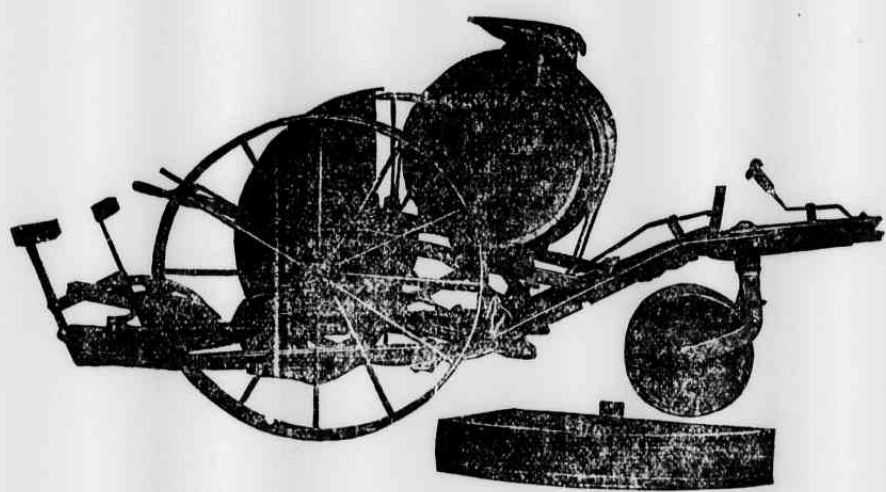


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Training the Young Cow.

Two Washington youngsters were visiting their father's country place in Virginia when one of them observed:

"Marie, I don't see how cows can eat grass. Do you?"

Marie gave the question appropriate consideration and then replied:

"I suppose it's like this: When the cows are young the mother cow keeps saying to her children: 'If you don't eat grass you shan't have any pie.'"

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PHONE 55 OFTEN

AS THACKERAY SAW US.

His Opinion of American Cities and Civilization in 1852.

Early in December of 1852 Thackeray wrote from New York city to a friend in England: "I've been here and there in the 'upper ten' world, but not much. It's the most curious varnish of civilization. The girls are dressed like the most stunning French actresses, the houses furnished like splendid gambling houses. It's all gold and yellow brocade, and little ladies are like French shop boys, and the houses are all so new that the walls are not even papered, and on the walls in the midst of the hangings of brocade and the enormous gold frames and mirrors you see little twopenny pictures and colored prints."

Two months later he wrote from Baltimore: "Now I have seen three great cities—Boston, New York, Philadelphia. I think I like them all mightily well. They seem to be not so civilized as our London, but more so than Manchester and Liverpool. At Boston is very good literature company indeed. It is like Edinburgh for that—a vast amount of torridity and demagogues everywhere; that of New York the simplest and least pretentious, for it suffices that a man should keep a fine house, give parties and have a daughter to get all the world to him."—Pittsburgh Press.

STICK INSECTS.

They Sleep in the Daytime by Going Into a Rigid Trance.

One of the most curious inhabitants of the insect world is what is known as the stick insect, about which Professor Schmidt of the Imperial university of St. Petersburg has been making some strange discoveries.

This queer insect remains in a quiet state during the hours of daylight. Until now it has always been supposed that this was slumber, but Professor Schmidt says it is really a state of cataplexy, or trance, which the insect has developed as a means of protection against its enemies.

When in one of these trances the insects will remain for hours in most abnormal positions—standing on their heads, flat on their backs or with their legs extended high in the air and the body arched in the form of a bow. Only some prolonged excitement of the nervous system will rouse them from this rigid cataplexy state, but when the trance is over they show no signs whatever of muscular fatigue.

The stick insect passes all its days in a trance and feeds at night on the foliage of plants where it lives—its change.

Amateur Headsman.

Most of us are wont to think of the beheading as a relic of the dark ages, but the last decapitation which took place in the British Isles was no later than 1820. The victim was two unfortunate who had taken a part in the Bonnyville rising and were convicted of high treason. The sentence was carried out in Stirling, Scotland. The headsman, who was masked and wore a serge gown, was a small, nervous man who did his work so badly that it was not until the third stroke that he decapitated one of the unfortunate. The assembled crowd yelled "Murder!" and the miserable headsman was heard to remark: "I wish to heaven I had not it to do." For a long time his identity was a mystery, but it later developed that he was a young medical student of Glasgow. The ax and the mask which he used on the occasion may still be seen.—New York Sun.

What He Left.

Residing in a little village is a lawyer who is famous for drawing wills in which branch of business he has long enjoyed a monopoly of the country for miles around.

