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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 @ 12½c. Organdies in all shades @ 10c India Linen and Persian Lawn from 10c to 25c per yard. Ginghams from 5c 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.

Notions.



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 best Hickory Stripe, plain and with aprons, @ 45c a pair; cannot be bought elsewhere for less than a half dollar. Jumpers that are made for wear.

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when you feel it first coming on, by taking a Ramon's Pill at once. It removes the poison that causes the trouble. A guaranteed cure, and money refunded if not satisfied. 25cents.

A MAIDEN'S JOUST WITH THE WORLD

By HOMER STOUT

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IF SHE had dreamed the world was so hard and pitiless she never would have ventured from the shelter of the convent on her Quixotic mission. And had she dreamed how hopeless her mission was she would not have undertaken it. But then she was only 17 and had grown up within the quiet walls, under the eyes of the good sisters, ever watchful that no taint of worldliness penetrated the little dominion within their keeping.

Accident had thrown into her hands information regarding the circumstances of her advent to the convent and the relationship between her parents which had led to her separation from them.

It was only a letter intended for other eyes which had accidentally fallen into her hands. It explained what had puzzled her sorely for many years—why neither of her parents had ever been to see her or had sent for her to come to them. It told of a blaze of jealous anger on the part of her mother, aroused by some incidents in the husband's office, and a haughty refusal to explain on his part. It informed her of the separation with agreement on both sides that neither was to see the daughter and to keep from her the knowledge of their separation.

The fugitive letter explained, too, the circumstances which had aroused the mother's suspicion—a pure matter of business with a client, the nature of which the husband could not in honor divulge at the time.

"I will seek them out and reunite them," she exclaimed, crushing the letter in her hand.

Then she had hastily made up a package of a few things necessary for a short journey, gotten all the money she dared ask for on the pretense of desiring to make a gift to some charitable purpose, and quietly slipped away.

The letter had mentioned the name of a certain lawyer, Hiram Stapleton, in the great city nearby, in whose hands funds had been left for her care. She would go straight to him and, of course, he would know where her father and mother were. He would direct her. The rest would be easy, she was sure.

The ride to the city in the rushing cars had been a great delight to her. She was bewildered and somewhat frightened at the noise and rush and crowds in the city, but clung bravely to the address of Hiram Stapleton. The elevator had startled her and the great office with its clicking typewriters and luxurious somber furnishings, and mysterious private offices and rows of massive books and clerks and telephones filled her with awe, but she clung to her plan tenaciously.

When the boy brought Hiram Stapleton a card upon which was written "Miria Lansing" he looked puzzled, then alarmed.

"Send her in," he directed.

So Marian Lansing was ushered into the private office and told the sternfaced old lawyer of her plans and purposes.

"My dear girl," he exclaimed in alarm, when she had finished. "It is impossible, worse than quixotic. You must not think of such a thing. The sisters were very careless to allow you to leave. I shall look into it. A young girl like you to be-traveling about the country alone—especially in the city—it is scandalous. Let me see, how old are you?"

"Seventeen," she replied, with spirit. "Quite old enough to see my mother and father and explain things to them. Where are they? Oh, tell me where they are?"

"It is impossible," replied the lawyer again. "The agreement was plain that neither should see you until you were 21. I am charged with your care, too. This is a very unhappy affair. You must return to the convent at once. I will go with you myself and take this matter up with the mother superior. Let me see. There is a train at 4:30. We have just time to catch it. You must not do such an indiscreet thing again."

With her heart full of grief and anger, she accompanied him down the elevator and into the carriage he summoned. On the way to the depot she recovered her possession and renewed her resolution to reunite her parents. She had made a mistake and fallen into the hands of the enemy. She must escape and readjust her plans. At the depot the lawyer went to the ticket window to purchase the tickets. Appreciating her opportunity she darted out of the door and into an electric street car about to start. Looking back she laughed to see Hiram Stapleton rush out of the door of the station and look wildly in every direction.

Realizing her ignorance of the city she resolved to ask a policeman where she could safely seek shelter for the night. Realizing also the danger of pursuit, she changed her name and invented a story about coming to the city to seek employment. She was directed to a very decent place, where lodging was secured for a nominal price and then she figured out a new campaign. She knew the suburb where her parents had formerly lived. Thither she went on the following day and found the old home she remembered. It was inhabited by strangers. With the persistence of desperation she inquired among the neighbors, carefully concealing her identity. What she learned filled her with concern. Gilbert Lansing, her father, was supposed to be traveling in the orient. Mrs. Lansing was somewhere in the south, nobody knew exactly where.

