

BLOTTED OUT

By CAROL MURRAY

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They were a rough lot of men under the shadow of Diamond Hill—miners, teamsters, prospectors, traders and cattlemen—but when old John Dyer, one of the mine bosses, brought his daughter Kate from civilization to live with him there and keep his humble cabin he had faith in that chivalry that has always made the western man respect the other sex.

The cabin, like the rude and straggling village, was backed by the grim mountain, while along its front as far as human eye could reach there glittered the white sands of the Mojave desert. Here and there out on that dreary waste were patches of ugly cacti, and intuition told the girl as her eyes searched the desert for the first time that out there under the blazing sun the rattlesnake basked and the lizard glided swiftly over the bones of men and animals.

The desert was not always at peace, its surface resembling a placid lake. Now and then a wind, born up in the gulches of the mountain, came down and went sweeping across the sands, and then the spectator saw great clouds of dust as the flinty particles were caught up and driven here and there to cut and gash and wound whatever lived. The sands never swept in from the desert, but always were driven the other way. Had it not been so Diamond mine and the town around it could not have been.

The coming of the girl among the thousand men was an event. There were a few old women there—cooks and laundresses—but here was a girl, a handsome young girl. Her influence was felt almost immediately. The mine manager said that more soap, combs, handkerchiefs and looking glasses were called for from the company store in a week than were bought during the preceding three months.

At least 500 of the thousand men determined on an introduction at once, but when it came to the point, and even after three months had passed, there were not a dozen callers at the cabin. A month or two later it was said that only two of the dozen stood a chance. By "chance" they meant marriage. It never occurred to any of them that a girl might have come among them without falling in love and marrying one of their number.

It was strange that among Kate's earliest and most persistent admirers was Pedro Diaz, a full blooded Mexican. He had charge of the company's transportation, and he managed through the father to force an introduction. He was kindly received by the girl, but no more. He was tolerated by the father, but there was no welcome for him. Pedro was a swaggerer. He was an egotist. He thought he was in love, and once having made up his mind to this he was ready to maintain what he called his right by fair means or foul.

The thousand men said that Pedro's rival was Tommy Britt, the keeper of the company's store. He was an American, young, fair looking, and down on the books to be promoted for his energy, ambition and integrity. Perhaps he admired, as all others did, but he had never asked himself if he was in love. He found both father and daughter congenial company, and that would have been his excuse had any one asked him why he paid two visits a week to the cabin.

There came a day when Pedro Diaz made up his mind to know his fate. He chose an hour when he knew the girl would be alone, and he dressed in his best and knocked on the cabin door. He believed himself irresistible, and he smiled and smirked and offered his love. There was a moment of astonishment, and he found himself rejected. The girl tempered her refusal as much as possible. It was her first offer, but womanly instinct told her to soften the blow even though the man was obnoxious to her.

"What! You refuse Pedro Diaz?" exclaimed the man in reply. "You refuse me—me, who am worth \$5,000 and could marry any senorita in my own country! Do you quite understand me?" "I have no love for you," replied the girl.

"But that makes no difference. You shall love me later on. I am Pedro Diaz. It is the first time I ever did a woman the honor of asking her to marry me."

The girl's reply was a firm one, and Pedro flung himself out of the cabin with anger raging in his heart. He had been snubbed, humiliated, made a fool of. There was a man in the case, of course, and it could be none other than the storekeeper. Whoever opposed Pedro Diaz in any of his cherished schemes must die. He was not five minutes deciding on the death of Britt.

That morning the young man had ridden away across the desert, a stretch of twenty long, hot miles, to strike the railroad on the other side and order further supplies by telegraph. The ride was twenty miles over and twenty miles back. He would cover the distance in a day, but it would be late in the evening when he returned.

"I will meet and kill him as he returns," decided Pedro, and when darkness fell he awaited observation as much as possible and rode out on the desert. There was no trail across the sands. He who would hold a straight course

must depend upon the compass, and he must consult it often. There was fair starlight—light enough to see his rival many rods away. The sky was clear of those scudding clouds which might be taken as warnings that the whirlwinds were being born in the cold air of the gulches, and no noise came from the mountain except the whispers of the pines to the cedars.

When Pedro had made five miles straight out from the base he pulled in his horse and sat and waited, his face to the west and his ears alert for the slightest sound. For an hour he waited, and then of a sudden a cold chill struck the back of his neck. He whirled his horse about with an oath on his lips.

"It is the sand storm!" he muttered as he jumped to the ground. He had a blanket for himself and one for his horse. The animal lay down at the word and suffered his head to be wrapped, and just as the first sharp grains began to fly the man snuggled down beside the animal and muffled his head and swore.

