

DENTAL.

A. A. HICKS, D. S.—Honor graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honor graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Office over Turner's drug store, 26 Rutherford Block.

LODGES.

WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.
P. D. LAURIE, W. M.

LEGAL.

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farm and city property. Terms to suit borrowers. Apply or write to
THOMAS SOULLARD
Office lately occupied by Edwin Bell, Victoria Block.

Save Fuel

Did you ever examine your windows? You will likely find them loose. So much so, they will rattle in this condition with a lot of cold and wind through.

Stop all this and make your house comfortable by having the Chamberlain Metal Weather Strip attached. See window equipped at my office, opposite the Post Office.

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and Latest Designs in WALL PAPERS at
TILT'S
Next Rankin House.
Order now for Christmas.
Articles selected now until Christmas if desired.

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DANGER!

There is danger of an early fall and you should be prepared by giving your order for Storm Doors and Windows. It pays to grasp time by the forelock and have your work done before the rush.

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, etc. always on hand. Builders' Hardware, Paints, Oils and Glass at close prices.

Our painters are busy now. They are always busy, but are never too busy to fill your orders.

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Import direct the finest Ceylon, Assam and China Tea, Black Gunpowder and Young Hyson, Best English Breakfast Tea, 35c. and 40c.

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CAN MAKE MEN SOUND AND STRONG.

Detroit Specialist Discovers Something Entirely New for the Cure of Men's Diseases in Their Own Homes.

You Pay Only if Cured

Expect No Money Unless He Cures You—Method and Full Particulars Sent Free—Write For It This Very Day

A Detroit specialist who has 14 certificates and diplomas from medical colleges and boards, has perfected a startling method of curing the diseases of men in their own homes; so that there is not a doubt in the mind of any man that he is

DR. S. GOLDBERG,

The Possessor of 14 Diplomas and Certificates Who Wants No Money That He Does Not Earn.

both the method and the ability to do so is he says. Dr. Goldberg, will send the method entirely free to all men who send him their name and address. He wants to hear from men who have stricture that they have been unable to get cured, prostate trouble, sexual weakness, varicose veins, lost manhood, blood poison, hydrocele, inflammation of parts, impotency, etc. His wonderful method not only cures the stricture itself, but like wise all the complications, such as rheumatism, jaundice or kidney trouble, heart disease, nervous debility, etc.

The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make claims and another thing to back them up, so he has made it a rule not to ask for money unless he cures you, and when you are cured he feels sure that you will willingly pay him a small fee. It could seem, therefore, that it is to the best interests of every man who suffers in this way to write the doctor confidentially and lay out his case before him. He sends the method, as well as many booklets on the subject, including the one that contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address him simply to S. Goldberg, 208 Woodward Ave., Room 100, Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent you free.

This is something entirely new and well worth knowing more about. Write at once.

Blood poisoning is now recognized as poisoning by a living organism, while ordinary poisoning is by some chemical substance devoid of life.

Blood poisoning took its name before its nature was properly understood, and it was thought to be a form of ordinary poisoning, but that the blood rather than the "vital principles" was chiefly attacked.

As the stomach can, as a rule, destroy the life of most organisms, while it can only to a limited extent alter the constitution of chemical poisons, poisoning by living organisms, or blood poisoning, is far more common through wounds than by things eaten, and the idea that the idea of its being a poisoning of the blood was strengthened. As a "blood poison" is alive, it can and often does go on increasing after its first ingestion, and the most obvious difference between the two is that blood poisoning generally begins with slight symptoms and increases indefinitely, while ordinary poisoning reaches its height almost at once.

How a Crow Helped a Golf Player.

An extraordinary incident occurred during a recent game on the Cairo golf links in Egypt, says The New York Herald. One player had just driven off from a tee. He had made a splendid drive and was watching the trundling ball with satisfaction down on it and bore it off. The player and his caddy gave chase, the latter cursing volubly in Arabic. This evidently had its effect, for the crow dropped the ball on the putting green within a few inches of the hole, and the delighted player holed it out.

