

Free Trip to Buffalo

AND THE BIG Pan-American Exposition

With \$25.00 Expense Money Included.
THE ADVERTISER WILL SEND THREE PERSONS:

The Most Popular School Teacher, the Most Popular Clerk and the Most Popular Policeman or Fireman.

THE ADVERTISER'S FREE TRIP TO BUFFALO AND THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION COUPON.

I VOTE FOR

Most Popular School Teacher.

Most Popular Clerk.

Most Popular Policeman or Fireman.

Voters may vote for one, two or three as desired.

Send all Coupons to Contest Editor, The Advertiser.

ONE VOTE EACH.

July 26.

Contest Closes Sept. 10.

Each of the three winners will receive a railroad ticket to Buffalo and return and \$25.00 expense money.

WOMAN and SOCIETY.

Mrs. J. M. deCottet.

TALLY-HO RIDE.

An enjoyable tally-ho ride was given Wednesday night by Captain D. C. Williamson, complimentary to Lieutenant Young of Eufaula, and Miss Eleanor Weems of Mobile. Fifteen invited guests were present. The party were driven out on the Mt. Meigs road and in a large grove just beyond the Three Mile branch, a "watermelon cut" was enjoyed. The young people reached the city on the return about midnight, after a most delightful evening. Those present were:

Miss Carrie Bullock and Mr. Leon Jackson, Miss Hattie Stubbs and Mr. Oliver, Miss Pauline Hannon and Captain Dudley Williamson, Miss Bullock and Mr. Ray Wilkinson, Miss May Allen and Lieutenant Young, Miss Jean Lutz and Mr. Washburn, Miss Mamie Offutt and Mr. Wallace Brown, Miss English and Mr. Ray Jones, Miss Pitcher and Mr. Dave Crossland, Miss Helen Winter and Mr. George Beale, Miss Lucy Winter and Mr. Flournoy Chambers, Miss Maud Dickerson and Mr. Will Kohn, Miss Simpson and Mr. John Watts.

Bugler, Everett Jackson; chaperones, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunt Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Haygood.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Misses Isabel and Virginia Abercrombie, little daughters of Mr. C. O. Abercrombie, who both are ill with scarlet fever, are doing nicely. Miss Isabel is in Fort Mitchell with her aunt, Mrs. Chambers, and is reported as improving.

Mrs. C. E. McClellan, who has been visiting over on the Mississippi coast, in Oxford, Ala., and later Judge and Mrs. Carmichael in Birmingham, has returned to her home on Clayton Heights.

Mr. Logan Williamson of Nashville, who was with the party of Montgomery-ians who went to Atlanta last week, spent a day in the city with his aunt, Mrs. J. L. Hall, when en route home.

Miss Asenath Smith and Miss Delma Foster of Prattville, spent Wednesday in the city, the guest of Miss May Hardaway who returned to Prattville with them.

Misses Gates of Tennessee, who are the guests of their sister, Mrs. Gates in Prattville, came to Montgomery on Wednesday and spent the day with friends.

Miss Hattie Stubbs, Miss Bessie Elsberry and Miss Frances Patterson will spend the coming week in Coosada, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Homer LeGrand.

Miss Mamie Jones of Camden, who has been the guest of Mrs. Burwell Boykin and of Mrs. Thomas Cohoon for some days, has returned home.

Mrs. Charles Thigpen and daughter, little Dorothy, and Miss Janie Watts, have gone to Charleston to visit Mrs. Thigpen's mother, Mrs. Bissell.

Mr. William Hayne, who has been spending some time in the city with his uncle, Dr. Mitchell, has returned to his home in Augusta.

Master Jamie Willcox is at Romeville in Verbera, the guest of the Masters.

Gayle, who will entertain at a party today in his honor and in celebration of a birthday of one of the young men.

The Friday Evening League Meeting. Court Street Epworth League will have a meeting this evening at the parlance at 8 o'clock. This meeting is for the purpose of continuing the study of the reading course, which was begun last Friday evening and proved to be an interesting feature of the league work. The literary meeting to have been held at the church is postponed, on account of the absence of the chairman of that committee.

Mrs. Corrie Garrett and Miss Josie Screws have returned from a delightful visit to their sister, Mrs. Walter Thomas of Blakely, Ga.

Mrs. Wm. Elsberry, Mrs. A. C. Burch and Mrs. Nunnely of Selma are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Homer LeGrand at Coosada.

