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VOL. VI. - NO 29. WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 5. 1905. WHOLE NO. 289

DIRECTORY

Town Officers

Mayor—Joshua L. Ewell.
Commissioners—Dr. J. B. H. Knight, N. S. Peel, Dr. J. D. Biggs, A. Hassell, F. K. Hodges.
Street Commissioners—F. K. Hodges, N. S. Peel.
Clerk—A. Hassell.
Treasurer—N. S. Peel.
Attorney—Wheeler Martin.
Chief of Police—J. H. Page.

Lodges

Skewarkee Lodge, No. 90, A. F and A. M. Regular meeting every 2nd and 4th Tuesday nights.

Roanoke Camp, No. 107, Woodmen of the World. Regular meeting every 2nd last Friday nights.

Church of the Advent

Services on the second and fifth Sundays of the month, morning and evening, and on the Saturdays (5 p. m.) before, and on Mondays (9 a. m.) after said Sundays of the month. All are cordially invited. B. S. Lassiter, Rector.

Methodist Church

Rev. E. E. Rose, the Methodist Pastor, has the following appointments: Every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and night at 7 o'clock respectively, except the second Sunday. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Holly Springs 3rd Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Vernon 1st Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Hamilton 2nd Sunday, morning and night; Hassells 2nd Sunday at 5 o'clock. A cordial invitation to all to attend these services

Baptist Church

Preaching on the 1st, 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting every Thursday night at 7:30 Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:30. J. D. Biggs, Superintendent.

The pastor preaches at Hamilton on the 3rd Sunday in each month, at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., and at Riddick's Grove on Saturday before every 1st Sunday at 11 a. m., and on the 1st Sunday at 3 p. m. Slade School House on the 2nd Sunday at 3 p. m., and the Biggs' School House on the 4th Sunday at 3 p. m. Everybody cordially invited.

R D. Carroll, Pastor.

SKEWARKEE LODGE

No. 90, A. F. & A. M.

Directory For 1905.

S. S. Brown, W. M.; W.C.Manning, S. W.; Mc. G. Taylor, J. W.; T. W. Thomas, S. D.; A. F. Taylor, J.D; S. R. Biggs, Secretary; C. D. Carstarphen, Treasurer; A. E. Whitmore and T.C.Cook, Stewards; R. W. Clary, Tiler.

STANDING COMMITTEES:

Charity—S. S. Brown, W. C. Manning, Mc. G.Taylor.
Finance—Jos. D. Biggs, W. H. Harrell, R. J. Peel.
Reference—W. H. Edwards, W. M. Green F. K. Hodges.
Asylum—H. W. Stubbs, W. H. Robertson, H. D. Cook.
Marshall—I. H. Hatton.

Professional Cards.

INDIAN SUMMER

By KEITH GORDON

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The barbaric red of the parasol which she presently unfurled when with a sort of aimless reluctance she had passed down the steps and out into the September sunshine formed a vivid background for the small, well set head and a face which was at once humorous and quizzical, as if the pageant of life had raised in her an eternal question and an accompanying smile.

At the distance of a half block the trim figure in its severe white pique seemed all girl. A closer approach, however, showed in the wavy dark hair isolated silver threads—those outriders of time which come to lay low the loveliest.

And, indeed, only a few days before two placid matrons who had cast off their girlish slimness as a snake does its skin and achieved in its place solidity and double chins might have been heard discussing her case.

"Strange that Elizabeth Ware doesn't marry!" observed one, as with eyes bent upon her embroidery hoop she caused a strange floral piece to bloom upon a piece of white linen. "She's getting on. Let me see. She was in the next class to me at Mme. Dore's, and Harold will be fourteen next October." Harold was her eldest child—one of those cantankerous pegs by which matrons keep tab on the age of their unmarried friends.

"She must be nearly thirty-five if she's a day," the speaker concluded after a brief pause, in which she debated with herself what would be the proper shade of green to use for maidenhair fern. "Her time is growing short."

Her companion, engaged in a similar employment, looked meditatively off over the smooth shaven lawn which seemed to share her own domestic placidity.

"Thirty-four, I think," she announced in a voice whose preoccupation suggested that she had been rummaging in that prehistoric past which contained neither husband nor babies. "Thirty-four, I'm pretty sure. Still, she certainly doesn't look it, and she's always had plenty of attention."

In the absorbing interest of the flowers they were fashioning the subject was dropped, but the thought wave then started reached Elizabeth Ware herself later on.

