



MARTIN SUPERIOR COURT IN SESSION

His Honor, Frederick A. Moore, Presiding, and Mr. C. C. Daniels, Solicitor.

COURT ADJOURNED TUESDAY

Thursday, March 24. 15 State vs Walter Rayner, a d w, capias and continued. 47 State vs Will Armstrong, a d w, former judgment set aside. Judgment suspended on payment of cost. 57 State vs S. S. Hadley 1 and r. nol pres, with leave. 62 State vs Thomas Wynn, a d w. Found to have been insane at the time of the crime and still is insane. (It was therefore adjudged by the court that the defendant be sent to the hospital for the criminally insane at Raleigh. 10 State vs James Godard a and b, guilty, fined \$10 and cost. 44 State vs David Ayers, removal of crop, guilty. Judgment suspended on payment of cost and the defendant pay Gus Ayers \$5. 45 State vs Ephraim Whitfield, a d w, cost paid. Defendant recognized by bond of \$50 for his appearance at next term of court. 36 State vs Will Smallwood, a d w, guilty, fined \$10 and cost. 33 State vs George Leggett, called and failed, judgment nisi si fa and capias. State vs Jack Everett, f, trespass, called and failed, nisi si fa and capias. 48 and 36 State vs Moses Ruffin, 1 and r, false pretense, not guilty. 54 State vs Will Smallwood, a and b, guilty. 22 State vs Joshua H. Hardison, retailing without license, capias and continued. 53 State vs Wm. Sykes, a d w, capias and continued. 58 State vs W. J. Martin, c c w, capias and continued. 59 State vs Tom Manning and W. J. Martin, affray, capias and continued. 60 State vs M. L. Nicholson f to rep, capias and continued.

DIVIDED IN TASTE.

He Could See No Great Difference Between the Women. One morning as Judge C. of N. county, Va., was starting for the town he was approached by one of his negroes, who with more or less confusion asked: "Massa, when yo' goes to the co'thouse will yo' git me a license? I'xe gwine to be mar'ed." "Married, are you, Sam? All right," called the judge as he hastily drove off. Arrived at the courthouse, he spent a very busy day, and it was not until he was preparing to leave that he remembered Sam's license and realized that he had not been told the name of the bride elect. "The old idiot, he never told me who he wants to marry; but, of course, it's Lucinda. He's always making eyes at her." So saying he returned to the courthouse and had the license made out in the names of Sam and Lucinda. Sam was the first to greet him upon his return with the inquiry: "Git my license, massa?" "Yes, Sam, you old fool. You didn't tell me who you want to marry, but I remembered how you're always hanging around courting Lucinda and got the license in her name." "Lawd, massa," exclaimed Sam, "isn't Lucinda; it's Kyriline. What's I gwine ter do, massa?" "Well," said the judge, "the only thing will be for me to get another license tomorrow." "Massa," said Sam, "did yo' pay anyting fur dem license?" "Yes, Sam; a dollar and seventy-five cents." "Will another license cos' anyting?" asked Sam. "Yes, Sam; a dollar and seventy-five cents more," replied the judge. After scratching his woolly pate for a few minutes Sam replied: "Well, massa, I done axed Kyriline, an' she sed 'Yes, but dere ain't no dollar an' seventy-five cents' diffrence in dem two niggers, so I'll jus' take Lucinda."—Lippincott's.

PUMPKIN PIE.

The True Story of the Origin of This Palate Tickler. Once upon a time—a long while ago, children—there lived a wise old man who was always trying to see what he could discover. Having made several perpetual motion machines and one or two air ships, he was walking through the fields to avoid his creditors when he came upon a pumpkin. "This," he said to himself, bending down and feeling of the yellow orb, "is a vegetable growth, but I firmly believe that it acquires its hue from small particles of gold which it extracts from the earth." So he put the pumpkin on his shoulder and took it home, telling all anxious inquirers that he was going to discover how to extract the gold from it. At home, in spite of all his wife said, he cut the pumpkin up and put it in a pot and boiled it, only he argued that he was melting it. When at last it was a pulpy mass he poured it out of the pot and right on top of a pan of dough that his wife had rolled out for the purpose of making a dried apple pie. Now, you know the kind of a wife he had, do you not? A woman who will feed her husband on dried apple pie deserves to be married to two or three inventors, doesn't she? And so he put the pumpkin and the dough into the oven, asserting that he would harden it with the heat and produce a solid sheet of gold and be so rich that he could run for office on a reform ticket. But, bless you, when the pumpkin and the dough came out of the oven it was not a solid sheet of gold at all, but a rich, golden, tantalizing section of goodness. And the poor inventor was hungry, so he bit into it. A few moments later several of his creditors broke into the house and came upon him, crying: "Look here! Where is all that gold you were going to get for us?" And he never even looked up at them, but kept right on eating, saying: "Who cares for gold? [Bite, bite, O-o-o-oh!] Who cares for gold? Mm, I have discovered pumpkin pie!" And the creditors sat down also and ate, and they, too, were happy ever after. So, now, when you eat pumpkin pie you should be glad that the poor inventor did not succeed in making gold of the pumpkin, for if he had the pumpkin might never have gone further than to fill your teeth.—Judge.

FROM THE CAPITOL OF OUR STATE

Hon. Jos. A. Brown a New Candidate For Lieutenant-Governor.

