

THE KING OF THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMP

Way up in the heart of the Great Dismal Swamp, 30 miles from Elizabeth City, I discovered another one of those folks who are different and who help to make life less monotonous. His name is George Dyer and he is neither white man nor negro, but a strange combination of both plus the wit and cunning of an oriental.

There is a ditch about three miles long from the Dismal Swamp Canal at Wallaceton to Lake Drummond in Dismal Swamp. This ditch is known as the feeder ditch and carries the waters of Lake Drummond to the Dismal Swamp Canal. It is from Lake Drummond that this lock canal gets its water. There is a dam in the feeder ditch controlling the flow of water to the canal. George Dyer has charge of this dam and his business is to watch the water in the canal and keep it at a prescribed height. He looks after the sluice gates at the dam and see that just so much water passes thru those gates as needed.

Besides this service for the Lake Drummond Canal & Water Co., George is fire warden for Arbuckle Bros. who have 3,000 acres of timber nearby from which they get the lumber incidental to the manufacture of their daily requirement of 5,000 sugar barrels.

On the side, George is the sole guide for tourists to the Great Dismal and runs a unique hotel there in the heart of the swamp on an elevation made from the excavations from the feeder ditch. It is as a guide and caterer to tourists that George excels and it is a queer collection of tourists he gets. They come from all parts of the world. Just last Sunday, May 28, they were registered from Washington, from New York, from Pittsburgh, from Norfolk, from Elizabeth City, from New London, Conn., and Peabody, Mass. Many of these tourists are scientists and naturalists who come to study the flora and fauna of the great swamp. George would tell you that "they just piddle around and look for bugs and birds and worms and snakes; some of 'em go in for leaves and herbs and toad stools and things like that; they seem to know a lot about such things but ain't got much sense about anything else."

To accommodate visitors and tourists George has a small shelter for picnic parties and two small shacks, neither of which is larger than the cook house of a log cabin. One of these has three bunks built to the wall and a cook stove. It is called the "Hotel de Gink." The other is nameless. The two shanties do not begin to accommodate the overnight visitors and George turns the lower floor of his house over to his white guests. When shanties and the spare rooms in his houses are filled to overflowing, George sleeps the overflow on the trees, swinging hammocks between trees on the edge of his clearing. A tarpaulin goes over the hammocks to keep out the rain. A dozen hammocks were occupied in this way last Saturday night following a rainfall that registered an inch and a half of water in an hour and a half. People who go to the Great Dismal Swamp to behold the greatest morass in the world would hardly be content with accommodations that did not discommode them. They brave the abode of the deadly moccasin snake, the vicious black bear, the wild cat and malaria and would feel that they were cheated if they were not treated rough. And George let's 'em rough it, charging only moderate rates for such accommodations as he provides, plus a dollar for the use of a skiff.

George Dyer is a native of Elizabeth City, or reckons he is. He was found on the steps of the Pasquotank County jail sixty-five years ago and to all appearances was the abandoned child of white parents. There was much speculation as to who his parents were and several prominent citizens were gossiped about. George was adopted by James B. Dyer and wife who lived on the corner of Main and Dyer Sts., on the very property now occupied by the residence of W. J. Woodley. James B. Dyer was a tailor. He named the foundling George Quinton Trotman Pappendick Dyer and George carried that name until he was old enough to register and vote. He registered the full name on the registration books in his precinct in 1878 and dropped all of it except the George and the Dyer after that.

George says he doesn't know to this day who his parents were, but that he lived as a white child until 13 years old before the negro blood in him made itself so manifest that he had to take the negro classification. But this big interesting fact in his life doesn't seem to have bothered him a bit and he has lived joyfully and on friendly terms with both races.

I asked the Postmaster at Wallaceton to tell me something about George Dyer. "He is a colored man, but he's all right," said the Postmaster; "He is what you might call a white

nigger."

I asked another prominent man at Wallaceton about him. "I don't know just what to tell you," he said, "except that George is one-half white man, one-half negro and one-half Indian; I think it takes just about three halves to classify him; he is more than a third of any one of the three."

George is particularly interesting to his neighbors because of his remarkable martial record. He is said to have been married seventeen times and to have been the father of 97 children. George himself can't tell you how many times he has been married or how many children he has had. Several of his former wives are dead; some of them and their children are still living in Elizabeth City. Nine years ago when he went to the heart of the Dismal Swamp he married and took with him a bright and industrious little black woman who keeps his house in wonderful order and looks after tourists and visitors while George is about his other work. She has borne him five children and is happy with him there in the heart of the swamp where there are no other women to vamp her mate. And George himself declares that Janie, his present spouse is the best woman he has married yet. She keeps his house, she keeps his books, she looks after the tourists, attends the sluice gates at the dam when George is away, works the garden and fishes the ditch. And in the winter when there is no garden to work Janie takes her rifle and goes into the great swamp after game. "She has a tread like a panther and can travel through the swamp all day without cracking a twig," declares George.

