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TOMORROWS--INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

First Disciples of Jesus, John 1:35-46.

(N. C. Christian Advocate.)
Intervening Events—Our Lord's return from the temptation, about the time a deputation came from Jerusalem to question the Baptist; John's declaration of himself as only a forerunner of the Messiah; he points out Jesus as the Lamb of God, and tells of the attestation of the Holy Spirit (John 1:19-34).

Place.—In "Bethany beyond Jordan," according to the correct text. "Bethabara" is due to the influence of Origen, who did not know of a Bethany beyond Jordan. Various views: (1.) That the place was near Jericho, and was also the scene of the baptism of Jesus; (2.) that this Bethany was in a district southeast of the Sea of Galilee, about twenty miles from Nazareth, but that the baptism took place near Jericho, John having moved northward during the interval; (3.) that the baptism also is to be placed at the northern locality. Of these views the second seems preferable.

Time.—Probably early in March, 780; that is, A. D. 27. This gives time for all the events recorded as occurring before the first passover.

Persons.—John the Baptist and Jesus, certainly five, and probably six, disciples (see on verse 41).—John, Andrew, Peter, probably James, Philip and Nathanael, assumed to be Bartholomew.

LESSON IN EVERY DAY LIFE

By Charles Frederick Goss, D. D.

Looking upon Jesus as he walked (v. 35). Glory, beauty, divinity, were written upon every feature and revealed in every motion. But (mark you) it required a John the Baptist to perceive them. Not every one can see the beauty of a sunset or a flower, or any other loveliness or glory. One day when Daniel Webster was walking down a street in an Irish city, a perfect stranger gazed upon him with a sort of awe, and exclaimed aloud, "There goes a king!" But there were plenty of other people who did not even notice him as he passed. It is said that "no man is a hero to his own valet," but more than one shrewd observer has discovered that this is not so much the fault of the hero as of the valet. If you do not see the majestic and the divinity of Jesus Christ, it is certainly because you lack that subtle power of penetration which discovers the real sublimities of life. Sir Humphry Davy said that "his greatest discovery was Michael Faraday." It takes a Davy to discover a Faraday, and a John a Jesus!

And they followed Jesus (v. 37). It would be hard to tell whether it is grander to be a great leader of a humble, faithful follower. We seem born into the world to be one or the other. In every school yard you see some little fellows who are always at the head of the procession and others tagging and lagging behind. The last are not always the least. No game of my boyhood left so lasting an impression on my mind as "Following the Leader." When some youngster a little more inventive and bolder than the rest "stumped" us to follow him, it was a crucial test, but we did it. No matter where he went, he found us at his heels. Many a hard squeeze and heavy fall have I had as I scrambled around on the rafters of the old Baptist meeting-house shed, or jumped like a squirrel from limb to limb in the trees of the school-yard, or crawled flat on my stomach under barns, or tore frantically through pastures where there were big fierce bulls. But it did me good; it taught me obedience, pluck and daring, and it is good training for all boys. Sometimes a Hobson is going to need some companions, or a Luther some adherents, or Jesus some disciples who will stand by him through thick and thin. Whatever else you do, never turn back from Jesus Christ. It may cost you many a struggle and tear to follow him, but go straight on. If every other person in the community abandons him, stick to His side. It will be grand for you.

He sendeth first his own brother (v. 41). Sick to your brothers and sisters. Share all the good things with them. Be careful of that little fellow whom you have to take to school. Don't send him home when he tries to follow you and the "big fellows" off on a long fishing trip. Give the little shaver a show. Put him up on your shoulders when he is tired. Keep him out of mischief. Stand by him. You do not know how sweet his gratitude will be some time. I have a big brother myself, and there are tears in my eyes now when I think of some of the things he did for me.

He brought him unto Jesus (v. 42). This is the best thing you can do for any man in the world. You will do him a greater favor than by showing him where gold grows on bushes, and diamonds in the grass; and he will never turn you away, no matter whom you bring. The mother of a little friend of mine has forbidden him to bring any more cats and dogs home, for the house was getting to be a sort of menagerie. But when he went down to school next day, he found a poor forlorn little puppy, over whose foot a wagon had gone, shivering and whining in the autumn weather. There could be no doubt that he was lost. It was written all over his face, and on every one of his four legs, and especially

the lame one. Billie's heart was almost broken. He picked up the poor little wretch, and said to himself, "Mother won't mind this one!" He knew her. He was certain that when she saw the miserable, whining little wretch, her heart would feel just as his did. And he was right. Do you think his mother would turn a poor little lame dog out into the cold? Never! A mother's heart is just a little heart of God's.

"A HEART AS STURDY AS AN OAK."

But what is it the blood which the heart must pump at the rate of 10 times a minute? If the heart is to be sturdy and the nerves strong this blood must be rich and pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes sturdy hearts because it makes good blood. It gives to men and women strength, confidence, courage and endurance.

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"A MESSAGE TO CARCIA"

Extraordinary Popularity of an Editorial in a Little Magazine

THE EMPLOYERS' SIDE OF IT

An Essay of Elbert Hubbard Which Has Attracted Attention All Over the Civilized World.

An essay that has been reprinted in various forms 7,500,000 times, and that has been translated into French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Russian and Japanese before it is a year old has a remarkable if not unheard-of record. Such, however, is what has happened to the "Message to Garcia," published originally in the March number of the Philistine, and written by its editor, Elbert Hubbard, who had no idea of its possibilities as a sermon. Mr. Hubbard was requested to reprint it in pamphlet form, and now employers all over the world are interested in it.

Here is the "Message to Garcia." In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion. When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do! Some one said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can." Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing—"carry a message to Garcia!"