Two while his opponent looked on gloomily and made uncomplimentary remarks about the bird.

He is most to be admired for his tireless devotion to the cause to which he has devoted his life. Oddly enough, when first he took his seat in Parliament, Sir Wilfrid's views on the subject of temperance were apparently no stronger than those of any other member, but it happened to be his duty to introduce a bill for legislation in his district toward the restriction of the traffic in spirits, and it was the defeat of that proposal that spurred him on to the more strenuous efforts in the same direction, with the result that one morning he found himself acknowledged as the apostle of temperance in England.

He was made head of the United Kingdom Alliance, the organization which was started here by the famous Fr. Matthew and others to attempt to bring about a prohibition in England after an example had been set by the reformers of the State of Maine.

For a matter of 30 years Sir Wilfrid has been seeking, in Parliament and out of Parliament, to get the "veto" power into the hands of the people themselves. Many times he has seemed on the verge of success, when some unexpected event as the fall of the Gladstone Ministry or the South African war has cheated his hopes.

Sir Wilfrid's principles may be mistaken sometimes, but they are dearer to him than place or anything else. A man who has been prominent in every Parliamentary crisis for a quarter of a century, there is little doubt that, had he not identified himself with the cause of temperance he would have been many times a minister. As it is, he has never been a member of a cabinet.

He was against the South African war from the first, and was defeated in the election of 1900 because of his "pro-Boer" views. Yet, asked the other day at Camborne by one of the men for whose franchises he was appealing what he would do with the Transvaal, he unhesitatingly risked defeat by declaring that he would "hand it back to the people from whom it had been taken."

There is one story of a joke on himself that Sir Wilfrid is never tired of telling. Once the great temperance reformer was visiting a country-house and soon after his arrival encountered a very small boy, his host's son and heir, Sir Wilfrid is fond of children, and he promptly made advances to the little shaver.

"Now," said he, "I am quite sure you don't know who I am."

"Oh, but I do," quick as a flash came from the small man, "you're the famous drunkard!"

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Sold by Messrs. Gunn and McLaren, Druggists, Chatham.

A TEMPERANCE REFORMER.

See Sketch of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Who For Half His Long Life Has Championed the Cause.

A London, England, correspondent writes: "Probably there are few men of 73 who could have fought through a barely contested election, as Sir Wilfrid Lawson, England's 'Grand Old Man of Temperance,' did at Camborne recently. Probably there are fewer still who, had they devoted 40 years of their life to the championship of a great cause, as Sir Wilfrid has done, would be capable of continuing so interesting and commanding a figure in the world of politics."

Apart from the fact that Sir Wilfrid is the head of the United Kingdom Alliance, the great temperance league of this country—and the additional fact that for nearly half a century he has been one of the most forceful personalities in British politics, this venerable English baronet is most interesting as a temperance reformer like no other that ever has come before the public.

All through his remarkable career as the foe of the liquor traffic, Sir Wilfrid Lawson has been famous, not for his vituperation, but for his wit. He is as earnest as the most intense opponent of the "dram shop," and he is as proved by the fact that for 40 years he has kept pounding away at Parliament after Parliament in the almost hopeless fight for temperance legislation, but the sharpest arrows in his quiver are those of humor and satire. Even Disraeli spoke of "that gay wisdom which is the honorable baronet's chief characteristic."

This is the sort of thing that the man who has fought with and against Palmerston, Bright, Gladstone and Lord John Russell in the habit of "getting off." "England is a country governed by two gods, Bacchus and Mars—the god of battles and the god of bottles!"

Ridiculing the House of Lords to which he is bitterly opposed, Sir Wilfrid said: "Would any one be fool enough to employ an hereditary bootmaker? Then why an hereditary lawmaker?"

Alluding to his own title, he described a baronet as a man who has "ceased to be a gentleman, and who has not become a nobleman."

He once said that he "didn't believe an angel could keep a saloon without doing harm," and the word "lingo" as it is used to-day was his invention.

