

ON THE HOME RUN

We are now on the home run with a full load of steam, and will take on passengers at the following stations: Clothing, Dress Goods, Shoes, Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Hats and Caps and short stop will also be made on this special trip, at several flag stations, viz: Handkerchiefs, Neckwear, Suspenders, Soap, Perfumery, Gloves, Corsets, Buttons, and others.

This is a free trip and the scenery on the way will amply repay for the time spent. The stations also are places of surpassing interest. At Clothing station you'll find one of the largest and noblest lines of suits and overcoats to be found anywhere and owing to the extremely low prices, the agents at this station are fast converting them into cash, it being their fixed determination to reduce this immense stock by Christmas.

Dress Goods, Shoe, Underwear, Hosiery Hats and Caps and Shirt stations cannot fail to excite the keenest interest in prospective buyers on this trip. The agents at these stations are exceedingly clever and will spare no pains to make your stay at these points both pleasant and profitable.

We extend a cordial invitation to one and all to join us on this joyous commercial excursion. Trunks, suit cases and traveling bags will be supplied at the minimum of cost.

Morris Brothers Department Store.

The SUBSTITUTE.

do you?" His face clouded over, and in spite of his self-control, his voice rang harshly. "I stared at him pityingly. 'That's no use talking about it,' she said softly. 'George, you haven't told me all about her coming here.' 'Yes, I have, George. I'll help me God.' 'Not all you thought, mother.' 'The woman boasted, and then she followed. 'No, I'll admit that, George. How could I? I had a right to be angry about that, but you've told me all about that, haven't you?' 'Tell me what you thought, mother.' 'Why, George?' 'Mother, this is the dearest day I have ever spent. I had no other as had, but I'd loved in it, but not now, I'm smiling. I'm smiling because the music with a clear head. Mother, what did you think?' 'Well, George,' after another pause, 'I never believed she'd come here, and I don't know where she wanted to go in my arms because I was your mother. I never could make out—women are such riddles, even to themselves—I never could make out whether it was a goodby kiss intended for you or another sort. I watched her tall she got clean across the pasture field, and she walked all the way with her head down. Now get the gun.' 'He sat down suddenly. 'Mother, I couldn't kill a living thing today,' he said. 'I want everything to live and breathe. How can I give her up when—when she kissed you?'

yard. These nigger cooks don't know how to prepare a meal of vittles. 'Mother—' he turned suddenly and earnestly on her—'you haven't told me all about her coming here.' 'Yes, I have, George. I'll help me God.' 'Not all you thought, mother.' 'The woman boasted, and then she followed. 'No, I'll admit that, George. How could I? I had a right to be angry about that, but you've told me all about that, haven't you?' 'Tell me what you thought, mother.' 'Why, George?' 'Mother, this is the dearest day I have ever spent. I had no other as had, but I'd loved in it, but not now, I'm smiling. I'm smiling because the music with a clear head. Mother, what did you think?' 'Well, George,' after another pause, 'I never believed she'd come here, and I don't know where she wanted to go in my arms because I was your mother. I never could make out—women are such riddles, even to themselves—I never could make out whether it was a goodby kiss intended for you or another sort. I watched her tall she got clean across the pasture field, and she walked all the way with her head down. Now get the gun.' 'He sat down suddenly. 'Mother, I couldn't kill a living thing today,' he said. 'I want everything to live and breathe. How can I give her up when—when she kissed you?'

CHAPTER XV.
ON the evening after supper in the middle of that week Kenner met George in the office of the Johnston House, the only hotel in the place. It was full of traveling salesman and wagons from the mountains, who had come in to sell their wares. 'I've been honeyfugling some of 'em up,' Kenner smiled, 'selling my little bit of wares, an' so forth, in the south. They'll git to belevin' it after a while. Ef you hadn't got nothin' to do let's walk over to Bob Hank's store.'