Marian returned to the lodging house in despair. She was balked and all because that horrid ogre of a lawyer refused to help her. Her soul rose in revolt against him. Then she thought of the future. A great terror seized her as she thought of returning to the convent. She knew she was disgraced forever in the eyes of the sisters and she knew the many ways she would be made to feel their displeasure. So she drifted along for a few days, not knowing what to do. Then she realized with a shock that her money was almost exhausted. She thought of going to Stapleton and throwing herself upon his mercy. But her pride and hatred dismissed the idea at once. No, she would work and earn her own living first.

She started out to seek work, in the stores where she saw many girls employed, in offices, in binderies and factories—but she had no skilled labor to offer and was turned away until her heart was as sore as her feet. The days passed and the bottom of her purse was reached. Then came an icy atmosphere at her boarding house and she realized the bitter fact that the world has no use for the person without money. Frightened, desolate and desperate, she staggered out for a final trial. If she failed—why there was the river as a last resort.

But it is always darkest just before dawn and the tide turned on this darkest day of her life. She happened into a big insurance office, where extra help was needed to address circulars, and she was engaged temporarily.

The manager noticed her and was impressed by her refined face and manners and after the extra work was out of the way she was transferred to a regular department and put on the pay roll.

These were the happiest days she had ever known. Small as her wages were they sufficed for her needs and she was absolutely independent and mistress of herself. But there is no rose without a thorn and soon Marian found herself the object of most embarrassing attentions from the manager of the department. As they grew to be intolerable she found rescue from an unexpected quarter. Tom Wilson, a sub-bookkeeper, observed the manager's attentions one afternoon and followed Marian out into the hall, where he hailed her.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "but I can see that you are a country girl and not used to city ways; therefore I take the liberty to say to you that the less you have to do with Hyde the better it will be for you. I say this because I have a sister myself and I would deem it a particularly friendly act if some fellow would give her a tip in a case like this."

Marian flushed scarlet. "Thank you, sir," she said. "I have tried every way to avoid him, but I cannot." Her eyes filled with tears and Tom noticed then that they were uncommon fine eyes.

"I'll see that he does not annoy you further," he said.

He was as good as his word. One interview with Hyde sufficed and Marian was left in peace. In this way a friendship began between Wilson and Marian, which resulted in something warmer, and in the springtime, when Tom told her the old, old story, she was glad to lay her tired head on his broad shoulder and let him assume all the responsibility and care.

And a new nest was built in a quiet little flat and Marian sang all the day long.

* * *

In the meantime, Hiram Stapleton had narrowly escaped apoplexy. After exhausting all the machinery of the modern detective agency he was finally forced to admit his defeat and reported to his joint clients that their daughter had escaped from the convent and was lost in the great city. Post haste came Gilbert Lansing from abroad and his wife from the south. Forgetting their differences, they joined hands to find the missing girl.

* * *

One evening Tom Wilson burst into his modest flat, blazing with excitement.

"Look at this," he exclaimed, pointing to his newspaper. "What does it mean?"

Sure enough there was an advertisement for Marian Lansing signed by her father's name. Then for the first time she told Tom the story of her life, and together they went to the great hotel mentioned in the advertisement.

There they found Gilbert Lansing. Marian refused to speak until her mother was also present, whereupon the mother was sent for. Then she told the story of the letter and her quest, ending with a tear-emphasized appeal for her parents to forget and forgive—an appeal so eloquent that before it was fairly ended Mrs. Lansing was in her husband's arms.

"And who is this young man?" asked the latter.

"That! Oh, that is Tom," replied Marian.

"Tom?" repeated Mr. Lansing, knitting his brows, "Tom who?"

"Tom Wilson, my husband, of course," replied Marian, flushing. "There isn't any other Tom, you geese."

Some months later Tom Wilson gazed reflectively out of the window of his luxurious office in a great skyscraper and pinched his leg viciously.

