

Your Cotton Crop Can Be Increased

It costs no more to cultivate an acre that produces two bales of cotton than an acre which produces only one-quarter of a bale. Why not see what you can do with

Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers

Other men have been able to double and more than double their yield per acre with a liberal application of Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers.

Messrs. Lucas & Jackson of Kelsey County, Tenn., used Virginia-Carolina Fertilizer on about 56 acres planted with cotton, and say: "We have the finest crop of cotton we ever saw, and all the people around here think the same. We actually counted 447 bolls on one stalk. Another stalk had by actual count 409 bolls, forms, squares and blossoms. On about 8 acres we expect to make about 2 bales to the acre, and an estimate of adjoining farms not so fertilized are, under other cultural methods, will yield only 1 bale to five acres."

An interesting picture of the cotton plants referred to will be found in the new 1909 Virginia-Carolina Farmers' Year Book, copy of which may be had from your fertilizer dealer, or will be sent free, if you write our nearest sales office.

Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co.

Sales Offices Richmond, Va. Norfolk, Va. Columbia, S. C. Atlanta, Ga. Savannah, Ga. Memphis, Tenn.



Sales Offices Durham, N. C. Charleston, S. C. Baltimore, Md. Columbus, Ga. Montgomery, Ala. Shreveport, La.

QUALITY.

We want to direct your attention first to our Line of Buggies. Our Rock Hill, Durham, Corbitt and Babcock Buggies embrace every feature to be desired in a serviceable and perfect riding Buggy. If it is ease of motion, finish and durability in a Buggy you want, for the lowest dollar, we have it.

FREE.

You get a ticket with each Buggy that entitles you to one chance at our fifty dollar prize. Somebody gets the money. Get in line and win.

WAGONS.

Our Line of Wagons is complete, and for lightness of draft and durability for the price we offer, is unapproached in any rival.

HORSES.

Our car load of Horses was unloaded this morning. Come in and select what you want from a car that has not been picked over. We will give you the benefit of our twenty-five years experience in helping you get just what you want.

LAP ROBES and HARNESS.

We now handle the celebrated 5-A Robes, and have the best Line ever shown in the county. Five hundred satisfied customers using our hand-made Harness. In fact we carry everything in our line you want. Guarantee the quality and satisfy you with the price when you buy.

We want your trade and are in shape to get it if you will inspect our line before you make your purchases. Yours wide awake and ready to serve you.

D. M. BRADHAM & SON

PLOWDEN HARDWARE CO.,

The place to buy your Hardware of all kinds. Headquarters for

SPORTING GOODS

The best makes of Double and Single Barrel Shotguns at lowest prices. A full line of Loaded Shells, Powder and Shot, Rifles and Cartridges. Air Rifles for the Boys. The best

COOKING RANGES

on the market for the money. Stoves of all sizes. Heaters for the winter.

We especially ask the Ladies to inspect our stock Enamel Ware Crockery, Glassware, Toilet Sets, Lamps, Carving Sets, Etc. Beautiful Line Pocket Cutlery.

Plowden Hardware Company.

FARMERS! Fence Your Land

Control the price of your produce in the only way you can by diversifying the use of your land. More pastures will mean more pork and more profit. A hog pasture is no expensive. Bermuda Grass planted this fall will be in fine condition for pasturing next year, and once planted will afford grazing for hogs and cattle several seasons. It will enable you to keep cows at small expense and these housed from convenient pasture will help to cut down fertilizer bill.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED.

the largest shipment of Wire Fencing (Barbed and Woven) ever brought into the county

This Fencing was bought at the lowest price named by the makers more than three years. We are going to sell this fence to our patrons at the lowest possible margin of profit. We want to sell the entire lot before the 1st of September, do not fail to see this lot and to purchase what you will want. It will be the best investment you have made in many days.

We are still selling the Ideal Deering Mower. This mower is without comparison. No other Mower has stood the same test that the Ideal Deering has. We have a full line of repairs for them. In addition to the Mowers and Rakes, we are selling a lot of Smoothing Harrows, One and Two-Horse Steel Beam Plows, (Syracuse and Oliver Chilled.