He had seen a hundred sand storms on that desert. They came with a puff and went the same way. In five minutes he would be up and watching again, but when five minutes had passed the gusts were stronger. At the end of ten they began circling and running across the sands like wreaths. They also dug deep into the sands, and when they met with an obstruction they covered it in. Man and horse were soon in danger of suffocation and had to struggle up to throw off the weight. They were just in time to be caught by a circling breeze and spun around as if they were straws, and when the man was flung on his face at last and covered a foot deep in an instant the horse uttered a neigh of terror and galloped heavily away.

"It will pass, it will pass, and I will have my revenge!" muttered Pedro as he stood up with his back to the blast, but it did not pass.

He was flung this way and that, carried along or left half senseless on the sands, and not for a full hour did the wind scream out its goodby to the desert and return to its sleep. Then the surface of the desert was smooth again, and the man who came riding from the west could not tell that under his horse's feet lay a human body buried two feet deep. There had been a Pedro Diaz. The sands of the Mojave had blotted him out.

The Right Bower.

Before Millard Fillmore was elected to the vice presidency of the United States he was head of the law firm of Fillmore, Hall & Havens of Buffalo. It was one of the leading law firms of the state. He was the defendant's attorney in a certain action in Buffalo. At the opening of the trial of the case the plaintiff's attorney stated to the jury that he would have to depend entirely upon the justice of his client's case, as the defendant had sought and obtained the aid and counsel of one of the ablest firms of lawyers in western New York, and he might say he had opposed to him the right bower of the legal profession. "What does he mean by that?" said Mr. Fillmore. Mr. Havens replied, "He means you." "Yes, I know," replied Mr. Fillmore, "but what does he mean by that particular expression?" "Did you never play euchre?" said Havens. "No," said Mr. Fillmore. "Well," said Havens, "in the game of euchre the right bower is the biggest knave in the pack."

Table Manners of Ye Olden Days.

Can any one still prate of the good old times after reading the following extract from a sixteenth century book entitled "The Accomplished Lady's Rich Closet; or, Ingenious Gentleman's Delightful Companion?"

"A gentlewoman, being at table, must observe to keep her body straight and not lean by any means with her elbows, nor by ravenous gesture discover a voracious appetite. Talk not when you have meat in your mouth, and do not smack like a pig nor venture to eat spoon meat so hot that the tears stand in your eyes, which is as unseemly as the gentleman who pretended to have a little a stomach as she had a mouth, and therefore would not swallow her peas by spoonful, but took them one by one and cut them in two before she would eat them. It is very unseemly to drink so large a draft that your breath is almost gone and you are forced to blow strongly to recover yourself."

Antiquity of Wire.

The manufacture of wire is of very ancient origin. It has been traced back to the earliest Egyptian history. Specimens are in existence which can be proved to date to 1700 B. C. The Kensington museum has a specimen which was made in Minera 800 years B. C. Ancient literature contains many references to wire. From the ruins of Heracleum metal heads have been exhumed on which the hair is represented by wire. There is no question that this ancient wire was made by hammering out the metal, which was always bronze or of the precious group. This held true of all made previous to the fourteenth century, during which the process of forming wire by drawing or elongating the metal by forcing it through a conical orifice, made in some substance harder than the metal treated, was invented.—Cassier's Magazine.

Different Ways of Putting It.

This is a scientific way: "If a man falls asleep in the sitting posture with his mouth open his jaw drops. The tongue not being in contact with the hard palate, the succorial space is obliterated, the soft palate no longer adheres to the roof of the tongue, and if respiration be carried on through the mouth the muscular curtain begins to vibrate." And this is the popular form: "If a man doesn't keep his mouth shut when asleep he will snore."

An Animal Story For Little Folks The "No Good" Cat

Once there was a "no good" cat, just a plain, thin, dirty looking cat who spent most of his time asleep in the coal bin in the day time and dodging the bootjacks and coal that were thrown at him at night as he sat and sang on the back fence. He didn't belong to any one in particular, but he usually slept in Mr. Slipper Slopper's coal bin. So the neighbors all came to Mr. Slipper Slopper and said his cat was "stealing their milk!" His cat was "stealing their milk!" So Mr. Slipper Slopper made up his mind that as the cat was a "no good" cat and had no friends he better be drowned. He told this to the cat, and at once the cat got his back up. "I won't go," said the cat. "You will go," said Mr. S. "But I catch rats and mice for you," pleaded the cat. "You steal others' food," said Mr. Slipper Slopper shortly. "I might do you some good some day," whined the cat. "You're no good," said his master, and taking his water pail on his arm



DRAINED HIM, SCRATCHING AND HOWLING.

