

## How Old Job Was Won

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyright, 1905, by Frank H. Sweet

Old Job had objected to his son's engagement because the girl was college educated, and therefore no account, and opposed the son's going to college until the boy in self defense had taken matters into his own hands and gone away without permission to work his own way. Now old Job was sick, and the farm was under the inadequate care of a hired man, and all the springs and brooks were drying up and the cattle suffering. But the obstinate old spirit was not broken. He now looked up, snarling:

"A windmill agent, eh? Well, tell him to go."

"Something's got to be done, Job. Our man—"

"Yes, yes, I know!" Old Job drew a deep, long breath. But the horses and cattle were needing more water, and whatever else old Job might be he loved his dumb animals and would do for them what he would not dream of doing for himself. The windmill would be a humbug, for there was no water in the land to feed it, but it seemed the only thing at hand.

"Yes, something's got to be done," he repeated; "so you can let the man put in his windmill. It will be good for the birds to build nests on it nothing more. And Hiram will like to look up at it when he comes home. But don't let it go over \$200. That's what I offered our neighbor for half his spring," grimly. "You can let him go right to work. Our hired man will step spryer for seeing it start. He'll like Hiram for newfangled things."

He watched her gather up his almost untasted breakfast with trembling hands, an expression on her face such as he had not seen for years. At the door he called her back.

"Being it's on our own land, we ought to be willing to pay more than I offered that rascal over the fence for his spring," he said. "I haven't any idea what windmills cost, but you can tell him he may go to \$300 and not a cent more. That will satisfy you and Hiram and the hired man, maybe. When I get out I'll sink a well a hundred feet deep if I need be. If that don't bring water I'll sell and clear out."

"Maybe you'd rather I'd see about having a well dug instead of getting the windmill?" his wife suggested.

"No," ungraciously. "I'd rather attend to that myself. I don't believe either one will bring water, but the well's the more sensible. I don't want folks to say we give up without trying to do something."

The next day his wife announced that the farm was being looked over for the best place, and the day after that a dry looking knob at the end of the barn was concluded to offer better prospects for water than anywhere else. Old Job listened in grim silence. The third day he could hear the sounds of workmen. Ten days later one or two of these workmen seemed to be busy about the house, and he wondered what they could be doing. But his obstinacy would not let him ask questions.

It was nearly two weeks after this when his wife came into the bedroom one day, her eyes shining.

"It's done, Job," she said, her voice quivering a little with the very joy of the news, "and it's all come out so nice. Here"—and she laid a roll of money on the bed beside him—"it's what there was left, \$42."

Old Job stared at her. "You don't mean they've found water off there to the end of the barn?" he demanded.

"Yes," tremulously, "and it's such nice water, just like a spring. We've got it piped in the barn in three places and into the house. It runs right into my sink. Oh, Job," her voice catching in a happy sob at the thought, "everything's going to be so easy for us now. And you said we could use the \$300."

"Yes," He picked up the little roll with an odd look on his hard, old face. "But I don't quite understand, Betty. I supposed the man would say the windmill came to just \$300 and that it wouldn't pull up water then. And about all the piping you spoke of? I wasn't meaning to do that. Didn't it cost a lot? And what did the man charge?"

"He—she didn't charge a cent, Job," a little confusedly. "It was one of the neighbors. And the windmill and piping only cost \$240, and some extras about \$20 more. There was \$42 left."

Old Job was silent for some minutes. Then he pushed the money toward her.

"But it on some house fixin's, Betty," he said gruffly. "I was willing to pay \$300."

"Then let's run some pipe to the upland pasture behind the barn," she urged eagerly. "You know it's always been too dry to crop. But if it's irrigated it'll be one of the best fields. And it won't cost over \$75."

"Did the windmill man say that?"

"Yes, and the bottom meadow on the lower side, that's always wet, could be drained for \$150. It would make splendid land then."

"A hundred and fifty—seventy-five," mused old Job thoughtfully. "I would pay big if it could be done." Then, gruffly, and turning his face abruptly to the wall, "But what am I talking about? Being sick makes a man childish. Just because the windmill happens to turn out all right isn't any reason why the next thing should."

When she went out softly his eyes were closed. But he was not asleep. He was thinking.

The next morning when she brought

in his breakfast he was up and dressed, but trembling with weakness.

"Fix me some crutches, Betty," he said, his voice a little less gruff than usual, "or maybe two stout canes will do. Then we'll go out and look at the windmill. I want you to send for the man to come and tell me his ideas about the bottom meadow and the pasture."