A few months since a wealthy man died. There was much speculation as to the value of the property, and the town gossip set about to find out the facts. He hunted up the lawyer, and after a few preliminary remarks about the deceased, he said rather bluntly:

"I suppose you made Brown's will?"

"Yes."

"Then you probably know how much he left. Would you mind telling me?"

"Not at all," the lawyer answered, as he resumed his writing. "He left everything he had."

Did He Share.

The lecturer raised his voice with emphatic confidence.

"It is my belief, and I venture to assert it," he declared, "that there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our vast forests."

A rather timid, henpecked looking man quietly arose in the rear of the hall and said:

"I—er—I've shot woodpeckers!"—Everybody's.

An Idyl.

"He is my ideal and I'm his idol," said the girl.

"And your love affair?"

"Is an idyl."

"And your fiancé?"

"He's idle, according to papa."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Fish Story.

In a school for colored children the pupils were asked to construct a sentence containing the word "amphibious." Quick as a flash one boy gave the following:

"Most fish stories are fibrous."—Detroit Free Press.

Pretty Rich.

Louise—Are they rich enough to afford competent servants? Julia—My dear! They're rich enough to afford dishonest ones.—Life.

ROBBING THE COAL PILE.

Smoke That Goes Up the Chimney Is Fuel Thrown Away.

For the benefit of any one who may not see the analogy between a robbed coal pile and a smoking chimney it may be briefly explained.

The visible part in smoke is nearly all carbon, either as soot or cinder, and carbon is the principal combustible part of coal—i. e., the useful part, the part capable of yielding heat. Carbon completely burned forms an invisible gas, carbon dioxide; therefore when over the gases from a stack show black they contain carbon, which indicates that complete combustion has not taken place in the boiler furnace.

In other words, all of the available heat in the coal has not been realized. It is the same as though the corresponding part of the coal fed into the furnace had been thrown away, for although it has passed through the furnace, it has been thrown away by the stack beyond recovery. Is this then, so very different from robbing the coal pile?

The owner who through ignorance allows conditions to exist which are not favorable to the most economical operation of his boiler furnaces, although he is unwittingly robbing himself, is nevertheless stealing from his own coal pile.—Power.

CURIOUS PIPEFISH.

The Males Have Pockets in Which They Carry Their Young.

The kangaroo has always seemed to have the monopoly of that convenient way of carrying its babies in a pouch, but it has been discovered that a fish has the same useful receptacle, which it uses for the same purpose. The pipefish, as it is called from the length of its jaws, has a pocket on the under side of its body nearly half its length. It is found in the same species only and is the only part of its body which is unprotected by large flat plates, which take the place of scales in its protective armor.

If a pipefish is taken from the water and its little ones shaken out of the pouch back into the water they always seem either unable or disinclined to run away. But if the father is placed in the water again all the small fish immediately swim back into the pouch. These curious little creatures have no flexible tails, which they use to hold on to the seaweed to protect themselves from being carried away by the tide. The pipefish is similar to the small eel being about a foot in length and an inch in thickness. But, unlike the eel, it has a very long jaw and the peculiar defensive armor already mentioned.—New York Sun.

Facts Versus Fancies.

Richard Le Gallienne was sympathizing with a young writer whose book of poetry had been refused by twelve publishers.

"Real lovers of poetry," said Mr. Le Gallienne, "are unfortunately becoming rare. Too many people nowadays are like the judge."

"This judge was recommended by a poetic friend to read Shelley. The great man of the law said he supposed he ought to read a little poetry, and having heard so much of Shelley, he would try him."

"And what do you think of it?" said his friend to the judge after he had waded through a few pages of "Epipsychion." "Isn't it beautiful?"

"Well, well, oh, yes. I daresay it is," said the judge. "But what I want to know is when are we going to get at the facts?"—Washington Star.

The Supreme Court.

The supreme court of the United States is supposed to be strictly non-political, free from all parties and above all parties. It was designed by the fathers of the constitution to act as the "governor" or "flywheel" of our system of government, maintaining justice and right in the midst of the wrangling factions and clashing interests. According to the theory, the supreme court is to know nothing but the constitution and the laws that are made in pursuance thereof and in every matter that is brought up before it to hold the balance even, regardless of everything else.—New York American.

A Golf Outrage.

The Earl of Wimys was on a five golf course on one occasion accompanied by an old caddy. His lordship got his ball on one occasion so near the hole that to play it was, as it appeared to him, superfluous. So he simply tipped it in with the toe of his boot.

The caddy revolted instantly, threw down the clubs and looked horrified. When he found words to speak it was to say, "Hang it, me lord, gowf's gowf!"

Her Goodness.

Bridget—My wife is a very good cook. Wise—Get out! Her mother told me she was just taking her first lessons when you married her. Bridget—Exactly. She was good enough not to continue her lessons on me.—Philadelphia Press.

