

Old's and Ends.

Our thoughts in time are weaving the garments we must wear in eternity.

I endanger my own liberty when I force it on another.

Troubled hearts are the only ones that can claim God's peace.

The more personal you make your preaching the plainer it will be.

Mighty rivers rise in quiet places.

The generous are always grateful.

The new man will have new manners.

Many negatives of vice do not make a positive virtue.

We need to do God's work more than He needs us to do it.

Effects of Change of Weather.

At this season when people are traveling for pleasure, they wonder at the disordered condition of the stomach and bowels. In the majority of these cases it is due to change of water. Take Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cordial. Never fails to cure.

Sold by all Druggists, 25 and 50c. bottle.

Some people economize by cutting off the necessities and hanging on to the luxuries.

Ring Worm Routed.

"Send box of Tetterine. It's the only thing that makes any impression on a stubborn Ring Worm."—Mrs. Katie Oldham, Montalba, Anderson County, Texas. 50c. by mail from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., if your druggist don't keep it.

A man named Bocconi has founded a commercial college in Milan and given it to the city, endowing it with \$200,000.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Poachers using small explosive bombs have killed a great number of salmon in the River Dee, England.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 2 trial bottles and treatise free Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Kamshatka has many volcanoes, the only ones in Russian territory that are still active.

S. K. Coburn, Mgr. Clarie Scott, writes: "I find Hall's Catarrh Cure a valuable remedy." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Tigers killed 357 persons and panthers 295 last year in the Indian Central Provinces.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

There's a difference between having something to say and having to say something.

Pico's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

The average duration of life in towns is calculated at thirty-eight years, in the country fifty-five years.

Dead issues create no discussion.

Long Hair

"About a year ago my hair was coming out very fast, so I bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It stopped the falling and made my hair grow very rapidly, until now it is 45 inches in length."—Mrs. A. Boydston, Atchison, Kans.

There's another hunger than that of the stomach. Hair hunger, for instance. Hungry hair needs food, needs hair vigor—Ayer's. This is why we say that Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color, and makes the hair grow long and heavy. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Liver Pills

That's what you need; something to cure your biliousness. You need Ayer's Pills.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

Buckingham's Dye

50c. of druggists or P. Mail & Co., Nashua, N.H.

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ARP AND DOCTORS.

Bill Recovering From Illness Tells of Medicine He Took

OUR PHYSICIANS ARE BLESSINGS

Arp Says But For the Doctors He and King Edward Would Probably Have Died Last Week.

I don't know whether I can write a letter or not. I will try. The effort will keep me from thinking about myself. For a month I have been playing "Billy in the low grounds," but I had a good doctor who has nursed me night and day and cheered me up and comforted me and I am on the up grade, though as the Georgia crackers say, "I am powerful weak." This doctor is my son and he says he has not forgotten how his mother and I nursed him for three long months in Florida and saved his life and now I shall not die if he can help it. I take all his medicine, quinine, strychnine, calomel, spirits of nitre and capsules without number, and tonics, too, and if I get well I will never know what cured me, but he will. What would the world do without doctors? King Edward and I would have died last week.

About twenty years ago I had a spell like this one, for I had been working in the water all day trying to dam up the branch in the meadow so that the children could go in bathing. That night I liked to have died and old Dr. Kirk was sent for and worked on me for three or four days and got me up again. My wife told me then that if I didn't be more careful of myself I wouldn't live out half my days. She told me the same thing the other day, and she knows. Old Dr. Kirk is a trump. He was our family doctor until he got old and tired and moved away to live with his children. Before he moved to this place from South Carolina he had a love scrape over there, and he had a rival, too, and they fell out. The girl wouldn't have either one of them and the other fellow heard that the doctor had told stories on him to the girl and so after the doctor located here his rival wrote to him and demanded a retraxit or else a fight. The doctor wrote him a stinger and refused to make a retraxit, but would accept his challenge and fight him until Hades froze over, and as the fighting code gave the challenged party choice of weapons and time and place and distance he should choose rifles at long range and the next 29th day of February as the time and the other fellow must stay where he was and shoot over this way and he (the doctor) would stay here and shoot over that way and both must aim high so as not to hit anybody between them.

