

A Gallon of PURE LINED OIL mixed with a gallon of

Hammat Paint

makes 2 gallons of the VERY BEST PAINT in the WORLD

Saves 25%

of your paint bill. Is far more durable than PURE WHITE LEAD and is ABSOLUTELY NOT POISONOUS. HAMMAT PAINT is made of the BEST OF PAINT MATERIALS—such as all good painters use, and is ground FINE, VERY THICK. No trouble to mix, any boy can do it. It is the COMMON SENSE of HOUSE PAINT. NO BETTER paint can be made at ANY cost, and is

Guaranteed 5 Years

NOT TO CRACK, BLISTER, PEEL or CHIP.

F. HAMMAR PAINT CO., St. Louis, Mo.
CAPITAL PAID IN \$500,000.

SOLD AND GUARANTEED BY BLY BROS., Hendersonville, N. C.

THE NORTH CAROLINA College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts

Offers practical industrial education in Agriculture, Engineering, Industrial Chemistry, and the Textile Art. Tuition \$30 a year. Board \$8 a month. 120 Scholarships. Address

PRESIDENT WINSTON,
West Raleigh, N. C.

PAGE & SHERMAN City Meat Market.

Best Fresh **Beef, Pork and Mutton in Season.**

Highest cash prices paid for fat Cattle, Hogs and Sheep. Prompt Delivery to all parts of the city.

Phone No. 3.

COMPLETE LINE OF Staple and Fancy GROCERIES AT Burekmyer Bros.,

100 NORTH MAIN STREET, HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.

Your larder supplied with the best the market affords

UNIVERSITY of North Carolina 1789-1905

Head of the State's Educational System.

DEPARTMENTS. Collegiate, Engineering, Graduate, Law, Medicine, Pharmacy

Library contains 43,000 volumes. New water works, electric lights, central heating system. New dormitories, gymnasium, Y. M. C. A. building.

667 Students 66 Instructors

The Fall term begins Sept. 11, 1915. Address

FRANCIS P. VENABLE, PRESIDENT
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

BATHS. BATHS.

HOT AND COLD WATER.

We attend to your wants when you want them. Kindly inspect our place and you are certain to come again.

CLIMAX BARBER SHOP,
C. E. BROOKS, PROP.

BARGAINS IN FURNITURE

—SAVE MONEY ON—

Sewing Machines and Organs.

Selling Below Cost.

Full line of Baby Carriages. Select stock of new goods. Call at our Store in the handsome new brick block.

J. M. STEPP, N. Main, Hendersonville, N. C.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS

THE best points in a sermon are those that puncture sin's hide.

It is always easier to be orthodox than to be honest.

A solution for most of our problems is WORK. Ignorance confessed is half-way to knowledge possessed.

Begin with liquor for a remedy and you end with it for a ruler.

It's the burden we drag and not those we bear that are heavy.

There is no victory over Satan without yielding to the Savior.

It is easier to lead a hundred children than to drive one.

The Lord never invented watching as an escape from working.

Pain is never too great a price to pay to be purged of pride.

It's a poor exchange to lose power with God for popularity with men.

It takes more than faith in hell to furnish you with passports to Heaven.

It is sad to see the snows on the brow before there are fruits on the life.

Fops are people who are born fools and then sent to fashion's finishing school.

The showy man seldom shows anything worth seeing.

Many "great sermons" have come from mighty small souls.

A little practical piety is worth a lot of professional piety.

They have the most who make the most of what they have.

Talking about God is not the same as walking with God.

God calls men to be the media between Himself and other men.

Burning thoughts from Heaven leave no ashes of regret.

It always makes a mean man happy to see another's misery.

Never do today the unkind things you could put off forever.

FEMININE FANCIES.

Empress Haruko of Japan is fifty-six years old.

Ex-Queen Isabella used to be phenomenally stout.

Mrs. Russell Sage has joined the National Association of Audubon Societies.

Miss Honoria Acosta, of the Philippines, graduated from the Drexel Institute.

It is said that the wife of M. Witte, the Russian peace plenipotentiary, is a Jewess.

Marie Corelli, the author, is a small, plump woman, with curly hair and a double chin.

Mrs. W. S. Pratt, of Atlanta, Ga., is head of a firm handling 100 cars of lumber monthly.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland sent for a famous London photographer to take her picture.

The German Empress usually spends her summers at Kadinen, on the north-east coast of Prussia.

A Belgian woman, Mme. Rolland, of Senefle, attained her one hundred and fourth birthday recently.

Miss Nettie Payne, of Butler, Pa., is sergeant on the police force, and is on duty from 7 p. m. until 5 a. m.