Some day I am going to take a day off and visit George and Janie; I'm sure they'll keep me entertained and that I will bring back something of interest to my readers.—W. O. S. in the Elizabeth City Independent.

DEATH FROM SNAKE BITES RARE IN U. S.

Although the average mortality from America venomous snakes is a little more than 10 per cent of the persons bitten, death from snake bites is quite rare, according to the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, because relatively few persons encounter or are bitten by the dangerous species.

The most venomous of our native snakes live in lonely, little-settled districts, often on stony or swampy land that can not be cultivated. Usually they disappear at the approach of man and while they make strike if provoked, the popular belief in respect to the distance they can strike is erroneous. Three-fourth of their own length is about the greatest distance possible. If the legs are well protected when one is going into deep woods or places known to be infested by rattlers or other poisonous snakes, there is slight chance of being bitten.

As the food of snakes consists of the living prey, they cannot be killed by poisoned baits. The only method thus far devised to kill them seems to be clubbing or shooting. This is best done in early spring, when they are still sluggish after the winter hibernation. Allowing hogs free run of infested land may reduce the number of snakes. However, the popular idea that hogs are immune to snake bite is probably based on the impenetrability by the venomous fangs of their thick skin and fat layer rather than on actual immunity of these animals.

The varieties most commonly found in this country are the Elapidae, or Harlequin snakes, and the Crotalidae, or "pit vipers," which include rattlesnakes, cotton-mouth water moccasins, and copperheads.

CHRISTIAN HARBOR NEWS

There will be preaching at Christian Harbor church next Sunday morning.

On account of the rain, the Sunbeams did not hold their regular meeting last Sunday.

Miss Maggie Holloman is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. T. Coleson, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Blythe, and Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Hoggard spent a few days last week in Norfolk, as the guests of friends and relatives.

Mr. W. J. Holloman is confined to his home with illness.

Mrs. Bettie Owens will spend the summer with relatives in our community.

Mr. E. V. Grissome made a business trip to Aboskie last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Aakew were guests of Mrs. N. S. Hoggard last Sunday.

Mrs. B. H. Ward was the guest of Mrs. E. V. Grissom Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Jennie Jernigan was the guest of Mrs. W. J. Holloman Friday afternoon.

According to a German official document published recently, the number of submarines lost by that government during the war was 199, including boats sunk, interned and captured.

PLEASED THE "MONEY BAGS"

European Capitalists Listened With Pleasure to Accounts of Rockefeller's Stupendous Wealth.

During my stay in London I accepted an invitation to have luncheon with Lord Rothschild at his office, John Hays Hammond writes in Scribner's. It had been my custom, extending over a period of many years, to drop in informally and have luncheon with the Rothschilds once or twice during each of my frequent visits to London. On these occasions always the most interesting topic of conversation was my estimate of the wealth of Rockefeller and other rich Americans. Lord Rothschild invariably introduced the subject and forewarned, I was ready to give him the desired thrill. He would usually start with some "piker" capitalist, whose wealth did not amount to more than the paltry sum of \$100,000,000, and then worked up by queries until he reached the American Croesus, John D. Rockefeller. It would be an unpatriotic American who would belittle the wealth of a compatriot at a time like this, and after having modestly admitted, in reply to Lord Rothschild's question, that Rockefeller was certainly worth \$500,000,000, assuming an air of ultra-conservatism, I would allow him to extort what was to him a delectable fact that Rockefeller was worth at least \$750,000,000; and when the money bags around the table stared at me with an expression of pleased surprise, but not of doubt, I would in subdued tone convey to them the fact that in informed financial circles of America the Rockefellers' wealth was estimated at over \$1,000,000,000! The internationalism of the Rothschild family, and the utter lack of envy, is evidenced in the unmistakable pleasure which characterized the reception of this titbit of high finance.

BIRDS STILL FAR SUPERIOR

Man's "Conquest of the Air" Seems to Be Thing of the Far Distant Future.

Aviators fly 1,200 miles with two stops for fuel, and the world applauds the deed. Other aviators actually cross the Atlantic—at its narrowest point, some 1,600 miles wide—and the fact stands still unrivaled by a heavier-than-air machine.