"Ouch! Yes, I am awake," said he, "but I'll be jiggered, if it don't beat the Arabian Nights. Here I am, a poor devil of a bookkeeper at $80 per month, I get stuck on a dear little copyist and marry her, wondering all the time how I am going to support her. I buy a paper for a penny, and, presto change, my wife finds a long-lost father and I—well I am managing a million-dollar estate for the old man and, incidentally, looking after my wife's personal fortune of a couple of hundred thousands. And some people say marriage is a failure."

Hump Back

SCOTT'S EMULSION won't make a hump back straight, neither will it make a short leg long, but it feeds soft bone and heals diseased bone and is among the few genuine means of recovery in rickets and bone consumption.

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Fired on the Spot.

Employer—I have noticed, Mr. Timson, that you, of all the clerks, seem to put your whole life and soul into your work; that no detail is too small to escape your critical attention, no hours too long to cause you to repine.

Clerk (joyfully)—Yes, sir.

Employer—And so, Mr. Timson, I am forced to discharge you at once. It is such chaps as you that go out and start rival establishments after they have got the whole thing down pat.—Tit-Bits.

Preserving the Slogan.

The fond parent had accompanied his daughter into the department store.

"Oh, pop!" she exclaimed, showing him a piece of dry goods, "do let me have this. It is so fine and light for summer. See, there is almost nothing to it."

"Yes, I see," he growled, "when you get it you'll still have nothing to wear."—Cleveland Leader.

The Last Word.

Church—I took my wife home a phonograph.

Gotham—And did it please her?

"It did at first; but she finally broke it into bits."

"You surprise me!"

"Well, you see, that was the only way she could get the last word."—Yonkers Statesman.

Then He Got Busy.

Slowboy—I say, Miss Willing, are you aware that I am a member of the Press club?

Miss Willing—Of course not, Mr. Slowboy. How was I to know?

And the next day she told her chum that Slowboy had a perfecting press for printing kisses.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Just the Man for the Job.

"What is it, sir?" asked the workman who had been hailed by Mr. Crabley.

"There's a piano in here that I want you to fix," said that gentleman.

"But I ain't a piano tuner; I'm a carpenter."

"I know. I want you to nail the lid down."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Jumping at the Conclusions.

"Hello, old man! You don't look as well as when I saw you last."

"No, I haven't been getting much sleep the past few nights."

"Well, well. When did it happen? Why, I didn't even know you were married."—Philadelphia Press.

Couldn't Be Both.

"He's an egotist of the worst kind," said the first actor, speaking of another; "he's determined to be different from every one else in his profession."

"Considering that determination," remarked Snappey, "how can he be an egotist?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Solid Comfort.

Don't keer how de worl' go—
Never want it all;
Ef you never rise fur,
Won't have fur ter fall.
—Atlanta Constitution.

MATTER OF OPINION.



"Say, waiter, how do you pronounce C-a-m-e-m-b-e-r-t cheese?"

"It is largely a personal matter, sir. A gentleman who was in here last night pronounced it the worst he ever saw."—Chicago Tribune.

Says the Young Father.

Is sleeplessness contagious? Why,
There's no disease to match it!
Whenever baby gets it, I
Am always sure to catch it.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Parson's Poor Pay.

Hewitt—Do you believe in this theory that marriage prolongs life?

Jewett—Sure; I've known a number of ministers who would have starved to death if it hadn't been for wedding fees.—Town Topics.

Cheering Him Up.

Cholly—I can't live without your daughter.

Mr. Gotrox—Oh, yes you can. Work never killed anybody yet.—Puck.

No Information.

"Yes, she tried to find out how much money her husband had in the bank."

"And did she learn?"

"No, indeed. They wouldn't let the bank teller."—Judge.

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 DOZ Including ONE GOLD PEN, O SELF-EJECTING PEN-HOLDER sufficient INK-TABLETS to mal ounces of the very best writing This great offer is made only to int duce the most wonderful pens manuf tured. All the articles above mentio ed sent prepaid on receipt of pric Satisfaction guaranteed, or the UNIO will refund the money. Address T College Pen Company, Box 4012, tion B, Philadelphia, Pa

To Cure a Cut, Sore or Wound

apply Ramon's Nerve & Bone Oil promptly. It is antiseptic—stops the pain and causes healing by first intention. 25c and money back if not satisfied

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