The description of "an old war-horse" suits Sir Wilfrid well. He has fought no less than 10 Parliamentary elections, being defeated in four of them. The struggle at Camborne, from which the veteran emerged triumphantly the other day, was as harassing as such struggles in England are likely to be—the system of "hecking" and disturbances being carried to their uttermost extent—but it must have been mere child's play to Sir Wilfrid, for his political career began in the days when elections were made in the open air, in the presence of the electors themselves, and when the contest was decided oftentimes by a showing of hands.

These were the days of rotten eggs and bludgeons as arguments against a speaker, and of more forcible intimidation, too. When first he appeared as a candidate on the "bustling," Sir Wilfrid had to face 300 colliers who had been sent from a dozen miles away, and who were supplied liberally with drink to the end that they might howl him down.

He is most to be admired for his tireless devotion to the cause to which he has devoted his life. Oddly enough, when first he took his seat in Parliament, Sir Wilfrid's views on the subject of temperance were apparently no stronger than those of any other member, but it happened to be his duty to introduce a bill for legislation in his district toward the restriction of the traffic in spirits, and it was the defeat of that proposal that spurred him on to the more strenuous efforts in the same direction, with the result that one morning he found himself acknowledged as the apostle of temperance in England.

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ABNER DANIEL

By WILL N. HARBEN
Author of "Westerfield"

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"I knew that's what he'd said," declared the girl, almost white with anger. "I knew it! Oh, Alan, Rayburn Miller might be able to draw back and leave a girl at such a time, but no man could that truly loves as I believe you love me. I have known how you have felt all this time, and it has nearly broken my heart, but I could not write to you when you had never even told me what you have today. You must not let anybody or anything influence you, Alan. I'd rather be a poor man's wife and do my own work than let a paltry thing like my father's money keep me from standing by the man I love."

Alan's face was ablaze. He drew himself up and gazed at her, all his soul in his eyes. "Then I shall not give you up," he declared—"not for anything in the world. And if there is a chance in the railroad idea I shall work at it ten times as hard now that I have talked with you."

They sat together in blissful ignorance of the passage of time some one shouted out that Frank Hillhouse was coming with the watermelon. Then all the couples in sight or hearing ran to the spring, where Hillhouse could be seen plunging the big melon into the water. Hattie Alexander and Charlie Durant, who had been perched on a jutting bowlder high up on the hill behind Dolly and Alan, came half running, half sliding, down, catching at the trees to keep from falling.

"Better come get your teeth in that melon," Hattie said, with a knowing smile at Dolly. "They lived next door to each other and were quite intimate."

"Come on, Alan," Dolly rose. "Frank will never forgive me if I don't have some."

"I shan't have time if I go to town tonight," replied Alan. "I have something to do at home first."

"Then I won't keep you," Dolly smiled, "for you must go and meet Rayburn Miller. I'm going to hope that he has had good luck in Atlanta."

The world had never seemed so full of joy and hope as Alan rode homeward. The sun was setting in glorious splendor beyond the towering mountains, above which the sky seemed an ocean of mother of pearl and liquid gold. Truly it was good to be alive.

At the bars he met Abner Daniel with a fishing cane in his hands, his bait gourd under his arm.

"I know right what you've been," he said, with a broad smile as he threw down the bars for Alan to pass through. "I see that gang drive by in all their hurry this mornin', the queen bee in the lead with that little makeshift of a man."

Alan dismounted to prevent his uncle from putting up the bars in their way, and they walked homeward side by side.

"Yes, and I've had the time of my life," said the young man. "I talked to her for a solid hour."

"I could see that in your face," said Abner quietly. "You couldn't hide it, an' I'll bet she didn't lose time in lettin' you know what she never could hide from me."

"We understand each other better now," admitted Alan.

"Well, I've certainly set my heart on the match—an' it's all in our family," affirmed Abner. "Durned if I declare, sometimes I'm afeard I'm gone on 'er myself. Yes, I want you an' her to make it. I want to set an' smoke an' chew on yore front porch an' hear her back in the kitchen fryin' ham an' eggs, an'—the old man winked—"I don't know as I'd object to trottin' some'n' on my knee to sorter pass the time betwixt meals."