George agreed, and they started out together. 'That boy's a big punkle to me,' Kenner continued thoughtfully. 'Sometimes I think Ellinger did right in beavin' 'im in his business, an' then ag'in I think maybe his own daddy knows 'im better's anybody else.' 'Why, I thought Bob was simply doing wonderfully well,' said George in surprise. 'Ef he'd just let his old habits go he'd be all right,' replied Kenner, 'but the boys say he's as bad about flirts' with the girls as he ever was. You know that little orphan in Mrs. Skyles' boardin' school on the hill. The girl's from Louisville, Ky.; she had a better'n a dozen of 'em, that an' she's a party, darren't you little trick. Well, you know the old lady's powerful particular about the boardin' pupils, but Bob manages to meet that gal two or three times a week unbeknownst to Mrs. Skyles, an' they take walks an' buggy rides together. She's a bright little thing, an' the boys say she's simply crazy about Bob an' everything he does. He's jest havin' his fun; but, George, you know that's unbeknownst to a fellow that's makin' the start Bob is in. Why, we elected 'im on the board of trade tother night.'

'I think think it was unbecom'ing of 'im,' said George emphatically. 'The boy ought to be thrashed.' 'I generally do my lecturin' to the young gang in a roundabout way,' replied Kenner. 'I always tell 'em the divilment I used to do an' make 'em feel like 'im one of 'em, an' then end up by showin' 'em whar I was wrong. I'm goin' to try to talk Bob out of this punk of his.' 'They found the young grocer in the rear of his store, with his coat off, directing a negro porter who was stacking a car load of flour in bags against the wall. 'Hello,' said Kenner. 'How's business today?' 'Little off,' replied Bob, 'but a fair average; we are goin' to have a rush tomorrow. Did you see all them paper sacks full of coffee and sugar on the counter as you come in? That's to save the boys time in weighin' up. Look out there'—to the porter—'hiden't I tell you to stack 'em straight?' 'I know you to stack 'em straight?' 'I know you to stack 'em straight?' 'I know you to stack 'em straight?' 'I know you to stack 'em straight?'

'Hello,' said Kenner. 'How's business today?' 'Little off,' replied Bob, 'but a fair average; we are goin' to have a rush tomorrow. Did you see all them paper sacks full of coffee and sugar on the counter as you come in? That's to save the boys time in weighin' up. Look out there'—to the porter—'hiden't I tell you to stack 'em straight?' 'I know you to stack 'em straight?' 'I know you to stack 'em straight?' 'I know you to stack 'em straight?' 'I know you to stack 'em straight?'

'The fruits are a-bavin' a world of trouble with Jeff,' said Mrs. Buckley indignantly. 'Somebody set fire to the barn last night. They managed to get it out, but Jeff got another while Cap letter of warning to ship out. It had a shell or bomb on it. Now, there's been tryin' to git 'im to leave, but old Bucken was 'im 'im 'im. Now, George, git the rifle an' shoot at the fastest children you see in the park. I'm goin' to try it by you. Ef you've got a rifle, get it out of the

away up in the mountains with a lot of etchy handbills. I intend to take along some of the goods to show that they are the right sort, and I'll set around and eat with the people and crack jokes and make friends like a candidate for office. I'll bet you I make it pay. I'm going to start some of 'em this way that are now buying on the other side of the mountains.' 'A big heap of 'em,' said Kenner admiringly. 'I've been up there a good deal myself, an' better folks never lived.'

CHAPTER XVI.
MRS. CRANSTON availed herself of the first opportunity to speak confidentially to Kitty Cosby about Lydia and George Buckley after Mrs. Cosby's arrival from Virginia. 'You remember, I wrote you I had something particular to tell you, Kitty,' she remarked on the first afternoon as she and the guest were strolling on the lawn together. 'And you bot you roused my curiosity, Mrs. Cranston,' replied the girl, who was quite pretty, decidedly stylish and tall and graceful, having brown hair and hazel eyes that seemed constantly laughing. 'I know it's about Lydia.'