But I must stop now and take breath. A good long breath is what I want. The old woman was asked what disease her husband died of and she said the doctors differed about it, but she always believed he died for lack of breath. I don't want to go that way. I was ruminating about these physicians, for doctor is not the proper name. Doctor means a teacher of anything whether it be science or art or law or pharmacy or theology. Physician is the right word. It is a very ancient name for the profession. The Bible tells how Joseph got the physicians to embalm his old father, but I do not think it was a very popular profession among the Jews, for it is mentioned only two or three times and with doubtful favor. King Asa had a disease in his feet and would not call upon the Lord for relief, but sent for a physician, and he died and slept with his fathers. Then there was a woman who had had an issue of blood for twelve years and had suffered much from many physicians and spent all she had and was nothing better, but rather grew worse. The Jews unto this day do not give much patronage to physicians or quack medicines. I never knew but one Jew doctor, though there are a few very eminent ones in the large cities, for whatever a learned Jew does he does well. There is a doctor Jacobl in New York city who stands at the head of the profession and is consulted by the rich and great men of the nation.

Now, let me stop for another good long breath. When I was a boy we didn't have but one doctor in the town, and he weighed 300 pounds and was never in a hurry. He left little babies around ever and anon and when one came to our house our old cook told us where he got them and she slyly pointed to his corporosity. He had a little office on the street and a few shelves with bottles or them containing calomel, salts and castor oil, senna and camomile and Peruvian bark, balsam of copaiba, and such simple things and in the corner was a skeleton in a box that stood upright, with a screw in the skull, and sometimes the little, long door was open and we school children could peep in and then run for our lives. It was an awful sight. But the old doctor got too old and fat to practice and sent to New York for his nephew, Dr. Philo D. Wildman, a student of Valentine Mott, the great New York physician and surgeon. He was as smart as his tutor and went to cutting and slashing our people just like killing hogs. He strightened cross eyes and sewed up hare lips and cut stones out of bladders. The agonizing screams of poor little John Thompson, my school mate, still haunt me, for he was

simply dying of stone in the bladder and the doctor cut it out. It was as large as a pigeon egg, and the little boy got well. My brother and Jim Craig studied under Wildman, and when they wanted a stiff they would go out to the Redland grave yard in the night and dig up a fresh buried corpse and haul it to a little room back of their office and cut it up and boil it down and make a skeleton of the bones. I went with them one night and helped them to dig up a negro, but somebody rocked us as we were taking it out and we had to run for our lives, for they threatened to shoot. That satisfied me with the business and I never went again.

But our little town wasn't big enough for Wildman and so he moved to Columbus and made a great reputation. About that time the yellow fever visited Savannah, and Wildman believed he could stamp it out and that he was an immune, but he wasn't. He took the fever right away and died. It is a curious coincidence that three doctors from our town went to Savannah to fight the fever and every one of them took it and died.

But I was ruminating about the suffering and agony that the advance surgery and physic has saved mankind and I rejoice that Crawford Long has been given the first place in the Hall of Fame. I was at school in Athens when his discovery was made, but the magnitude of it was not realized until long after. I was one of the first to have a tooth extracted by the use of his lethean. Let me rest a while, for I am weak and nervous and, as Byron said: "My visions fit less palpably before me."

I have just enjoyed a good, long letter from my old school mate, Nathan Crawford, of Lincolnton. He is the honored school commissioner of the county and will die in harness, I reckon. He is in his eightieth year, but we were class mates, for he was one of these sure and slow boys, while I was precocious and uncertain. Only three of us left now, for Tom Alexander is living at Rome. Nathan writes a good, old-fashioned, cheerful letter, and says that he never stole Frank Alexander's watermelon, and hints that it was Overton Young and a boy of my name. The only reason he didn't steal them was that he boarded with Mr. Alexander and got a plenty without stealing. It is too late now for him to assume a saintly morality, for Tom and I still live to testify. But it was a good letter and the memory of Nat Crawford is always comforting and refreshing.

