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Norfolk Southern Railroad

Offers More AD CITY, N. C., BEAUFORT, N. C. MORE than 100 Hotels Opens June 1st. DELICIOUS SEASHORE RESORTS. DELICIOUS Low Sunday and Week End Excursion Rates. On Sale—June to September. Extremest Convenient and Best Service To Seaside Resorts in Virginia. Every conceivable Form of Amusement. Surf Bathing. Excellent Hotels and Cottages.

REASONABLE RATES.

For complete information apply to any Norfolk Southern Railroad Ticket Agent or address:

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Gem Theater

The Minotaur

A Vitagraph production of the old Greek legend of Theseus.

It Might Have Been Sentimental Sam

An amusing comedy by the Lubin Comedians.

A well acted and clearly photographed comedy-drama.

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea

DR. HARDY'S DRUG STORE

CITY MARKET.

(Quotations furnished by H. B. Mayo & Company.)

Beeswax	27c
Eggs	15@17c
Tallow	4c
Chickens, grown, each	30@45c
Spring chickens	15@25c
Ducks	20@25c
Geese	40@50c
Green salt sides, lb.	5c
Green hides, lb.	6c
Dry hides, lb.	10@12 1/2c
Wool, free from burrs, lb.	17c
Wool, burry	10@16c
Lamb skins	15@30c
Sheerings	5@10c
Corn, bushel	70@75c

A Fire In The Woods

When It Was Over There Was a Change of Heart

By CLARISSA BACKE

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The Sunday dinner was over, and Rebecca was washing dishes in the big kitchen. Henry Mills and his wife came out dressed in their best clothes and got into the waiting buggy. Ever since they had been married twenty-five years before the Sunday afternoon ride had been a regular proceeding. Their daughter Beth waved them a farewell as they drove out of the big gate.

Both looked anxiously away toward the woods that bordered the distant wheatfields. Behind them rose a pale gray cloud now and then flecked by flying cinders. Rain had not fallen for several weeks, and the woods were like tinder, and the paths were thickly carpeted with dry leaves fallen from last year.

The kitchen windows faced the wheatfields, and Rebecca's red face was pressed anxiously to the pane. Then she saw Ed and came to the door.

"The woods are afire, Miss Beth," she said excitedly. "Your pa's wheat will be done for if the wind don't change pretty soon."

The wheatfield was an undulating sea of pale green blades six inches high. The dry weather had slightly parched the tips, and Beth bent down to assure herself that the grain was too green to be affected by the fire even if it should reach the fields. When she looked up again several men were running across the field. One of them saw her, paused, and turned back.

Slowly she walked through the wheat, her light tread scarcely crushing the young shoots. Her fair cheeks took on the rose tint of early dawn, and her blue eyes were filled under a thick fringe of lashes. The man watched her coming toward him, his handsome eyes drinking in her fresh, spring-like beauty. Her pink gown fell softly about her slender form as the green wheat rippled about her feet.

"At last, Beth lifted her shy eyes and saw his good looking face with its reckless, smiling lips—saw the immaculate whiteness of his collar and cuffs and the trim neatness of his handsome clothes. He carried his coat on his arm and slipped into it as she came up with him. They had smiled a greeting into each other's eyes, and their first words were commonplace enough.

"The woods are afire," said Ralph Clinton. "Don't you want to go along and see the fun, Beth?"

A look of disappointment crept into the girl's face. "Aren't you going to fight it, Ralph?" she asked.

The young man laughed good naturedly. "It isn't necessary. There are half a hundred trying to kill it with sand or back fire, but it's got too big a headway. Besides, the wind is strong from the southwest, and nothing can stop it until it dies out for want of something to burn."

"Where is it now, Ralph?" questioned Beth quietly.

"Out in Deep Hollow woods—a spark from the railroad started the blaze and away she went! There were five miles burned over at Waynesville yesterday."

"Deep Hollow woods belong to my father. He owns right through to the farm here. It means a serious loss to him," said Beth.

"It's too bad, Beth, but nothing can save it, so there's no use in worrying," returned Ralph carelessly. "Come, let us go and see the fun. The woods are great at this time. You know, perhaps you may find a rose-casino flower."

"Wait a moment," said Beth, and she turned and with flying feet recrossed the field to the barn. When she returned she carried a shovel in one hand.

"There!" she panted, thrusting the shovel into his unwilling grasp. "Take that along, Ralph. I'm ashamed to have you appear there unprepared to fight the fire."

