

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19

"The Play That is Stirring the Nation."

George H. Brennan
Presents

THE SENSATION OF TWO SEASONS SOUTH AND NORTH

The Clansman

The Question on Every Body's Lips is "Have You Seen The Clansman?"

By THOMAS DIXON, Jr.

From His Two Famous Novels, "The Clansman" and "The Leopard's Spots"

Complete New York Production, Company of Forty Principals, Army of Supernumeraries, Carloads of Scenery, Electrical Effects and a Troop of Cavalry Horses.

Warning On account of the enormous demand for seats and the fact that many theatre-goers were compelled to pay excessive prices to speculators for choice locations for "The Clansman" engagement last season, the management has decided to protect patrons, to receive mail orders if accompanied by remittance. Not more than ten seats will be sold to any purchaser.

25c Gallery
50 and 75c Balcony
\$1 & 1.50 Lower Floor

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Society Event of the Season.

Wednesday, October 17th.

HARRY CORNOR,

And original New York Company, including SADIE MARTINGOT, in the great Madison Square, New York, Theatre Success.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram!"

A Farce in Three Acts by Frank Wyatt and William Morris.

The Success of Two Continents.

300 Nights at Powers Theatre, Chicago.
100 Nights Madison Square Theatre, N. Y.

NOW IT'S COMING TO YOU

Prices: Lower Floor, 1.00 1.50
Balcony, 50c 75c

NEW GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Tuesday, Oct. 16

LEANBER DeCORDOVA

Presents

MR. HERBERT E. DENTON

The Singing Comedian

In the Supreme Sovereign of All Sensational Melodramas Entitled

"A RAGGED HERO"

By MAURICE J. FIELDING

10 MAMMOTH SCENES 10

Prices 15, 25, 35 and 50c

CONFIDENTIAL LOAN

Loans money on everything. You can save money on everything by buying here.

L. SPIRO, Waldo Bldg., Fourth Street.

PIE SALVE ACTS LIKE A POULTICE RELIEVES ALL FORMS OF SKIN DISEASE

AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE WANTED COLUMN OF THE TELEGRAM IS JUST WHAT YOU WANT. A MOST POPULAR COLUMN.



MUST LOOK YOUNG

This Accounts For Dyed Locks That Nurses Sometimes Show.

"Ye, she's a good nurse, doctor," said the patient rather reluctantly. "You don't mean that," was the answer of the physician. "What's the matter with her? Come, tell me."

"Nothing," began the faint contradiction. "She's quiet, tidy and sympathetic, but, doctor, her hair's dyed. I could see it plainly yesterday when she sat between me and the window."

The doctor did not speak for a moment. He did not even look surprised. "Such a nice nurse, too," went on the patient. "Why should she do such a foolish thing?"

It was then that she learned from the doctor that dyed hair is not nearly so uncommon in the case of trained nurses as might be supposed. Sick people like to have young nurses about them. Even physicians have a weakness for the young nurses. They believe that their interest and enthusiasm are greater.

"The nurses' term of usefulness is short enough as it is," this physician said, "for the work is so exhaustive that they must soon succumb. Some of them are compelled to give up after ten years. Few are ever able to keep up until they have put in twenty years."

"If they feel that gray hairs, coming perhaps a little earlier than they are due, are going to make the term of their best days even briefer they are driven to hiding those traces of time and overwork by the use of hair dye, and the number that do make use of it is very much larger than anybody supposes."—New York Sun.

MAHOGANY.

The Way This Beautiful Wood Was Brought Into Fashion.

Every one knows how effective and handsome mahogany is when used for good furniture, but few of us know how its value was first discovered.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century a London physician had a brother engaged in trade with the West Indies who on one occasion brought home several logs of mahogany as ballast. The doctor was building a house, and his brother suggested that the logs would serve for ceiling beams. Acting on the proposal, the doctor gave orders to the workmen to make use of the mahogany, but their tools were not equal to the task of cutting the hard wood, and the logs were put out of the way in a corner in the garden.

Some time afterward the head carpenter tried to make a box from the wood, but was unsuccessful with ordinary tools. He told the doctor, who was interested in the baffling timber and ordered heavier tools to be made to work it with, says Home Notes. When this was done and a box at last made and polished, it was so handsome that a great demand was made from among the despised logs, and this was declared by experts to be so superior to other furniture making woods that the craze for mahogany set in, and furniture made from it became highly popular. The then Duchess of Buckingham fostering the craze in the fashionable world.

