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tuition \$1.25 to \$3.50 per month
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School can be had in Private Families at Reasonable Rates

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Thoroughly Renovated and put in First-Class Order.

GEO. R. DIXON,

Practical Sheet Metal Worker.

AT WILLIAMSTON to furnish the Farmers with TOBACCO FLUES during the Season of 1903.

If you want the Best Material and the Best Work, Call on or address

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TWO TRACKS OF TEXAS

A NEW FAST TRAIN

Between St. Louis and Kansas City and OKLAHOMA CITY, WICHITA, DENISON, SHERMAN, DALLAS, FORT WORTH

And principal points in Texas and the South-west. This train is now through and is made up of the finest equipment, provided with electric lights and all other modern traveling conveniences. It runs via our new completed

Red River Division. Every appliance known to modern car building and railroading has been employed in the make-up of this service, including

Cafe Observation Cars. Under the management of Prof. Harvey, full information as to rates and all details of a trip via this new route will be cheerfully furnished, upon application, by any representative of the

FRISCO

AFTER LONG YEARS...

By Zoe Anderson Morris

Copyright, 1902, by Zoe Anderson Morris

WHEN Gabrielle looked at the card they had brought her, she was for a moment puzzled.

Then she gave a little cry of joy. "Courtney Griswold! And how many years had it been since she had seen him! So many it was impossible to count, and he was waiting there while she made ready to go down.

She hurried. The glass reflected brightly excited eyes and cheeks that were red. She forgot the years and the difference they must have made in that reflection of hers, or she would not let herself think, for Gabrielle had partly learned the lesson of getting aside the thought of those things that hurt.

Ready, she ran half way down the stairs and stopped, peeping over the



"YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL AS EVER," HE SAID, tall bronze figure at the foot of the banister. In whose uplifted hand was the torchlight of the jet into the parlor. She could not see him from there, for the parlor was dark, or he sat hidden in another part of it.

She ran all the way down and entered. He arose, advanced and, taking her by the elbow, pushed her back into the more brilliant light of the uplifted jet in the hall.

He looked down at her. "I want to see you," he said. "I want to see how those long years have dealt with that beauty of yours."

She faced unflinchingly, since she must, the light of the lamp, together with the searchlight glance of his eyes. The glance softened. It glowed. Through half closed lids he smilingly regarded her. His down dropped hands released her.

"You are beautiful as ever," he concluded. And she laughed.

"As if that could be," she laughed turning into a sigh. "After all these years."

"He led her to a divan.

"Come, sit down by me," he insisted, "and let's talk about it—about those rare old days when I used to be with you."

"But first," she reminded him. "Take off your overcoat and hat. Here. Let me help you. And stay an hour or two."

"Or three will be more like it, if I may."

"You may," she laughed back from the hall, where she had come to hang up her coat and hat, "and longer."

He leaned forward listening.

"There is one thing I have heard through all these years," he said to her softly when she had taken the seat by his side.

"And that is?"

"Your laugh."

She laughed it, thinking how its echo had stayed with him through the years, heartlessly, reverently, wondrously.

Her restless fingers toyed with the jeweled cords of a pouson she wore. She whirled them about, first this way and then that.

"Those dear old days," she began, "when you were my pupil—those rollicking old days! What fun they were!"

"And fancy your being a teacher— you, with your short hair curled about your face and your pretty gowns and your prettier ways and your big eyes and your laugh—above everything, your laugh!"

Showing some dimples in a smile, she turned suddenly grave.

"To tell the truth," said she, "my conscience doesn't tolerate me so much as to the art I taught. But of all the bluffs I ever perpetrated upon an unsuspecting public that bluff of teaching mechanical drawing was the most audacious, the most gigantic, the most—well, words fail me when I think of it; they actually do."

"They fail me, too," he assured her. "For I was the victim, the seducer, when I paid out for the learning of absolute—"

She threw back her head in another laugh.