Cane Mills and Evaporators.

A full line of all sizes. Remember we want your business, and we will make it to your interest as well as ours, to deal with us.

Very truly yours,

MANNING HARDWARE COMP'NY

A Spanish War Criticism.

When the Spanish war came upon us Commodore Dewey was at Hongkong. The navy department had sent him no preliminary orders. He didn't know anything about the ultimate policy or what the ultimate plan of campaign would be. The navy department didn't itself know. Dewey should have moved two or three days sooner than he did, and two or three days sometimes are vital. But our Washington officials were only aroused to the necessity of giving Admiral Dewey an order by a cablegram from Dewey informing them that the British governor of Hongkong insisted that our fleet must leave there. We were so dumb by the time the news of the war that the English government had to prod us in the ribs to wake us up. Then our Washington authorities issued an order and not till then. They told Dewey to proceed to the Philippine Islands and capture or destroy the Spanish fleet. In other words, they gave him the stereotyped war order in the phraseology of the signal code, which, literally translated, read: "Go ahead and do the best you can. We give it up."—Collier's.

The Silver Thread.

A matron in Harlem was calling upon another matron in Harlem. Neither was young, but one looked more so.

"Really, my dear," said the one that looked more so, "you ought to have your hair treated. It's becoming quite gray in spots. See what a difference it has made with me. You would look much younger—really."

"But I don't care to look much younger if I must dye my hair to do so," was the reply. "I prefer to be natural. If the Lord sends me gray hair there's a good reason, and I'm satisfied."

"But think of your children, my dear. They're grown up now." "What have they got to do with it?" "Why, don't you see? The younger you look the younger it makes them appear. And your girls are way past twenty, you know."

The matron who was gray in spots was still looking dazed when her visitor departed.—New York Globe.

Costly Law Robes.

An English judge's outfit in the way of robes imposed a heavy tax upon the newly appointed judge, although the cost is not nearly so great as it was in the early days of Queen Victoria. Then it was the custom for the law luminaries to attend court functions in figured damask silk gowns, with costly lace bands and ruffles. These, a celebrated legal dignitary of that day, is said on one occasion to have spent £100 on bands alone. The lord chancellor's robes cost something like £150, and even a judge's stockings are an expensive item. The wardrobe of a judge costs anything from £500 to £600, and if the newly fledged "my lord" is attached to the king's bench division he will require five gowns, a girdle, a scarf, a casting hood, a black cap, a three cornered cap, a beaver hat, a cocked hat, a silk hat, lace bands, and two full court suits, swords, etc., to keep up the majesty of the law.—London Globe.

What They Said.

"Did the girls say anything when they heard of my engagement?" she asked, with a little curiosity.

"Very little," was the reply of her dearest friend.

"But they said something?" "Oh, yes; they said something."

"Well, most of them merely exclaimed, 'At last!'"

There was a pause, and then she asked: "Well, what did some of the others say?"

"One of them said, 'Who'd have thought it?' Another, 'Will wonders never cease?' And a third—"

"Oh, never mind the rest," interrupted the fiancee. "I never did have much curiosity."

Was He Delirious?

"Almost every man," says a Baltimore specialist, "learns sooner or later to think of his doctor as one of his best friends, but this fact does not hinder the world from laughing at the profession."

"How is our patient this morning?" asked a physician, a fellow graduate of mine, of a patient's brother.

"Oh, he's much worse," came from the other in a tone of dejection. "He's been delirious for several hours. At 3 o'clock he said, 'What an old woman that doctor of mine is!' and he hasn't made a rational remark since."—Lippincott's.

A Rising Fall.

A certain member of the British government who was admittedly a great failure was being discussed by two of his colleagues.

"And now," concluded one, "they want to make him a peer?" "No," said the other, with greater acumen, "they want to make him disappear."

Taking Chances.