When there came a light tap upon his door that afternoon he was in a half doze. To his drowsy "Come in!" instead of a keen, business looking man, as he had expected, there entered a neatly dressed young woman with bright face and quiet gray eyes. Just now there was something very like laughter in the eyes. Old Job stared.

"Maggie Stanwood!" he exclaimed. "Yes, sir, You sent for me."

"I—sent for you?"

"About the irrigation and drainage, you know," she hastened to add. "I've brought some figures and diagrams." She drew a chair to the bedside and began to unroll some papers.

Old Job had half risen in bed. Now he sank down, his mouth opening and closing. But he was beginning to comprehend. "You planned the windmill and all the rest?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir, I've seen a good deal of such work done and studied into it some. I believed I could do this job as well as a professional, and it would save you the expense."

"Does Hiram know?"

"Certainly not. Hiram's away at college."

Old Job's mouth continued to open and shut, though all it said was "Um, huh!" But in the unconscious ejaculation much that had seemed ingrained in his life went out and much—looking into the friendly gray eyes before him—that had not been there came in. His grim face softened.

"You think the work can be done for what you said?"

"I am sure of it."

There was something in her face that made him add:

"And you think there are plenty more things on the farm that could be done?"

"Yes, plenty of them," her eyes again smiling.

"Well," with a long breath, "I guess you can write and tell Hiram that you and I are running up against a whole lot of snags on the farm and pulling them out. And—and you can add that I've took back all I said about you being a set up college girl and no account. If you two have anything to fix up I won't say another word." Then he held out his big, horny hand and closed it around her small brown one.

### Tibetan Children.

The children of Tibet are neither cuddled nor amused. No one pays any attention to them. They have no sweets and no playthings. If they are entertained it is entirely through their own effort or invention. And one diversion never fails, for they are experts in riding on the backs of cows or horses, it hardly matters which.

A Tibetan baby differs widely from other children in seeming to have little nervous development and consequently slight capacity for "taking notice." So, says the author of a book on Tibet, a white baby living in Tibet with a traveling party attracted the greatest amount of attention. He was only an ordinary child, but his wideawake interest in life seemed to the Tibetans something amazing. They would come on tiptoe, their tongues protruding, to stand and gaze at him, asleep in his hammock, then holding up both thumbs and putting out the tongue still farther in token of approbation. When it came time for his bath and the tent was closed on account of the draft, men and women would pull up the flap about the bottom, and the whole aperture would be filled with dark faces and laughing black eyes.

"White child!" one would call, and then another.

"See her put him into the water!"

"He will die!"

"Why does she not baste him with butter and leave him out in the sun?"

### He Was Incurable.

A Methodist minister was much annoyed by one of his hearers frequently shouting out during the preaching "Glory!" "Praise the Lord!" and the like. Though often reproved, the happy member persisted in expressing himself. One day the minister invited him to tea and, to take his mind from thoughts of praise, handed him a scientific book full of dry facts and figures to pass the time before tea. Presently the minister was startled by a sudden outburst of "Glory!" "Hallelujah!" and "Praise the Lord!" "What is the matter, man?" asked the minister. "Why, this book says the sea is five miles deep!" "Well, what of that?" "Why, the Bible says my sins have been cast into the depths of the sea, and if it is that deep I need not be afraid of their ever coming up again. Glory!" The minister gave up hopes of reforming him.—Detroit News-Tribune.

### Strive Yourself Today.

Are you a time killer? Do you stand about talking when you should be disposing of duties that press upon you?

Do you hang around home when you should be at your office?

Do you put off until 9:30 o'clock the things that might just as well be done at 9?

Do you lag through a task instead of attacking it with all steam on and pushing it through briskly?

Do you fritter away a single hour of the day that might be made useful in benefiting your health, improving your mind or helping your business?

If so, strive yourself. You are out of the American spirit. You are not even standing still. You are going backward. If you do not look out, the rest of America will leave you far behind.

Strive yourself today—this morning.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Probing the Beef Trust



MRS. MARY E. MARCY.

