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GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Edwin H Brown and William R Martin, Associates Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Thomas L. Day.

County Commissioners—Wesley Jarrell Pres; James B Wright, Franklin P. Medford.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John F. Dawson, Chief Judge; J Olan Clark, Wm H. Deen, Associates.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Sisk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

Register of Wills—Robert J. Jump.

States Attorney—T. Alan Goldsborough.

Sheriff—Wm T Hignutt, of E.

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We have just received a nice line of Waist and Summer Goods in Cotton Voiles and Cotton Voilards @ 12½c. Sinens for Suits @ 20c. Canton Cloth @ 12½. Organdies in all shades @ 10c India Linen and Persian Lawn from 10c to 25c per yard. Ginghams from 8c to 10c, and a line of 5c Lawns in pretty patterns.

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Fancy Shirts 50c each. Working Man's Shirt 25c. Boys' Shirts 25c. Cuffs at 25 cents per pair.

Latest Style Collars in all sizes in Linen at 12½c Also Celuloid and Rubber Collars at 10c each.

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Ladies Wrappers in all sizes in Percale and Lawns @ 75c and 98c. Also Sun Bonnets @ 20c. Handkerchiefs for Ladies and Men from 5c to 25c. Ribbons in different widths and colors. Latest styles in Fancy Stock Collars at 10c, 15c, 25c 50c.

A full line of Hosiery for Men, Ladies and Children, in Plain, Fancy and Lace; also White in long and Short for Little Folks.



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A full line of Men's and Boy's Overalls west Hickory Stripe, plain and with aprons, @ 45c a pair; cannot be bought elsewhere or less than a half-dollar. Jumpers that are made for wear.

MEAT AND FISH ALWAYS ON HAND FROM TEN CENTS A POUND UP.

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THE MAKING OF A SKEPTIC.

When father had his picture took he had a winnin' smile,
Jes' like an angel whispered to him every little while;
He wore a stand-up collar and a button-hole bouquet,
An' looked the family over in a kind an' patient way.
Like nothin' ever riled him. None who saw him would have said
He'd have the heart to take a strap to me out in the shed.
The photograph can never do full justice to the look
That father's face had on the day he got his picture took.

But when we got back home it wasn't any time at all
Till father smoked his pipe an' left his coat out in the hall,
An' looked as fierce as anything, an' started in to scold
Because the steak was tough an' everything was gettin' cold.
I tell you it was somethin' most discouragin' an' strange
To see his disposition undergo so great a change.
I wish we could arrange it every day, by hook or crook,
To have him take a trip to town an' get his picture took.

So when I see the portrait of a statesman, lookin' grave,
Or of some military man a-standin' up so brave,
Or of some actress lady, with a sweet an' tender smile,
Or of some financier, with an expression free from guile,
Or of some scientific man, a-looking calmly wise,
Or of a violinist, with his hair down in his eyes,
Or of some literary chap a-bendin' o'er a book,
I think about the day that father got his picture took.

—Washington Star.

BURYING BANQUO'S GHOST

By F. H. LANCASTER

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

HER husband's friend had been making a series of severe remarks anent the inkspot upon her finger, her flushed face, disordered hair and several sheets of scattered manuscript:

"'Ye cannot serve two masters, and it is my duty as your friend and his friend to tell you so plainly. And I must say that it seems to me that this inspiration—I believe that is the word you literary people use—this love of scribbling, could be easily buried beneath love of husband and home."

"It is not an easy something to bury beneath anything," the young wife objected, "or rather, like Banquo's ghost, it refuses to stay in the ditch."

"Rises at the feast and mars it, eh? Well, I'm sorry for you—I am sorry for you both." Severe gray eyes looked down critically into bothered brown ones, and her husband's friend smiled loftily. "Well, I've said all that I feel justified in saying. Good-by, dear child I suppose you know what generally happens when a man begins to feel himself neglected?"

