

J. M. BAILEY

JOHN JARRETT

Baley & Jarrett

Dealers in Hardware, Farm Implements
and Machinery.

Marshall, N. C., March 19, 1914.

TO THE PUBLIC:

We have opened an up-to-date Hardware Store in the town of Marshall, next door to the Citizens Bank. It is our intention to handle all kind of hardware and farm implements. Plows, Hoes, Mattocks, Axes, Trace Chains, Horse Collars, Harness Leather, Stoves and most anything in our line.

We are agents for the Deering Mowing Machine, Disc Harrow and Drag Harrow, and the Hoosier Corn Planter. We respectfully solicit your patronage and will treat you right in the way of prices. When you come to Marshall call and see us. We are.

Yours Truly,
BALEY & JARRETT.

Bon Marche | Asheville, N. C.

BON MARCHE--One of the Largest and Best Equipped Department Stores in the South.

Those who visit Asheville and see the large gray building occupied by the Bon Marche seldom think that this store is one of the largest of its kind in the South. First let us tell you what kind of a store it is. It is a Department Store devoted entirely to the sale of things that women buy. In Atlanta, Birmingham and New Orleans, there are much larger department stores, but they cater to the men as well as to the women, and have Book, Grocery, Furniture and other large Departments, not carried by the Bon Marche.

The point we would make is, that you can find just as large variety of women's apparel, dry goods, etc., right here in Western North Carolina, as you can anywhere else in the South. And, after all variety and wide range of selection is what makes the difference between stores.

Therefore we ask you to come to Asheville and make your Headquarters at the Bon Marche and shop where the most stylish and up-to-date goods are obtainable.

Our Mail-Order Service for Women Who Demand the Best.

The shoppers outside of Asheville in Western North Carolina are becoming more discriminating in their taste from season to season. They are demanding the Bon Marche quality and style, where some years ago they were satisfied with less.

Many are using our Mail-Order-Service and finding it a wonderful aid in becoming properly dressed. Write for our Spring and Summer catalog today. Mention this paper when writing.

Ask Your Druggist About It

There is a New Remedy that
Takes the Place of Calomel.
Recommended and Guaranteed
by the Druggists.

Marshall Pharmacy drug store never sold a remedy that gave more complete satisfaction than Dodson's Liver Tone—a mild vegetable remedy for constipation, sour stomach and lazy liver.

Folks who have suffered for years rather than resort to dangerous calomel have found after one trial that this pleasant tasting vegetable liquid gives them a long sought relief without bad after-effects.

Dodson's Liver Tone is guaranteed by Marshall Pharmacy to be a safe liver stimulant and to be absolutely harmless—without bad after-effects. You will find many persons in this locality who have tried it and every user will speak a good word for Dodson's Liver Tone. It livens up a torpid liver and makes you feel fresh, healthy and clean.

The price of a large bottle is 50 cents—money back if not

pleased. The success of Dodson's Liver Tone has brought many medicines into the field that imitate its claims, and some have name very similar and package same color, but remember Dodson's Liver Tone is guaranteed by Marshall Pharmacy who will give you back your money if you want it.

Notice to the Tax-Payers

I have now completed my calls for taxes in the various townships as the Law directs, and there is more than one half of the taxes yet unpaid. Notice is hereby given to all persons who have not paid their taxes for the year 1913, that after the 15th day of April I will advertise all the real-estate upon which the taxes have not been paid and charge cost according Now do not wait and think that you will be shown special favors as I intend to treat all persons alike regardless of who you are, and the amount of taxes you pay.

Respectfully,
W. C. AMMONS,
Tax Collector.