Mother—Johnny, your Uncle Henry will be here for dinner, and you must have your face and hands washed. Small Johnny—Yes, mamma, but s'posin' somethin' happens and he don't come, what then?—Exchange.

Not So Exacting.

"So you're a butcher now?" "Yes," explained the former dry goods clerk. "The ladies don't try to match sperberis or steak."—Kansas City Journal.

If a chameleon becomes blind it loses its power to change its hue and remains a blackish color.

Origin of Cards.

The origin of cards lies far back in the hidden antiquity of Asia, no record so far having been found to unravel their source. It was from the distant orient that cards, along with chess, were first introduced into southern Europe, Spain and Italy especially. The earliest of these cards have been lost unfortunately and no record of them preserved.

A Teaser.

"There is one subject on which it is difficult to keep up interest?" "What particular subject is that on which it is difficult to keep up interest?"

The mortgage of my house.

Washington Once Gave Up to three doctors; was kept in bed for five weeks. Blood-poison from a spider's bite caused large, deep sores to cover his leg. The doctors failed, then "Bucklen's" Arnica Salve completely cured him. Writes John Washington, of Dovesville, Pa.: "I am cured of my blood-poison, and I am, J. E. Arant.

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Husbands to Burn.

The elderly spinster in the rear of the drawing room car had no more than settled in her seat when her attention was attracted to a woman a little farther front who was garbed in the deepest mourning. As Miss Spinster adjusted her nose grabber glasses for a better inspection of the one in widow's weeds she saw the conductor lean over and converse with her earnestly for several minutes.

When the conductor got back to her seat taking the passenger's tickets Miss Spinster was consumed with curiosity about the woman in mourning.

"Conductor," she asked in her sweetest tones, "what's the trouble with the lady up there in widow's weeds?" "Oh, that's Mrs. Gettem!" replied the obliging conductor. "She's just taking her third husband out to a crematory."

"Oh, how dreadful!" exclaimed Miss Spinster. And then in a faraway voice she added: "And just think of it! Here I am past fifty and never had a husband in my life, while that woman up there has them to burn!"—New York Times.

Strong Monosyllables.

Instructors in the art of literary composition usually condemn a string of monosyllables, but in the well known hymn "Lead, Kindly Light," written by a master of the English language, you may count thirty consecutive words of one syllable only. They offend neither the eye nor the ear.

Milton often uses a series of monosyllables. In the second book of "Paradise Lost" we have:

O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense or rare, With head, hands, wings or feet pursued his way, And swims or sinks or wades or creeps or flies.

Such lines are not uncommon in the book: Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens and shades of death.

And again: Of neither sea nor shore nor air nor fire. —London Notes and Queries.

Courtship in Ireland.

An Irish boy marries when he has a rid bouse and an Irish girl just when she pleases. Sometimes she so pleases while yet her years are few; at other times she is content to wait upon wisdom. In the latter case, of course, she makes a wise choice, but in the former almost always a lucky one, for luck is the guardian angel of the Irish.

"You're too young to marry yet, Mary," the mother said when Mary pleaded that she should grant Laurence O'Mahonee a particular boon.

"If you only have patience, mother, I'll cure myself of that fault," was Mary's reply.

"And she's never been used to work, Laurence," the mother said to the suitor discouragingly.

"If you only have patience, ma'am," was Laurence's reply to this, "I'll cure her of that fault." And he did too.—Seumas MacManus in Lippincott's.

The Nervous Mother.

An Atchison woman who is very nervous and inclined to worry is the mother of a boy. She recently read of a boy who was killed while roller skating and immediately put her son's roller skates in the fire.

Another newspaper told of a boy who was killed riding the street cars, and as boys are frequently killed while walking by street cars running over them she chained her boy to the front door.

Then she read of a boy who died of blood poisoning caused by his shoe rubbing his heel, and her boy's shoes and stockings came off.

The story of a boy who bit off a button on his waist and choked to death resulted in her taking off her boy's clothes. She had left only a flannel shirt, and she is reading now that wearing flannel shirts is the cause of great mortality and is thinking of removing that—Atchison Globe.

