

Pointed Skulls.

National Geographic Magazine.

The egg-shaped heads of some of the natives of Malekula, in the New Hebrides, were once thought to be naturally conical. For that reason scientific men decided that the Malekulans were in the lowest rung of the human ladder.

Later it was found that the conical heads were produced as the Chinese women distorted their feet by binding them in infancy. The egg-shaped head is still fashionable in Malekula, where some extraordinary results are achieved.

A conical head retreats from the forehead in such a manner that one is amazed to know the owner of this remarkable profile preserves his or her proper senses, such as they are. I could not hear, however, that the custom was supposed to affect the intellect in any way.

The conical shape is produced by winding strong sinnet cord spirally about the heads of young babies and tightening the coils from time to time. A piece of plaited mat is first put on the head and the cord is coiled over this, so as to give it a good purchase. The crown of the head is left to develop in the upward and backward fashion that is so much admired.

One fears the poor babies suffer very much from the process. The child I saw was fretful and crying and looked as if it were constantly in pain; but the mother, forgetting for the moment her fear of the strange white woman, showed it to me quite proudly, pointing out the cords with a smile.

She had a normally shaped head herself and it seemed that she had suffered by her parent's neglect of this important matter, for she was married to a man who was of no particular account. A young girl who was standing beside her had evidently more motherly care, for her head was almost sugar-loaf-shaped. It is interesting to know that this well-brought-up young woman has married a chief.

Miss The Easy Road.

New York Globe.

Two young exponents of the strenuous life on Broadway were sitting in a hotel lobby the other evening discussing their plans for making some "big money" in the future. One of them confessed that his salary was "only \$45 a week," and he was having a hard time of it in keeping the wolf from the door. Sitting near them was an old gentleman who overheard their conversation and was evidently interested.

"You fellows are making the mistake of your lives," the old gentleman said at last. "You are chasing the will o' the wisp while you have the means of wealth within your grasp. Why I'm considered pretty well off financially, as you both know, and I never received a salary of \$45 a week in my life. But I saved money when I was your age, and I found opportunity for investment that soon put me out of the salary class and made me a business man on my own account. The trouble with young fellows nowadays is that they can't see the opportunities that are given them. They have their eyes glued to the get-rich-quick idea so tightly that they pass by the only sure route to wealth."

There is absolutely no method of protecting from the green goods man the swindler and grafter from the fellow who doesn't read. And, as a rule, the fellow who doesn't read and quit likely doesn't think hasn't the reasoning faculty sufficiently developed to draw helpful deductions from his own experience.

Harry Sigmon Killed;

Ashville Gazette News.

Harry Sigmon, a flagman employed on the Murphy division of the Southern Railway, was run over and fatally injured near Balsam last night. The flagman was one of the crew of extra westbound freight No. 38 and was on the ground in the rear of the train, it seems, when his attention was attracted by something and he did not see the train rapidly backing down upon him. He was struck by the moving train and knocked down and two trucks passed over his body. He was terribly mangled.

Immediately after the accident the flagman was placed on a special train and hurried towards Asheville for medical attention. He died en route.

Mr. Sigmon was among the best known railroad men on this portion of the system. He came from Hickory where he had many friends as well as in Asheville. Surviving is a young wife, who was with her husband on the special when death ensued.

An Expensive Nuisance.

There is probably no other single factor on the average farm that is responsible for more expense, vexation and annoyance than the weed pests against which war has to be waged unremittingly each year. While no one is looking for an agricultural millennium, when weeds will be no more, there are certain means, often overlooked or ignored, which enable the farmer to greatly reduce and hold the weed pest in check. One of these is a careful system of crop rotation, in which clover has a place. Added to this there should be a flock of sheep to browse in the small grain and corn fields as soon as the crops are harvested. These two things—crop rotation and sheep—will go a long way toward mitigating the weed nuisance and at the same time will mean a more rational and profitable handling of the farm.

Immigrant and Snake.

Atlanta Georgian.

Among the latest arrivals at the farm of Mayor Joyner, near Marietta, is one James Stark, a typical Scotchman from Scotland, and his wife and two children, aged 2 and 4 years.

Mrs. Joyner was spending a day out at the farm recently. She was walking alongside the lake on the farm with Mr. and Mrs. Stark and the two little children.

"Uh, look, mamma," cried out the 4-year old, "pretty little toy!"

So saying, both the two little children rushed to the "toy." Mr. and Mrs. Stark espied the "toy," and they, too, rushed towards it.

Mrs. Joyner turned and found Mrs. Stark about to pick up in the gentlest kind of way a 3-foot moccasin which was just curling up about to strike. Mr. Stark and his two children were "dead bent" on petting the "cute little thing."

The scream of Mrs. Joyner frightened the party away and a big stick killed the infuriated snake before any harm could be done.

It developed that neither Mr. Stark nor Mrs. Stark had ever seen a snake before in all their lives and their first intention upon seeing the cute little thing was to adopt it as a pet for the two children.

"There are no snakes in Scotland," explained Mr. Stark to Mrs. Joyner later.

A twelve-pound boy born at Bristol on the afternoon the candidates performed there was named for the Governor. The returns are coming up all right from East Tennessee.