Leo. M. Frank

At the trial of Leo M. Frank in the city of Atlanta when Frank was arraigned for the murder of little Mary Phagan in his (Frank's) pencil Factory the public went wild for the blood of Leo. M. Frank. Perhaps there is not a parallel in all southern history to the trial and conviction of Frank. The girl was brutally murdered and suspicious circumstances pointed to Frank as the perpetrator of the dark and cowardly crime. The populace went mad; the court room was packed day after day during the trial, with excited and prejudiced people; demonstrations were occasionally made when a strong point was scored against Frank, a conviction of murder in the first degree was had; again the crowd went wild and carried the state's attorney on their shoulders. It was a tragedy seldom equalled. The judge passed a sentence of death and Frank was confined in the death cell to await "the axe of the executioner." Motion for a new trial was denied by the Supreme Court of Georgia and the sentence of the lower court was confirmed. The courts, all the courts, said justice had been impartially administered and that Leo. M. Frank had been "weighed in the balances and found wanting." No doubt about his guilt. The Negro Conley had sworn to it; the girl was murdered in Frank's factory and Frank's hand was red with her blood; her innocence and purity had been violated and outraged by a civilized savage. Atlanta was convinced of his guilt; her conscience was serene and peaceful and sweet was her sleep while time hurried on rushing Frank, the towering felon of the times, on to the end of retributive justice. There was no chord of sympathy in all the mighty city of Atlanta that answered to the touch of Leo M. Frank or his friend. Yea, the mighty state of Georgia pronounced him guilty of the unspeakable felony and far and near throughout her borders come the one resistless voice of the multitude pronouncing his guilt, guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, and there was no sympathy, no mercy, in all the great human heart that throbbed and beat throughout the sunny fields of Georgia. From hills and fields waiving with cotton; from the village; from the city; from all walks of life came the one verdict of "guilty." The breeze whispered it, the leaves sang it, the stars twinkled it, the bells chimed it and the rivers that ran to the great seas all echoed "guilty." A verdict unanimous and universal proclaimed from all walks of life.

Time went by, a straw drifted here and there and some one finally said "there's a doubt about it." Then other straws drifted on the great tide of public opinion and fast fell upon and deep sank into the great heart of the city of Atlanta an uneasy feeling that crept out and out until it encompassed the great state of Georgia and from hill and dell, village and town and city comes now the one great verdict of public opinion, "There is a reasonable doubt; give him a new trial." The preachers shout it from the pulpit; the Editors write it and all unite in one great verdict for a new trial for Leo M. Frank; public sentiment is

sweeping the country everywhere for Frank, and it now looks like he will secure a new trial. Should he fail in this the Governor of the state will be overwhelmed with protests against his execution and will probably pardon Frank or commute his sentence.

All of which goes to show how fickle is public opinion; to what extremes the sentiment of the human heart may be made to swing and that after all a jury may sometimes be mistaken.

LITTLE PATHS OF LIFE

(BY W. J. R.)

Charlotte Observer

Bet a doughnut to an old roan horse you never heard of a newspaper reporter havin' a romance! It's a pretty rare situation. Now in the town of X— (That sounds pretty good for a start—sort o' Frenchy.) there lived a young reporter. He had brown eyes and a green neck tie. He fell in love. She was a young woman with delicate features and a firm chin. She was fond of gum. The reporter knew this and kept her supplied. She developed a pair of magnificent jaws.

Now it came upon a time when he says to her. "It's perfectly all right—but what are we going to live on?" She was the kind that couldn't be disturbed by an earthquake. "We'll have to fidgetate a little and see what can be done," she said, and she pulled out some gum the length of her arm. "There ain't much fidgetatin' to do," said the reporter, "you know what I get per the Saturday evenings in the yellow slip."

And so they agreed to wait. They waited, and one day they consulted each other seriously—and agreed to wait a little longer. Time went on mercilessly. One beautiful day, when the odor of violets was everywhere, except in the shop where the reporter worked, they took a walk into the woodlands. They talked of many things, cabbages and kings, books and things. Then they grew serious; and the little secrets of lovers were indulged in. Suddenly they both burst into tears. "We will have to wait," they cried together.

And so they agreed to wait. Time in its wending flight kept fleeing day and night! At last the reporter strong of heart, feeling gay, and robust of purpose, called on his Dream. The night was beautiful. The moon was smiling at the lovers. They talked, and murmured, and whispered and whistled. It grew late. It was time for him to go. He got up to go, and made for the door. He bade her farewell; and as he sped into the moonbeams he whispered incoherently, "We will have to wait."

And so they agreed to wait. And so they agreed to— And so they— And so— And—

Disordered Kidneys Cause Much Misery

With pain and misery by day, sleep disturbing bladder weakness at night, tired, nervous run-down men and women everywhere are glad to know that Foley Kidney Pills restore health and strength, and the regular action of kidney and bladder.—Dr. I. E. Burnett, Mars Hill, N. C.

