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W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

DEVOTED TO THE PROTECTION OF HOME AND THE INTERESTS OF THE COUNTY.

One Dollar a Year in Advance.

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NO. 3.

BILL ARP LIKES COD-FISH.

Gets up by Daybreak Every Morning, While Mrs. Arp Sleeps Late

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

Married and gone. It is the same old story. Love and courtship. Then comes the engagement ring and a blessed interval of fond hopes and happy dreams, and then the happy day is fixed—the auspicious day that is never to be forgotten—a day that brings happiness or misery and begins a new life. Then comes the license, the permit of the law which says you may marry, you may enter into bonds. The state approves it and the law allows it, and it will cost you only a dollar and a quarter. Cheap, isn't it? And yet it may be very dear. Then comes the minister, and the happy pair stand up before him and make some solemn vows and listen to prayer and a benediction and they are one. In a moment the trusting maid has lost her name and her free will, and is tied fast to a man. Well, he is tied fast, too, so it is all right all round, I reckon, but somehow I always feel more certain about the woman than the man. She is a helpless sort of a creature and takes the most risk, for she risks her all.

I was ruminating over this, for there was a marriage going on at our good friend Sam Jones' house, and their pretty daughter, Laura, was changing her name and her home on this the last day of the year and going off to live with a man she hasn't known very long; but I have diagnosed him from his face and features and am satisfied with her choice. He is a big-hearted gentleman, or else the signs fail. I wanted to be present and give them my blessing, but was not well enough to go—I've got the elephantiasis from my toes to my knees, and can hardly meander across the room, but I am always interested in the marriages of out young people. It is the most serious business in this life, and if the peril of it was known beforehand many of the young people would hesitate to make the change. The chains of matrimony and the bonds of marriage are the right words. When men make a partnership they can't get along well if they are unlike in disposition, or in moral principle or in business ways, but they can dissolve and separate at pleasure and try another man. A man and his wife ought to be alike in almost everything. In some things folks like their opposites—their counter parts. A man with blue eyes goes distracted over a pretty girl with hazel eyes—I did, and I'm distracted yet when I look into them, though I've been doing that for fifty-four years. But in mental and emotional qualities and in tastes and habits and politics and religion they should class together.

I never made any mistake about my choice of a partner for the dance of a life, but I've thought of it a thousand times that if Mrs. Arp had known I loved codfish and got up at daybreak every morning, she never would have had me. It was nip and tuck to get her anyway, and that would have been the feather to break the camel's back. Well, I'm mortal glad she didn't know it, though I am free to say that if I had known she slept until the second ringing of the first bell for breakfast and was fond of raw oysters, it would have had a dampening effect upon my ardor for a few minutes, only a few. But I have seen some mighty clever people eat oysters raw and sleep late in the morning. But still a man and his wife can harmonize and compromise a good many of these things, and it is a beautiful illustration of this to see Mrs. Arp cooking codfish for me and fixing it all up so nice with eggs and cream, add it is a touching evidence of my undying devotion to her to see me wandering about the house lonely and forlorn every morning for an hour or two, and forbidding even the cat to walk heavily while she sleeps. That codfish business comes to me honestly from my father's side, and my mother put up with it like a good considerate wife, and we children grew up with an idea that it was good. I've heard of a couple who got married and went off to Augusta on a tour, and the feller stuck his fork into codfish ball and took a bite. He choked it down like a hero, and when his beloved asked him what was the matter, replied: "Don't say anything about it, Mandy, but as sure as you are born there is something dead in the bread."

Well, we can make compromises about all such things as habits and tastes, but there are some things that won't compromise worth a cent. If a girl has been brought up to have a good deal of fecund, and thinks it no harm to go waltzing around with gay Lothario who loves to dance, and after she gets a feller of her own, wants to keep at it and have polluted arms around her waist, she had just as well sing farewell to conjugal love and domestic peace, for it is against the order of nature for a loving husband to stand it, and he oughtn't.

And now another busy year has gone—gone like the water that has passed over the dam—gone never to return. It has carried many friends along with it and left sad memories in the household, but on the whole it has been a good year to us all and Providence has been kind.

