R. F. PARKS & SON.

Commencing July 7, 1902, we begin our

Summer Reduction Sale!

OUR MOTTO:

Lowest Prices! Best Values!

Obtainable for the money.

Next Monday, July 7. 1902,
FOR SPOT CASH:

5c per yd. buys 6¼c Lawns.
8½c per yd. buys 10c Lawns.
10½c per yd. buys 12½ and 15c Lawns.
8c buys odds and ends in the best Windsor Percales.
6¼c buys best Lancaster Apron Gingham.
BLEACHED MUSLIN REMNANTS—ranging 3, 5, 10 and 15 yards—some of them as good as Pride of West, worth 12½c, all as good or better than best Fruit of Loom--8½c per yd. buys choice—COME QUICK.
18c per yd. buys a good 9-4 Brown Sheeting—not bankrupt stock but bankrupt prices.
LACES by the piece or in remnants. Big values. Beadings, black and white, in Valenciennes.
Ladies', Misses, Children's Men's and Youth's UNDERWEAR, at special prices to close.

MATTINGS!

We have too much to carry. 8½c by roll to start them. 100 yds. Matting, several Rolls, at 20c per yard. Remnants—10, 12 and 15 yds—20 per cf. off.
TABLE OIL CLOTH, remnants, (defective) start 10c yd. 15c buys good value, best goods.

American Granulated SUGAR

5 Cents.

MONDAY and TUESDAY.

75c. per Pair.

SHOES. SHOES.

And Slippers!

75c { We have a lot of Odds and Ends-must go. One lot of 100 pairs old style Ladies Hand and Machine Sewed kid-foxed lasting uppers, were $3 and $3.50 per pair, now go for 75c per pair. Other shoes correspondently low. } 75c

$7.95 buys 1 Set Double Wagon Harness, Body parts, 1½ inch Traces, extra leather.
$9.25 buys one set Double Wagon Harness body parts 1½ inch traces, extra heavy stitched—3 rows.
$9.95 buys a bang-up single strap Carriage Harness worth $12.

SPECIALS.

1c buys what we have left of White China Butter Plates.
2c buys good Tumblers, not cracked.
45c buys one set White China Cups and Saucers.
$1.99 buys one 9-piece perfect Chamber Set.
8¾c buys Enterprise Coffee next Tuesday, July 7th.
28c per pound buys June Tobacco next Tuesday, July 7th.
20c per pound buys Job Tobacco.

R. F. Parks & Son.

VIRGINIA COLLEGE
For Young Ladies, Roanoke, Va.

Opens Sept. 18, 1902. One of the leading shools for Young Ladies in the south. New buildings, pianos and equipment. Campus ten acres. Grand mountain scenery in valley of Va., famed for health. European and American teachers. Full course. Conservatory advantages in Art, Music and Elocution. Students from thirty states. For catalogue address MATTIE P. HARRIS, President, Roanoke, Va.

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have a truss that's cured hundreds of ruptures. It's safe, sure and easy as an old stocking. No elastic or steel bands around the body or between the legs Holds any rupture. To introduce it, every sufferer who answers this ad. at once can have one free It won't cost a cent. ALEX SPEIRS, 23 Main St., Westbrook, Maine.

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cures Lung Troubles, Dyspepsia, distressing stomach and female ills, and is noted for making cures when all other treatment fails. Every mother and invalid should have it.

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

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LUMBER.

SHINGLES.

SHINGLES.

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VA. PINE SIDING,
WHITE PINE SIDING,
CYPRESS FENCING,
DOORS, SASH,
BLINDS,
MOULDINGS, ETC.

—FOR SALE BY—

T. W. ELIASON,

SETTLERS OF DUPLIN COUNTY.

[Continued from Second Page.]

of his friend only to die. The place, a noted one in that day, was a few miles from Clinton. I think it is now owned by Rev. Allen Whitfield.

The people of Dublin had scant sympathy with the savagery at Alamance and afterwards. Only a handful of men followed Tryon and they were not commanded by a citizen of Duplin. On the return of Tryon he sent John Ashe into Duplin to administer some sort of new oath. The people loved Ashe but they refused to take any oath, and sent him on to his home. In the most dreadful period of the Revolution they stood as a wall in front of the Tories of Bladen and Cumberland, and so there were no inroads or raids. When Col. Brown and his compatriots were compelled to flee for their lives from Bladen county they found sympathy and safety in Duplin and thence they returned to redeem their homes in the triumph at Elizabeth town.