THE alleged combination of packing companies popularly known as the beef trust is the subject of inquiry at the present time by several branches of the federal government. One inquiry is being conducted by the department of justice and another by the interstate commerce commission, while the senate committee on interstate commerce has also made investigations in this direction. The packing industry was the subject of a report made to the president in March by Commissioner Garfield of the bureau of corporations. Under the instructions of the department of justice, of which Attorney General William H. Moody is the head, federal grand juries in Chicago, New York and other cities have for some time been engaged in investigations into the operations of the alleged trust. Some indictments have been reported and more are anticipated as a result of testimony taken. The federal authorities are said to have experienced some difficulty in obtaining testimony from those at present connected with the packing companies. There has recently been a remarkable exodus from the metropolis of the west of heads of beef packing firms and managers of departments. Some, it has been announced, have gone on their usual vacations to Europe, others on business trips to Canada or South America. It has been affirmed that some of the gentlemen wanted as witnesses by the grand jury registered under assumed names when they put up at hotels in foreign countries. Although inquiries on the subject have elicited the information that the trips taken were customary with the approach of summer, it is said Chicago has never known a period when so many beef trust officials and employees were away at one time before. When the grand jury could not get the husbands it summoned some of the wives. Just what they said to the jurymen is a secret with that body.

The injunction granted by Judge Grosscup of Chicago in 1903 commanded the packers to refrain from acts in restraint of trade, and it is said that evidence obtained in the course of the investigation shows violation of the injunction or attempts to evade its provisions. Statements have been made that the cattle buyers of the various packing firms of Chicago have been accustomed to hold meetings each morning to agree on prices to be paid for cattle, and it is reported that evidence in proof of such statements is now in possession of the federal authorities. In both the investigations conducted by the department of justice and by the interstate commerce commission most valuable information has been obtained through stenographers formerly in the employ of packers. The case of one of these stenographers, Mrs. Mary E. Marcy, is especially interesting. She was employed six months in the office of Armour & Co. and eight months in the office of Swift & Co. and while so employed determined to turn the knowledge she acquired of the affairs of the beef industry to literary account. The company's officials knew her simply as a stenographer and typewriter and never suspected that she had ambition to shine in the world of literature or yearned to expose what she regarded as unjust and cruel commercial methods. She was intrusted with confidential correspondence, learning in this way the cipher code in use between the packing companies, and was successful in preserving her shorthand notes and making carbon copies for her own use of many important documents. She used the information thus acquired in a series of articles published in a Chicago periodical. When the federal authorities learned of her case she was summoned before the grand jury and willingly submitted to it the valuable information she had obtained while acting as stenographer.



J. OGDEN ARMOUR, HEAD OF THE BEEF COMBINATION.

The bride is quite young, being only 19 years of age. She is well known here and attains many accomplishments. The groom is superintendent and principal of the Manteo graded schools, at Manteo, N. C., and is a young man of sterling qualities.

A charming reception was tendered the bridal party and intimate friends of the family at the bride's home on the Boulevard. Refreshments were served and the house presented a beautiful scene. The decorations consisted of China, cut-glass, silver, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Coltrane left on the midnight train for Washington and other points of interest, after which they will reside in North Carolina—Salem, (Va.) Correspondence Roanoke News.

### Coltrane-Garrett.

One of the chief social events of the season was beautiful wedding of Miss Alma Lee Garrett, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James P. Garrett, to Mr. William Canaday Coltrane, of North Carolina, which took place last evening at 8:30 o'clock in the Methodist church.

The edifice was profusely decorated, the color scheme being white and green. An arch was formed over each aisle, and one before the pulpit, under which the bride and groom stood during the ceremony. The pulpit was banked with palms and other potted plants, being very beautiful. On the end of each pew a bunch of daisies was tied with white ribbon. Mr. Paul Mann presided at the organ. Just before the bridal party entered Mr. Dameron skillfully rendered "O, Promise Me." The sweet strains of the bridal chorus from Lohengrin was played while the party entered.

There were eight groomsmen and eight bridesmaids. They were as follows: Messrs. George Reece, March Patterson, of Bedford; Andrew Roberts, of Roanoke; James Hurt and John Coan, of Winston-Salem, N. C.; W. C. Jones, of Ridgeway, Va.; Prof. C. L. Perry, Milton; Dr. T. E. Koontz, Salem; Misses Claudie Ferguson, Emma Ayers, Katie Bird, Mary Canaday, of Salem; Mary Garrett, of Ridgeway, Va.; Ruth Bush, of Staunton, Va.; Ruth Beville, of Blackstone, Va. and Mrs. Andrew Roberts, of Roanoke.