Mrs. Cranston led her into a summer house near the carriage drive. It had two compartments and entrances from different walks. Before answering, Mrs. Cranston peered cautiously through the wicker lattice-work that separated the two rooms. 'What are you doing?' Miss Cosby asked. 'I was looking to see if anybody was on the other side,' was the answer, in a satisfied tone, as Mrs. Cranston seated herself. 'We had a lot of trouble here in the summer at a lawn party, owing to some people hearing themselves talked about. There was a seelye pair on that side and a couple of old maids on this side. The lovers were bisily silent, for reasons of their own, and they heard some things about themselves that they didn't like. Yes, I want to talk to you about Lydia.'

'I know it,' cried the visitor, laying her two hands on Mrs. Cranston's arm and sitting down beside her. 'She's going to marry the governor, and you want me to help prepare for the event.' Mrs. Cranston shook her head and went on with a lengthy explanation of the existing state of affairs, in which the name of George Buckley appeared as often as that of Governor Telfair. 'Now, you see the fix we are in,' Mrs. Cranston ended. 'The young lady was silent, her fair brow wrinkled. 'Why, Mrs. Cranston, it's simply awful!' she said after a pause. 'It will never do for it to go on like this. It will be ruinous. Has the child lost her reason? Why, if he is as bad as you say, how on earth does he happen to be in—in good society—even here?'

'Perhaps I am not quite fair to him,' Mrs. Cranston admitted, 'or to Lydia either, in not mentioning what has really been in his favor. In the first place, he is by far the best educated and most refined young man in the place; his employer sent him off to college and gave him extraordinary advantages; then he happens to be a great reader, and Lydia, too, you know—yes, he has most remarkably polished manners and is decidedly good looking. 'Oh, and you put that last! How ridiculous!' Miss Cosby laughed merrily and then suddenly subsided, for her hostess was looking at her with a pained expression. 'It's no laughing matter, Kitty. We are in an awful fix. You know how headstrong Lydia is, and if she were just to get the idea that we were opposing her she'd be worse than ever. So I knew your influence would be good. You will bring her back to the old associations, and in an indirect way you can show her the social advantages of marrying Governor Telfair.' 'Oh, I can do all that,' said Kitty, 'and if she is not already in love with this nondescript I'll bring her to her senses. But tell me about him—what's the main thing. What's his like? How does he conduct himself? Why, I can't imagine—a son of a common thief, a lowborn mountain, a penniless bookkeeper, being even for a minute on a social footing with the only child of Major Cranston—even if you are living in the backwoods, out of all creation. If the two were shipwrecked on a lonely island together I should think—Kitty was displaying her fine, even teeth in a jovial smile—'that the very waves would throw up a sort of barrier.' 'The religious element here governs everything,' returned Mrs. Cranston, with a patient smile. 'These good, Christian people would think we were awfully stuck up if we refused to admit a worthy young man to our house just because his father had gone wrong; besides, he had established himself before his father's trouble. We thought drifted into the situation, and things went on till now we don't know where we stand. But to be perfectly fair to him, Kitty, he's simply an angel, an angel. When I began to fear him I began to watch for vulnerable places in his makeup, but I've found precious few, I tell you—precious few. You know I've seen good society, if any Virginia woman has, and I'm going to tell you that I have never met a more polished man in all my life—no, sir, not in Richmond, nor Boston, nor Charleston. He has actually made me blush with shame. I remember once I disputed his word about one of Baltimore's heroes, only to have him prove that I was wrong a few minutes later in the most manner. 'He happened to be dining here, too, one night when Bishop Page stopped over with us on his way to Florida. There were several young men present, among them Drury Dandridge, who belongs to one of the very oldest families in Georgia and is considered the catch of the county. Well, he set down like a stick in the cushion of his chair and Mr. Buckley conducted the entire conversation with the ladies. I said, Bishop Page directed most of his remarks to Mr. Buckley, and it really was an intellectual treat. He surprised the bishop up twice, and the old man flustered, but indignantly admitted he was wrong. He was much favorably impressed with Mr. Buckley, and, of course, I did not enter into awkward objections. You, his niece, could not be improved. He must have associated with refined people when he was at school. I don't