and seizing the cat by the tail, he dragged him, scratching and howling, to the river. "What are you going to do?" cried the cat. "Wait and see," said Mr. Slipper Slopper. He took a long cord from his pocket and tied it about the cat's neck and then bent down over the bank to get a big stone. But his foot slipped and in he went, splashing and howling into the deep water. Mr. Slipper Slopper when a boy had never learned to swim. "It's all up with me," he moaned. But the "no good" cat made for home. As he came alone Mrs. Slipper Slopper grew anxious and ran to the shore just in time to pull her husband out. "How did you know?" he gasped. "It was the cat," she replied. "He was some good, then, after all," said Mr. S. So he was.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Animal Story For Little Folks Mr. Camel In Trouble

Were you ever warned to avoid debt? If not, I warn you now, and I will tell you the story of the poor old camel who got in debt. Perhaps he had been careless, perhaps misfortune had chosen him for her prey. At any rate, he became involved in debt to the kangaroo and was hauled before Judge Ape to give an account of himself. "How much money do you owe the kangaroo?" asked the judge as he frowned at the prisoner before him. "Four dollars and twenty-nine cents."



"Why don't you pay it?" growled the judge. "I haven't got it," replied the camel. "Why don't you get it?" "It is impossible." "Do you mean to tell me you can't get it from some of your friends?" "Yes." "Well, I have my opinion of any reputable citizen who can't raise \$4.29," said the judge. "Go to jail." Then they dragged poor Mr. Camel away, gave him a sound beating and put him in prison. And why do you suppose the camel could not raise the money? Simply because he had just been compelled to raise a great deal more money to pay other debts. Beware of debt.—Atlanta Constitution.

God's Masterpiece.

A cultured Christian woman is God's masterpiece; and if she is a Southern lady she is the finest thing in the universe. She is the Marshal Neill of the roses. Other roses may be more gorgeous in their beauty, but there is about Southern womanhood a delicacy, a refinement, an indescribable quality of womanliness that marks her as a distinct type, and the highest type of her sex. If we were asked to explain this peculiarity, and what it is that produces this exquisite beauty of female character, in a cultured Southern woman, I would say that it is our ideal of womanhood. For generations past the South has trained her womanhood. She was made as an helpmeet for man. Her kingdom was the home. Her mission was to be a wife and mother. Her virtues were those that grow to perfection amid the holy environment of domestic life. The husband was the house-band, all external duties belonged to him. He was to reverence his wife and love her as Christ loved the church. And she was to be subject to him, and love, honor and obey him. Under the influence of this divine order of society, the Southern woman grew into a matchless beauty. It was a beauty as strong as it was lovely. We saw in the war what Southern womanhood could endure and dare. She shrank with exquisite grace from the glare of public notice, but moved like an angel of mercy amid the storm of war, and nerved the fainting courage of the soldiers at the front.—Dr. S. A. Steel in Raleigh Advocate.

When indigestion becomes chronic it is dangerous. Kodol Dyspepsia cure will cure indigestion and all troubles resulting therefrom, thus preventing Catarrh of the Stomach. Sold by Hood Bros. Benson Drug Co. J. R. Ledbetter.

DO NOT WAIT. The Ladies' Home Journal is considered by many to be the greatest woman's magazine published in the world. For many years the price has been only \$1.00 per year. After October 1, the price will be \$1.25 per year. Every reader of this notice who will send me \$1.00 before October 1st, will get the Journal one year. Now is the time to subscribe and get this great magazine before the price is increased. I also take subscriptions for The Saturday Evening Post at \$1.25 per year, regular price \$2.00. Address, T. J. LASSITER, Smithfield, N. C.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK AT THE Close of Business on Aug. 25th, 1905.

Table with 2 columns: Resource, Amount. Includes Loans and Discounts, Overdrafts, Stocks, Bonds, Mortgages, etc.

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 8th day of September, 1905. F. H. BROOKS, Notary Public.

ATLANTIC AND NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD. From Goldsboro to Morehead City, Carolina's Great Summer Resort.

Train No. 5 leaves Goldsboro daily at 8 a. m., arriving at Morehead City at 11:25 a. m. Train No. 3 leaves Goldsboro daily at 8:45 p. m., arriving at Morehead City at 7:15 p. m. Train No. 4 leaves Morehead at 7:40 a. m. and arrives at Goldsboro at 11:30 a. m. Train No. 6 leaves Morehead at 4:35 p. m. and arrives at Goldsboro at 8:05 p. m. Trains No. 5 and 6 connect at Goldsboro with Atlantic Coast Line Trains as follows: No. 41 Southbound and No. 42 Northbound. Trains No. 3 and 4 handles Parlor Car (Vance) between Goldsboro and Morehead City (seat fare \$2.50), and connect at Goldsboro with Southern Railway Trains as follows: No. 108 Eastbound; No. 104 Westbound, and Atlantic Coast Line trains as follows: No. 49 Southbound; No. 48 Northbound.