The gentlemen were all attired in full evening dress, with white gloves, and the bridesmaids all wore beautiful white costumes of Paris muslin, with green girdles and white picture hats. They carried white carnations. The groomsmen entered up one aisle and the bridesmaids the other and crossed before the pulpit. Miss Kate Garrett, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. She wore a beautiful costume of white silk and picture hat. She also carried white carnations. Little Rachel Garrett, also a sister of the bride, wore white silk and carried a large white satin pillow on which the couple knelt during prayer. The bride, who appeared very beautiful, was given away by her father. She was exquisitely attired in soft white satin, en trail, with veil and carried a lovely bouquet of brides' roses. Mr. Jesse F. Coltrane, brother of the groom, acted as best man. The young couple were met at the altar by the Rev. N. E. Coltrane, of Smithfield, N. C., father of the groom, who performed the ceremony, assisted by the bride's pastor, Rev. J. R. Andrew.

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### HAS STOOD THE TEST 25 YEARS.

The old, original GROVE'S Tasteless Chill Tonic. You know what you are taking. It is iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay. 50c.

### The Word Intern.

A fellow never knows unless he learns. That word "intern" had the "in-turn" on a lot of folks who insist on reading all about Togo and Rojestvensky. It is of French origin and means to shut up and keep under restraint in some particular place.—Chatham Record.

### Thrown From a Wagon.

Mr. George K. Babcock was thrown from his wagon and severely bruised. He applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm freely and says it is the best liniment he ever used. Mr. Babcock is a well known citizen of North Plain, Conn. There is nothing equal to Pain Balm for sprains and bruises. It will effect a cure in one-third the time required by any other treatment. For sale by A. H. Boyett, Smithfield, Selma Drug Co., J. W. Benson.

"All a woman asks is to be loved," says a gushing poet. Then all this stuff about her wanting new bonnets and jewelry must be a vile slander.—Chicago Journal.

### NASH HART.

#### A Beautiful Church Wedding Celebrated in Rocky Mount.

Rocky Mount, June 8.—A beautiful and brilliant event was the wedding at the Methodist church when on Wednesday evening Rosa Ramey Hart, of this place, and Mr. Marvin W. Nash, of Selma, were married, the ceremony being performed by Rev. L. L. Nash, of Henderson, father of the groom, assisted by Rev. W. S. Rone.

The church was decorated, and as the friends and acquaintances gathered in great numbers Miss Helen Battle charmingly sang "Call Me Thine Own," while Mrs. M. R. Braswell rendered the organ accompaniment. At 8:30 Mrs. Braswell began the wedding march as the bridal party made its appearance.

First came the ribbon children, little Miss Mamie Daughtridge, in blue silk, and Master John Tyree, in white, who gracefully united the ribbons, while next came the four ushers, Messrs. R. G. Hart, L. V. Hart, J. P. Tyree and W. L. Phifer, these followed by the bridesmaids, Misses Rosa Gordon, Lessie Williford, Bessie Guthrie, of Raleigh; Margaret Etheredge, of Selma; Alice Hart, Temple Whitehead, attired in white silk with yellow girdles and short veils, carrying oye eye daisies; and the groomsmen, Messrs. F. A. Briggs, of Raleigh; Ed. Vick, of Selma; Sam P. Wood, of Selma; J. L. Arrington, J. P. Bunn and J. B. Ramsey, all in full dress. The dame of honor, Mrs. Edgar Hart, wore pink mull and carried pink carnations. The maid of honor, Miss Alice Lancaster, wore blue crepe de chine and carried pink carnations. Little Vernon Hart, the ring bearer, followed bearing a silver waiter with the ring, followed by little Elizabeth May, in pink silk, gracefully strewing the bride's pathway with rose-petals. Then came the bride escorted by her brother, Capt. Edgar Hart, who gave her away. She was attired in a shimmering robe of pure white liberty satin with duchess lace, her long white veil falling in fleecy clouds around her graceful form but not concealing her beauty. They were met at the altar by the groom who, with his brother, Mr. Wightman Nash, the best man had entered from the vestry room. During the ceremony "Hearts and Flowers" was played, and the wedding march from Lohengrin as a recessional.

After the ceremony the bridal party went to the home of Capt. and Mrs. B. B. Williford, sister of the bride, where an elegant reception was tendered them. Amid a shower of congratulations, rice and good-byes, the happy couple left for the North on a bridal tour. They were the recipients of a large number of beautiful and handsome presents. The bride is a beautiful young lady, the daughter of the late Mr. Spencer Hart, and is one of our most popular young women. The groom is a talented young attorney, once a resident of this city, now of Selma, and a son of Dr. L. L. Nash, a prominent minister of the North Carolina Conference.