"Say if you want to," she cried. "I don't care. It is only just. For nothing—for absolutely nothing."

"Why, when I think of it, I—" "What?"

"I only wish I had it to pay all over again," he entreated, caressing her with his eyes.

and by, "with its wide north window, with its flowers on the sill that you and I watered."

"About all you did," he interrupted, "was to water those flowers."

"And the giant table you would drag in for your mechanical drawing—that huge, horrible table that took up all the room."

"I had it there," he apologized, "because it was the only way I could seem to get the worth of my money. Tell me," straightening himself, facing her squarely, looking her boldly in the eye, "did you ever hear of mechanical drawing before you struck that academy?"

"Once or twice," she acknowledged, "before I left Washington city, where I was studying. I heard the word."

"Once or twice?" he groaned. "And then you struck me! Of all things! Mechanical drawing!"

"I wrote to my teacher in Washington," Gabrielle continued, explaining, "asking her if she thought I could study it up from a book and teach it that way?"

"And what did she reply?"

"That if I could I would be a wonder worthy of traveling in a sideshow, and if I succeeded to let her know, because the thing would be little short of a miracle."

"And you attempted it after that?"

"I attempted it after that," she asserted, "and with success."

He stepped a resounding hand on a knee.

"With success?" he repeated, a grimace contracting the cords of his countenance. "Those hours I spent in racking my brain with problems of mechanical drawing impossible to solve! Those mornings I spent in drawing diagrams on boards, you, standing by, trying hard to look wise!"

"And all the time knowing less than you did."

"Less! I should go one better and my knowing nothing at all. And the poor old professor coming in from his chambers now and again to help me out. Then to call it a success!"

"I call it a success," she reasoned demurely, "because you told me you'd be only too glad to pay the money all over again."

"You are right," he assented after a period of thought. "It was a success."

"The professor?" she questioned. "Do you think he ever caught on?"

"If he didn't," he hadn't the perceptiveness I gave him credit for, and so far as perspicacity was concerned the professor was all right. He knew a thing or two when he could think of them. He often proved it. I shall never forget how he came unexpectedly down into the cellar at luncheon time one day and found four of us busily engaged in playing a game of cards. Religious cards, now, in an academy of religious principles so exceedingly strict! And that wasn't all. By the side of each sinner of us was a bottle of beer."

"Yes. And what did he do?"

"He expelled every last one of them with the exception of me. You can rest assured that there was no doubt about the perceptiveness of the professor."

"If he hadn't been collied collied—I forgive him everything but that."

"It was a minor matter. He was as good as gold. There was no flaw in him. Do you remember how regularly every Christmas time we made him a little present, and I was the spoken man?"

"Probably that was why he let you off so light."

She clasped her right hand over her left, which rested on her knee. A diamond flashed.

"Dear old fellow!" she murmured. "Her fingers showed white in the dim light of the faroff lamp. Bending over, he looked at them."

"It's the same little cluster ring," said he. "Isn't it?"

"The very same," holding up her hand for him to see.

"I remember. I wore it once. Have you forgotten?"

"When was it?" she queried.

"At one of those famous presentation speeches. You let me wear it on my little finger. It wouldn't fit the others."



ABOUT ALL WE DID WAS TO WATER THE FLOWERS.

You put it on yourself. In the middle of the speech I nearly forgot what I was going to say, catching sight of it."

She turned her eyes on him.

"Why?" she asked wonderingly.

"Because it was yours and because it was you who put it on."

She looked away from him.

"I never thought you cared so much," said she, "as that."

"You wouldn't think. You were willfully blind."

"No, you are wrong. I was not. I should have been glad to know. It might have saved me heartaches."

"Heartaches, girls?"

ness there, to be dragged back in chains that all the more because they were uncut into the flesh, hurting, hurting!"

Her fingers had clenched into her palms.

Taking them up, she straightened them out and raised them to her lips.