always say that the surest sign of a gentleman is for him to put his elbows on the dinner table without seeming to do it. I don't say Mr. Buckley puts his on, but he doesn't sit up like a post and not know what to do with his hands, as some men do. He acts, even on occasions like that dinner, as if such things were as second's nature. The table is passing around the table, awkwardly touching his elbow just as he was about to drink from his glass of claret and shook some of the wine out on my best cloth. Now, I once saw the same thing happen to a man in Richmond, and he promptly laid the blame where it belonged, to acquit himself of appearing awkward, but Mr. Buckley treated it with superb indifference. He was telling some story, and he did not even pause, but taking a salt cellar, he poured some of the salt on the spot, and as he continued to talk he kept rubbing it in as if he hardly knew what he was doing. The salt saved the cloth from a bad stain, and it was all done as a prince might have done it. 'You know the negroes can never forgive the poor whites for raising into prominence, and ally, when she was clearing away the things from the table that evening, called to me. 'Come here, Miss Amy,' she said, with a sneer; 'everybody done let' der napkins on de table 'cept dat po' white trash, en he let' 'im in his chair.' Of course it was a little thing and has no weight one way or another; but, do you know, the next month when I was back in Richmond, and your aunt Tilly had that young English lord to dinner, I watched everything he did and noticed that he dropped his napkin in his chair when he left the table. I have since learned that it is quite customary over there. We don't do it, you know, but really they would look nicer in the chairs than a lot of linen waste stuck about among the finger bowls and salad dishes. They would be less suggestive of the lavatory of a crowded sleeping car early in the morning. Kitty Cosby drew a full breath when Mrs. Cranston paused. 'And on top of all that you say he's good looking,' she said, with a pretty smile. 'Well, I'll tell you, you'd better send me back to Richmond. My folks have certain vague matrimonial plans for me, and I don't know whether I'm safe here or not. I always did love to kick over the traces.' 'Oh, do be sensible, Kitty!' 'Well, you certainly have got trouble ahead,' said the girl, more seriously. 'Lydia would hate to cause discord in the family, I know, but nine girls out of ten would fall dead in love with that sort of man under those circumstances, and they would want to stick to him too.' 'Oh, Kitty, how could we—how could we possibly write back that our only child was to marry a man like that? What would the Parsons, the Woodwards, the DeLimas, think? And Aunt Healle, who at once gets the particulars, and if the name were not down in Bishop Meade's 'Old Families and Churches' she'd have a fit. It won't do, Kitty; it won't do. Something has got to be done.' 'Yes, but what?' said the girl. 'You can count on me. I'll earn my board while I'm here if I possibly can. How does Governor Telfair like his rival?' 'He's simply crazy, Kitty. He is just at the age to want to do things in a hurry too. Folks say he never cared for his dead wife, and I suppose this is really his first love affair. He couldn't in me and said he simply could not bear a refusal. Then, just as I have explained to you, I told him what we feared in regard to Lydia's sympathy—I called it that—for George Buckley and advised him to handle her cautiously. He turned as white as a sheet, and his proud, thin lip curled like an angry dog's. 'Do you mean to tell me, Mrs. Cranston, he said, 'that I have a rival in that man, the son of a Georgia convict—the only living Telfair in the line—who has been honored by my state as the Telfairs before we have been honored? Am I to meet on equal ground, under the roof of the most aristocratic family of the Old Dominion, a man of that rank? 'I was awfully frightened over his manner, but I simply held to the ground that Lydia had a good heart and was loyal to her unfortunate friends, and that if he wanted to lose her by being imprudent and rousing her anger I should feel that I had given him due warning. He cooled down a little, and my talk didn't do the cause a bit of harm, for he simply dogged Lydia's footsteps all the rest of his visit, and when he went back to Atlanta he sent her fully \$50 worth of roses. The wifer says I ought never to have mentioned Governor Buckley's name to him—that Governor Telfair is a most dangerous man, with a violent temper. He says he'd actually be afraid to have the two men meet here, but I wouldn't. Buckley is a brave man, I've no doubt, but I'd venture anything that he'd control himself under any circumstances. When the two ladies had gone back to the house and parted in the big hall Miss Cosby turned into the parlor, where our heroine sat at the piano, idly running her hands over the keys. 'I declare you are a lucky girl, Lydia,' said Kitty. 'To have you with me, dear, in this quiet place?' smiled Lydia, looking up. 'No,' the visitor bent over the speaker. 'Guess again.' 'I'm not good at guessing. It's true, like playing what when one is out of practice.' 'Lydia, every girl in our set simply went wild when we heard about the marked attention you were receiving from Governor Telfair. You know there are piles and piles of marriageable girls in the south and very, very few young, unspoiled governors.' 'That's quite true,' said Lydia, with a noncommittal smile. 'It would be nice, dear,' went on Kitty, 'to be the mistress of that mansion in Atlanta and possess at every moment of state in the town. That's about the nearest approach we make