The Bloom on the Egg.

"I know these eggs at least are fresh," said the young housewife. "As I took them from the basket a white bloom, like the down of a peach, came off on my hands."

Her husband, a food expert, gave a sneering laugh.

"In that case," he said, "I'll forego my usual morning omelette. That bloom, my dear, proves your eggs to be a year or so old—maybe four or five years old."

"The bloom, as you so poetically call it, is lime dust. It shows that the eggs are pickled. Lime dust, which rubs off like flour, is the surest test we have for pickled eggs—a not unwholesome article, but not to be compared with the new laid sort."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Riddle.

Here is a strange riddle which we have never met before. It is sent us by a friend from Jhansi, India: Divide 150 by 0. Add two-thirds of 10. So ends the riddle.

Here is the answer: COLENSO. C-100. L-50.

Changeable Names.

Tom-Belle is a strange girl. She doesn't know the names of some of her best friends. Maud—That's nothing. Why, I don't even know what my own will be a year from now.—Boston Transcript.

The Process.

"You are a pretty sharp boy, Tommy."

"Well, I ought to be. Pa takes me out in the wood shed and straps me three or four times a week."—Harper's Weekly.

Like a Mule.

"A man with a bad disposition," said Uncle Eben, "is a heap like a mule. You's always havin' yoh doubts about whether his usefulness on some occasions pays for his troublesomeness on others."—Washington Star.

Ogilby, translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Greek until he was past fifty years of age.

Peace and War.

"Peace hath her victories," quoted the wise guy.

"Yes, but we generally have to fight pretty hard for them," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

Hexamethylenetetramine.

The above is the name of a German chemical which is one of the many valuable ingredients of Foley's Kidney Remedy. Hexamethylenetetramine is recognized by medical text books and authorities as a uric acid solvent and antiseptic for the urine. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy as soon as you notice any irregularities, and avoid a serious malady. W. E. Brown & Co.

Knew His Limitations.

"I prophesied he'd make a living," Mr. Hobart said, speaking of a New York painter who spent a summer at his farm, "because he knew what he could do, little as 'twas, and didn't try to fly too high."

"Yes," Mr. Hobart continued, with a thoughtful smile, "you couldn't get him to attempt any foolish flights. All that summer he set out in the hen yard, painting hens, or else out back of the barn, painting pigs."

"I said to him, 'Look where, when Abe Fowler comes to paint the house I'll get him to show you how and let you take a hack at the side end, where 't won't show so much and allow it on your board,' he just shook his head and smiled that kind of gloomy, sorrowful smile o' his, and says he: 'I couldn't think of it, Mr. Hobart. I should just ruin the looks o' the house. I'll keep to the pigs and the hens, for I know my limitations.'"

"Well, 'twas a real relief to me, for I suppose likely he would have botched the job considerable. And I said to him then real hearty, 'Young man, you'll earn your living yet, for you ain't all at up with pride and ambition, and my words have come true, by what I hear.'—Youth's Companion.

The Retort Final.

The garrulous old lady in the stern of the boat had pestered the guide with her comments and questions ever since they had started. Her meek little husband, who was bunched toad-like in the bow, fished in silence. The old lady seemingly exhausted every possible point in fish and animal life, woodcraft and personal history when she suddenly espied one of those curious paths of oily, unbroken water frequently seen on small lakes which are ruffled by a light breeze.

"Oh, guide, guide," she exclaimed, "what makes that funny streak in the water? No, there—right over there!"

"The guide was busy rebaiting the old gentleman's hook and merely mumbled, 'U-m-m-m.'"

"Guide," repeated the old lady in tones that were not to be denied, "look right over there where I'm pointing and tell me what makes that funny streak in the water."

The guide looked up from his baiting, with a sigh.

"That? Oh, that's where the road went across the ice last winter."—Everybody's Magazine.

Emerson's Memory.

Emerson was a notable sufferer from the vagaries of memory. His biographer relates that he met him one day in Boston apparently at a loss for something and asked him where he was going.