"If it hurts you now, then don't let's talk about it," he said soothingly, as to a child.

With big, sad eyes she stared across at the mirror of the mantel.

"The only thing that kept me alive through that awful time," she went on, "was that little class at the academy. I threw myself into the fun of it, and I wasn't so bad a fraud as I seemed, either. What I lacked in knowledge of mechanical drawing I made up in art. I understood art. I drew well. I painted well. I had come from an excellent teacher. I had painted in galleries. My worst sin was against you."

"Don't let that worry you. I was glad enough to help you water those flowers, as I have told you."

"If you could have known how I rushed into the fun of it in order to forget, you would have been still more glad. Do you remember how Claude Ralnes used to spend his hour of drawing?"

"I only remember how indignant I was that he should have an hour of drawing to spend."

"He never drew a line. He merely repeated quotations from Shakespeare to catch me. He made me tell him what plays they were from. And wasn't he rejoiced when I made a mistake—when unfortunately I hit on the wrong play! He harped on it for weeks and weeks. What fun?"

"It seems to me," he mused, "that I remember one day when you and I were in the studio, just you and I alone. We had left an unfinished mechanical drawing on the blackboard and were watering those flowers, and—Have you forgotten?"

"I am afraid I have. Tell me."

"I leaned forward close to you, so close that I came near to touching your cheek."

"Yes, yes."

"Only those short curls of yours prevented it, those dear little curls that stood bushy about your head, making



HE DREW HER TO HIM.

It took like the heads of wax dolls you see in the windows of toyshops—almost too big for your shoulders, but pretty as pretty."

"It is a real pity they don't wear short hair now. I'd cut it off again and curl it since you like it so. Did you think it curled naturally?"

"I didn't care how it curled so it curled."

"I nearly burned my fingers off and my ears keeping it curled," she asserted. "Once I dropped the curling iron on my bare shoulder, and the scar stayed there for months. Then, when you touched my cheek, what happened?"

"Nothing. That was the worst of it. Nothing at all. But that was the nearest I ever came to kissing you."

"Why did you want to kiss me?"

"You ought to know."

Interlacing her fingers, she clasped them about her knee, rocking back and forth slightly.

"But I didn't know!" she sighed. "Oh, if I had known! If I had known! Why didn't you tell me?"

"You know why I didn't tell you. You were engaged to be married to another man."

"But it was an unhappy engagement, finally broken off. If I had known, what harm could it have done? I could have kept the thought in my heart all these years, and it would have warmed it maybe."

"I went away partly because of it."

"Without letting me know."

"A dozen times I was upon the point of telling you."

"Then, since you couldn't tell me, why didn't you write?"

"When I came to say goodby, I said something about writing, but you seemed indifferent."

"Never indifferent; just occupied with my own unhappiness, with my desperate effort to believe in this man to whom I was engaged, to make of him my ideal man, bid to him as I was by the ties of betrothal, which should in my eyes be binding as marriage, knowing him all the time to be false. Never indifferent! I remember now when you went away. I grieved after you. You left an ache in my life. If you had only said you cared for me!"

"I not only cared for you then, but all these years I have kept you in my heart. And now that you are free?"

Her eyes dilated, listening.

"And now that I am free," she repeated.

Food For the Aged.

Food for the aged, according to a prominent English authority, should consist in the main of fruits and vegetables, as the acids dissolve out the lime salts from the tissues and so prevent too early stiffness of the joints and other parts. Tea and coffee are best avoided, as they cause paralysis and work of proper control over the limbs. Fork, veal, cheese and much flesh food must be avoided, as a heavy meal of any of these foods is liable to induce a stroke of apoplexy. All food should be simple, plainly cooked and taken in great moderation, lest the digestive organs be overtaxed. Breakfast may consist of porridge and milk, whole wheat bread and milk or whole wheat bread and fruit and a cup of cocoa or milk. Dinner may consist of vegetable soup and bread, macaroni, vegetables and some simple plainly cooked nonflesh dish; for dessert, stewed fruit or bread or plain rice, sago, tapioca or macaroni pudding. If flesh or fish is eaten, it should be of the most digestible kinds, as lean beef or mutton or boiled or baked white milled fish, and then in moderation. Supper may consist of whole wheat bread and fruit or boiled onions, celery or beet root and a cup of cocoa or milk and water. Food should not be taken for at least three hours before going to bed.