It was a wonderful day, full of mellow, mature, indescribable charm. "Summer grows wise," Elizabeth thought to herself, "no longer dazzling and shriveling, but flooding the world with tender light, veiling its splendors in mists."

The strong, white, ungloved hands twirled the parasol thoughtfully while their owner drew in a deep breath. There was something in the day that stirred memories, brought back half forgotten flirtations, filled her thoughts with a vague, beautiful regret—the loss of something she had never known.

Somewhere about a locust shrilled its warning of the frosts to come. Miss Ware's eyes grew dreamy, pensive with that questioning of the future which will disturb the mind of the unmated woman until the last fence is reached.

Had she perchance made a mistake? She thought of her school friends wrapped in contentment—and flesh—who no longer seemed contemporaries. They had secured their matrimonial prizes—yes, and sat down by the roadside of life, with no desire to fare further! So far as she knew all were mildly happy. But beside them she felt ridiculously young and joyous. A smile touched her lips as she reflected that it was with Harold, the fourteen-year-old, that she preferred to walk and talk, rather than with Harold's plump and settled mamma.

Then she reviewed the thirty-five years that stretched behind her, flaming like the tail of a comet, with variety, with pleasant wanderings, with an ever changing group of men friends who had added piquancy and deep knowledge to her experience. Exchange that long, beautiful experience, that brilliant after glow of youth which had kept her radiant and alert, for the calm happiness of her married friends? Never!

Just as she reached this energetic negative the approaching figure of a man held her idle gaze. As he came nearer a smile of pleased recognition lighted her face. She could scarcely believe her eyes—Fergus Blynn, lined and his meaning deepened by his ten years of absence, but still undeniably Fergus.

Before the gladness of the surprise died out of her eyes he had seen her and they were wringing each other's hands in smiling delight.

"The same old Elizabeth," he said warmly and yet with a little wonder in his voice, which made her feel like an anomaly. "You used to be about my age; but, great Scott, you might almost pass for my daughter now! How do you manage it, and who's the happy man?"

He was walking beside her, and Elizabeth turned her face to him inquiringly. Then it dawned upon her, and she voiced a rather superior "Oh!" before she proceeded to explain that her life partner tarried unaccountably. Blynn eyed her shrewdly.

"You seem to pass the waiting with a good deal of satisfaction to yourself," he laughed—"that is, if one may judge from appearances."

"You are married, of course?" she questioned after she had assured him that one might. He shook his head with blithe gayety.

"Yet I suppose we are the ones out of all that old set who would have been picked out as likely to make early marriages," he went on. "How under the sun do you account for it?"

"It's one of the things that can only be accounted for on the theory that we are both wise beyond our time," was the mock grave answer. Then in a teasing tone she continued: "My, but you're going to have a lovely time! There are about two dozen little and big Johns, Marys, Charlies and Franks for you to admire.

"'This is your Uncle Fergus,' the fond parents will say. 'He and I used to go to school together.' 'Oh, papa, he must be an awful old man!' That's what you're going through again and again. I've been through it until I wish the word 'aunt' were blotted out of the language."

On and on they walked, talking with undiminished interest. As he remarked in reply to her suggestion that it was time she turned toward home, the more they talked, the more they had to say.

Never had there been the slightest sentiment between them, though they had been good friends until circumstances had sent Blynn to a distant land on a business enterprise. He recalled her as the best of comrades—a girl with no nonsense about her. But he could not remember that in the exuberant days of his youth, when he had made love in turn to most of the girls of their set, he had ever included her. As he watched her now from the corner of his eye, losing no whit of her mature grace, he wondered by what charm she had been held immune.

Up to the moment of their accidental meeting if he had thought of her at all his mind had only brushed her identity along with the group of old friends, all of whom it would be a gentle, half sad pleasure to see again, if only to fix a standard by which to measure how far he had gone, for it is only thus by comparing ourselves with the friends with whom we were once abreast that we can gauge our progress or estimate our failures.

Yet now he had a curious sensation of having stumbled upon something that he had craved—something the lack of which had made him restless and ill at ease, and as the conviction overspread his mind in all its amazing certainty his manner grew abstracted. Then he became alert with a sudden purpose. With something of his old impetuosity he reasoned that here was a matter that had been deferred long enough.

If his instinct told him so much at that first meeting he was doubly sure of it at the end of the following month. He seemed now to himself to have returned home for the express purpose of seeing Elizabeth. Her society was like long drafts of cool water from some boyhood's well. He hadn't thought much about the water at the time. One never does. He had supposed that all water was cool, clear and refreshing. He knew better now. There was but one such well—but one Elizabeth.