Sarah Bernhardt is said to cherish an almost superstitious affection for a necklace of gold nuggets presented to her by California miners.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Dill, of Lincoln, Kan., have been married twenty years and are the parents of twenty children, all of whom are living.

Miss Madge Pickler, daughter of ex-Congressman Pickler, has left her home in South Dakota to work a mine she owns in Cripple Creek, Col.

Mlle. de Rosen, daughter of the Russian Ambassador, when she makes her debut in society will receive from the Czarina the badge and title of a titular maid of honor to Her Majesty.

Journalism.

There was recently a big fire in a small town in Devonshire, and a journalist pushed his way through the crowd to the cordon of police surrounding the burning building.

"Where are you going?" demanded a constable.

"I'm a reporter; I want to get some particulars about the fire," was the reply.

"Here, get out of this," said the constable, pushing the newspaper man back into the crowd, "you can read all about it in the papers tomorrow."—The Sphere.

Hendersonville Pressing Club,
PURKEY & CARTER, Prop
Cleaning Pressing Dyeing and Repairing.
Rates \$1.00 Per Month, IN ADVANCE.
Also Agents for Asheville STEAM LAUNDRY.

Temperance Notes.

Cheerfulness is the bright weather of the heart; "strong drink" withers it.

Given a sufficient motive, a drunkard can redeem himself, even when he is past middle age.

The sale of beer has fallen off greatly in India of late, owing, says an official report, to "the spread of temperance principles in the army."

The Rev. Harvey Wood tells Ocean Grove that drunkenness among the women of America has increased fifty per cent. within a few years.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

A Wife's Story—Trial of the Husband For Cruelty to Her and His Three Small Children—Food for Main Tiger Feeds On, and Yet is Always Hungry.

Six years ago I met Joseph Kenna. He was a good-looking young fellow. Often I watched him pass down the street on his ice-wagon. Every night he came to see me. Money was nothing to him then. He was making \$12 a week. He bought me everything. I was happy.

"Oh," I used to say to him, "you're too good to me; I don't deserve it. All I can do is to love you."

I did love him with my whole soul. I thought of him all day. Such a fine fellow he was!

After a year he asked me to marry him. I was the happiest woman on the East Side. I was proud of Joe. So we were married, and for a short time things went well.

One night Joe came home late. I thought he acted queer. He kissed me. His breath smelled of beer. My heart turned sick. I felt what was coming. True enough, I knew there would be no rest for me after that. Joe didn't say much, and I didn't scold him.

The next day he told me he was sorry. I forgave him. I hoped once more. In a few nights he came in again. It was midnight. "Where's dinner?" he yelled. His eyes were bloodshot and fierce. I was sitting up for him.

"Here it is, Joe, dear," I said. He glared at me and swore a terrible oath. Then he dashed the dishes on the floor. I began to cry. "Shut up!" he shouted. "I'll choke you!"

I trembled with fear. He fell on that lounge there and dropped to sleep. It made my heart bleed to look at him.

Oh, it was terrible! The next morning he went away and never spoke to me. It was the first time.

After that it got worse. Little Joe was born. His father cursed at him when he cried, and threatened to kill him. He never came in till late at night. All the neighbors were afraid of him. They wanted to help me, but they were scared.

For five years night after night he came home drunk. He would slap me sometimes and strike the children. But I loved him in spite of it all.

Little Joe was five and Julia two years old when baby was born. She's thirteen months old now. From that time Joe went from bad to worse. He lost his position on the ice wagon. He gave us nothing to eat.

"I wish you were all dead," he would growl.

How he got liquor, I don't know; but get it he did. One cold night there was no fire in the stove. I was freezing. I wrapped my one shawl round the baby, and Julia huddled up near me on the bed. Little Joe came in. His hands were red with cold.

"Mamma," he cried, "here's a quarter a big man gave me." His father stood in the doorway. He saw the quarter. "Give it here," he growled.

"I won't," answered little Joe, running to me.

His father picked up a chair and hit the boy—his own son. The quarter rolled on the floor. The little fellow did not move.

"You've killed my darling!" I cried. He muttered on an oath and slunk out. He always had a heavy whip. With this he beat me and his little ones. When they cried he laughed. Poor little dears! When they heard him coming their faces would go all white and they would tremble all over.

Joe's clothes got all ragged. He didn't care. Whisky was all he wanted. At last I got sick. I had to lie down. I was trying to sleep on the sofa, not a month ago, when in staggered Joe.

"Get up," he roared, and struck me with the butt of his whip. I shrunk away. "Stop hitting my mamma," I heard little Joe cry. He turned around and threw the boy on the floor. Then he struck the baby and stumbled out. My body was all black and blue where he'd hit me. I was sore all over. I hugged the poor baby. It kept looking at the door and screaming.