Miss Frances Jeanette Tatum has gone to Tuskegee to attend a house party at which Mr. Charles Thompson is entertaining.

Miss Gertrude Swanson of Tuskegee, who has been visiting Miss Lila McIver at 9 Cramer Avenue, will return home this afternoon.

Mrs. Bernheimer of New York and Mrs. Godchaux of New Orleans are with their mother, Mrs. Joseph Goettler.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Foster have gone to Buffalo and will, after a stay there, visit Saratoga and other points.

Miss Fannin Martin, who has been so seriously ill from relapse of typhoid fever, is reported as better.

Her friends will regret to learn that Miss Marjorie Matchett is quite ill at her home on Amanda Street.

Mrs. R. S. Snodgrass and daughter, Mrs. Fred Hawkins and children, are summering at Point Clear.

Mrs. Wm. B. Patterson and daughter, Miss Annie Patterson, are summering at Monticello.

Miss Mary Kirkpatrick has gone to Mountain Creek to visit Mr. and Mrs. Horace Stringfellow.

Miss Mattie Monroe of Birmingham is the guest of Mrs. G. T. Key, 711 S. Lawrence Street.

All personal items for these columns may be telephoned to 489 and will be gladly received.

Miss Katie Hicks returned home last evening after a delightful visit to Coosada.

Mrs. M. W. Calhoun has gone to Tuskegee to spend the summer.

Mrs. Forbes Liddell is visiting friends in a cottage at Warm Springs.

Mrs. W. V. Judson is spending the heated term at Warm Springs.

Mr. Horace Hawkins of St. Louis is in the city visiting relatives.

Miss Mattie McQueen is visiting friends in Pensacola.

Miss Josephine Willcox is visiting friends in Gadsden.

The question of greatest moment to one order in Alabama is the question of the fate that await. One-third of the membership of the Order in this domain hold certificates in the Endowment Rank. Are they safe? Will they be protected? Shall they remain in the Rank? Or shall they surrender their certificates after having paid so much for them in the years that are gone? To these questions we can answer that in our judgment every holder of a certificate in the Endowment Rank will be protected, every holder of such certificate should remain in the Rank and no one should surrender his certificate. It is true that the rates have been raised, but the rate adopted is that of the National Fraternal Congress, a rate which is required by the laws of several States, and, by the adoption of which our affairs will be put, in a few months, to use the language of the Insurance Commissioner of Indiana, in splendid shape, and that its consequent death losses will be paid and the mortality of the future provided against.

It is true that our investments have been badly made and are not presently available, but they are convertible into cash, and as soon as this is done, we will have money to meet all pressing necessities and avoid the larger assessments, by reason of the discretion vested in the Board of Control to make a monthly payment when the funds in hand will suffice for present needs. It is true that under the table of rates adopted, the payments by the older members of the Rank may seem to be very large, but this will not be true when we consider the discretion of the Board of Control to pass a monthly assessment when a surplus is on hand.

And to set all doubt at rest, and to forever assure the holders of our certificates, we have the resolution of the Supreme Lodge that it stands behind every certificate issued by the Endowment Rank, and its pledge that every holder of such certificate shall be protected. This resolution alone carries with it the pledge of ten million dollars of invested capital, and the power of that supreme body to levy an assessment of ten million more to hold harmless every investor in a certificate of the Endowment Rank.

In view of this pledge, taking it for granted that every security of the Endowment Rank is worthless, conceding that one-half of its present membership would withdraw because of the increase in rates of insurance, and this is an erroneous concession, assuming that not one new member will be added to the Rank, even in the face of the fact that 450 have already joined it since July 1st, there is an absolute guaranty of the payment of every certificate now in force that cannot be disputed or denied. With such a guarantee, we confidently appeal to the membership in Alabama to stand true to the colors of Pythianism, to desert the cause in its hour of trial, and by the unanimity with which it responds to the new call made upon it in this hour of trial, to demonstrate its love for the Order and its faith in the ultimate triumph of the true articles of its creed.

Tennent Lomax, C. R. Bricken, Supreme Representatives.

Pitt's Carmenerative Cures Teething Children. It cures all Stomach and Bowel Troubles. It will cure your baby. Try it. Price 25c. Put in 10.

THEY'RE OFF TO CAMP

Montgomery Gunners and Troopers Left Here on Special Yesterday Morning.