This is simply to remind you that I am still at Princeton, N. C. with a complete line of General Merchandise

I fully appreciate the generous patronage the public has given me for the past twenty-five years, and it gives me pleasure to be able to tell you that I am in a better position to serve you than ever before. To those of you who are not already patrons of my store, I ask that you give me a chance at your Fall business and I will exert every effort to make your visit both pleasant and profitable to you.

My store is being rapidly filled with the most attractive goods of the season; and I might add that in the selection of these goods

Quality was the first consideration, as that is absolutely necessary in order to maintain the reputation I have made. All the staple Dry Goods at prices that are sure to make for me a host of new customers.

Hardware, The famous Clipper Guaranteed Table and Pocket Cutlery, American Field Fence and Barbed Wire, Men's and Children's Clothing, Hats, Gents' Furnishings, Men's, Women's and Children's Fine, Medium and Coarse Shoes. In fact everything you want is here

Single and Double Guns Harness & Saddles Bring your produce to me and I will pay you the very highest cash price for it. Put your horse in my large Free Hitching Lot and make my store Headquarters. Yours for business

D. E. McKINNE

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Clayton Banking Co., AT THE Close of Business on Aug. 25th, 1905.

Table with 2 columns: Resource, Amount. Includes Loans and discounts, Overdrafts, Banking House Furniture, etc.

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 2nd, day of September, 1905. JERSE HILLIARD, Notary Public.

The A. & N. C. R. R. gives notice that the Parlor Car "VANCE" which has been operated on their trains No. 3 and 4 between Goldsboro and Morehead City, will be discontinued for the present season after Sept. 17th, 1905. W. G. YELVINGTON is closing out his stock of men's, ladies, misses' and children's low cut shoes at cost for cash.

Everything is in the name when it comes to Witch Hazel Salve. E. C. DeWitt & Co. of Chicago discovered some years ago how to make a salve from Witch Hazel that is a specific for Piles. For blizz, bleeding, itching and protruding Piles, eczema, cuts, burns, bruises and all skin diseases DeWitt's Salve has no equal. This has given rise to numerous worthless counterfeits. Ask for DeWitt's—the genuine. Sold by Hood Bros. Benson Drug Co. J. R. Ledbetter.

FARM FOR SALE. About ninety acres of land adjoining the place on which I live for sale. Farm is on a public road; about 55 acres cleared and has two dwelling houses. Good corn, cotton and tobacco land. Some good pasture. JOHN R. DENNING, R. F. D. No. 1, Benson, N. C.

FARM FOR SALE. I offer for sale a farm of 270 acres, 2 1/2 miles from Smithfield. Suitable for corn, cotton, tobacco, oats, etc. Good pasturage. Will sell for cash or on time. O. R. RAND, Smithfield, N. C.

LOTS FOR SALE. Several lots making 5 1/2 acres for sale. Would prefer to sell the land in a body to one person. Land lies in the forks of the roads near Mr. James W. Wellons and is known as the John L. Jones land. J. M. BEATY, Smithfield, N. C.

For dry goods and groceries it will pay you to see Cotter-Underwood Co. LAND FOR SALE. I have for sale 2 1/2 acres of land partly cleared with one dwelling house on it. The land is in Ingrams township on the Smithfield road near Mr. D. W. Adams and is known as the Caesar Gusbuhler place. I want to sell for cash. T. V. BAKER, Smithfield, N. C.

A FINE FARM FOR SALE. 320 acres located in Johnston county, on public road between Clayton and Smithfield. One mile from Southern Railroad; 100 acres fine cotton or tobacco land; 150 acres in cultivation; 150 acres in woods. Timber enough to saw seven hundred thousand feet of lumber. A fine location for truck or stock farm. Six good mules. Gin outfit; engine and boiler; all necessary farming tools; also store with new stock of \$3000.00. The store alone will pay 10 per cent. on the whole investment. Six nice dwelling houses all nicely painted. This farm must be sold by October 1st, or it will not be for sale. Reason for selling my time is all taken up with other business. I also have for sale a small farm of 37 acres with a good 4 room house on it. Address, JAS. A. SANDERS, a26 to 1st, Raleigh, N. C.



THE "BOSS" COTTON PRESS! SIMPLEST, STRONGEST, BEST THE MURRAY GINNING SYSTEM Gins, Feeders, Condensers, Etc. GIBBS MACHINERY CO. Columbia, S. C.

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets A Busy Medication for Busy People. Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor. A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 25 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis. GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE DeWITT'S WITCH HAZEL SALVE THE ORIGINAL. A Well Known Cure for Piles. Cures obstinate sores, chapped hands, sores, skin diseases. Makes burns and scalds painless. We could not improve the quality if paid double the price. The best salve that experience can produce or that money can buy. Cures Piles Permanently DeWitt's is the original and only pure and genuine Witch Hazel Salve made. Look for the name DeWITT on every box. All others are counterfeits. PREPARED BY E. C. DeWITT & CO., CHICAGO.