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Ship-shod assistance, foolishly inattentive, drowsy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or, perhaps, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant. You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go to the task? On your life, he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye, and ask you one or more of the following questions: Who was he? Which encyclopedia? Where is the encyclopedia? Was I hired for that? Don't you mean Blamarcik? What's the matter with Charlie doing it? Is he dead? Is there any hurry? Shant I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself? What do you want to know for? And I will lay you 10 to 1 that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course, I may lose my bet, but, according to the law of averages, I will not.

Now, if you are wise you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself.

And his incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and see, are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all? A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker

to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia? "You see that bookkeeper?" said the foreman to me in a large factory. "Well, he's a fine accountant; but if I'd send him uptown on an errand he might accomplish the errand all right, and, on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main street would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much mindless sympathy expressed for the "down-trodden denizens of the sweat-shop" and the "homeless wanderer" searching for honest employment, and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power. Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues, only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out of incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders, and will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself."

I thought this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled No. 9 boot. Of course, I know that some men, morally deformed, are less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line drowsy indifference, shipshod imbecility and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-stumping I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it; nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, per se, in poverty; rags are no recommendation, and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away as well as when he is at home. And the who who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the message without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into

the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town and village. The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

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North Carolina—Wake County. In The Superior Court. February Term, 1900.

To Frank R. Page: You are notified that Addie Page, your wife, has brought a suit against you to February Term, 1900, of Wake Superior Court, for divorce from the bonds of matrimony on the charge of abandonment, and that her complaint will be filed within the first three days of said term; when and where you will answer, demur or plead to the same; and on your failure to do so, she will ask to prove the allegation of her complaint and have the relief granted by the court as therein demanded. W. M. RUSS, Clerk Wake Superior Court. J. C. L. Harris, Plaintiff's Attorney.

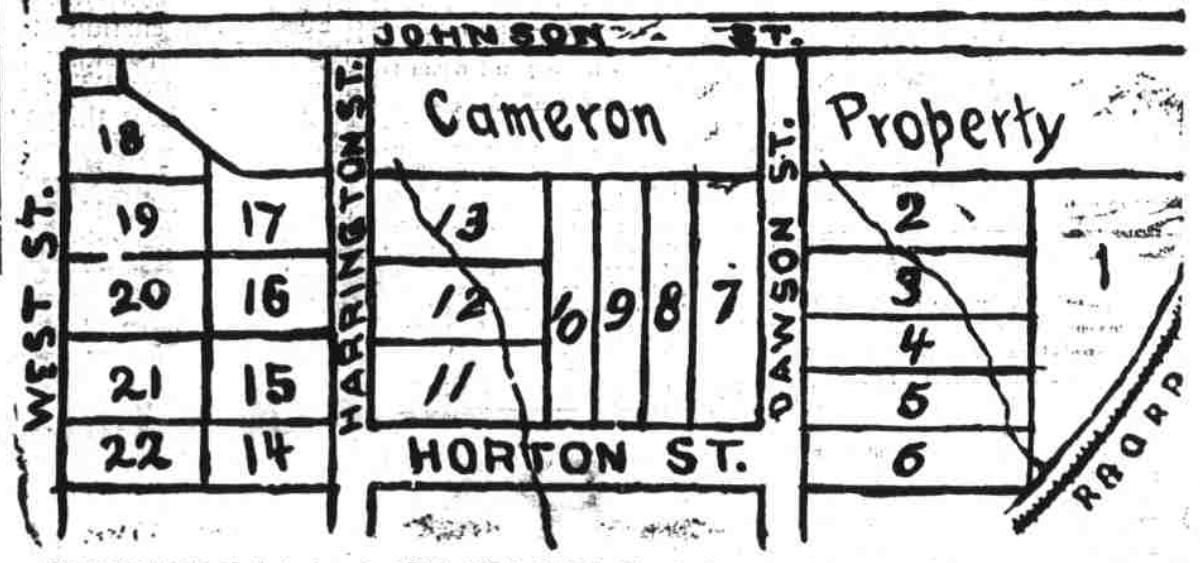
NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION. Having qualified as executrix of the estate of George Washington Dunn, deceased, late of Wake County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the said estate to present them to the undersigned at Raleigh, N. C., on or before the 2nd day of January 1901, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. LUCY DUNN, Executrix. January 1, 1900.

SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By authority of a judgment of the Superior Court of Wake County, in Special Proceedings, entitled the Mechanics' Time Savings Bank, executor, vs. John W. Horton and others, the undersigned Commissioners appointed by the Court, will sell to the highest bidder at the Court House door of Wake County, on Monday, February 26, 1900, at 12 o'clock M., the land known as the Horton property, situated between West and Johnston streets

and the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, containing about six acres, and which is bounded on the north by the Cameron property on the east by the lands of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company, on the south by the lands of said Company, C. J. Hunter, the heirs of P. C. Fleming and others, and on the west by West street. The above described valuable property has been divided into 22 lots, including the Horton residence, and streets have also been extended through

the same, and will be offered for sale at the time and place above mentioned. The terms of sale will be one-third cash, balance in six and twelve months from day of sale with interest. For further particulars, apply to R. O. BURTON, W. N. JONES, Commissioners. The following is a diagram of the lots to be sold:



SIZE OF LOTS—No 1, triangular 179 ft. 185 ft. 313 ft. Nos 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 49 ft. x 191 ft. each. No. 7, 70 ft. x 199 ft. each; Nos 8, 9, 10, 134 ft. x 100 ft. each; Nos 11, 12 and 13, 64 ft. x 110 ft. each, Nos 14, 15 and 16 and 16, 19, 21 and 22, 611-4 ft. x 134 feet each.