"Not in these clothes—not on your life!" ejaculated Mr. Clinton lustily. "I'll carry the shovel for the looks of the thing, but if I fight a forest fire it will be by proxy! Some of the negroes from the hollow will be smoked out and glad of a job to take my place for a consideration, eh?"

"Those poor negroes!" cried Beth, disregarding his selfish speech. "I forgot all about them. Their little homes will be ruined. Let us hurry, Ralph. In spite of your joking I am sure you are going to help in a time of need like this."

Without further parley Ralph helped Beth over the fence and into a woodland path, though which they hurried at a greater speed than the young man fancied. Given this time and opportunity, he felt that the April woods were an ideal spot in which to ask Beth the momentous question that had been hovering on his lips for weeks. He was quite sure of her answer, for she had shown her preference for him during the past winter, and his cleverness and wit had quite thrown Ben Wyatt into the shade—raw, country bumpkin that Ben was.

Ralph's lips curled to a little smile of contempt as he thought of the rival who had quietly withdrawn from the

AGAINST THE STREAM

IT'S HARD PULLING

and nowadays with the cost of living going high and higher one should buy their food where they can get the highest grade at the lowest price. We can save you from the stream by sharing our goods with you and giving you the best quality of food at as low prices as you will pay for inferior goods elsewhere.

E. L. ARCHBOLD

Phone 97.

Sewing Machine at Auction!

In our show window we have a new Paragon Sewing Machine, which we offer to the highest bidder. During the next two weeks you are asked to come and make a bid on this splendid \$35 Sewing Machine, which is guaranteed for 10 years. You will miss a chance of your lifetime if you do not get this one at your own price.

On Saturday, July 2nd, we will award the machine to the highest bidder. Bids will be kept secret until that date. If you have not all the price you can give us what you have, and pay the balance in 60 days.

Call at once.

JEFFERSON FURNITURE CO.

Norfolk Southern Railroad.

NEW CONDENSED SCHEDULE

Effective June 5th.

West-Bound		Pullman Sleeping Cars		East-Bound	
READ DOWN				READ UP	
Daily Except Sunday No. 11	Daily No. 15	Daily No. 16	Daily Except Sunday No. 12		
9:45 a.m.	10:00 p.m.	10:00 a.m.	10:00 p.m.	6:45 a.m.	7:55 p.m.
12:15 p.m.	12:30 a.m.	12:30 a.m.	12:30 p.m.	1:45 a.m.	10:45 a.m.
1:45 p.m.	1:00 a.m.	1:00 a.m.	1:00 p.m.	12:15 p.m.	12:15 p.m.
3:15 p.m.	3:30 a.m.	3:30 a.m.	3:30 p.m.	12:30 p.m.	3:20 a.m.
4:45 p.m.	5:00 a.m.	5:00 a.m.	5:00 p.m.	1:45 p.m.	6:50 a.m.
6:15 p.m.	6:30 a.m.	6:30 a.m.	6:30 p.m.	3:15 p.m.	8:15 a.m.
7:45 p.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	4:45 p.m.	9:45 a.m.
9:15 p.m.	9:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m.	9:30 p.m.	6:15 p.m.	11:15 a.m.

For full particulars and regulations of Pullman sleeping car space apply to W. J. Williams, Ticket Agent, Wilson; P. W. Tatum, General Agent, Goldsboro; J. L. Hays, Ticket Agent, Greenville; T. H. Myers, Ticket Agent, Washington; T. H. Bennett, Ticket Agent, New Bern, or address:

H. C. HUGHES, G. P. A. W. W. CROXTON, A. G. P. A.
E. T. LAMB, President and General Manager, NORFOLK, VA.

Unfamiliar Commodities. "Any book in particular, sir?" asked the young woman in charge of the book counter of a large department store. "This is a great novel!"

"Not for me," said the old gentleman, who had been examining the stock in trade with an air of considerable disapproval. "I'm looking for something less ephemeral. Where do you keep the classics, young woman—Lamb's Tales, for example?"

"The young woman looked puzzled. "Hecus?" said the old man. "Crabbe's Fox?"

"I don't know about fox," said the young woman, "but I guess what you must be looking for is the provision department."—Youth's Companion.

Fine Point in Legal Testimony. "So," said the judge, "you say that you never went to Chicago from Huntersville. Now, this is a very important point in the case, and I give you one more chance to explain, for you and Snyder were seen on the same train. Now, be precise."

"No, sir, I never went to Chicago," "Didn't Snyder go?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you were with him. Now, out with it."

"Yes, sir," answered the witness, after a pause. "You see, I told the truth, because it was this way: We sat opposite each other. He faced the engine. I didn't go to Chicago. I just backed away from Huntersville."—Woman's Home Companion.