The Montgomery Field Artillery and the Montgomery Mounted Rifles left Montgomery at 7:20 o'clock yesterday morning for annual practice encampment at Mobile. The soldiers were escorted to the Union Station by the Montgomery Military band which also accompanied them to Mobile.

Major Westcott, Adjutant, Forbes and others of the staff went down yesterday morning. The mounted rifles carried about thirty men. The soldiers anticipated a pleasant and instructive time during their stay in the Gulf City. Various contests for the best drilled man and the best shot are on the program for the week as well as a game of base ball between the teams of the Montgomery battery and of the Mobile battery.

The following are the officers of the Artillery and of the Cavalry who went to Mobile yesterday: Montgomery Mounted Rifles—Captain N. J. Wiley, First Lieutenant W. O. Garside, Second Lieutenant Tom Robinson, First Sergeant Charles Dexter, Montgomery Field Artillery—Captain Charles Hindner, First Lieutenant Sam Rowland, First Lieutenant Jack M. Allen, First Sergeant Otto Smith, Quartermaster, S. D. Downs, Stable Sergeant J. W. Dentz, Gunner C. C. McQueen, Sergeants W. T. Down, J. R. Billard, T. D. Copley and Oscar McDade, Corporals W. A. Gildner, Charles Dempsey, Sam O'Dell, T. M. Sizemore and Joe Reinhardt.

CAN BE TRUSTED

Customer's Interest First Consideration at Holt's Dye Works.

We know we cannot retain customers unless we make it to their interest to continue their patronage. And we make it to their interest.

Free Ticket to Buffalo.

How would you like to have one? Well, The Advertiser is going to send a school teacher, a clerk and a policeman or fireman, to the great Pan-American Exposition. Free railroad ticket to Buffalo and return and \$25 spending money given to each of the three successful contestants. Full particulars elsewhere.

A "Fine Nose."

Boston Transcript. Harry—Old St. Watson is a wonder. With a little forked stick he can find water every time. Dick—Nothing to my Uncle Bill. He isn't much on the water; but, empty handed, he'll find whiskey, if there's any within ten miles.

A Free Trip to Buffalo.

Until August 15, 1901, I will pay railroad fare to Montgomery and return from any point in Alabama of any person who will buy a piano or organ from me. In addition to the free trip, the buyer will get the benefit of a big cut price sale, which will continue until August 15. Twenty different makes of pianos on the floor to select from. Buyers can arrange for annual, semi-annual, quarterly or monthly payments. E. E. Forbes.

A Kansas soldier in the Philippines notes a new superstition "once" at work in the army. "We have," he says, "a lot of native soldiers, enlisted one of them was a native soldier, and the captain puts a native soldier over him, and the native puts on his airs while marching and when he gets drunk it is very evident."

PEACHES.

One dollar per bushel at Knabe's Corner. J. R. CANTELOU.

The cretaceous appliques, so smart just now, were evolved from a lamp shade decoration at the summer's exposition.

THE ADVERTISER'S DAILY SHORT STORY.

BY EDGAR WELTON COOLEY. (Copyright, 1900, by Daily Story Publishing Co.)

BESIDE THE PRICKLY PEAR.

The brake is a little cur of small degree, a sneaking, skulking, yelping outcast from his own kind, a poor substitute for the dog only where no better may be had. Yet the poor brake sometimes rises so high as to be worthy of an honored place among the St. Bernards and Newfoundlanders. One day during the dry season a party of friends were crossing the hot, dust-yellow plain toward Kimberley. At noon they were near the summit of a small hillock, and as this offered as much air as there was to be had, they dismounted and made preparations for the midday meal.

This hillock, like most of those they crossed, had a straggling coat of karroo bushes, many of them but a few inches high, and among the karroo bushes, on an occasional bush, with long, fine, needle-like leaves, and here and there was a tuft of grass or a clump of prickly pears with uplifted, thorny arms.

Presently one of the party noticed a small animal making directly toward them through the karroo bushes, and as it came nearer he recognized the intruder as a brake.

"Throw something at the cur, Dick," he called, irritably, to one of his companions. "We wouldn't mind feeding a decent dog, but we don't want any of these cowardly mongrels skulking about and maybe following us. Never mind if you do break some of his bones."

Dick caught up a stick and threw it with skillful aim, but instead of sinking away, as they expected, the animal dodged the missile and came nearer.