Joe didn't come back that evening.

I kissed the children and tried to keep awake, but my eyelids were too heavy. Little Joe was crying for something to eat. My head was dizzy. There was nothing in the room. I was faint. I tried to nurse baby in vain.

Then I tried to get up. I was too weak and sore. I looked at the picture of the Virgin there and prayed.

I could not see clearly. I put my hand over one eye. All was dark. My cup was full, but I hoped for the children. I told them to be good and honest and to love their poor mamma.

For five days I lay on the bed. The poor children cried for food. Joe came in once. "For God's sake, dear," I said, "light the fire and give the bairns something to eat." He scowled at me and broke a rocking chair on the floor. I did not see him again.

Finally a man from some society came in. He took me and cared for the children. The next thing I knew I was in Bellevue.

Joe has gone now. I am sorry for him. He meant to kill me. He tried to, but that was because he was drunk. Perhaps he'll reform and be good after he gets out of jail.

Perhaps he'll be glad to see his boy and girls growing up. I am praying he will. I must support them till they get big somehow.

If only my eyesight would come back to me.

This is the way a New York daily paper winds up the trial of a man for cruelty to his wife and three small children: "Yet who cares; the run tiger must be fed."—The National Advocate.

GOOD ROADS

Something to Think About.

If there is any one class of our people deserving of special favor at the hands of the Government it is the agricultural class, or, strictly speaking, the farmers. No class of people has ever done so much for the United States as the farming people. The farmers tamed the continent from a wilderness and made our country the very garden of the world, annually furnishing about seventy per cent. of our national exports. In respect to what they have done for the Government they need no herald; in respect to what they deserve at the hands of the Government every patriotic citizen, in public as well as private life, should be their advocate. The farmers of the United States, patient and determined, have made no demands, though bearing the heaviest burdens of life since the Republic was instituted. The time has come when they must have relief. Under present highway conditions most everywhere the American farmer is practically imprisoned at home through at least the half of each year. That half of the year is the time when he could be best spared from the farm, and when, with good roads, he could market his products at a profit for his toil. Now, however, he must leave the farm in summer or early fall—the only time when the roads are passable—to market his products, and then always on a congested market, or take the chances of a hub-deep haul that kills his stock, breaks wagon and harness, wears out the man and eats up the fruit of his sweat. The good roads season for the American farmer is the very season when his whole time and attention should be given to his farm operations; it is the crop season which waits for no man, and which, neglected, charges it up to the man behind the plow. We all know what that means. With good roads the farmer could do his town going in rain or snow, or when the ground is too wet to plow; with bad roads, as they are now, as they have been from the beginning and as they will be until the Government of the United States extends its aid as suggested in the Brownlow-Latimer bill, he must be the great national sufferer. It has been calculated by the Department of Agriculture that every time the sun sets the bad roads of the United States cost the American farmers \$1,500,000.

These are Government figures. How any public man can refuse to support legislation that will stop this dreadful drain passes the understanding of the average mind. Can the national conscience and the national thought be unmoved at face with such a condition? Are the people themselves asleep to their own material salvation? How long can this sapping, sapping, of farm life and farm vitality go on before the American farm home is destroyed? And how long, pray tell, can the Republic stand after the destruction of the American farm house?

We hope to see the suggested good roads legislation go through Congress the coming winter. It will, if the people get together and demand it. Let neighborhood and county meetings be held everywhere and petitions go forward to Senators and Representatives. Write to your Senator for Senate Document 204. Talk to your neighbor about it. Urge him to write. Let us all get busy for good roads.—Uptown Weekly.

Less Expensive Roads.

The town boards of Onelida County, N. Y., make the following suggestion: "We would not recommend that every town in this county have built within its borders a road costing on the average \$7000 a mile, as we believe each town should govern itself according to its own local conditions, but we have provided figures to show that no matter whether a town has a high or a low assessed valuation, it could, under the \$50,000,000 bond issue, if its own board so desired, have, without excessive taxation, just as wide and just as expensive roads as any other towns in any other part of the State. If the county and town can devise methods by which the roads to be built should have an average cost of \$4000 a mile instead of \$8000 a mile, the charge to the town under the bond issue for each mile of highway built would be \$30 for each mile the first year; and to the county, the increase in taxes the first year for each mile of highway would be \$70; and to the State it would be \$100. In other words, under the \$50,000,000 bond issue of the State, county and town could obtain a road costing \$4000 a mile at an increase in their annual tax levy of \$200, which under the present system of payment would call for the expenditure of \$4000 in cash, or under the bond issue they could obtain a road costing \$5000 a mile for an increase in their tax levies of \$400 in place of raising \$8000 in cash, as provided by the present method.