A Sea Serpent Identified.
Some forty years ago, when out with a boating party for seagull shooting, I espied a monster fish basking on the surface of the water, with its head well up in the air. The creature allowed us to get within thirty yards, when I sent two charges of shot into its head, with the result that it rolled over on its back, and our long snags came up to it. It proved to be a large shark. I thought I would make quite sure it was dead and sent two more charges into its upturned belly. I must have, unfortunately, burst its air bladder, for it began slowly to sink. Had I not killed it at first, and had it reared its head and flapped its wings, we should probably have added one more story to the long list of sea serpent fabrications.—Manchester Courier.

A Narrow Squeak.
"Your front door is unlocked, sir!" shouted the policeman when he found that Mr. Careless Householder had gone to bed without attending to his locks.

"It's all right," replied the burglar from the bedroom window a minute later; "my son will lock it when he comes home. Here's a shilling for you."

"An easily earned bob," chuckled the policeman as he walked away. "A narrow squeak," said the burglar, with a last round his shoulders.

"Very," replied his accomplice, whose hands were tightly clasped over poor Mr. Careless Householder's month.—London Express.

Skirt and Shirt.
"Skirt" is etymologically the same word as "shirt," though it has come over another linguistic route and properly means a short garment. In fact, "skirt," "shirt," "short," "shear," "kirtle" and "cut" are in all probability near relations. But "skirt" has got itself specialized to a lower garment, with special reference to the lower edge thereof, the boundary where the garment is cut short, whence the verb "to skirt."

Corrected.
Wife (during the tiff)—I have suffered every calamity that can befall a woman. Husband (calmly)—Oh, no, you haven't, my dear. You have never been a widow. Wife—You evidently don't understand me. I said "calamity."

Men of Destiny.
"De mus who takes hisse?" asked every infant of his life," said Uncle Eben. "siltus gits to be one of two things—a hero or a joke."—Washington Star.

SWEET MELODY FLOUR.

THE TELEGRAM, IN ORDER TO BE IN STYLE, HAS ORDERED A FALL SUIT THE VERY LATEST STYLE. IT WILL APPEAR IN THIS FALL SUIT FOR THE EDIFICATION OF ITS 10,000 READERS THE LATTER PART OF THIS MONTH.

SWEET MELODY FLOUR.

A Romance In a Barrel

A barrel shipped from the United States by a woman and society for soldiers in the Philippines was carted to a ship and went rolling over the waves to its destination. "I'm only an old flour barrel," it said to itself, "but I've got something within me that shall turn a man upside down."

Private George Merritt of the 4th United States Infantry sat in his tent in the Philippines reading a novel. It had come to the army of occupation in the barrel. On taking up the book, which was an old one bound in paper, half the cover torn off and numerous scoundrels and lead pencil marks scattered here and there, the soldier turned first to the fly leaf and read the name—"Julia Anita Leigh."

Who may stamp our fingers and say "What's in a name?" but these are times when there is everything in a name. Had Private Merritt read "Jules and Jim" there would be no occasion for this story. But "Julia Anita Leigh" was different. A young man exiled, as it were, in a benighted land where he seldom saw a woman except the coppery creatures of the country was in an excellent frame of feeling to be impressed with anything suggestive of civilized femininity. When he read "Julia" a pair of soft brown eyes looked at him. "Anita" suggested long black coils of hair. About "Leigh" there was something especially refined. The whole made a very lovely creature.

Private Merritt read the book. It was about a young Englishman who went to Australia to find his fortune and, after many trials in his new home and many complications in England, during which his ladylove was constantly calling upon him to come and save her from certain persecutions she was obliged to endure, he went back home, they were married and the happiness of life commenced.

An idleness and a tropical climate, frayed by soft southern winds, one is apt to dream. As Private Merritt read "Julia Anita Leigh" was calling upon him from every page in heartrending appeals to come and save her from a villainous uncle who was trying to get her into an insane asylum to secure control of her fortune. As soon as he had finished the book he took up a writing case and, pinning it in his lap, wrote a letter to Julia Anita Leigh, thanking her for the pleasure he had derived from her book. There was no instance of knowing her address except the word "Bythesford," so he addressed his letter to "Julia Anita Leigh, Bythesford, U. S. A."

The United States postoffice department takes great pains in delivering letters, never omitting to check the contents of each letter in the case of made up stories wherein the writer wishes a complication between lovers. Miss Leigh received Private Merritt's letter covered with postoffice marks, such as "Try New York," "Try Oregon," "Try South Carolina." She opened it and read that a young soldier in the Philippines had decided to come to her. But her imagination became inflamed with a picture of a handsome young fellow with a pair of pistols in his belt, a sword dangling at his side, a rifle in the crook of his elbow, sitting on a camp chair while the band played on the parade reading that novel which had once been hers.

Letters by the dozen crossed the deep, passing each other eastward and westward. The tone of the first few was subdued, but it was not long before the tropical warmth of the Philippines began to enliven these going westward, kindling a like fire in replies going eastward. A picture of a strapping young fellow in an address kind uniform went westward and passed one of a pretty brunette in silk and lace going eastward.