Now is the time to look back, and review the past, as did old Janus for whom January was named. He was the porter, the gate keeper, of heaven and had two faces—one to look back and the other forward into the mysterious future. Numa Pompilius gave him his name and his high office, for he was next in power to Jupiter. He added two months to the calendar and called one January for Janus and the other February for the mother of Mars. Until then there were but eight months of forty-six days each. Numa added two more, which gave them thirty-six days each, and January was the fourth month and remained so for more than two thousand years. April was the first month and remained so until two hundred years ago. Why it was changed I cannot understand, for April is much more like the beginning of a new year than January. April comes from aperio, to open—the time when the earth opens and the grass comes up and the flowers bloom and the birds sing. But the name of almost everything seem to conform to that old mythology, and we can't get rid of it. My great-grandfather lived and died under that old calendar when April was the first month of the year. Julius Caesar and Augustus Caesar stuck in two more months and made the year of twelve months of thirty days each, but April remained the first month and ought to be now.

But whether Christmas be in December or in April, we love the old superstitions that cluster around this season of joy and gladness. I always thought it a pretty idea for a man to be weighed every Christmas or New Year—to put his acts and deeds in the balances, the good on one side and the bad on the other, and let him rise to heaven or fall below it as the scales might turn. This is not an orthodox doctrine, for it is said that one bad deed will outweigh a thousand good ones. Nevertheless, Belschazzar was weighed, and the scriptures abound in such figures of speech. It will take miracles of grace to save us, anyhow and we must all help one another, for the devil is doing his best. David committed murder; Solomon worshipped idols; Cain killed his brother; Jacob cheated Esau out of his birthright; Noah got drunk, and Peter denied his Master, but they all repented and got forgiveness; and if there is any difference between folks now and then I don't know it. Then let us all love our Maker and be good to our fellow-men.

Who Will be the Candidate?
Washington Dispatch to Philadelphia Record, January 1.
"I think the contest in the next national Democratic convention for the presidential nomination will be between Mr. Gorman, Judge Parker, of New York, and Mr. Olney, of Massachusetts," said Representative Richardson, Democratic leader in the house, to-day. "I think I can see a leaning in Mr. Bryan toward Mr. Olney. There is no question that he is being boomed in the west. He will make a formidable candidate. Mr. Gorman's friends will not let the nomination go to another without a contest, and Judge Allen B. Parker, of New York, is forging to the front very rapidly. From what I hear of him he would be entirely acceptable to the southern Democrats if he should be the choice of the convention."
What will be the issue, after you get the man? Mr. Richardson was asked. "What better issue do we want than the one the Republican party is now furnishing us through its division on the tariff question?" Mr. Richardson said. "The people are demanding tariff reform. The Republican high-protectionists will not give it to them."

LEMON JUICE KILLS TYPHOID.

Value of the English Discovery Confirmed Here.

Chicago Dispatch.

Chicago, Dec. 29.—That lemon juice will destroy the typhoid germs in water is announced authoritatively by the Chicago, Health Department after careful experiments extending over three days. One teaspoonful of the juice to half a glass of water is known to be a good combination, and repeated trials have invariably produced the same result. Every germ was killed. Further tests will be made at once to ascertain how small an amount of lemon juice will destroy the bacilli. Dr. Reynolds is also investigating the properties of manufactured citric acid. If the acid will take the place of the lemon a great saving will be accomplished, for it is inexpensive as compared with lemons.

The action of the lemon juice is to cause the bacilli to shrivel up and die. Their power to produce this poison which causes typhoid is thus destroyed, and water which in its original state was highly dangerous to drink becomes as innocuous as if it had been distilled.

The investigations and announcement of the Chicago health authorities are the result of an announcement made on Christmas day by Dr. Ann Ferguson, who announced that the lemon juice was a deadly foe to typhoid. It has long been known that certain acids would kill the bacilli, but their effects also was to kill human beings. The harmless acid in lemons was entirely overlooked until Dr. Ferguson chanced to drop a little lemon juice into a culture tube containing typhoid germs. To his amazement he discovered that they died almost immediately, and he at once began further experiments, which resulted in the announcement of the discovery.

BABY LEFT OUT IN THE COLD.

Taken in by Kind Hearted People.

Goldboro Cor., Raleigh Post, 5th.