Helen murmured that she did and watched the erect figure sweep down the garden path. "Go," she quoted softly, "'and stand not upon the order of your going'." Then she sat down to think. Was she neglecting Dick, the dear old darling? Conscience came a ready accuser. Last evening she had written from tea until bedtime. True, he had seemed to be enjoying his paper, but he was so kind and patient, so strong and forceful, and so much older than she. Of course he wouldn't complain. And this was not the first time it had happened. "Oh," with a thrill of uneasiness, "he might just as well have gone on being an old bachelor." Then, with quick self-reproach, "I should be ashamed. I am. It is silly. My stories never amount to anything anyway. Half the things I write are rejected. Why can't I bury this ghost that is haunting our feast and keep it buried?" She dropped her head into her hands. It would be hard to foreswear scribbling—how hard only those who have scribbled know—and she shrank from making a resolution that she might not be strong enough to keep. But as his step, with a tired sound to it, struck the stair she started up, seized the scattered sheets and thrust them into the grate.

"'It is concluded,'" she muttered, whimsically, "'Banquo, thy soul's flight if it find heaven, must find it out to-night.'"

"Oh, Dick, dear, I am so glad you have come. I have just been planning one of those cosy, chatty little evenings like we used to have when we were first married."

"Sure, sweetheart?" Dick said, cordially, but his spirit groaned. He had just been planning a repetition of last evening. Peace and pipe and paper, with his little wife scribbling happily at his elbow. It rested him to lean back and smoke and watch the light as it came and went in her dear young face. It is so much easier, this silent presence, when one is tired. But Helen was saying:

"Or if you feel like reading aloud I'll find some fancywork." Dick was delighted, of course, and after the tea table was cleared and the curtains drawn, he took down a book and began to read like a little man. Helen listened with conscientious alertness. Frequently, at the suggestive turn of a phrase the ghost would arise and sit down in the chair opposite; but looking at her dear boy's tired face and feeling the weariness in his voice, she found it easy to order her Banquo back beneath the sod.

"I will hem those sheets to-morrow," she reflected exultingly, "and make a pair of pillow shams. I must not try to read. That would be a regular pickax for letting the ghost out. Poor fellow, I wonder if he has been feeling neglected."

And the next day and the next, Dick, no longer neglected, came wearily home to read aloud until he began to think wistfully of bachelor days. At last the inevitable evening came that brought the despairing question:

"What has become of your writing, little woman?"

"Oh, I don't know," Helen replied hurriedly. Just then she was longing for her "writing" with all her soul, and this abrupt entrance of the ghost shook her like a second Macbeth.

Dick looked down with kindly, humorous eyes.

"Never mind," he consoled. "'Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.'"

"Oh, please don't quote Macbeth!" She got up hastily and walked to the window. If she could only tell him all about it. But of course she mustn't. This sacrifice, like most of the sacrifices women make for men, must be kept a dark secret. The pathetic part about it being in this case, as in most similar cases, that the man, had he known, would have been quick to repudiate the sacrifice. But not knowing, it so chanced that in the long days that followed big, kind-hearted Dick had the role of selfish brute thrust upon him and watched the restless light take possession of his little wife's heretofore happy brown eyes, without for a moment suspecting that his supposed sensitiveness was at the bottom of all her bother. He imagined, as any other sane man would have done, that she had met with some discouraging rebuff that had turned her heart against her favorite fad. But he scarcely expected her heart to stay turned and he certainly did not approve of that jaded air. For Helen was suffering the same sensation that induced Macbeth to complain:

"Methought I heard a voice cry sleep no more."

Had not she, too, murdered her best friend? That stanch ally that had borne with her the brunt of so many battles? Small wonder that she could not sleep. Ghosts ever walk by night. Yet she had no thought of giving over the attempt to keep the ghost underground. She shook her head at the free glad thoughts that came clamoring for perpetuation and shut her eyes against pen-pictures praying to be put on paper. With all the might of resolution she closed her heart against the tempting intoxication of that exquisite self-abandonment—"The clean, strong joy of creating"—which once known is agony to forego.

But the incessant fight wearied her, and it was with a last flicker of her old whimsical fun that she put up the prayer:

"'With some sweet oblivious antidote cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart.'"