I am a long ways from the scenes of which I have been writing, and there may be mistakes or inaccuracies. Duplin was my birth-place and the home of my youth as Maryland was the home of my ancestors. It has been pleasant to pay this tribute to each of them. It has been specially pleasant to set forth in some feeble fashion the part which Maryland had in making an important section of North Carolina.

J. D. HUFHAM.

ONE TOUCH OF MOTHERHOOD.

A lady in waiting to Queen Alexandra told a friend a touching little incident which took place soon after the death of her son, the Duke of Clarence. The princess, with her usual gentle reticence, tried to hide the grief for her firstborn. It was shown only in her failing health and in increased tender consideration for all around her. One day, while walking with one of her ladies in the quiet lanes near Sandringham, she met an old women weeping bitterly and tottering under a load of packages. On inquiry, it appeared that she was a carrier, and made her living by shopping and doing errands in the market town for the country people.

"But the weight is too heavy at your age," said the princess.

"Yes. "You're right ma'am. I'll have to give it up, and if I give it up, I'll starve. Jack carrried them for me—my boy—ma'am."

"And where is he now?"

"Jack! He's dead! O, he's dead!" the old woman cried wildly.

The princess, without a word, hurried on, drawing her viel over her face to hide her tears.

A few days later a neat little cart with a stout donkey were brought to the old carrier's door. She now travels with them to and fro, making a comfortable living, and has never been told the rank of the friend who has tried to make her life easier for the sake of her dead boy.—*Chicago Post.*

WILL BE WITH HIM AT LAST.

The man who stays out of the church because it has hypocrites in it is an old fault-finding misanthrope. How does he expect to keep out of the company of hypocrits after death? He is now traveling towards their destination, and in the next world they will be his constant companions. Then, again, if he knows how to give to the world a religion that is free from all hypocrisy, he ought to come at once into the church and give us a sample of it. No, he is a mean, querulous, crooked grotesque and unlovable in his nature, and if he were in the church he would be the most arrant hypocrite in the entire list of members—for this is what he really is out in the world.—*Texas Advocate.*

Philosophic Maunderings.

Positively the last appearance generally means that the actress is going to request herself to return.

One way to keep burglars from breaking into your safe is to have your coal piled outside.

One of the advantages of being young is that you have the privilege of sowing your wild oats.

One of the peculiarities of the dyspeptic is that he knows more than the doctor about his own symptoms.

If you have to buy coal this winter, it's a sign that there will be a lot of starved plumbers.

Cupid's Luck.

Poor Cupid is a lucky dog
Since high-priced coal has come to pass,
For who will have the soul to kick
When he turns down the costly gas?

Charcoal Eph's Daily Thought.

"Dey am some people en the worl'," said Charcoal Eph, as he kicked the off mule with a billet of wood, "dat ain' got no me' sense dan am allowed by law, an' in sech cases made an' pervided it am er distinct providence dat iggernance am bliss, Mistah Jackson!"

Beetem—Pshaw! I must have $20 by noon to-day and I left all my money at home in my other clothes. Can't you help me out?

Wiseman—Sure. I'll lend you car fare to go home for it.—Philadelphia Press.

WHEN THE LEAVES FALL.

Before we have fairly said good-by to summer and entered upon the clear, bright, crisp days of autumn, the leaves begin to drift down slowly in showers of green and gold, of russet and red and brown. On calm, still days they float lazily through the air, but a freshening breeze sends them scurrying past in many a fantastic dance. We are sorry to see them go, for their fall seems to mark the end of the life and brightness and gayety of the summer, and to be a forerunner of winter snows and blasts.

But deep as our regret may be at sight of the brigh colored showers falling about us, we have the comfort of knowing that the spring will bring back all the beauty that we see floating away, that the trees will be clad once more in robes of soft and tender green, and that the whole beautiful pageant will repeat itself as the summer waxes and wanes. And it is the very falling of the leaves that gives us the promise of the new, rich life to come the following season.

By autumn the leaves have finished their work and live their brief lives, but that is not the only reason for their falling. If the tree or the branch upon which they have grown has died during the summer, they may still cling, bare and brown and rustling, till some strong wind tears them loose and hurries them to the ground. But where the tree is healthy and vigorous, the leaves are pushed out from their places by the tiny buds in which the leafage of the following season are snugly wrapped. Through the winter the tree stands gaunt and bare, apparently the very symbol of desolation, but with the coming of spring warmth and spring rains, the tiny buds push rapidly forward, till suddenly there comes a day when the bare branches are clothed in the delicate, fairy-like green that is one of the crowning beauties of the springtime. Who stops then to regret the fallen leaves of autumn?