THE GREAT HIGHWAY.

Automobiles and the New York-Chicago Road.

The owners of racing automobiles have brought that machine, which might be useful, into such disrepute that it is pleasant to find one of them engaged in useful public service. Colonel Dickinson of Springfield, Mass., left recently on an automobile trip to Chicago which promises to strengthen the movement for good roads, says the Brooklyn Eagle. He is treasurer of the New York and Chicago Road Association, which hopes to have a line of smooth, hard highways connecting the two cities. The distance is some 850 miles, of which only 223 miles are of good macadam. The association, which numbers some 2,000 members, will ask the next legislature to bond the state of New York to build a good state highway, and Mr. Dickinson seems confident of state help in Ohio. Indiana he regards as the enemy's country.

There is no question that smooth, hard highways would be of immense benefit to farmers and not merely a convenience for the owners of automobiles and bicycles. It has been shown over and over again that the farmer could draw four times as heavy loads to market with the same span of horses over a properly made road as over the average roads through even the best country. The roads ought to be made and kept in repair from local taxation by the towns and counties through which they run. But co-operation between such neighboring divisions in the matter is more difficult to secure than uniform divorce laws among the states or uniform trust legislation. One long, fine road as an object lesson might be worth even state co-operation for its effect upon other communities.

JUST WHAT YOU NEED.

CHAMBERLAIN'S STOMACH AND LIVER TABLETS.

When you feel dull after eating. When you have no appetite. When you have a bad taste in the mouth when your liver is torpid. When your bowels are constipated. When you have a headache. When you feel bilious.

They will improve your appetite, cleanse and invigorate your stomach, and regulate your liver and bowels. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by N. S. Peel & Co.

McDuffie's Witch Hazel Foot Healer

is one of the finest baby powders known, cures prickly heat and gives instant relief. 25 CENTS.

Effecting a Settlement.

"On one occasion," remarked a well known Methodist minister who had been a circuit rider in the mountains of North Carolina, "a man from a neighboring county swooped down on our side and carried off the wife and child of one of my church members. There was an immediate agitation, and in the midst of it I arrived. A consultation was held, and it was decided that I should go as peace-maker and ambassador, and effect a settlement. Just before I started the bereaved husband called me to one side for private conference.

"I reckon, parson," he said, "that you ought to know my feelings in this thing."

"Of course—certainly," I assented.

"Well, I tell you what you do. Don't be brash about it ner focty, for I'm a man yer peace, but ef he'll give you \$17 in money for the mule you needn't ter say a doggone word about the ole woman."

A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Heavy eating is usually the first cause of indigestion. Repeated attacks inflame the mucous membranes lining the stomach, exposes the nerves of the stomach, producing a swelling after eating, heart-burn, headache, sour risings and finally catarrh of the stomach. Kodol relieves inflammation, protects the nerves and cures the catarrh. Kodol cures indigestion, dyspepsia, all stomach troubles by cleansing and sweetening the glands of the stomach. S. R. Biggs.

Strikes Are Old.

Strikes, now so prevalent, says the London Chronicle, are commonly thought to be a nineteenth century production, but it is only the name, said to be of American origin, that is modern. Their power as wage raisers was tried at least as far back as the sixteenth century, for in the "Calendar of State Papers" is a letter from Sir William Fitz William to Mr. Secretary Cromwell containing the statement that "the workmen at Dover refused to work except for sixpence a day. Two of the ringleaders had been some time of the black guard in the king's kitchen."