"It isn't decent for a woman of your age to be husbandless," was his scornful way of beginning the attack.

"Oh, I don't know!" was that lady's easy rejoinder. "We spinsters have our uses. Think how we serve to point morals. Why, I've no doubt that I myself have been the object lesson that has saved more than one sweet young thing from celibacy. I can just imagine a mother saying, 'You'd better not be too particular or you'll be an old maid like Beth Ware!'"

He grinned into the dark, debonair face for a moment and then scowled portentously.

"You've had your own way too long, young lady! What you need is the subduing effect of masculine guidance, and frankly I should like the post.

"Remember, you let me go away once before," he went on in an aggrieved tone, seeing that she was about to protest. "Of course you did. If you had been the right sort of a girl, wouldn't you have taught me that I loved you even then?"

She laughed outright.

"I happen to remember that you were head over heels in love with Harold's mamma about that time," she jeered. "Anyway, we're too old for sentiment. Our spring and summer are over."

"Yes, they are," he admitted, with gravity. "But this love of ours"—his tone rang with the mastery of one who is sure—"we'll call it Indian summer."

Boston's Crooked Streets.

Boston has had to stand much joking on the subject of its crooked streets. Every one has heard of the stranger who, lost in the tortuous ways, desperately caught the coat tails of the man in front of him and got along very well until an abrupt turn revealed the fact that it was his own coat tails to which he was clinging. Early last century a Frenchman gave an interpretation of the deviousness of the highways which is both pleasant and patriotic. It is found in a book called "A Trip to Boston," by E. C. Wines.

"I have passed a delightful morning in Boston," writes the author. "We went to Charlestown in an omnibus, passing through a considerable portion of the city. The irregularity of the streets is amazing. It is a common saying that Boston was laid out by cows, and I can well believe it. The labyrinth of Crete never equaled it. I do not say the irregularity is disagreeable; on the contrary, the effect is pleasing. To a stranger it is a perpetual surprise."

Many years ago the Marquis of Chatelot visited Boston.

"Marquis," said an apologetic citizen, "you will find Boston streets very crooked. They turn and twist in every direction."

"Ah, ver' good, ver' good," replied the courteous nobleman. "It show de liberte."

Greer, Disciplinarian

By Ethel Barrington

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Roxana's dog was an ill conditioned brute. He was a surly bull pup that had never met his master and delighted in making it most uncomfortable for those who sought Roxana's company. He was not often docile, even with her, but she was so proud of his blue ribbon and ugliness that she endeavored to hide his delinquencies. Nevertheless, there were times when she would not have gone near him for the world.

One day he snarled at her before Goddard Greer, and that was the beginning of trouble. Greer was a college bred athlete who feared nothing on earth except perhaps Roxana. Enraged, he seized the luckless prize winner by the collar and bore him to the hallway, where he administered a strong argument, after which he turned the amazed animal loose down the back stairs. Goddard returned to the parlor, arranging his cuffs, but otherwise as usual. He stopped short as he faced Roxana, who looked like an outraged empress.

"A truly fine performance," she declared scathingly. "There is your ring. I never wish to see you again."

"What's up? I don't understand"—

"If you think you can abuse my dog or any animal and keep my regard you are greatly in error. It is fortunate I discovered your true character before it was too late."

An amused twinkle lighted Greer's eyes. "Do you think if I let a dog snarl and snap at you I'd be better fitted to take care of you? The beast has been hunting trouble. Come, don't let us quarrel"—

"I shall never quarrel with you again," asserted Roxana sternly, as though depriving him of some pleasant pastime. "Can't you accept a hint that I wish to be alone?"

Greer stood his ground. He tried to laugh, but not very successfully.

"Come, Roxie, forgive me. You know the old proverb: 'A dog, a woman and a walnut tree. The more they be beaten the better they be.'"

Roxana's eyes blazed as though she already felt the suggested chastisement. "Oh, is that your theory? Well, I decline to be the woman!" And she left him to meditate on the ingratitude of womankind. They had quarreled before, but never with what appeared to be such finality. When Greer called again Roxana was not at home. He wrote, and his letter was returned unopened. About a week later Roxana, having passed a day shopping and dining with her friend, Mrs. Vining, decided not to await Mr. Vining's delayed return, though he had promised to escort her home.

"I'll jump on a car. I am not afraid," she declared.

"But, dear, it's nearly 10. Phil can't be long now," urged her hostess. But Roxana was obdurate.

"No, I shall be all right."