But out on the Pacific, an albatross followed a steamer for six days and seven nights without alighting. In this time, the ship traveled nearly 3,000 miles, and the bird, with the circlings, at least as far. Then, with the nearest land 1,900 miles away, the bird swallowed a greedy meal of food thrown over for it, turned abruptly, and disappeared.

Human aviation is a long, long way from having achieved that measure of endurance. It will come—probably—but it is not even in sight yet. In speed, the race between man and bird is close already, and victory in the end is sure to go to the former. As for altitude, the airplane has outclimbed even the condor. But in the supreme test of endurance, of the ability to fly and keep on flying, man is ridiculously inferior.

No Genius Without Pessimism.

Schopenhauer, in his doctrine of the futility of life, emphasizes the fact that genius suffers more deeply and feels more intensely just because of its abnormally developed will and intellect, and that, therefore, genius without pessimism, is unthinkable either in the field of poetry or philosophy.

The placing of Shakespeare and Buddha in juxtaposition is quite in line with the trend of modern thought. Buddhism, like the Tagore cult, is at present in the forefront of interest, and it is safe to say that during the entire century preceding the war there was less written and said on the subject of Buddhism than in the past year. The most widely divergent intellectual currents are being traced back to the Buddhistic source, and every new system of philosophy and all modern historical researches are built up on Buddhistic foundations.—Exchange.

His Recovery Complete.

The Figaro tells of an English sailor named Mitchell who was a past master at the art of tasting whisky. In the war he was asphyxiated and lost his sense of smell and the use of speech. Deprived of his calling, he became a boxer. Now, in a certain bout in London Mitchell received a formidable blow under his nose and another on his jaw. Ten seconds later he was knocked out. One of his attendants rushed some spirits to him. Then Mitchell miraculously recovered and declared, even before wetting his lips, "This stuff is at least fifteen years old."

Takes Sabbatical Year.

In California county agricultural agents have the rank of assistant professors in the state university and are entitled to all the rights and privileges of the resident teaching force.

One county agent who has now served eight years in his present position has been granted sabbatical leave, which he will spend in Europe studying rural co-operation. This is the first time in the history of the work that such recognition has been given a county agent.

Girl, Fourteen, Is Six Feet Tall.

Kathleen Clarke, fourteen years old, and six feet in height, is the tallest girl in England. Medical men declare the girl to be perfectly normal in every respect and are of the opinion that she will continue to grow until she is seventeen or eighteen.

NOT ENOUGH TO KNOW RULES

Successful Authors Have to Pass Very Far Beyond That Stage of the Writing Game.

"A man," said the Schoolmaster, "may know all the rules of poetry and never write a poem; know all the rules of art and never paint a picture; know all the laws of harmony, thorough bass and counterpoint and never write or sing a song that touches a man's soul and starts him drifting on gay dreams or reveries that are sad."

"The reason is that these people never progress farther than rules. Knowing rules is but the beginning. Perhaps a man cannot write without having learned certain rules, though that is debatable, but to write well, a man must have passed so far beyond rules that he does not think of them. But pardon me for speaking at such length on this subject. I was led to thinking of it by hearing so much talk of what is called 'newspaper English.'"

"You have all heard men and women say, and giving an upward tilt to the nose or brow, 'Oh, it is newspaper English!' Sometimes they say with a high air, 'Oh, no. I do not write for the newspapers. I contribute to the magazines.' Why, bless your dear hearts, the best English today is written for newspapers and much of the rottenest written is found in books and magazines. There is a wider and a deeper knowledge of the English language in a newspaper office than in any other kind of office."

"There are too many 'professors of English' handing out bunk to a gullible public."—Boston Herald.

WILL CLOSE HISTORIC ALLEY

London Pathway Which Figures in Pepys' Diary Gives Way to March of Improvements.

Pope's Head alley, a turning off Cornhill, a picture of which appeared in the Times on April 11, will shortly disappear. Lloyd's Bank is going to rebuild its premises at the end of Lombard street, between that street and Cornhill, and to make this possible Pope's Head alley will have to be closed and another thoroughfare constructed in its place, says the London Times.

The alley, which dates back to the days of Henry VI, and is named after a noted tavern, is mentioned several times in the "Diary of Samuel Pepys." In his time the footway was famous for its cutters. Pepys reports that he went to Pope's Head and "bought an aggrate hafted knife, which cost me 5c." Another day some one took him into the tavern and gave him wine, when they discussed affairs of state. "So home," writes Pepys again, "on my way calling at Pope's Head alley and there bought me a pair of scissors and a brass square."