Again Dick threw, and again the animal bounded nimbly aside, this time coming to within a few feet of where they were sitting, and beginning to whine piteously.

"Hold on, Dick," another man called, suddenly. "I believe the brute is starving. Toss him a chunk of meat—a big one."

Dick obediently selected a piece of meat, almost half as large as the applicant, who sprang frantically into the air to meet it half way. But the offering was too large for the brake to grasp in mid-air, and both dog and meat fell rolling upon the ground. Only for a moment, however, then the brake was upon his feet, and seizing the prize with a firm grip, he bounded away into the karroo bushes.

"Afraid to eat it in sight of us," the first speaker said, ironically, "that's the way with all cowardly brutes. They think somebody is trying to steal from them. This cur didn't sneak off to some solitary place and gorge himself. Well, if he eats all that meat he will not be hungry again for a day or two."

But apparently he was mistaken, for ten minutes later the brake was again looking into their faces and whining entreatingly. Several of the men whistled under their breath.

"Throw him a chunk of meat, Dick," one of them called, facetiously. "don't you see that he's starving? 'Whew! I've heard that a Kaffir could eat his own weight in food; now if this cur devours another piece of meat I can at least testify that a brake is able to do so. Give him a good big chunk, Dick."

More meat was thrown to the dog, and, as before, he seized it with a strong grip and bounded away into the karroo bushes. This they supposed, would be the end of the matter, but in less time than before he was back again, bounding from one to another, and looking up at them with big, entreating eyes that almost seemed to speak. What little food he had eaten he had shown at first was now wholly gone. He seemed to have read them, and to have given them his full confidence.

"What a dog!" cried several in wondering admiration. "What a capacity!" one of them added. "Here Dick, throw him some more meat; we must fill him up, even if we have to kill a bullock to do it."

A third piece of meat was thrown to him, but this time the dog merely sniffed it wistfully, and then turned back to them, an urgent entreaty in his whine and in his eyes and in every motion of his quivering, eager body.

"He wants to tell us something," one of the men exclaimed. "What shall we do?"

"But he's still hungry," declared another; "that is quite evident from the way he smells the meat. There was ravenous longing in every motion."

Apparently the dog understood that they were talking of him, for he gave a quick yelp and bounded into the karroo bushes, then stopped and looked back at them.

"He wants us to follow him," cried

the man who had asked Dick to drive the cur away. "Come on!"

He started after the brake and the others followed, and the dog, with a joyous, comprehending bark, rushed ahead.

Up through the karroo bushes to the summit of the hillock they hurried, and then the dog swerved off to the right and bounded on for three or four rods, stopping at length near a clump of prickly pears. What they came upon panting they found him licking the face of an emaciated Kaffir, who was apparently dead. But a brief examination showed that the man was merely unconscious, evidently from loss of blood and from suffering. His body was covered with wounds, already beginning to heal, and one of his legs had been fearfully lacerated and crushed. An effort at self surgery had been attempted, for the leg was rudely cut with leaves and grasses, now dry and withered under the hot glare of the sun. They could see where he had dragged himself across the sand as though to reach the pitiful bit of shade which the prickly pear afforded.

One of the men went back over the trail which the dragging body had made. When he returned his eyes sought the Kaffir with an odd look of questioning respect.

"I found the body of a lion down there," he said gravely. "It must have been killed a week or ten days, for the flesh has been nearly removed by birds and ants. There were evidences of a fearful struggle, a hand-to-hand encounter, I should say. For I found a long knife in the hand of the animal."

"You don't mean—?" began one of the listeners, incredulously.

"Yes, I do mean just that, I believe this man and the lion fought together, and the man conquered and dragged himself up here in the condition you see him. Furthermore, I believe that the little mongrel has since acted as assistant surgeon, by licking the wounds and as the sole provider. He nodded toward the dog, which was still licking the Kaffir's face. Near the animal, and within easy reach of the man's arm were the two pieces of meat, and scattered about them were the cleanly-picked bones of small animals and birds and the broken shells of birds' eggs. The men looked at them, and then at each other. The one who had asked Dick to drive the cur away looked around with a sudden tenderness in his face.