There seemed to be a delay on the line, for she had stood at the corner some minutes. Then a man joined her. Without looking she knew it was Goddard Greer. She was incensed. Had he followed her? Would he have the presumption to ride on the same car? As the headlight shot into sight she decided to wait for another car rather than risk his unwelcome proximity. Greer glanced inquiringly at her, but seeing that she made no move he likewise retained his position on the curbing. Roxana tapped her foot impatiently. It was absurd! Why had he not taken his car? When the next car appeared, as one of them must make a move, Roxana hailed the motorman, mounted the step and took her seat. From beneath her lowered lids she saw Greer standing sentinel on the platform. The car was empty, with the exception of a negro, and Roxana had traveled several blocks before the conductor came to collect her fare.

She opened her purse and looked hurriedly from one compartment to another. It was empty. Evidently she had spent every penny during the shopping expedition. But there remained her wrist bag, into which she frequently dropped small change. The conductor went forward to speak to the motorman. Roxana pursued the search. In vain she emptied out her belongings from the satchel. She found no coin. Then she unfastened her coat. Surely in the change pocket she would find a nickel. But the pocket was as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. The conductor returned. Roxana was frightened. It was late, and she had quite a trip before her.

"I seem to have no change," she commenced nervously.

"Allow me." Greer handed the fare to the official, who looked questioningly at Roxana.

"No! I'll get off! Please stop!" she decided promptly. Not for worlds would she accept assistance from Greer. She had dismissed him. He had no right to intrude in any way.

Heroically Roxana left the car and walked north. She had never been alone on the street so late, and, remembering the distance, the darkness and the loneliness of the blocks, she was really alarmed. She did not fear the pedestrians she met as much as those who overtook her. She dreaded the sound of footsteps behind, conjuring up all sorts of horrors. As she hurried up the deserted thoroughfare it seemed to her that some one followed. If she hastened, the pursuing footsteps quickened. When she slackened speed, the other did the same. It frightened her, and she became breathless. With the passing minutes her terror gained. She began to run. Then the dread became a certainty. The other one would soon overtake her. What if that negro had seen her gold purse?

Across the avenue she saw an alley. She had heard that thieves often evaded arrest by disappearing in the darkness of such places. If she cut through might not she, too, escape? Desperate, half hysterical, Roxana made a sudden rush across the road. A trolley grazed her shoulder, the motorman cursed as he reversed the lever. Terrified, she had all but reached the desired shelter when a strong hand grasped her suddenly by the arm. She tried to scream, but no sound came. Lifting her eyes, her glance met Greer's, looking sternly at her.

"I guess that will do for one night," he remarked coldly. "Come over to the drug store while I phone for a cab."

Completely unnerved, Roxana followed. The reaction had been sudden. She tried to remember what they had quarreled about, but could only feel relief in his presence. Greer ordered the cab, then went outside to wait.

"Come!" he commanded tersely on its arrival.

Gratefully Roxana obeyed. Then as he was about to close the door she found her voice. "Don't leave me."

"I've no intention of doing so." And he mounted by the driver. When they reached her home Roxana's eyes were suspiciously red.

"Well?" said Greer. The bull pup sniffed respectfully at his boots. Greer stooped and patted him on the head. "The dog forgives me"—

"Then its mistress can do no less," she admitted.

"'A dog, a woman and a walnut tree'"—began Greer teasingly.

"Hush, hush!" whispered Roxana, with her hand on his lips. "You know I never really believed"—

"Of course not," he agreed promptly. Then, as his arms tightened about her, "But, oh, Roxie, don't let us play that game again."

Such Is Fame.

The following story concerning John Forster, the biographer of Dickens, was told by the late Sir Wemyss Reid:

In the days of his youth Sir Wemyss showed a great desire to embark upon a journalistic career, whereupon an old friend of the family in Newcastle told him that going to London and writing for the papers would bring him no good, adding:

"I mind there was a decent friend of mine, auld Mr. Forster, the butcher in the side. He had a laddie just like you, and nothing would serve him but he must go away to London to get edducated, as he called it, and when he had got eddicated he wouldn't come back to his father's shop, though it was a first class business. He would do nothing but write and write and write, and at last he went back again to London and left his poor auld father alone, and A've never heard tell of that laddie since."

"It was thus," concluded Sir Wemyss, "that the fame of John Forster, the author of 'The Life of Goldsmith' and the destined biographer of Charles Dickens, was cherished in his native town by his father's ancient friends!"

Points on Proposing.