The weather was very inclement last night for leaving babies out on piazzas, but the party who left the little black haired girl baby on the piazza of Mr. John H. Brown did not intend for the child to suffer and made sufficient noise to attract attention before leaving. When members of the family came to the door to see what occasioned the noise they saw something lying on the floor in front of the door. The bundle was taken up and it was found to contain a baby which had never been dressed and could not have been over two hours old. The child was wrapped in a piece of plain black calico. The young little stranger was taken into the house and the good wife of Mr. Brown took some of her own children's clothing and made the little one as comfortable as possible. A number of people have been to pay their respects to the little stranger to-day to see if they could discover any traces of favor, but so far no one has been able to recognize any feature that would lead to the identity of the mother. Mr. Brown is an employe of the Goldboro Buggy Co.

Unsolicted Testimonial.

Chicago Tribune.

"Messrs. Shewer Kewer & Co.," writes I Wurkover, "one of our agents presented me a copy of our Family Almanac for 1903 the other day. I don't think much of the medical part of it, but I have enjoyed the anecdotes and stories very much. They are the kind I have always used."

Dr. Lorenz, the famous Austrian surgeon sailed from New York for home last week. He likes this country so well that he will return and make a tour of it with his family.



ROYAL Baking Powder

Makes the bread more healthful.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powder is the greatest menace to health of the present day.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

A STORE RUN BY THE GOLDEN RULE OUGHT TO PROSPER, SO MANY PEOPLE THINK.

We are trying to run our store that way. That is, we will not charge you more for goods than we think you would charge if you were in our place.

Yes, it is to your interest that we should prosper. If from any cause we should fail to prosper you might be told that a store could not succeed and sell goods cheap.

Remember that the more goods we sell you the cheaper we can sell them.

Therefore give us your trade and your cash, and we will try to make it to your interest to trade with us.

We guarantee everything we sell you. If it is not right, we will make it right.

We invite friendly criticism.

COME, SEND, OR ORDER FROM THE Golden Rule Store. B. G. RHYNE & CO. GASTONIA, N. C.

Gun Play in South Carolina.

Washington Post, 6th.

Two facts worth bearing in mind have transpired as a result of the shooting match between Messrs. Wesley Spires and Chas. Hutto in Lexington County, S. C., last Saturday. Fact the first: It doesn't pay to fool with men's families in the South. Fact the second: The rifle is not in it with the double barreled shotgun when it comes to serious business at close quarters.

The story, as given our special dispatch from Columbia, S. C., is very simple. Mr. Spires is a mild-mannered amiable, easy-going citizen with an attractive wife. Mr. Charles Hutto was a gay Lothario, who wasn't wise enough to get a wife of his own, but must pay attention to somebody else's—Mr. Wesley Spire's wife, in fact. Mr. Spires approached the late Mr. Hutto one day and suggested to him in the pleasant way imaginable that he had better drop it. Hutto couldn't bring himself to take that view of the matter, and advised Mr. Spires accordingly. Then Mr. Spires, still speaking without heat or haste, opined that Mr. Hutto had better have a gun with him next time he called, there being just a chance of his seeing something queer. In due course Mr. Hutto called again, and having Mr. Spires in conjunction in mind, brought a gun over his shoulder. Mr. Spires saw him approaching and issued forth, carrying a gun also.

They buried Mr. Hutto yesterday with the usual ceremonies. He was a prominent citizen, and his decease cast the usual gloom over the community. We venture to say, however that every family man in Lexington County blames Hutto for having invaded Spire's house, and that every marksman thinks he practically committed suicide when he went up against a shotgun with thirteen blue whistlers in each barrel and nothing but a rifle in his hand. The Mauser is a good enough thing in its way. So is the Krag-Jorgensen. But private quarrels are not settled at a dis-

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SACRIFICE SALE

Hats and Jackets

I HAVE just 40 trimmed hats—elegant material and tip-top style. They sold for \$1.50 to \$3.00. But I do not wish to carry them longer and have marked all these

40 Hats at One Dollar Each

It is less than wholesale cost. First comers get best choice, of course. Now again; I have one dozen Jackets—half of them for ladies, half for children. They retailed for ten dollars each, but the choice of any

TEN DOLLAR JACKET is YOURS for \$5.00.

These are the facts and figures. The first to come will be the luckiest.

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ONE HUNDRED TENNESSEE HORSES and MULES.

We will have fifty head of well selected horses and mules arrive Saturday. We can then show you more than one hundred head to select from.

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