Not to Blame.

"My dear, there's too much caloric in this soup."
"There! I told the cook you would rather have it seasoned with parsley!"—Baltimore American.

Smartness.

When people who think they are smart meet people whom they recognize as smarter than themselves they call them "disagreeable."—Detroit News.

The thoughts of his heart, these are the wealth of a man.—Burmese Saying.

RINGS OF AIR.

How to Blow Out a Lighted Candle Twelve Feet Away.

The distance from which an average man can blow out a candle rarely exceeds three feet. If he is an adept at blowing smoke rings, however, a candle may be extinguished at twelve feet. Of course the smoke isn't necessary. An ordinary air ring will do and has the added advantage of being invisible. Simply pucker the mouth as you would to blow a smoke ring and expel air in a quick, sharp manner. It takes a good deal of practice to do it.

An easier way to show the effect if one is doubtful is to place a sheet of cloth or canvas over the open side of a box otherwise closed, making a small round hole in another side. Then tap in a sharp hammer on the canvas and invisible air rings will be produced. If the hole is pointed at a person's face and the rings are made he will feel them as they strike his face. Only a few trills are necessary to extinguish a candle at twelve feet. To render the rings visible a snuffbox may be burned in the box, or a small dish of ammonia may be placed side by side with a small dish of hydrochloric acid, the combined fumes of these liquids making a dense smoke.

The explanation why one can put out the candle at twelve feet is that the energy of expansion is conserved and practically all retained in the smoke ring, while a simple blowing has to set in motion a whole stream of air and is therefore wasteful.—Chicago Record Herald.

BOTH SIGNED THE NOTE.

A Financial Formality That Puzzled Both Clay and Webster.

The men in official Washington seem to have less of a hero about them than in the good old days, when the towering form of Webster or Henry Clay would attract more attention on Pennsylvania avenue than a brass band or a tango dancer in 1914. In a bank the other day I saw a note endorsed jointly by Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. The story is told that Clay asked Webster to endorse a note with him for \$500.

"All right," said the studious and thoughtful Webster. "I'll do so, Clay, if you'll make it \$1,000 and give me half." Clay agreed to the compact, and the two set out for Banker Riggs, signed the note with due solemnity and secured the proceeds. As they swung across the threshold out again on the avenue and divided the money Webster in his pious voice remarked to Clay: "Henry, why do you suppose Mr. Riggs wanted our names on that note?"

"It baffles me, Daniel," responded Clay. "Perhaps he desired some memento to hand down to posterity, for I cannot at this moment conceive how it is going to be paid for the present generation."

The canceled note is today a valued souvenir, worth many times its face, because of the illustrious signers.—Joe Mitchell Chronicle in National Magazine.

Twain's Rate.

Mark Twain went to just one automobile show in his life. He went with a Detroit friend. After he had been shown the cars and other sights the friend said: "Come on over here. The greatest salesman in the automobile business is working, and I want you to hear him."

"They went to a place where the salesman was talking to a possible customer about the merits of his car. He was rattling onward so fast that Twain gasped."

"Sakes alive!" said Twain in his slowest drawl. "If my publishers ever heard me talk as fast as that man does they wouldn't pay me 25 cents a word or even 2 cents. They'd make me produce words about a hundred for a nickel."—Saturday Evening Post.

Scandal.

How is it that the evil which men say spreads so widely and lasts so long, while our good, kind words don't seem somehow to take root and bear blossom? Is it that in the stony hearts of mankind these pretty flowers can find a place to grow? Certain it is that scandal is good brick talk, whereas praise of one's neighbor is by no means lively hearing. An acquaintance grumbled, scolded, deviled and served with mustard and anyone pepper excites the appetite, whereas a slice of cold fried with currant jelly is but a sticky, unwholesome treat.—Thackeray.

Well Acquainted.

An American girl was taking a Liverpool and home to the States with her and toward the end of the journey remarked: "It is delightful to feel that one is so near home. We ought to sight Sandy Hook this afternoon."

"Shall we?" exclaimed her friend. "That will be nice. Don't tell me which one it is. I can always pick a Scotsman out of a crowd."—Chief Steward.

Strong Presumption.

Lawyer—You say that the defendant ran his automobile into the show window of a millinery store, but that doesn't show he was intoxicated, does it? Officer—Well, no; but when I arrested him he was trying on the hats!—New York Globe.

A Hard Case.

"His wife earns her own money."

"Indeed! I did not know she was employed."

"Oh, yes; hard at it all the time."

"What does she do?"

"Works him to give up."—New York Journal.

Wait is a hard word to the hungry.—German Proverb.