"Yes, I see it all now," he said slowly. "The little brake caught animals and birds in some manner which he alone can explain, and brought them to his master. He licked the wounds and kept off birds and other intruders which might have been harmful. Of course he could not bring water, and the man's unconsciousness is very likely due to thirst. Probably he did all this for some time until some time this forenoon, and then the dog hurried off in quest of food, thinking that the remedy needed. But when he brought the pieces of meat, and his master would not touch them, he must have realized that the water was beyond his power to provide; then he came and implored our assistance."

"Then there is another thing," his voice becoming softer, "I believe the dog has been starving himself in order to provide for his master. See how thin and emaciated he looks, and remember how he sniffed that third piece of meat in camp. I suppose he felt that his moments were too precious just then to be wasted in eating. I doubt if he has even tasted food since his master dragged himself up here."

They were all silent for some minutes, looking at the Kaffir and the dog; and then one of them said: "What shall we do with them?"

"Take them along, of course," was the prompt response. "A man who has been cared for as this one has must be worthy of a further trial. His wounds are apparently doing well, and I think we shall have no trouble to pull him through. We will take him down to the camp, and then carry him on to Kimberley. There I will put him in the care of the best surgeon I can find. We must save him for the dog's sake."

And they did. Before the end of three months the Kaffir was nearly as strong as ever, and by that time they had discovered that he was intelligent above his class, and that he was trustworthy and brave. When they offered him the position of hunter for their party, he accepted the place with a broad display of teeth. So the brake became a fixture of the camp, and though, of course, his first affection was always for the Kaffir, he had enough for all the men of the party, giving perhaps the second place to the one who had asked Dick to drive him away.

SPARKS IN MONTGOMERY

Phoenix City Murderer in County Jail for Safekeeping—Other News Items.

C. H. Sparks, the noted negro murderer of Phoenix City, was brought to Montgomery yesterday and lodged in the county jail. Sparks shot and killed another negro at Phoenix city named Ingersoll. The murder created a deal of bad feeling at the time, and when Sparks was brought back it was feared he would be lynched and the military company was called out. The evidence at the preliminary trial showed that Ingersoll was at a window when he was shot through a window. The shooting was said to have been done by C. H. Sparks and his wife. It is claimed, gave him the gun to commit the deed.

At a preliminary trial Sparks was bound over to the grand jury without bail. He was placed in jail at Opelika, but on account of the jail being insecure it was thought best to bring him to Montgomery.

C. C. Stevens, the young man arrested Wednesday on a charge of embezzlement, and two charges of forgery was released last night on bond. The cases of forgery against W. C. Fuller, tried before Justice W. C. Fuller Monday, were set for August 2 before Justice Screws.

Jim Cartledge was arrested yesterday on a grand jury indictment charging him with cock-fighting. He was released on bond.

David arrett was sent to jail yesterday by Justice J. B. Fuller on a charge of bastardy.

Will McCall, a negro, was arrested at 11 o'clock last night charged with assault with a weapon. The warrant was issued from Justice Screws's court.

Regulation Better Than Abolition. Kansas City Star.

The State president of the W. C. T. U. denounces the press for its attitude on the canned question, but that attitude is based upon the fact that much more good is to be accomplished by a rigid regulation of the dispensary than by the action by a hopeless attempt to abolish its use. As in other reforms, the uncompromising radicals

do more harm than good to the cause of feasible temperance. The anti-canned law has been a failure. There is more drunkenness and drug use in the army now than before its enactment. Yet this law is the direct result of radical pressure.

A PAINFUL ACCIDENT.

John F. Boatright Shot in the Leg. John F. Boatright, aged 19, was the victim of a painful accident yesterday. Boatright was sitting on the side of a bed at his residence, 232 Cleveland Avenue, when a 44-calibre revolver which was on the bed slid off to the floor. The weapon was discharged and the bullet penetrated the calf of the leg of Mr. Boatright, just above the ankle. The bullet has not been abstracted. The wound, while painful, is not considered serious.

A million women today should be told what other millions have learned. That they need one element in their blood far more than men, and that lack of it is the reason they are apt to fade many years before they should. The remedy needed is Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic. Nothing else meets this particular condition so well. Use of it has made hundreds of thousands of women look many years younger and made them feel even younger than they looked. It not only restores strength, energy and beauty, it is a potent and reliable cure for all the ills peculiar to the sex. It cures because it removes the first cause. It supplies just what nature needs to bring health.

It strengthens debilitated organs, gives tone and elasticity to muscles and ligaments, rounds out wasted features and renews the vigor of the nervous system. It helps quickly and just as surely and permanently.