"To dine," said Emerson, "with a very old and dear friend. I know where she lives, but I hope she won't ask me her name." And then he proceeded to describe her as "the mother of the wife of the young man—the tall man—who speaks so."

"I don't know," he was referring. Even the names of common objects often failed him completely. On one occasion when he wanted an umbrella he said: "I can't tell its name, but I can tell its history. Strangers take it away." This falling of Emerson led to a pathetic scene when he attended Longfellow's funeral and remarked as he gazed at the coffin, "He was a sweet and beautiful soul, but I have entirely forgotten his name."

Nero's Golden House.

The "golden house" of Nero seems from all accounts to have been the most stupendous dwelling place ever built for a mortal man. Even if we regard the ancient descriptions as somewhat exaggerated it remains one of the largest royal houses ever built, and the internal decorations seem to have been incomparably magnificent.

It was surrounded by parks, woods and pools of great size, which appear to have been entirely within the walls. The colonnades of the house itself extended a mile in length and crossed one of the main thoroughfares of the city. The cities of the east were ransacked for masterpieces of Greek art for the interior. The walls shone with gold and pearls, and the roof rested on marble columns of enormous size and beauty.—New York American.

Not Bull Run.

The story was told of an American who happened to be crossing the ocean some years ago on the Fourth of July, which national holiday was celebrated with great enthusiasm by the Americans on board.

"I say," asked one of the Englishmen, "what is this anniversary of anyhow? Isn't it to celebrate the battle of Bull Run or something of that kind?"

"No," promptly spoke up an American, "not Bull Run—John Bull Run."

Takes Him Down.

"Every man has his price," quoted the wise guy.

"Well, I've noticed that a woman can generally make him feel pretty cheap," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

A Wonderful Hand.

Master—I'm sorry to hear, Pat, that your wife is dead. Patrick—Faith an' 'tis a sad day for us all, sir! The hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket.

Fear and Danger.

Nervous Old Lady (to deck hand on steamboat)—Is there any fear of danger? Deck Hand (carelessly)—Plenty of fear, ma'am, but not a bit of danger.

The United States submarine tenders fly a flag with a black fish on a white background surrounded by a red border.

Corporal Punishment.

Corporal punishment formerly had a wider significance than mere whipping. Henry de Bracton, chief justice of England in the reign of Henry III, divided corporal punishment into two kinds—those inflicted with and without torture. The stocks and the pillory would rank as corporal punishment; also mutilations and other grim tortures when imposed not to extort confessions, but as penalties, and the branding in the hand for felony, which was not abolished until George III's time.

The Secret of Long Life.

A French scientist has discovered one secret of long life. His method deals with the blood. But long ago millions of Americans had proved Electric Bitters prolongs life and makes it worth living. It purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, rebuilds wasted nerve cells, imparts life and tone to the entire system. Its a godsend to weak, sick and debilitated people. (Kidney trouble had a life of its own, writes W. M. Sherman, of Cushin, Me., "but Electric Bitters cured me entirely." Only 50c. at Dr. W. E. Brown & Co., and J. E. Arant.

Poultry Toilets.

"Now we will make this white hen's toilet."

And the pet stock dealer laid beside a small bathtub a box of cold cream, a bottle of brilliantine, a couple of brushes, a chamois, towels and soap.

He bathed the hen in the tub. He scrubbed her feathers till they were snowy. Then he towelled her, wrapped her up and put her away in a warm box.

"Tomorrow," he said, "after she is quite dry I'll rub brilliantine on one of these brushes and polish her coat till it shines like satin. I'll oil and polish her feet too. Her face and wattles I'll rub well with cold cream—that will deepen and enrich the color, the bloom. Altogether, when I'm done with her she'll be as smooth as a new s... and immaculate as a new s... or a well laundered white evening shirt."