"Yes," said the drug clerk, "I am called up occasionally to compound prescriptions at night."

"Isn't a man likely to make mistakes working in semidarkness?"

"You bet he is! I took in a plugged quarter once."—Washington Herald.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby announce my candidacy for solicitor of the First Judicial District of North Carolina, subject to the action of the Democratic District Convention, and do earnestly solicit the support of all Democrats in my behalf.

January 18, 1910.
E. A. DANIEL, Jr.

ANNOUNCEMENT

I will be a candidate before the Democratic primaries and the next Democratic District Convention, for the nomination as Solicitor of the First Judicial District of this State.

I request the support of all Democrats. If nominated and elected I promise to discharge the duties of said office, fairly and impartially without fear or favor.

February 1, 1910.
NORWOOD L. SIMMONS.

CITY LIST TAKER.

I will be at the City Clerk's office each day from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. during the month of June for the purpose of listing the taxes of persons owning property within the city limits. The law makes it a criminal offense not to list your taxes.

W. J. WATSON, City Clerk.

The dead stars probably outnumber the living stars by many. It may be millions to one.

contact for Beth Mills' sake, when the really became the subject of open comment.

The smoke grew thicker, and the air was filled with flying cinders that fell in crisp flakes on their heads. In the distance they could hear hoarse shouts of men, the crackling of burning trees and underbrush and the whirring of logs.

Where the three roads crossed was to be the battleground. If the fire crossed Deep Hollow road the little gathering of negro cabins was doomed. The fire was coming toward them now, and they could see the forms of men through the smoke. Strange, fantastic forms they were, frantically beating back the encroaching flames or shoveling loosened soil on the burning fire that ate along the ground.

The group of cabins was unharmed, but in grave danger. The unfortunate occupants were removing their poor bits of furniture, and two rambunctious carts were being filled with the goods. Old Uncle Peter Green occupied a chair of state in one cart. A tottering chair it seemed owing to the wobbly antics of the frightened nigger in the shafts. Weeping and praying and lamenting, they moved dolorously down the road along which Beth had just come.

"Go down to the farm, Judy," she said to the dominant spirit of the group. "Rebecca will take care of you till the danger is over."

Out of the thick of smoke a man turned and recognized her; saw her standing there in her pink cotton dress, dazed by the smoke. Beside her was Ralph Clinton leaning on an idle shovel, whistling softly as he watched the battle with the approaching flames.

Ben Wyatt leaped into the road and confronted them. Clad in blue flannel shirt and corsetry trousers, hatless, his sun-browned face and arms black with soot and grime, he presented a sorry contrast to Ralph Clinton. But somehow Beth's glance caught his steady gaze and lingered there for a brief instant, and she saw nothing to despise in Ben Wyatt, homely farmer that he outwardly was.

"Get back there, Clinton," commanded Ben angrily. "Take Beth away from here. Can't you see it's no place for a woman?"

"Mind your own business, Wyatt!" retorted Ralph. "Got to work there on your fool's job."

There was no time for further argument. The men, who had sprung out in a wide semicircle, were drawing closer together. They had started a back fire, and there was danger when the two fires met that the sudden leap of flames might ignite the vegetation on the bluff. If it did the woods were doomed. But the farmers fought valiantly, and little by little the flames were beaten back from the crossroads until they smoldered down and left charred and blackened desolation wherever their blasting fingers had touched.

Tired and exhausted, the fire fighters lay panting in the sand of the roads.

It was Beth who went a lurking peeks-aiming to call the fugitives home to the cabins, and it was she who found a pall and dipper in Judy Brown's kitchen for water to refresh the tired men. Before it came Ben Wyatt's turn to drink from the dipper she slipped away down the road toward home. As she passed him Ralph Clinton arose and followed her.

"See here, Beth," he said disagreeably. "I'd like to know what I've done to deserve such treatment at your hands."

Beth turned and surveyed him with level eyes. "It isn't anything you've done, Ralph," she said quietly. "On the contrary, it's what you haven't done. I don't think you can understand how I feel about it, Ralph. I thought I cared for you, but I am afraid it was your appearance I loved after all. Please forget all about me if you can." Beth said contritely.

"Well, I seem to have got all that's coming to me today," he said jauntily. "Goodby."

"Goodby," said Beth gently. As she watched him walk slowly away she felt a pang at the shattering of a cherished illusion, while at the same time there was a strange, sweet joy in her heart, mingled with a fear that she had dallied with real love and lost it.