The happy couple will beat home in Selma after the fifteenth of June.—News and Observer.

### Sued By His Doctor.

"A doctor here has sued me for \$12.50 which I claimed was excessive for a case of cholera morbus," says R. Whiee, of Conchella, Cal. "At the trial he praised his medical skill and medicine. I asked him if it was not Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy he used as I had good reason to believe it was, and he would not say under oath that it was not." No doctor could use a better remedy than this in a case of cholera morbus, it never fails. Sold by A. H. Boyett, Smithfield, Selma Drug Co., J. W. Benson.

### Prosperity Does Not Depend on Saloons.

It is said that within the past twelve months there have been built at High Point 194 dwellings, 10 stores, 13 factories, 3 churches and 2 hotels, at a cost of \$312,800.

This is a remarkable growth and is in a town that is now, and has been for several years, about the strongest prohibition town in this State. Does this look like the prosperity of a town depends on saloons? Or that prohibition injures the business of a town?—Chatham Record.

Every kind of blind, bleeding, itching or protruding piles or piles by whatever name or nature, are relieved by De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. The pain can't be too severe for De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve to relieve it instantly and the piles can't be too obstinate for De Witt's to cure them permanently. Get the genuine. Sold by Hood Bros., Benson Drug Co., J. R. Ledbetter.

### REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

#### Bank of Smithfield

—AT THE—

Close of Business on May 29th, 1905.

#### RESOURCES:

Cash and discounts.....	\$92,109 95
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	4,682 07
All other Stocks, Bonds and Mortgages.....	12,200 00
Banking house furniture and fixtures.....	5,560 43
Due from banks and bankers	19,765 34
Cash items.....	206 00
Gold coin.....	1,185 00
Silver coin, including all minor coin currency.....	2,349 81
National bank notes and other U. S. notes.....	6,541 00
Total.....	\$144,599 60

#### LIABILITIES:

Capital stock paid in.....	\$ 20,000 00
Surplus Fund.....	4,000 00
Undivided profits, less current expenses and taxes paid.....	6,250 69
Notes and bills rediscounted.....	25,314 37
Bills payable.....	15,000 00
Time Certificates of Deposit.....	2,638 87
Deposits subject to check.....	71,323 12
Cashier's checks outstanding.....	72 55
Total.....	\$144,599 60

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, Johnston County.

I, C. V. JOHNSON, Cashier, of The Bank of Smithfield, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

C. V. JOHNSON, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 7th day of June, 1905.

W. S. STEVENS,

Clerk Superior Court.

CORRECT—ATTEST: T. S. RAGSDALE, T. R. HOOD, Directors.

### REPORT OF THE CONDITION

of The

#### SMITHFIELD SAVINGS BANK

—AT THE—

Close of Business on May 29th, 1905.

#### RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts.....	17,930 80
Overdrafts.....	1 45
Stocks, Bonds, Mortgages.....	800
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures.....	3,600 36
Due from Banks.....	1,173 28
Gold coin.....	375
Silver coin.....	202 24
National bank notes.....	808
Total.....	24,891 13

#### LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock paid in.....	10,000 00
Undivided profits.....	248 78
Deposits subject to check.....	14,642 35
Total.....	24,891 13

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, Johnston County.

I, Jas. H. Abell, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JAS. H. ABELL, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 9th day of June, 1905.

F. H. BROOKS,

Notary Public.

CORRECT—ATTEST: W. L. WOODALL, W. D. HOOD.

### STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

#### Clayton Banking Co.,

—AT THE—

Close of Business on May 11th, 1905.

#### RESOURCES:

Loans and discounts.....	\$56,644 53
Overdrafts (secured and unsecured).....	451 17
Banking House Furniture and fixtures.....	3,252 77
Due from Banks and Bankers	12,254 98
Gold coin.....	220 09
Silver coin, including all minor coin currency.....	393 50
National Bank notes and other U. S. notes.....	1,967 00
Total.....	\$75,183 95

#### LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock paid in.....	\$10,000 00
Undivided profits, less current exps. and taxes paid.....	3,477 29
Dividends unpaid.....	10 00
Bills payable.....	10,000 00
Deposits subject to check.....	51,661 16
Cashier's checks outstanding.....	5 20
Total.....	\$75,183 95

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, Johnston County.

I, C. M. Thomas, Cashier, of the Clayton Banking Co., do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

C. M. THOMAS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 5th day of June, 1905.

O. G. SMITH,

Notary Public.