"For exhibitions chickens have these elaborate toilets always—much more elaborate ones sometimes. In certain breeds I have seen the leg feathers being curled with an electric iron one by one."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Dr. Johnson, as is well known, refused for many months to believe in the Lisbon earthquake, and Parisians formerly were just as skeptical as to the existence of the giraffe, a new specimen of which has just been added to the Jardin des Plantes. The earliest specimen of these gentle creatures was seen in Paris in the reign of Louis XVI. We learn from a French contemporary that the giraffe was first heard of in 1787, when it was described by a Frenchman named Levaillant, who had journeyed in the lands of the Hottentots and Kafirs.

When the explorer referred to the animals with the long necks he was looked upon as a Munchausen and told that he was such in a blue polka language. It was only when some living specimens arrived in the French capital that Levaillant's reputation for veracity was re-established, and then the animals for a long time formed the sensation of Paris, not only among the multitude, but in all scientific circles.—London Globe.

"The Light That Failed." A wealthy Riverina squatter, now departed, as he used to phrase it, "to the great muster," was noted almost as much for his attic wit as for his parsimony.

He also stuttered very badly and helped along his halting utterance with a frequent ejaculation of "D'y'e see? D'y'e see?" His niggardly traits gained him widespread local unpopularity and the bitter enmity of sundowners, who were always vigorously refused rations at his stations.

Smarting under this unusual inhospitality, some disappointed squawgers once set fire to one of the squatter's wool sheds and then wrote upon a gate: "We've well burnt your wool shed. D'y'e see? D'y'e see?"

Of course it caught the big man's eye when next he passed through. For a moment he contemplated the announcement and then with a sardonic grin took the stump of a blue pencil from his pocket and scribbled underneath: "It was well insured. D'y'e see? D'y'e see?"—London Standard.

Blim Women of Hungary. The women of Hungary regard a small waist as the greatest possible beauty, and they will endure anything in order to put on an appearance of being small waisted. Tight lacing is carried on to an extraordinary extent, and the waist is compressed by force until one would think that the owner could hardly breathe. Yet in this confined state the women will plunge into the wildest of Hungarian dances, known as the czardas, and prance frantically like ballet dancers until at the end they sink, gasping, exhausted and well high suffocated, on a sofa. As they grow older most of these slim beauties become enormously stout, and the girls are regarded as quite old. The Hungarians, though they resemble the Turkish admiration for fat women or the English admiration for elderly made up belles. Hungary is a land of slim young women, and when they lose their figure they lose their attractiveness and their power.—Modern Society.

"Times Is Changed." "Yes, sire, Bill; times is changed since you an' me was doin' our courtin' in," said Adoniram Clover, with a note of sadness in his voice, to old Andy Clover, who had come over to "set a spoon."

"When we was doin' our courtin', Andy, a gal thought she was bein' treated right handsome if a feller bought her 10 cents' wuth o' peppimts once in awhile, an' if he tuk her to any doin's in town she didn't expect him to go down into his jeans to the tune of a dollar or two for ice cream an' soda water an' candy at fo'ty cents a pound. My son Si tuk his ducky-daddie to the band concert in town yistiday, an' there wa'n't a quarter left of a dollar bill he struck me fer time he got home. Beats all the way young folks throw the money away nowadays. I tell ye times is changed might since we was boys, an' the world only knows what the end will be with a feller layin' out 75 cents on a gal in one day!"—St. Louis Republic.

It Ignited. Little Rollis, four years old, came to the table, where he had tomato soup, of which he is very fond. Being very hungry, he could not wait for it to cool, but hastily ate two or three spoonfuls; then, laying down his spoon, he exclaimed, "My goodness, that soup is so hot it makes sparks all down me."—Delinquent.

Why He Was Mad. Stubb—What's the trouble with the writer's husband? He looks angry enough to chew tracks. Penn—And he is. She dedicated her latest book to him. Stubb—That's gracious! I should consider that a compliment. Penn—Not if you know the title of the book. It is "Whid Animals I Have Met."—Chicago News.

Pneumonia Follows La Grippe. Pneumonia often follows la grippe but never follows the use of Foley