And presently the plot began to thicken, for the cook took a hand. Helen, having found sheets and shams a sorry substitute for studies, went in vehemently for housekeeping, prowling about the pantry, fidgeting over closet shelves and cleaning of cutlery, concocting incredible cakes to be cried over in private, but blamed upon cook in public—the upshot being, that cook, exasperated, gave notice.

It was at this unlucky crisis that Dick, noting the worried wrinkles upon the brow that was once serene and thoughtful, put down his coffee with the query:

"Don't you think, Helen, that you should do less fancy work and—er—read more?"

"I can't," she replied briefly.

Dick took a prospective glance at a long line of reading-aloud-evenings and felt that the time had come to set aside delicacy of feeling and dread of intruding.

"Why can't you?" he insisted, and poor, tormented Helen answered tartly:

"Because I'm letting I dare not wait upon I would like the poor cat i' the adage'!"

"Why, Helen!"

"Oh, I didn't mean to be sharp. I—" Dick laid a hand on either shoulder and looked down steadily into her troubled eyes.

"Do you know," he said gently, "I used to have a little wife that scribbled out all her frets and worries, and she was such a jolly little wife?" He took a pad of white paper from his pocket, also a fountain pen and a beautifully sharpened lead pencil, and laid them impressively side by side upon the table. Then he kissed her between her bothered brown eyes and went out quickly.

Helen sank back in her chair with an uncertain little laugh.

"Why, he'd rather I did!" From some odd corner memory brought the line: "I've scotched the snake, not killed it," and she laughed exultingly. "I haven't even scotched it." Then suddenly sitting up, "But, O Lord Osiris, whose feet are upon the crocodiles, what a title that would be: 'A Scotched Snake!'"

When Dick came home that evening he found flushed cheeks and roughened hair, flying pencil and scattered sheets of manuscript; and settled himself contentedly to pipe and paper murmuring tenderly:

"'Lay on Macduff, and damned be him who first cries "Hold, enough!"'"

Jewels in St. Pierre Ruins.

Capt. Delano, of the steamship Hawaiian, reached Philadelphia recently from Hilo and entertained a group of friends with a description of Mont Pelee, St. Pierre and Martinique as they are to-day. The volcano is now entirely extinct, he says, and the place has come to be very attractive to tourists, hundreds of whom visit the scene of one of the world's greatest tragedies every day. He states that the search for jewels and money continues in the ruins, and will, in his opinion, until every house site on the island has been raked over a score of times. The once beautiful city of St. Pierre is now a graveyard.

Sparrows, it has been observed, will gaze at their plumage in mirrors for hours together if undisturbed.

HEARD IN NEW YORK.

New York has seven surviving ex-mayors—Gilroy, Ely, Grant, Van Wyck Cooper, Edson, Low. Boston has five—Green, Hart, Matthews, Curtis, Quincy.

Daniel S. Lamont, ex-secretary of war, has been made the chairman of the New York municipal beautification commission, which is to devise a plan for the grouping of city buildings, the laying out of parks and boulevards, arrangement of streets and the improvement of the aspect of the water front.

Mayor McClellan, of New York, was discussing municipal matters with a Tammany man who holds that business men are out of place in politics. "In fact," he said, "such a combination is anomalous. What can a business man know of politics?" "Seems to me," answered the mayor, reflectively, "that he can easily know as much about politics as some politicians know about business. It would be difficult to find a business man who could be induced to sell a $1,000,000 franchise for a thousand or two, don't you think?" The Tammany man changed the subject.

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Mother's Ear

A WORD IN MOTHER'S EAR; WHEN NURSING AN INFANT, AND IN THE MONTHS THAT COME BEFORE THAT TIME.

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SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

Judge William D. Dickey, of the New York supreme court, took occasion the other day severely to condemn clergymen and justices who marry minors. While holding court in Middleton Judge Dickey granted an interlocutory decree annulling the marriage of a 16-year-old boy and girl who had eloped a year ago and were married by a justice in Narrowsburg. In issuing the decree his honor said it was a shame that ministers of the gospel and justices of the peace could be persuaded to marry children for the sake of a two dollar fee. Several cases of that kind had come to his notice of late and he thought the legislature should take speedy action to stop the practice.

