly towards water, which appears to attract them, even at long distances. Light acts upon them independently of heat. Their sight is generally good, and is probably their most acute sense, yet their vision is limited. Crocodiles cannot distinguish a man at distances above ten times their length. Fish see for only short distances. The vision of serpents is poor, the boa constrictor, for example, can see no further than one-third of its own length. Some snakes see no further than one-eighth of their own length. Frogs are better endowed and see twenty times their length.

**Slenderness on the Stage.**  
 Sir Henry Irving was the first actor to make slenderness acceptable or tolerable, on the English stage. He was very thin in his earlier middle age, and theater-goers of that day wondered whether they could endure to see a long figure and legs, both unpadding. Until then fatness had been obligatory; it is difficult to realize now the full convention of chest and shoulders and calves. Comparatively lately a man of stage experience was urged with a company of English amateurs that all the thin and all the lean men should be made plump. "Nothing," he said, "is so impossible on the stage as thinness." Irving changed all this because his genius was wedded to uncompromising thinness.

You cannot afford to get the impression that you know all about farming; and you cannot afford to farm at all, unless you do know a good deal about it.

## AN OLD AGE INSURANCE

### Germany's Plan to Protect the Workman in His Later Years

#### EFFECTS ON EMIGRATION

Extending the Benefits of State Protection to Members of the Industrial Army—Movement Tried to Some Extent by Other European Countries.

"The movement in favor of the various forms of insurance for workmen," said Dr. Henderson, of Chicago, who attended the Congress of Vienna, "must be regarded as among the most important and the most salutary of modern times. It involves the recognition and acceptance by the community of an obligation hitherto universally ignored or repudiated and results may eventually be hoped for from its complete development that will transform the whole aspect of society, making the lives of the masses worthier and happier by relieving them of the ever-present threat of privation and suffering, due to loss of income, should the breadwinner be incapacitated."

"We have abandoned the exaggerated individualism which our fathers regarded as an essential feature of that manly self-reliance and self-sufficiency which they valued as distinctive of the Anglo-Saxon character and have taken our stand upon the more humane ground of the collective responsibility of society as a whole for the welfare of its units. That every member of a civilized community who so long as health and strength admit fills his allotted place in the body politic, discharging the duties for which his nature and training have fitted him, thereby acquires a claim upon the community for suitable support during any period, be it long or short, of incapacity for work is a proposition to which the public conscience has already given its assent and which will find its way into the textbooks as an axiom of the lawyer and the social politician."

"In every industrial community the wage-earning classes form an immense majority of the population and it is upon the exertions of these classes that the prosperity and even the existence of such a community depends. They are the real wealth producers. Every civilized state provides for its soldiers and civil officers when by old age, sickness, wounds or accident they are rendered incapable of further service. But the State is served as truly by the conquest of new markets as of new provinces and the delivery of goods to the purchaser is as important for the community as the delivery of letters to the addressee."

"Germany has developed institutions and achieved results in this matter such as no other nation has as yet attained to; but also France, Italy and Austria have done more for their workmen—in this direction than has at present been accomplished by the Anglo-Saxon states on either side of the Atlantic. This apparent backwardness may perhaps find its explanation, in part at least, in the different forms of government."

"In an autocratically ruled country, such as Germany or Austria; or where the administrative power is very strong because highly centralized, as in France, public opinion must not, necessarily, demand a social reform before it can be introduced—whereas, in America nothing can be done until the classes affected have been convinced of its desirability. With us the education of public opinion must precede action; in most continental countries the process may be and often is reversed."

"The development of German industry and commerce within the last quarter of a century has been truly phenomenal and surprising, and there can be no doubt whatever that, among the causes contributory to its increasingly successful competition in the world's markets, the improvement in the material situation of its working classes plays an important part."

"Twenty-five years ago it was the most intelligent and enterprising members of the German working classes that emigrated to the United States in large numbers; at present it is lower and far less desirable type of humanity that constitutes the great majority of our immigrants from central Europe, while from Germany itself immigration during the last few years has been markedly declining."

"The German workman of the better sort, the man of intelligence, character and skill, realizes that he is now better off, on the whole, at home. His immediate earnings may be smaller, but living is proportionately cheaper—or nearly so—and a future guaranteed against absolute want, a material provision, however modest, against every form of misfortune, to which human beings are exposed—is worth much especially to the prudent and conscientious—and these are the elite of their class—men who of whatever nationality they may chance to be, are a loss to their country when they leave it and a gain to the community among which they make their new home."