An old fashioned book of etiquette contains a chapter on courtship that is exceedingly naive. Any young man who might be contemplating a proposal of marriage was urged strongly to select with care and due forethought the proper time and place for such proposal. For instance, he should never propose to a young woman while out boating, for if she should happen to refuse him it would be difficult to reach shore immediately, and the situation would obviously be awkward.

On the other hand, if she should accept him the situation would be equally undesirable since too close a proximity and certain attitudes incident to the circumstances are known to threaten the safety of a boat; also said young man was advised never to propose to a young woman just before dinner. Having been without eating for some hours, she would doubtless be in a less amiable frame of mind than usual and might under these conditions refuse an offer which at another time would seem desirable.

Rubbing It In.

"I believed that I had collected an outlawed bill the other day," remarked a physician. "I met a man on the street who said he owed me $8 and who promised to pay the money some time. Knowing that there was little likelihood of his doing so, as he is a well known deadbeat, I replied in a bantering sort of way:

"'Bet you a dollar you will never pay the $3.'

"Much to my surprise, when I returned to my office, my wife said this man had called to settle his account. He had given her a check for $10 and received $7 in cash. In the evening he dropped in, and I gladly paid him my lost wager and thought I was a smart man. Today the check was returned by my bank marked 'no good.'"—New York Press.

Not So Far Out of the Way.

During Governor Rollins' administration a representative to the legislature of New Hampshire from one of the rural districts in the northern section of the state was presented to the governor for the first time. Being somewhat unfamiliar with "statehouse etiquette," he addressed his excellency as "most high."

The governor informed the gentleman from the rural district that there was but one "Most High," "he who had made everything from nothing."

"Well, governor," replied the country legislator, "I'll give you credit for making a justice of the peace out of a man up in my town that is about as near to nothing as ever walked on two legs."—Boston Herald.

ANCIENT SIGNALING.

The Method Invented by the Grecian General Æneas.

The ancient Greeks and Romans practiced telegraphy with the help of pots filled with straw and twigs saturated in oil, which, being placed in rows, expressed certain letters according to the order in which they were lighted. But the only one of their contrivances that merits a detailed description was that invented by a Grecian general named Æneas, who flourished in the time of Aristotle, intended for communication between the generals of an army.

It consisted of two exactly similar earthen vessels filled with water, each provided with a cock that would discharge an equal quantity of water in a given time, so that the whole or any part of the contents would escape in precisely the same period from both vessels.

On the surface of each floated a piece of cork supporting an upright marked into divisions, each division having a certain sentence inscribed upon it. One of the vessels was placed at each station, and when either party desired to communicate he lighted a torch, which he held aloft until the others did the same, as a sign that he was all attention.

On the sender of the message lowering or extinguishing his torch each party immediately opened the cork of his vessel and so left it until the sender relighted his torch, when it was at once closed.

The receiver then read the sentence on the division of the upright that was level with the mouth of the vessel and which, if everything had been executed with exactness, corresponded with that of the sender and conveyed the desired information.—Spare Moments.

Children's Answers.

"Children's Answers" is the title of an English book. Here is one of its quotations:

"What is a miracle?"

"Please, sir, it's a thing that happens in America."

And here is another:

A Scotch dominie, after telling his scholars the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them, "Why does not God strike everybody dead that tells a lie?" After a long silence one little fellow exclaimed, "Because there wouldna be nobody left."

Blacksmiths and Machines.

The making of horseshoes by machinery at first caused a strike among the blacksmiths, who refused to put on the machine made shoes, but the work was done so much more cheaply that the machine shoes triumphed, and the result was that owners of horses, as they got the shoes for less, had the horses shod oftener than before, and the blacksmiths did not lose much, if any, work after all.

One Reason Enough.

A lot of men were playing cards for money in a railroad car, and an Irishman was invited to take a hand. "I would," he said, "but for three reasons." Being asked to state his reasons, he said: "In the first place, I have no money"— "Never mind the other two," said the man who was running the game.

A Mean Trick.

"Does your husband tell you his business troubles?"

"Yes, but he doesn't know it. I wait till he's asleep, and then I shake him a little and ask him for money."—Chicago Tribune.

A Retraction.

She (fiercely)—Don't you ever dare to say again that I'm driving you crazy! He (meekly)—I won't. I must have been that way when we were married.—New York Press.

A little boy who had been among the mountains for his holidays was told to write, as concisely as possible, a theme on the thoughts that suggest themselves when assending a high mountain on a beautiful summer day. He wrote: "I wish I were at the top."

Uncle John—Can you tell me what calendars are for, Bobby?

Bobby—Sure. They are to keep us from forgetting Christmas and the Fourth of July.