IN VARIOUS PLACES.

The Alpine regiments have the lowest death rate in the Italian army.

Senor De Aspiroz, the Mexican ambassador, is to be recalled, probably in June. It is understood that it is the purpose of the Diaz government to appoint him minister for foreign affairs. He will succeed Senor Mariscal, who is a candidate for vice president. The latter office is a new one in Mexico, created to relieve President Diaz in part of the onerous responsibilities of his office and to prepare the way to his retirement. Mariscal is expected to succeed Diaz as president in due time.

Within a few weeks a Von Moltke will again figure as head of the general staff of the Prussian army. Von Moltke II. is the nephew of the great strategist of the later nineteenth century, to whom for long years he acted as aide-de-camp, and will consequently be no stranger to the palatial quarters of the Konigsplatz when he enters them as chief. Count Helmuth, who bears the Christian name of his great kinsman, is 56 years old, and has passed the whole of his military career in staff and court employments.

Camille Pelletan, the French minister of marine, has a disregard for niceties of dress which make him a favorite with cartoonists. His white hair and beard seem to be absolutely unacquainted with a comb, his trousers are nearly always too long, and he delights in frock coats several sizes too large for him. Huge boots, faded neckties and cuffs that are generally on the verge of fringe are other parts of his unique makeup. His friends remonstrate with him regarding his carelessness, but M. Pelletan responds calmly: "What matter, so long as I am comfortable?"

The Hand of Time.

Mother—Why, my dear, what's the matter?

Daughter (tearfully)—I—I am losing my beauty.

"Nonsense!"

"Oh, it's true. I went to Bargain & Co.'s to price goods, and the clerk who waited on me began to look tired before I'd been there an hour—boo, hoo, hoo!"—N. Y. Weekly.

Commendation.

"Do you consider Buskin a great actor?"

"No," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "He speaks very admiringly of your performance."

"Buskin is not a good actor, but he is a remarkably fine critic."—Washington Star.

His Only Chance.

"Isn't it ridiculous," remarked Sinnick, "how some fellows get the habit of talking to themselves?"

"Oh, I don't know; that habit might do you some good," replied Minnick "You'd stand a chance of hearing something good about yourself occasionally."—Philadelphia Press.

Handicapped.

"In order to enjoy a good night's rest," said the physician, "you should lie on the right side only. It is positively injurious to lie on both sides."

"But how can I help it, doctor?" rejoined the patient. "You seem to have overlooked the fact that I am a lawyer."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Strongly Recommended.

Lady (engaging a page boy)—Well how soon can you come?

Page (readily)—At once, mum.

Lady—But, surely your present mistress won't like that!

Page (brightly)—Oh, yes, she will mum. She'll be only too glad to get rid of me!—London Punch.

Not Polite.

Man (who has gone in to order some false teeth as advertised)—I should like to have a set like that.

Dentist—I am afraid you can't have those; they cost more money.

Man—Humph; it does seem hard that a fellow mayn't pick his own teeth.—Ally Sloper.

A Deep Problem.

"Mildred, what brings that young man to the house so often?"

"Well, his mother's stepfather married a second cousin of father's great-aunt. We're trying to figure out what relation that makes him to me, and that can't be done in one evening."—

If Nervous and Run Down

simply improve your circulation. Remove the waste matter that clogs the blood by taking Ramon's Pills—then tone the nervous system with the Tonic Pellets. All in one box for 25 cts and money back if not satisfied.

FOUNTAIN PENS.—Something new. A little wonder. Every user of a pen needs one. One dip sufficient to write several hundred words. Advertised price, 10 cents each; special price to those mentioning the AMERICAN UNION, 25 CENTS PER DOZEN including ONE GOLD PEN, ONE SELF-EJECTING PEN-HOLDER, and sufficient INK-TABLETS to make 3 ounces of the very best writing ink. This great offer is made only to introduce the most wonderful pens manufactured. All the articles above mentioned sent prepaid on receipt of price. Satisfaction guaranteed, or the UNION will refund the money. Address The College Pen Company, Box 4012, Station B, Philadelphia, Pa 4-21

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