Negro Found Dead.

Elkin Times.

Bil Powell, colored, was found dead in a woods pasture a few miles east of Elkin near J. A. Park's home last Monday morning.

We understand he left his home Sunday morning to hunt his cow. He remained away all day but as he sometimes did this his wife did not become uneasy about him until about night, when she went to Mr. Park's to make enquiry about her husband, but he had not been seen by any of Mr. Park's family. Next morning his body was found in the woods pasture where he had gone to hunt his cow. He was lying near the root of a tree with his neck broken. His coat was found hanging on a bush near by and his hat up in the tree under which he lay. There was also a squirrel's nest in the tree and it is believed he climbed the tree in order to get the young squirrels with the result that he fell from the tree and broke his neck. It is thought that he had fallen about 85 feet.

Longest Train on Record.

Exchange.

Carrying 173 box cars, two miles and a quarter in length, and pulled by an engine weighing 123 tons, the longest train ever brought through Leavenworth, Kansas, passed through there a day or two ago en route to Omaha. Although it was the longest train and carried the most tonnage on record in the west, the train run the distance between Leavenworth and Kansas City in one hour and 55 minutes.

It was a Missouri Pacific train and when the engine reached the Union depot there the caboose was still a couple of miles out in the country. The train was composed chiefly of empty cars, but carried many that were loaded.

The Affliction of Mr. H. L. Ayres.

Charlotte Chronicle.

Mr. H. L. Ayres, a Confederate veteran, who with his wife lives in Groveton, is receiving the sympathy of all of his comrades in Mecklenburg camp on account of the severe affliction which has overtaken him in his old age. Mr. Ayres is unable to speak and is scarcely able to move from his bed. His comrades are seeing to it that he is not suffering for anything needed for his comfort, and a number of the Daughters of the Confederacy have also remembered this afflicted old man.

[Mr. Ayres was well known in Lenoir having lived here for several years.—Ed News.]

Two Strong Sermons.

Mr. Aiky Leader.

Rev. D. Vance Price, pastor of Central Methodist church, on last Sunday morning preached an able and logical sermon on the Atonement, and on Sunday evening his venerable father, Dr. R. N. Price, filled the same pulpit. He discussed the "Immortality of the Soul" from the standpoint of modern science, and his long service in the Master's cause and personal experiences enabled him to handle his subject in an attractive and instructive manner.

Officers Harkrader and Jennings, while looking for a man, in the edge of Caldwell, Tuesday, found not him, but an illicit whiskey plant in full operation. The plant was complete in its equipment, among which was a brand new 75 gallon copper still. This was brought in by the officers. There were five men at the plant, but all fled at the approach of the officers.—Wilkes Patriot.

Colored Boy Killed By a Mule.

Charlotte Observer, 7th.

Death in its most fearsome form befell Rex McCre, a colored boy 14 years of age, who works on Mr. Mott Bussell's farm, 6 miles north of the city, late yesterday afternoon. The boy had been working in the field and had started home, riding his mule. At some point along the way the animal became frightened threw the boy, whose leg caught in a dangling trace chain, and then rushed down the road in the direction of Mr. Bussell's. When the mule pulled up in the yard the boy was still hanging on, although life was fast ebbing away. He lived but a few minutes after the house was reached.

White Man Shoots And Kills Colored Girl.

Washington Court House, O., May 6.—Bert Devancy, white, a well known horse man last night shot and instantly killed Lida Bird, a colored girl, and shot her mother, inflicting probably fatal injury. He then ran across the town to the barn of Silas Shackelford, where he took refuge.

Shackelford went in after him and was shot and instantly killed by Devancy.

Later Devancy committed suicide.

Following the shooting of the two women, authorities organized a posse and company M of the Ohio National Guards was called out.

The officers surrounded the barn and going in found the bodies of Shackelford and Devancy.

The Thruth About Revenue Officers.

Industrial News.

The Durham Herald asserts that "we do not know that the federal government will withdraw revenue officers from the state if prohibition is adopted, but if it is done the moonshine stills will be in clover. We have already had a fair sample of what the county authorities are going to do to keep them down."

In all of which there is a world of truth. No point was ever better taken. As we understand the matter, the state and county authorities have done little toward bringing about the enforcement of even the state made Watts law. Certain big state officials are making a lot of noise about prohibition but the truth is that the temperance laws already enacted in this state would have been of little avail had it not been for the effective activity of the revenue officers employed by the federal government. And it is these same revenue officers whom the daily newspaper; that is taking the lead for prohibition; never loses an opportunity to revile. It is these men who, with little or no aid from the state officials, have been instrumental in putting an end to most of the illicit manufacture of whisky in this state.

Has a man a right to sell intoxicating liquor? The United States Supreme Court has declared: "The right to sell liquor is not one of the rights growing out of citizenship." If any State deem the sale of liquors injurious to its citizenship, it has a right to prohibit it, said one of the Justices. It cannot, then, be an infringement of the right of the seller. For the drinker, personal liberty ends when the public good begins. Every law against crime interferes with personal liberty. It is not liberty at all to get drunk, but the worst species of slavery that every fettered mankind.—Concord Times

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