In 1645 it is recorded, wine was being sold at the tavern at a penny a pint. It was at the Pope's Head tavern that Quinn killed Bowen, a fellow actor, in a duel. The first print sellers in London are said to have opened their shops in the alley.

Deposition of Metals.

It is reported that there has been devised abroad a new process for spraying metals onto surfaces of any kind. The metal to be sprayed forms one of the electrodes of an arc, and a blast of gas impinges on this electrode, directed, however, in such a manner as not to play on the arc and extinguish it.

The gas used for the blast is of a non-oxidizing nature, and its effect is to carry away fine particles of metal, which can thus be deposited on any kind of surface, forming a very thin skin.

When polyphase currents are used, the electrodes may either be convergent or so placed as to cross the streams of gas.

In one form of the apparatus the arc is started by means of the instantaneous discharge from an auxiliary high-tension circuit.—Exchange.

Liberal Eastern Potentate.

The heir to the Ottoman throne, Abdul Medjid, is something new in the way of eastern potentates. According to European papers his life in Constantinople is a model of democracy. The future Commander of the Faithful, who is fifty years old, intensely enjoys the liberty of which he was deprived for thirty years by Abdul Hamid. He is said to divide his activities between music, painting, and writing. His library is stored with French books. His favorite writer is Anatole France, his favorite composer Beethoven. Two interesting signs of regeneration of the Ottoman empire are the facts that Abdul Medjid can be approached without oriental ceremony and that he has suppressed the harem of the palace.

Largest Crystal.

Some time ago there was found what was thought to be the largest of all crystals—a piece of spodumene 29 feet in length. Later, however, Professor Montgomery of Toronto announced that he had measured in the Etta tin mine in the Black hills a crystal of that mineral which was no less than 88 feet six inches in length and 32 inches in thickness. It was, he says, almost perfect in form.

Spodumene is grayish-white or pink mineral almost as hard as quartz.

World's Petroleum Production.

Petroleum production of the world during the past year amounted to 750,000,000 barrels, an increase of 9.2 per cent over the previous year.

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North Carolina Superior Court
Hertford County Before the Clerk
Clarence Watson vs. Lillie Watson.

NOTICE

The defendant above named will take notice, that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Hertford County, N. C., to obtain a divorce "A VINCULO MATRIMONII" and the said defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Hertford County, at his office in Winton, N. C., on the 26th day of June, 1922, and answer or demur to the complaint of the plaintiff in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

This the 22nd day of May, 1922.
D. R. MCGLOHON,
Clerk of Superior Court.
C. W. JONES, Attorney for Plaintiff.
5-26-4t.

Notice of Re-Sale

Under and by virtue of the power and authority contained in a certain Deed of Trust, executed by F. L. Howard and wife Blanche V. Howard to W. W. Rogers, Trustee, which Deed of Trust is recorded in the office of Register of Deeds for Hertford County, in Book 68, Page 73, the undersigned Trustee, will offer for RESALE, to the highest bidder for cash, the following described property to-wit:

The F. L. Howard home, located on the West end of Church Street for a better description, reference is hereby made to Deed of Trust from the said Howard and wife to W. W. Rogers, Trustee, in Book and page as above stated.

Place of Sale—In front of post-office building, Aboskie, N. C.
Time of Sale—June 10th, 1922, between the hours of 11:00 A. M. and 2:00 P. M.
Terms of Sale—Cash.
This 24th day of May, 1922.
W. W. ROGERS, Trustee.
5-26-2t.

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Notice of Sale Under Deed of Trust

By virtue of the power and authority given in a certain deed of trust executed by D. M. Maggett and wife, Sylvania Maggett, January 7, 1920, and recorded in Book 65, page 168, office Register of Deeds for Hertford county, the following property will be sold at public auction.

1. That tract of land in Murfreesboro Township, bounded on the north by the lands known as the Deans or Bridger land; on the east by the lands of Moses Porter, deceased, and Potomasi Creek; on the south by the land of D. M. Maggett and H. V. Parker, and on the west by the lands of Ike Wiggins; containing 151 1-4 acres, more or less.
2. That tract of land in Murfreesboro Township, adjoining the lands of Virginia Bridger, H. V. Parker and others, bounded by the lands of said Virginia Bridger, the Wiggins land, tract number 1 above described, H. V. Parker and others, containing 19 one-fourth acres, more or less.

Time of sale—June 15, 1922, at 12 o'clock m.
Place of sale—Court house door in Winton, N. C.
Terms of sale—Cash.
This 18th day of May, 1922.
5-19-4t. W. D. BOONE, Trustee.