"Under the bond issue each town and county is free to select as expensive a road or as cheap a road as the local conditions require."—Tribune Farmer.

"Stunts."

There is an ugly and curious American word, which is used to express a state of affairs for which there is no short English equivalent. The word is "stunt"; it implies an overwhelming desire "to go one better" than anyone else. Great Britain as a nation has not been given to "stunts."—The Engineer.

WOOD SEEDS

WATER MELON SEED

GROWN IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.

"Green rind, red meat, full of juice and so sweet."

If you want quality, sweetness, and the best melons that it is possible to grow, plant our southern-grown melon seed. Northern or western-grown melon seed doesn't begin to compare, when you consider the quality and product of the fruit produced.

Three Ounces—Three Best Varieties—Packed for 25c.

Wood's Descriptive Seed Catalogue tells about the best southern melons, and all other Farm and Garden Seeds. It's mailed free for the asking. We are headquarters for Cow Peas, Sorghums, Seed Corn, Earliest Corn, Millet, Soja and Velvet Beans. Write for Catalogue.

T. W. Wood & Sons, Seedsmen, Richmond, Va.

THE NORTH CAROLINA State Normal and Industrial College

COURSES

Literary, Classical, Scientific, Pedagogical, Commercial, Domestic Science, Manual Training, Music

Three Courses leading to degrees. Well-equipped Training School for Teachers. Faculty numbers 50. Board, laundry, tuition, and fees for use of text books, etc., \$170 a year. For free-tuition students, \$125. For non-residents of the State, \$190. Fourteenth annual session begins September 21, 1905. To secure board in the dormitories, all free-tuition applications should be made before July 15. Correspondence invited from those desiring competent teachers and stenographers. For catalog and other information, address

CHARLES D. McIVER, President,
Greensboro, N. C.

SPECIAL LOW RATES.

Via the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway and Western and Atlantic Railroad. The Scenic Battlefield Route 7 to the

North & Northwest and West.

Superior Train Service. Quickest time and fewest changes of cars. For Rates, Schedules, Maps or any information, address

John E. Satterfield
Traveling Passenger Agent.

No. 1. North Pryor Street. Atlanta, Georgia.

W. J. DAVIS, PRES. GEO. I. WHITE, VICE PRES.

K. G. MORRIS, CASHIER.

THE COMMERCIAL BANK

Hendersonville, N. C.

Capital.....\$16,000.00
Individual Liability of Stockholders.....\$16,000.00

DIRECTORS

W. J. Davis, C. M. Pace, S. Johnson, W. A. Smith, J. L. Egerton, J. W. Pless, J. C. Morrow, R. H. Staton, G. I. White, J. C. Reed, and F. A. Bly.

We solicit the accounts of Individuals, Firms, Corporations and promise every accommodation consistent with sound banking. Interest bearing Certificates of Deposits issued.

TRANSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY.

GENERAL OFFICE BREVARD, N. C.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

Effective Sunday June 11, 1905.

No. 8, Daily.	Nos. 10 and 2, Daily.	Eastern Standard Time.)		Nos. 1 and 41, Daily.	Nos. 7, Daily.
		A. M.	P. M.		
8:00	4:15	Lv. So Ry.	Asheville.	So Ry.	Ar
8:05	4:20
9:00	5:15	Ar. So Ry.	Hendersonville.	So Ry.	Lv
9:10	6:40
9:24	6:54
9:30	7:00
9:33	7:03
9:38	7:08
9:43	7:13
9:50	7:20
10:00	7:30
10:04	7:34
10:10	7:40	Ar. Brevard.	Lv
10:23
10:30
10:35
10:40
10:58
11:25	Ar. Lake Toxaway.	Lv

* Flag Station.
Parlor Car on Trains Nos. 7 and 8. Pullman Sleeping Car on Trains Nos. 1 & 2. Trains Nos. 7 and 8 through trains between Asheville and Lake Toxaway.

Southern Railway Trains

Effective Sunday, June 11, 1905.

Trains on Southern Railway leave Hendersonville as follows:

No. 14.	No. 10.	No. 42.	No. 41.	No. 9.	No. 13.
East Bound.	East Bound.	East Bound.	West Bound.	West Bound.	West Bound.
8:10 A. M.	5:15 P. M.	9:45 P. M.	9:05 A. M.	12:50 P. M.	6:35 P. M.

Connects at Lake Toxaway with Turnpike Line to the Resorts of the Sapphire Country.—At Hendersonville with Southern Railway for all points North and South.

J. F. HAYS,
Gen. Manager.

T. S. BOSWELL,
Superintendent.