No moral imputation was conveyed in calling them black guards. All that was implied was that they formerly guarded the pots, pans and other utensils of the king. It was a much later generation that turned the term to purposes of abuse.

A child, of Mrs. Geo. T. Benson, when getting his usual Saturday night bath, stepped back against a hot stove which burned him severely. The child was in great agony and his mother could do nothing to pacify him. Remembering that she had a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm in the house, she thought she would try it. In less than half an hour after applying it the child was quiet and asleep and in less than two weeks was well. Mrs. Benson is a well known resident of E. Clar, Va. Pain Balm is an antiseptic liniment and especially valuable for burns, cuts, bruises and sprains. For sale by N. S. Peel & Co.

Protects the Highways.

Law Regulating the Width of Tires—In Massachusetts.

In 1900 the legislature of the state of Massachusetts passed an act to regulate the width of the tire on draft wagons, which was to take effect on Jan. 1, 1902. This law is one which should be widely copied by other states. It provides that:

"On and after Jan. 1, in the year 1902, it shall be unlawful, except as provided in section 4 of this act, to use upon any road, street or way in this commonwealth a draft wagon or cart having tires of iron or steel or of any substance equally hard which are less in width than one and one-half times the diameter of the axle measured at the shoulder thereof, but in no case shall a tire more than four inches in width be required, and wagons or carts built with wooden or hollow axles shall have tires not less in width than the diameter of the axle measured at the shoulder thereof."

"This act shall apply to all wagons and carts, the axles of which are two inches or more in diameter, measured as aforesaid, and to all stage-coaches, tallyho coaches, lagers and other passenger vehicles not built to run on iron or steel rails and constructed to carry eight or more persons."

"Whoever violates any provision of this act shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$100."

Oil for Street Surfaces.

It Lays the Dust and is a Powerful Disinfectant.

A correspondent contributes the following to the Bakersfield Californian: Among the many advantages arising from the use of oil in the manifold ways in which it is being made to contribute to the welfare of the people of the state I have never yet seen included what, from one standpoint, may be considered the most important of all. I refer to the increased healthfulness that is certain to be observed in those communities where oil is used as a dressing for street surfaces.

The street has always been and, but for crude petroleum, would always remain a thickly settled place which collects the dirt, the filth and the disease germs, only to turn them back into the atmosphere bearing more of poison and danger than when first deposited, with the result that humanity, cooped up in towns and cities, has had to struggle for life, inhaling air which is charged every breath of it with illness and death.

An important change is about to be brought about in this regard, and it will be brought about entirely without design by the discovery that crude oil will lay the dust more cheaply and more effectively than any other means. The method is being adopted merely because of these two reasons, but the fact that the oil is one of the best disinfectants known to science accompanies it and will finally bring to the fortunate people who live in localities where the modern dust killing method is practiced a greater measure of health than has ever been their store before.

Suspension.

Once give your mind to suspension and there is sure to be food enough for it. In the quietest night the air is filled with sounds for the wakeful ear that is accustomed to listen.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR COUGHS.

(From the Atchinson, Kan., Daily Globe.)

This is the season when the woman who knows the best remedies for cough is in demand in every neighborhood. One of the most terrible things in the world is to be awakened in the middle of the night by a whoop from one of the children. The cough remedies are almost as sure to be lost, in case of cough, as a revolver is sure to be lost in case of burglars. There used to be an old fashioned remedy for cough, known as hive syrup and told, but some modern mothers say that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is better, and does not cost so much. It causes the patient to "throw up the phlegm" quicker, and gives relief in a shorter time. Give this remedy as soon as the coughy cough appears and it will prevent the attack. It never fails and is pleasant and is safe to take. For sale by N. S. Peel & Co.

A Cup of Coffee.

An ideal cup of coffee can, it is said, be made only in one way. The coffee must be of the best quality and must be roasted, ground immediately