Ralph Clinton turned to fling a backward glance. "I suppose you think you can whistle Ben Wyatt back, but you're too late, Beth!" Then he went on and disappeared.

The girl's face whitened at the taunt and its insinuation, and with a little struggled sob she leaned against the friendly trunk of a tree and hid her eyes.

Ben Wyatt's voice behind her startled her to betray telltale tears on the thick lashes. Grimy and scorched, hatless and tattered and scratched, he was a sorry looking lover. The look in his faithful eyes made up for everything that seemed lacking.

"I heard what that pup said just now, Beth," said Ben grimly, standing with folded arms before her. "I ought to have stepped in long ago and told you what I want to say right now, but somehow I thought you liked him best. This forest fire isn't a patch to the fire I've been through this winter. You don't have to whistle Ben Wyatt back—he's here. Beth, fighting, shall he stay?"

Beth came to his arms with a happy cry, and they must have forgotten the passage of time, for the returning cavalcade of the fugitives started them into embarrassed realization that their secret was no longer their own; but was shared by the grating sensens of Deep Hollow wood.

"Land us love!" shouted Aunt Judy exuberantly, and to the two, blushing under the oak tree as the procession passed, it was verily a "land of love."

WASHINGTON HOSPITAL

A well-appointed Sanatorium for the treatment of all surgical cases in a sanitary and up-to-date method. Skilled physicians and nurses. All the latest appliances in vogue. For information write

DR. D. T. TAYLOE, Chief Surgeon.

Norfolk Southern Railroad Company

SUNDAY SEASHORE OUTING SPECIAL BETWEEN RALEIGH, WILSON, FAIRMVILLE, GREENVILLE, MOREHEAD CITY, BEAUFORT AND INTERMEDIATE STATIONS. VERY LOW EXCURSION RATES.

Every Sunday, Beginning June 19th, 1910

High-Class, Thoroughfare Coach. Go to the Sea Next Sunday.

Sunday Excursion Rates to Morehead City and Return.	SCHEDULE		Sunday Excursion Rates to Beaufort and Return.
	Sunday Only. Read Down.	Sunday Only. Read Up.	
\$2.50	5:15 a. m.	Raleigh	12:30 night
2.50	5:30 a. m.	Bouhall	12:00 night
2.50	5:44 a. m.	Knightsdale	11:45 p. m.
2.50	5:57 a. m.	Eagle Rock	11:30 p. m.
2.50	6:02 a. m.	Wendell	11:15 p. m.
2.50	6:12 a. m.	Zebulon	11:00 p. m.
2.50	6:27 a. m.	Middlesex	10:45 p. m.
2.50	6:38 a. m.	Balfey	10:30 p. m.
2.50	6:43 a. m.	Neverson	10:15 p. m.
2.00	7:01 a. m.	Wilson	10:13 p. m.
2.00	7:17 a. m.	Stantonsburg	9:58 p. m.
2.00	7:29 a. m.	Stantonsburg	9:49 p. m.
2.00	7:47 a. m.	Walstonburg	9:30 p. m.
2.00	8:04 a. m.	Farmville	9:20 p. m.
2.00	8:14 a. m.	Archer	9:10 p. m.
1.50	8:36 a. m.	Greenville	8:51 p. m.
1.50	8:51 a. m.	Slimson	8:31 p. m.
1.50	9:02 a. m.	Grimsland	8:21 p. m.
1.50	9:06 a. m.	Bryan	8:17 p. m.
1.50	9:31 a. m.	Washington	7:48 p. m.
1.50	9:50 a. m.	Chocowinity	7:35 p. m.
1.50	9:56 a. m.	Frederick	7:30 p. m.
1.50	10:10 a. m.	Brigaw	7:19 p. m.
1.25	10:25 a. m.	Vansboro	7:05 p. m.
1.25	10:35 a. m.	Ernest	6:53 p. m.
1.25	10:42 a. m.	Ashku	6:48 p. m.
1.00	10:56 a. m.	Brighton	6:38 p. m.
1.00	11:05 a. m.	Ar. New Bern Lv.	6:30 p. m.
1.00	11:10 a. m.	Lv. New Bern Ar.	6:25 p. m.
1.00	12:10 noon	Morehead City	5:15 p. m.
1.00	12:15 noon	Atlantic Hotel	5:10 p. m.
1.00	12:25 p. m.	Beaufort	5:00 p. m.

Tickets sold for special Sunday trains only, good to return on date of sale. No stopovers. No baggage checked. The Atlantic Hotel, Morehead City, the largest and best seashore hotel in the South. Excellent Sea Food Dinners. For further particulars apply to nearest Ticket Agent.

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