If the tree could be conscious of these changes, it might grieve over the loss of its leaves, which form such a necessary part of its life, much as we grive over the failure of our plans, or the dissappointment of hopes that have filled a large place in our lives. It might well look forward with dread to the future, wondering whether new leaves would come to take the place of those that had fallen, and whether, even if this came to pass, the new ones could be as beautiful as the old. Knowing as we do that as long as the tree is strong and vigorous, the leaves of each succeeding season will be larger and more abundant than those of the past year, we might laugh at the very thought of a tree having any such anxiety.

And yet how often we know exactly the same spirit! Five-year-old Mary, disappointed because mamma has not brought her any candy from down-town, feels that her day is spoiled, and makes herself thoroughly unhappy, even though she knows that there will be canday for her in a day or two. The disappointments of boy and girl-life cloud the whole horizon while they last, and in their way are as hard to bear as though no more pleasures could reasonably be expected. The high-school student who bends every energy toward gaining some longed-for honor, and then fails to win it, is more apt to be downcast over what he calls his failure than to be looking forward to other honors that may be sought and won. So it goes all through life. Plans fail, hopes are disappointed, opportunities vanish, honors that we had thought almost within our grasp slip away. And as the bright-tinted leaves go fluttering away, our disappointment is so keen that there seems nothing bright or promising left for us. If, in that downcast mood, we could learn a lesson from the tree, which is each autumn stripped of leaves and each spring is clothed with new beauty, it might save us from many a fit of the "blues," or soften the sorrow that comes with deeper losses and disappointments.

The danger is that we may grow impatient in waiting. With the tree, there must be the time of quietness and rest. Even though the new buds are set, they do not come pushing out as soon as the falling of the old leaves has left the branches bare. Faith and patience are hard lessons to learn, but it seems to me that both are beautifully taught by the trees, If through the summer days they can whisper to us the faith that new and beautiful hopes and opportunities and joys will come to take the place of those that have gone fluttering away, and waken in our hearts the patience to wait till we are fully ready for the new leafage, our lives will be better and happier. —*Alice L. Griggs, in Young People's Weekly.*

A Certain Cure for Dysentery and Diarrhoea

"Some years ago I was one of a party that intended making a long bicycle trip," says F. L. Taylor, of New Albany, Bradford County, Pa. "I was taken suddenly with diarrhoea, and was about to give up the trip, when editor Ward, of the Laceyville *Messenger*, suggested that I take a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I purchased a bottle and took two doses, one before starting and one on the route. I made the trip successfully and never felt any ill effect. Again last summer I was almost completely run down with an attack of dysentery. I bought a bottle of this same remedy, and this time one dose cured me." For sale by M. A. Toulson, druggist, Chestertown, Md.

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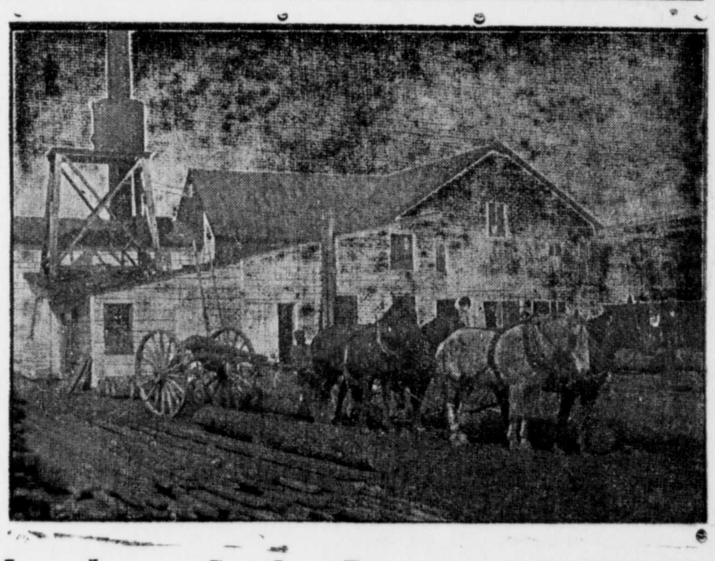

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