Now, for a good long rest.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Emile Zola is in Jerusalem collecting material for a novel.

Austin Dobson, the poet, has received the doctor's degree from the University of Edinburgh.

The King of Italy will shortly visit the Czar and Emperor William at their respective capitals.

Rear-Admiral Walker is spoken of as likely to be made President of the Panama Canal Commission.

Miss Ellen Stone, the missionary, and her adventures with Turkish brigands have been made the subject of a melodrama.

Lady Curzon is about to visit the United States for a change of air. It will be her first visit to America since her marriage.

John Alexander Dowie, of Chicago, wants to make enough money to buy Jerusalem and take his people there to await the Lord's coming.

President Loubet, during his visit to St. Petersburg, gave \$20,000 for distribution among charitable institutions in St. Petersburg and Peterhof.

Senor Ojeda, the new Spanish Minister to the United States, is said to be a man of splendid character, among his numerous accomplishments being his ability to speak the English language perfectly.

Major Pond, the well known American impresario, has just celebrated his sixty-fourth year. He began life as a journeyman printer and for three months set type with John Brown on the Herald of Freedom.

J. Pierpont Morgan smokes large cigars as a rule, but since his visit to Jekyll Island he has added to his possession a style of cigar that is at once a novelty and a wonder. It bears his initials and is eight inches long.

Rear-Admiral Melville is determined to have a burial place of which he can approve. He has accordingly erected at Arlington Cemetery a tomb and epitaph to himself, leaving only a blank for the date of his death.

How a Cracksman Strikes a Match.

"Ever see a cracksman strike a match?" asked Chief of Detectives Miller. "No?" Well, he does it with an exaggeration of gesture such as you see in baseball pitchers. He crouches low down, draws the match quickly over trousers, rises and throws his arm high above his head as the flame appears and then tosses the match at once away, having given himself just time to take a quick look about him. He scratches the match low down; thus you, if you are there, hear the sound in one place. He lifts it above his head and thus the sound and the light in two different localities at almost the same time confuse you, and if you shoot at the flame you do not hit the cracksman. He throws the match quickly away, so that you may not have the look around the room that he obtained.—Philadelphia Record.

When Courtesy Failed.

Senator-elect McCreary of Kentucky was in Washington a few days ago calling upon his old friends in congress whom he knew when he represented his state in the house.

"McCreary was a fine campaigner," said a Kentuckian. "When he went the rounds of his district he kissed all the babies, praised the cooking of the housewives, judged the cattle of the farmers, and adapted himself to all circumstances. One night he drove up to the house of a farmer to stop all night, but arrived after the supper hour. The good woman of the house insisted on getting him a supper, but he resisted and said he would take anything cold that she had.

"She told him she had some cold ham and cold biscuits and would warm the coffee.

"Never mind warming the coffee, madam," said McCreary, "I prefer it cold." Next morning at breakfast the good lady handed him a cup of sickly looking liquid, saying, "Governor, you seemed to enjoy the cold coffee so much I saved some for your breakfast."

Emigrants from Ireland.

The capacity of Ireland for sending out emigrants has been one of the marvels of the world. During 1901 the island sent out 39,870 emigrants, or 9 in every 1,000 of population, of whom 80.5 per cent were between the ages of 15 and 35. Even this large total is some 7,000 smaller than that of 1900.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat. It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion. Prepared by E. C. Galt & Co., Chicago.

Skin Diseases.

For the speedy and permanent cure of better, salt rheum and eczema, Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment is without an equal. It relieves the itching and smarting almost instantly and its continued use effects a permanent cure. It also cures itch, barber's itch, scald head, sore nipples, itching piles, chapped hands, chronic sore eyes and granulated lids.

Dr. Cady's Condition Powders for horses are the best tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. Price, 25 cents. Sold by

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