Has been used and praised by women for forty-five years. Prepared only by The Dr. Harter Medicine Co., Dayton, O. For sale everywhere.

MANTELS!

We have rented the entire store occupied by C. F. Moritz & Co., No. 125 Commerce St., to display our

Immense Line of Mantels

There are 151 of them which you may now inspect with ease. Please call and see them. They are beauties.

The Kennedy Co.

109 Commerce. 210 Bibb Sts. Sash, Doors, Blinds, Paints, Oils, Glass, Mantels, Grates, Tile, Wall Paper, Moulding, Artists and Builders' Materials.

Do You Know Any Reason



The Glass That Cheers

ON A WARM DAY IS A GLASS OF OUR REFRESHING AND DELICIOUS SODA WATER. OUR ICE CREAM SODA IS FOOD, DRINK AND MEDICINE ON A WARM DAY. AND OUR DAINY FRUIT FLAVORS, PHOSPHATES AND ICES ARE NOT ONLY PALATE TICKLERS BUT ARE INVIGORATORS THAT TONE THE STOMACH AND REDUCE THE TEMPERATURE.

Why Montgomery people should buy a beer made elsewhere when it is a settled fact that the "purest and best" is made right here at home? It is generally conceded to be good business policy to keep your money at home, to patronize those who help support the town, and to encourage home industries by home patronage. If our people patronize enterprises of other cities, we shall have poor reason to complain if other cities prosper and Montgomery lags behind.

In the matter of beer, there was never a purer or more wholesome article brewed than the product of this company. It costs no more than inferior brands, and, consequently, there is no possible reason why it should not be in every Montgomery home where good beer is wanted.

The Montgomery Brewery.

Telephones 108, 122, 350

City Ice Delivery System

Office Cor. Monroe and Perry Streets.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO ICE CONSUMERS.

The ice wagons are compelled to run their routes on schedule time and we desire that our customers will take their supply of ice when the wagons come, morning and afternoon, as the wagons only make one trip morning and one trip in the afternoon, except Sunday, when we make only one delivery—in the morning. This will enable the wagons to give better service, if the customers will take their supply of ice when the wagons come.

T. H. MOORE, Manager.

Watches! Watches! Watches! Sacrifice sales of Watches. We must reduce our stock. Look at these prices.

John Hancock 21 Jewel movement in 20-year case \$24.00
 B. W. Raymond 17 Jewel, in nickel case \$15.00
 B. W. Raymond 21 Jewel, in nickel case \$20.00
 B. W. Raymond 15 Jewel, in nickel case \$7.50
 Elgin and Waltham 7 Jewel movements in good 20-year cases from \$4.50 to \$10.00
 Look at our window.

MONTGOMERY LOAN CO.
 7 North Court Street.

WALL: PAPER. Our papers are selected and bought by an experienced buyer, whose ideas you can hardly fail to appreciate when you look over our stock. Some special, 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 8.50, 9.00, 9.50, 10.00. The Wall Paper Men, 212 Dexter Ave.

Bastiani AND Cassimus

Treasury Department. Office of Comptroller of the Currency, Washington, D. C., June 24th, 1901.

Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that the Fourth National Bank of Montgomery, in the City of Montgomery, in the County of Montgomery, and State of Alabama, has complied with all the provisions of the statutes of the United States required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of banking;

Now, therefore, I, Charles G. Dawes, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The Fourth National Bank of Montgomery, in the City of Montgomery, and State of Alabama, is authorized to commence the business of banking, as provided in Section Fifty-one hundred and sixty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States."

In testimony whereof witness my hand and seal of office this 24th day of June, 1901.

SEAL
 No. 587.

CHARLES G. DAWES.

Rings and happiness

go together. A ring encircles all that is good, and pure, and lovely in this life. It is the symbol of a choice, solid. A gold band or one of our costly gems; both embody the same sentiment—the same spirit of love and esteem, and they carry with them as well our guarantee of goodness and reliability; something essential in tokens of this kind.

WEISS, THE JEWELER.

Housekeepers' Closest Friend

Is a durable light Broom smoothly finished and a pleasure to handle.

Made in Montgomery.

The "YELLOW LABEL" Brooms are made right here in Montgomery, so why not uphold home industries when the goods surpass foreign make?

Sam Trum.

"Yellow Front," 203 Dexter Ave.

HOOD'S PILLS

Route for the liver, and cure biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.