LIVE ITEMS OF INTEREST

The Hearst boom in some of the States is having at least one good effect on the party: It is causing the conservative element to "get together" and practically agree on a candidate in advance of the meeting of the National convention. It is opening the eyes of those semi-blind leaders to the peril of longer postponing efforts to crystallize popular sentiment in favor of one or two men who have a chance to win, and who are fitted for the high and exalted office of the Presidency of the U. S. It is convincing the party managers and leaders that it will not be safe to longer let matters drift along as they have for several months. In North Carolina the disposition to agree on a "good man" at present seems to most largely favor Judge Robinson, of New York. He is generally conceded to be a "clear man," and he is known to be an able lawyer and jurist. But it is the simple truth to add that his name does not create any enthusiasm in anybody, and if he did not reside in the pivotal State of New York he would never be mentioned as a presidential possibility. Still, the prevailing opinion seems to be that he is the most "available" man—and if he is nominated he will be put up chiefly for that reason. The truth of the business is that the Democratic party has not been so short of presidential timber as at present in a generation. Not that there are not able and brainy statesmen, and really "big" men in the party, but that none of them seem to be "available" at this time—men like Gorman, Cleveland, Hill, Bailey and a half-dozen others. This condition is due chiefly to the quarrels and differences within the party during the last ten years. Shrewd and well informed politicians in Washington and New York will tell you that if Grover Cleveland could be induced to accept a fourth nomination (and I do not believe he could be prevailed on to do so) that he would be likely to beat Roosevelt. Some of them say he would be certain to do it, and then they add that he is the only man the Democrats can put up that could beat the Republican candidate this year. And yet it is not probable that the convention would nominate Cleveland if he were to consent to accept. And although the "old man" has largely regained his former popularity with the rank and file of his party, there is yet a considerable proportion of Democrats (especially among the recent lieutenants of Mr. Bryan) who would rather see Roosevelt elected than to witness a party victory, under Cleveland's leadership, again. It is this kind of feeling that helps along such a "boom" in the interest of a candidate like Mr. Hearst. A new candidate for the nomination for Lieutenant Governor has entered the field, viz.: Hon. Joseph A. Brown, of Columbus county—one of the best men in North Carolina, and one who has served his State and party most ably and efficiently in the Senate and elsewhere. He was the president pro tem of the Senate at the last session of that body and made a most excellent presiding officer. He will make a strong race and his friends (who have, after much persuasion, induced him to allow the use of his name) expect to see him nominated. The voluntary appearance of K. S. Finch before Chief Justice Clark last Friday and Saturday, to answer the bench warrant issued for him on March 15, resulted in the binding of him over to the Superior Court of this (Wake) county in the

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Civil Cases

Saturday, March 26. 2 H. T. Stallings and wife vs. The Western Union Telegraph Co. Judgment \$400. 40 Emma Williams vs Nathan Williams, divorce, granted. 37 R. R. Lilley vs Nanny J. Lilley, divorce, granted. 36 State vs R. B. Holliday abandonment. Judgment. R. B. Holliday pay the cost of this action, and pay \$50 to Cora N. Holliday now, and \$10 per month from now until the next term of court. 11 H. Brown vs H. M. Avert and wife, Estelle, and Peter Burnette, judgment of dismissal. 26 R. E. Grimes vs Eli Gurganrep, capias and continued. (Continued on fourth page.)

Grammar in the Grocery.

The peril of employing highly educated young men as clerks in some businesses was aptly illustrated one day this week when a woman stopped at a Sixth avenue grocery's and asked: "Is them lettuce fresh?" "You mean that lettuce," suggested the clerk, "and it is fresh." "Then you'd better eat it," she snapped as she walked on. The grocer rushed out and asked the clerk what he had said to the woman to anger her, and the young clerk replied: "Why, nothing, only I corrected her grammar." "You have turned away one of my best customers. Only yesterday she came in and asked me how I sold 'these white sugar,' and I got an order for a whole barrel. Hang you, sir! But if them customers want grammar they don't expect to find it in a grocery. No, sir! And if you see her again you want to apologize in the most respectful manner."—New York Mail and Express.

Luck in the Clover.

Any one who carries about a four leaved clover will be lucky and will have the power of discovering ghosts or evil spirits. With it under the pillow the lover may insure dreams of the beloved one. A fragment in the shoe of a traveler insures a safe journey. Of the five leaved clover it is declared that if it be worn on the left side of a maiden's dress or fastened behind the hall door the Christian name of the first man who enters will be the same as that of the future husband. The power of the four leaved shamrock for good is familiar to all, from Lover's once popular and pretty song, the speaker in which pictures what she would do should she find the magic plant: I would play the enchanter's part and scatter bliss around, And not a tear or aching heart should in the world be found. —London Globe.

Just a Little Hint.

They were sitting in the moonlight, and for a long time nothing had been said. She was wishing his next remark would be good night when he broke out with: "Do you know I wish I were the moon?" "No," she replied coldly. "Why?" "Because you allow the moonbeams to kiss your cheek," said he, with an outburst of poetic fancy. "H'm!" she replied. "I would rather you were a comet." "You would?" said he, smiling and wondering what new trick her fancy was now about to play. "And why, Gladys, why?" "Because," said the girl as she snapped her watch case—"because in that event you would only come round every seventeen years."—Exchange.

How He Wood Sleep.

A story going the rounds of the police force was told by the wife of the patrolman whom it concerns and consequently bears the stamp of truth. The policeman in question is on night duty, and one morning last week he went home after work to take his full eight hours' sleep. For two hours he tossed about and could not more than get his eyes shut. Finally in desperation he rose, donned his uniform and, sitting in a chair tilted against the wall, fell sound asleep. "And I could hardly get him awake for supper," explained his wife.—Kansas City Journal.

Memories.

"Look, Harriet! There goes the famous Mr. Smith." "How stout he has grown!" "You have known him?" "Slightly. I once wrecked his life by refusing him." "Strange he never spoke of knowing you." "Oh, he would hardly remember me."—Puck.