'A. L. BULWINKLE, Attorney-at-Law. DALLAS, N. C. Dr. Dennis O'Donoghue, a prominent citizen and physician of Charlotte, died Saturday, aged 45.

When I started on my trip around the world I intended, said a horseman, to find out what was the word for 'whos' in every language. I had a little book, and in it I intended to make a long list of the various words for 'whos.'

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THE body gets its life from food properly digested. Healthy digestion means pure blood for the body, but stomach troubles arise from carboxemia in eating and stomach disorders upset the entire system. Improperly masticated food poisons the stomach, causing distressing pain, belching and nausea. When over-eating is persisted in the stomach becomes weakened and weak and dyspepsia claims the victim. Theford's Black-Draught cures dyspepsia. It frees the stomach and bowels of congested matter and gives the stomach new life. The stomach is quickly invigorated and the natural appetite, with the power to thoroughly digest food. You can build up your stomach with this mild and natural remedy. Try Theford's Black-Draught today. You can buy it only from your dealer for \$1.00. If he does not sell it, send the money to The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., and a package will be mailed you. THEFDOR'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

NEW GOODS

Our house is packed full and still they come. Come and get our prices and if we don't prove that we can beat the State don't buy; 32 spools thread for 3c; 00-inch all wool dress goods worth 86c everywhere, our price only 48c. Children's heavy shoes worth 65c, our price only 24c. White they last. Our stock is complete. Give us a trial before buying.
WHITFIELD DRY GOODS CO.
J. S. Whitfield, Mgr.

WEDDING GIFTS.

Be careful in selecting your gift. It will be viewed and criticized by many. Those whose opinions you most esteem will see it. By it may be judged your good taste and judgment, mayhap your friendship and liberality. Safeguard yourself by making use of us in the selection. We have the goods that suit. We know the latest styles—best makes—most suitable gifts. CUT GLASS, ART GOODS, SILVERWARE, CLOCKS. Special pieces that show refinement, novelty, richness at surprisingly moderate prices. TORRENCE-MORRIS CO. Jewelers and Opticians. Expert Repairing. Artistic Engraving.



GOV. AYCOCK'S MESSAGE.

His Excellency Gathering Material—Will Recommend Creation of New Office of State Historian.

Raleigh Times, 26th. Governor Aycock is gathering the material for his last message to the General Assembly of North Carolina, and will soon begin the work of writing that important State paper. It will probably be the best that has been presented to our lawmakers in many years. The Governor says that he will herein recommend the creation of a new office, that of State historian, who shall collect historical matter anywhere in the State and install it here, look over, prepare and publish material bearing on State history to be found in various departments here, and also to rearrange all original records so they will be in permanent form and easy of access. Continuing His Excellency said that the present year has been the best, altogether, in the history of the State. 'As to the enlargement of the capitol building, he said: 'I will transmit to the Legislature the report of the committee on that matter, but will not recommend any alterations or additions to the present building. I am opposed to changing the capitol in this way. We can erect additional buildings on property the State owns. We must let the capitol stand as it is.'

His Health Improving.

Cleveland Star, 30th. Rev. H. L. Atkins, who left Shelby a few weeks ago for El Paso, California, spent several days at points in California en route to El Paso and his health has improved steadily ever since he arrived in the fair sunny southern clime of the beautiful California country. His many friends here trust that his health may continue to improve steadily.

CURES STOMACH TROUBLES

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The fifty-eighth Congress opened its session yesterday.