BLIND MAN WANTS TO BE UNITED STATES SENATOR REPRESENTING NORTH CAROLINA

Edward Ray, A. B. University North Carolina A. M. Harvard, graduate Law School of Chattanooga and lecturer for past ten years was in Marshall Monday on his way to Raleigh. Mr. Ray is a wonderful man in that he lost his eye sight when only ten years of age and afterwards graduated at the school for the blind in Raleigh and then at the Universities above mentioned. After graduating from these schools he lectured in many of the states, following this profession for a period of ten years.

Mr. Ray is a native of Madison County. His early life was spent at Barnard, a little railway station, between Marshall and Hot Springs.

Mr. Ray stopped over in Marshall to talk with the people about his aspirations to the United States Senate. He is contemplating making the race against Senator Overman.

We do not know much of Mr. Ray but we are sure of one thing, this: There must be something in any blind man who would run, in North Carolina, for the United States Senate against either Mr. Overman or Mr. Simmons. Its rather a novel thing to see a blind man in political life but it sometimes happens that blind men go to the United States Senate. Senator Gore of Oklahoma, is serving that State in the Senate and has become a national figure.

We do not know with what encouragement Mr. Ray has met but we rather admire his ambition.

Harry K. Thaw

Harry K. Thaw is appealing to the people of New York to ask the legislature of that State to release him and he points out that at the time of his imprisonment in the early stages of the case that 26 men were in the toms for murder and that now that 23 of them are free. He asserts that his home was wrecked and ruined; that he has suffered enough and that Mattewan Assylum for the criminal insane is a "living hell." To this he adds that his aged mother needs his comfort and help in the evening of her life and he begs to be permitted to go back to her side and comfort her in her old age.

HIGHWAY COMMISSION

The Highway Commission are now having the surveys on the Mars Hill route completed and having the profiles of the different surveys made together with the estimated cost of the different surveys made. As soon as the routes are definitely decided upon where surveys have been made and the profiles and maps are made and costs of construction estimated by surveyor and reported to commission. Advertisement will then be made for bids on contracts and work will begin. We shall be glad to see the work begin in earnest at an early day.

The survey and location of the route from Marshall to the line of number three township is complete and the Commission is ready to advertise for and receive bids for building that road.

Clean up, Clean up Marshall, Have a Cleaning System.

This is close to the time when all housekeepers begin to have a house cleaning. We hope the "city fathers" will prove their ability as house keepers and give the town a good "cleaning up."

The enforcement of the ordinance for sewerage connection should be rigidly enforced. Its one of the greatest needs of the town. A dirty house is uninviting but a dirty town is a signboard of warning to a traveling public. Lets have a clean up-to-date town, a sanitary and healthful place in which to live. Clean up streets, alleys, back yards, front yards and barn yards.

A dirty filthy man can't rise to a very high standing in the community. Society will close its doors to him. He can not command respect. Neither can a dirty town command respect or admiration.

Lets keep the town clean* this summer by starting in time and keeping it going. Adopt a regular cleaning system and follow it up.

From Politics to Business

The following item clipped from the Greensboro Patriot will be of interest to the friends of Mr. J. M. Bailey over the county.

Mr. J. M. Bailey, who for a number of years was chief clerk in the United States marshal's office in this city, retiring from the position when Mr. Charles A. Webb became marshal recently and moved the office to Asheville, has returned to his former home at Marshall, the county seat of Madison County, where he has engaged in the hardware business. His family is still in Greensboro, but will move to Marshall in the spring.

During a residence of about 16 years in Greensboro Mr. Bailey made many friends, all of whom regret that he is not to continue his citizenship here. As an officer of the government Mr. Bailey made a record of which any man ought to be proud, and he was accounted one of Greensboro's best citizens. The best wishes of The Patriot and a host of other friends follow him in his removal from the realm of politics to the sphere of commercial life and business activity.

Mr. Bailey is a good man and we are glad to have him return to Marshall.

SOME BUYING DONT'S FOR HOUSEWIVES

Don't buy unprotected food exposed to flies.
Don't buy unprotected food exposed in dirty shops.
Don't buy food where employees are unclean.
Don't buy food where cats and dogs are allowed.
Don't buy food exposed to street dust.
Don't buy food where careless coughers and pitters are allowed.
Don't blame when you can praise.
Don't fail to tell grocers why you don't approve of their unsanitary conditions.