"Oh, come off, Uncle Ab!" said Alan, with a flush. "That's going too far."

The old man whisked his bait gourd

under his other arm. His eyes twinkled and he chuckled. "Tain't goin' as far as havin' one on each knee an' both pine blank alike an' exactly the same age. I've known that to happen in my day an' time, when nobody wasn't even lookin' fer a increase."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next morning Alan found Rayburn Miller standing in the door of his little office building waiting for him.

"I reckon my message surprised you," Miller said testatively as he shook hands.

"It took me off my feet," smiled Alan. "You see, I never hoped to get you interested in that scheme, and when I heard you were actually going to Atlanta about it I hardly knew what to make of it."

Miller turned into his office, kicked a chair toward Alan and dropped into his creaking rocker.

"It was not due to you that I did get interested," he said. "Do you know, I can't think of it without getting hot all over with shame. To tell you the truth, there is one thing I have always been vain about. I didn't honestly think there was a man in Georgia that could give me any tips about investments, but I had to take backwater, and for a woman."

"Think of that—a woman knocked me off my perch as clean and easy as she could stick a hairpin in a ball of hair. I'm not unfair. When anybody teaches me any tricks, I acknowledge the corn and take off my hat. It was this way. I dropped in to see Miss Dolly the other evening. I accidentally disclosed two things in an offhand sort of way. I told her some of the views I gave you at the dance in regard to marriage and love, and one thing and another, and then, in complimenting you most highly in other things, I confessed I sort of poked fun at your railroad idea."

"I thought you had," said Alan good naturedly. "But go on."

"Well, she first read me a lecture about bad, empty, shallow men, whose very souls were damned by their past careers, interfering with the pure impulses of younger men, and I'll swear I felt like crawling in a hole and pulling the hole in after me. Well, I got through that in a fashion because she didn't want me to see her real heart, and that helped me. Then she took up the railroad scheme. You know I had heard that she advised her father in all his business matters; but, geewhills, I never dreamed she could give me points, but she did—she simply did. She looked me straight in the eye and stared at me like a national bank examiner as she asked me to explain why that particular road could not be built and why it would not be a bonanza for the owners of the timber land. I thought she was an easy fish at first, and I gave her plenty of line, but she kept peppering me with unanswerable questions till I lay down on the bank as weak as a rag. The first bluff she gave me was in wanting to know if there were not many branch roads that did not own their rolling stock. She said she knew one in the iron belt in Alabama that didn't own a car or an engine, and wouldn't have them as a free gift. She said if such a road were built as you plan these two main lines would simply fall over each other to send out cars to be loaded for shipment at competitive rates. By George, it was a corker! I found out the next day that she was right, and that doing away with the rolling stock, shops and so forth would cut down the cost of your road more than half."

"That's a fact," exclaimed Alan, "and I had not thought of it."

"She's a stronger woman than I ever imagined," said Miller. "By George, if she were not on your string, I'd make a dead set for her. A wife like that would make a man complete. She's in love with you, or thinks she is, but she hasn't that will-o'-the-wisp glamour. She's business from her toes to her finger tips. By George, I believe she makes a business of her love affair. She seems to think she'll settle it by a sum in algebra. But to get back to the railroad, for I've got lots to tell you. What do you reckon I found that day? You couldn't guess in a thousand years. It was a preliminary survey of a railroad once planned from Darley right through your father's purchase to Morganton, N. C. It was made just before the war by old Colonel Wade, who, in his day, was one of the most noted surveyors in the state. This end of the line was all I cared about, and that was almost as level as a floor along the river and down the valley into the north end of town. It's a bonanza, my boy! Why that big bottle of timber land has never been busted is a wonder to me. If as many Yankees had been nosing about here as there have been in other southern sections, it would have been snatched up long ago."

"I'm awfully glad to hear you say all this," said Alan, "for it is the only way out of our difficulty, and something has to be done."

To Be Continued.

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PHOTOS OF

L. E. & D. B. R. Wreck

NOV. 23rd, 1903.

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