Then came the welcome news that the 4th Infantry was ordered home. Private Merritt packed his kit and marched to the ship that was to take him to the girls whose letters he had addressed in place of her who had written them. Julia Anita Leigh awaited with a palpitating heart the man whose noble sentiments as expressed in a paper she regarded as worthy of the general in chief of the army.

One sunny morning Miss Leigh was called a girl with the name on it of George Merritt. All in a flutter, she went down into the drawing room, and there sat, or rather, rose as she entered, a young man in citizen's dress, for Merritt had been discharged. For the first few moments they did not scrape to ogle each other to satisfy themselves that they were not disappointed, as two children who have been just a trooped, stand and gaze at each other. Each saw that the other was not disappointed—indeed, was much pleased. Then they sat down and talked it over. There was no villainous uncle in the case. Indeed, there was no need for one. These distressing persons are for lovers who feed on while the match is being touched by the tender passion. Once it is struck they are as useless as a dot to a woman.

There was an uneventful courtship between Mr. Merritt and Miss Leigh. They were social equals, financial equals—indeed, equals in every particular. There was not the slightest objection in either family to their courtship or to their marriage, which took place next day.

One day five years later Mrs. Merritt was cleaning out some rubbish when she came upon an old paper covered envelope.

"What's this, George?" she asked of her husband.

"That? Why, that's that trashy novel you put in a barrel for the Philippines. Throw it away."

BERTHA STONE.

FENCE POSTS
Just received car load of locust posts, round, split and sawed. Southern Pine Lumber Co. Jan 1st.

SHREWD ADVERTISERS SELECT THE BEST MEDIUM. EVERYONE READS THE TELEGRAM; JUST ABOUT 10,000.

Married Women

Every woman covets a dainty party dress, and many of them possess the loss of their girlish forms after marriage. The bearing of children is often destructive to the mother's shapeliness. All of this can be avoided, however, by the use of Mother's Friend before baby comes, as this great liniment always prepares the body for the strain upon it, and preserves the symmetry of her form. Mother's Friend overcomes all the danger of child birth, and carries the expectant mother safely through this critical period without pain. It is woman's greatest blessing. Thousands gratefully tell of the benefit and relief derived from the use of this wonderful remedy. Sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. Our little book, telling all about this liniment, will be sent free.

The Bradford Dispensary Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Notice
To the Public:
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SLAYTON & BRYAN.

Notice to Bridge Contractors:
Pursuant to an order, made and entered by the County Court on the 14th day of September, 1906, Notice is hereby given that there will be a special session of said Court on the 16th day of October, 1906, for the purpose of receiving bids and awarding the contract for the sub-structure and super-structure of a bridge across the West Fork River, near the town of Meadowbrook, according to plans and specifications made by D. D. Britt, Engineer, which are now on file in office of Clerk of County Court of Harrison County. Bids for sub-structure will be received for both concrete and stone. Sealed bids will be received by Charles F. Holden, Clerk, until 12 o'clock a. m. Oct. 16, 1906. The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.
S. S. FARIS, Pres.
CHARLES F. HOLDEN, Clerk.

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Harmony in dress pleases more eyes than costly gewgaws.
Cultivate graciousness, for it is nature's greatest beautifier.
Daintiness has come to be the modern woman's chief charm.
If you have no thought for yourself, remember that others admire beauty.
Beauty may be only skin deep, but it has more value than most kinds of plating.
Things which beautify an old woman may detract from the appearance of the young girl.
Don't wait until tomorrow to think of the graceful form and comely face, for by that time middle age settles and formidable crow's feet will be with you to stay.
No woman need lack some kind of beauty. If nature has denied her a beautiful face, she can make up for it by acquiring a wonderful grace of form or such beautiful hands that she can be the envy of her set.—Pilgrim.

Result of Neglect.
In most cases consumption results from a neglected or improperly treated cold. Foley's Honey and Tar cures the most obstinate coughs and prevents serious results. It costs you no more than the unknown preparations and you should insist upon having the genuine in the yellow package. Sold by Sturm & Wilson.

Browning's French Grammar.
It is not generally known that Robert Browning was the author of a French grammar. It appears that even the late Dr. Garnett, whose knowledge of literature was encyclopedic, had not heard of this early venture of the poet's. His surprise was therefore great when a reference to the work in question by Browning himself was pointed out to him. It occurs on page 203 of the first volume of Browning's letters to his wife. "Thus in more than one of the reviews and magazines that lauded my 'Paracelsus' to scorn ten years ago—in the same column often these reviews—would follow a most laudatory notice of an elementary French book, on a new plan, which I did for my old French master and he published it—that was really a useful work."

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