## Feeding Pasture to Dairy Cows.

A practical and successful dairy man gives his plan of feeding his cows through the Jersey Bulletin, and among other things he says:

We make ensilage our main food. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the value of ensilage, for every dairyman in the corn belt certainly knows the value of this great feed. We feed from 30 to 50 pounds of ensilage per day in proportion to the cow. It is our intention for our cows to have all they want, and in the best condition. In the winter the ensilage is not removed from the silo until feeding time and is fed steaming hot.

The ensilage ration is balanced with bran and clover hay. The bran is fed in proportion to the period of lactation of the cow, and as much as she will consume at a profit. We feed our ensilage and bran the first thing in the morning; then do our milking and separating; then feed as much clover hay as the cows will clean up before noon. The same method is followed in the evening, feeding hay the last thing at night.

We do not depend on grass alone more than 60 to 75 days in the year, from about May 10 to July 15 or 20. Then if we have any ensilage left over from winter we feed about 20 to 25 pounds per day. If we have no ensilage we plant a small plot of sweet corn early in the spring and begin feeding as soon as it will do, cutting from the field and hauling to the pasture each day. This is a more expensive way of feeding than the ensilage, but it is far better than to let the cows go hungry; for a hungry cow won't give milk. Our cows must have all they want to eat 365 days each year.

## Water Lilies From Seed.

Many of the choicest of water lilies, even the magnificent Victoria regia, may be grown from seed. For many years the seed of this lily when brought to this country failed to germinate, says Homes and Gardens.

It was finally found that by bottling the seeds in the water of the river in which they grew they could be transported safely from the waters of the Amazon to the Far West. Here the lily is usually grown with bottom heat, as it is very tender. Seeds started in pots in a temperature of ninety degrees will germinate in about two weeks and may be planted out in the open air when the nights have become warm—usually about the first of June, and will bloom the same summer, but cannot be carried through the winter but must be started fresh each season—either by the purchase of plants or the sowing of seed, the latter being, of course, much more economical as seeds may be purchased for a few nickels apiece, the plants costing as many dollars.

## Booms False Hair Market.

Motor cars and false hair do not seem at first glance to have much connection with each other, yet it is stated that a very appreciable increase in the false-hair industry has taken place since motoring increased in popularity. It is not that this pleasing pursuit causes the hair to drop off, though it is true the complexion and eyes and throat are all said to be affected by it, but as cutting through the air plays havoc with the nestles of the coiffure enthusiastic motorists are coaxing to Nature, and the motor transformation is becoming as much a part of an automobile outfit as goggles, a veil and a close-fitting hat.—Ladies' Pictorial.

## Old-Time Shoemaking.

In the old days we made strings of calf-skin. Every farmer was an expert.

We should cut a disc of leather three or four inches in diameter, stick the point of a sharp knifeblade in a board, place the thumb nail the thickness of a match from it, and quickly draw the string through the opening, the perimeter being reduced the thickness of a match at every measure of the circumference. Pretty work! Then the square string was rolled between the sole of the shoe and the floor till perfectly round, after which it was greased with tallow.

Such a lace would last for months, but their shine soon wears off, giving them a much worn appearance.

## Substitute for Irrigation.

An Italian scientist has invented a novel substitute for irrigation. He uses the fruit of the Barbary opal, a fig tree which bears figs that are excellent reservoirs of moisture. In the spring the scientist digs a ditch about the foot of the tree he desires to protect from the coming drought and this ditch is filled with figs cut into thick pieces. A dense layer is made and beaten down. The mucilaginous pulp, covered with earth, stores up much moisture, which it gives off gradually, watering the tree sometimes for as long a period as four months.

## A Butler's Presence of Mind.

At a dinner party where there were twelve covers one of the courses consisted of scalloped oysters in silver shells. The set of shells was broken—there were only eleven. The mistress, therefore, told the butler that she would not eat any oysters. When the oysters came, he placed before his mistress one of the shells. To his horror she did not decline it. She took up the fork and was about to plunge into it, when the man flew to her side. "Pardon me, madam," he murmured, "but you said I was to remind you that the doctor forbade your eating oysters on any account."—Exchange.

## Over-Work Weakens Your Kidneys.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

All the blood in your body passes through your kidneys once every three minutes. The kidneys are your blood purifiers, they filter out the waste or impurities in the blood. If they are sick or out of order, they fail to do their work. Pains, aches and rheumatism come from excess of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected kidney trouble.

Kidney trouble causes quick or unsteady heart beats, and makes one feel as though they had heart trouble, because the heart is over-working in pumping thick, kidney-poisoned blood through veins and arteries. It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern sciences prove that nearly all constitutional diseases have their beginning in kidney trouble. If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar bottles. You may have a sample bottle by mail. Name of Swamp-Root, free, also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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 Virginia-Carolina Fertilizer  
 Chemical Co.

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