

LOCAL ITEMS

All notices published in this column, where revenue is to be derived, will be charged at the rate of 10 cents a line, (count six words to a line) each issue. Special rates will be made on long contracts.

—Sheriff Crawford took an insane negro to the Eastern Hospital at Goldsboro this week.

—Reports from crops are more favorable now and the tobacco men are visiting daily in the country.

—There will be services both morning and night at all the churches here Sunday except the Episcopal.

5 or 6 doses "GGG" will cure any case of Chills and Fever. Price 25c.

—It did not rain here on St. Swithin's Day but there fell enough water on Sunday night to make up for any lack.

—The scarcity of fruit has never been more marked here than at this time. It looks like a famine on the "sweet pickle" shelf.

5 or 6 doses "GGG" will cure any case of Chills and Fever. Price 25c.

—Messrs. Broughton and Norman have been here for several days organizing the Modern Woodmen of America. Quite a number enlisted.

—The cool days and nights this week have been a delightful release from the extremely warm ones last week. The thermometer has registered in the seventies.

—Good Engine and Boiler, mounted ready for use, for sale.— Joshua L. Coltrain, R. F. D. 4, Williamston, N. C. 7-15

—The City Fathers are having the grass and weeds mowed on the streets. The extremely wet weather has been conducive to the growth of both for the past two months.

—Friends here were distressed to learn of the accident to Misses Cora Hunt and Kate Blacknall of Kittrell, on last Saturday. The cars on which they were traveling struck a freight train and several were injured. The two young ladies, Misses Hunt and Blacknall, received slight injuries.

—Rev. Mr. Gordon is in Robersonville this week, where he arranged for the Mission services by Rev. J. J. D. Hall. Several people from here have been attending these meetings during the week. Mr. Hall is doing good wherever he goes. His visit here last spring is remembered pleasantly by many who heard him.

—The remains of Mrs. Sherrill Spruill were carried through here on Tuesday to Jamesville, where they were interred. Mrs. Spruill died on Monday at the State Hospital, Raleigh, where she had been since last year. She is survived by a husband and son. Grover W. Hardison, a nephew of the deceased, attended the funeral Tuesday afternoon.

Teething children have more or less diarrhoea, which can be controlled by giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. All that is necessary is to give the prescribed dose after each operation of the bowels more than natural and then castor oil to cleanse the system. It is safe and sure. Sold by Saunders & Fowden and all dealers.

Portsmouth, Va., Dec. 19, 1908.
Our sales of about 4,000 gallons of your

DAVIS 100 PER CENT PURE PAINT

no complaints have ever been lodged with us, and incidentally we wish to add that we have received many complimentary testimonials. Our sales are increasing steadily.

Yours very truly,
HAWKS-MAUPIN CO.

"For Sale by W. H. Williams, Williamston, N. C."

PERSONAL BRIEFS

J. A. Mizell returned to Tarboro Monday.

Miss Mildred Purvis is in town this week.

Robert Everett, of Palmyra, was here Tuesday.

Miss Hattie Kirby went to Norfolk Monday.

F. W. Hoyt and family left for Beaufort Tuesday.

Mrs. W. H. Crawford is at Panacea Springs this week.

Miss Louise Fowden has been in Robersonville this week.

C. A. Baker returned from Virginia Beach Wednesday.

Mrs. S. A. Newell is at home from a visit to Louisburg.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Staton have been in Norfolk this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Sitterson are at Seven Springs this week.

J. D. Leggett and son, Joe, left for Virginia Beach Tuesday.

Miss Lettie Critcher is quite ill at her home on Church street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Godard are in Greenville visiting relatives.

Prof. Sylvester Hassell is spending his vacation at Nags Head.

C. D. Carstarphen and Master Bryant went to Norfolk Monday.

Misses Fannie and Daisy Manning are visiting relatives in Virginia.

J. H. Thrower and G. C. Godwin have been in Farmville this week.

T. J. Latham, of Washington City is visiting friends and relatives here.

The many friends of Mr. Walter Hassell are glad to see him out again.

Miss Cleve Andrews, of Scotland Neck, is the guest of Mrs. John D. Simpson.

Herbert Peel, after a visit to relatives here, left Monday for Baltimore.

Misses Emma Robertson and Laurie Ellison went to Robersonville Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Eliza Daniel, who has been visiting relatives near here, returned to Rocky Mount Tuesday.

Mrs. Fannie Biggs, accompanied by Miss Carrie Biggs, left for Panacea Springs on Saturday.

Mrs. J. G. Dowell and Master Yates have returned from a visit to Carthage and other points.

J. Davis Ewell, of Richmond, was in town several days this week visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. Sallie Biggs and Miss Hattie Thrower attended the Mission services at Robersonville today.

The Misses Pell, who have been visiting their cousin, Miss Katie Blount, have returned to Richmond.

Mrs. Alonzo Hassell and Miss Anna Pope attended the Mission services at Robersonville Thursday.

Miss Emma Deane, who been with Harrison Bros. and Company for the past year, left Monday for Baltimore.

John D. Simpson, who has been suffering severely recently has been able to attend to his business for several days.

Harry A. Biggs returned Thursday from a cruise on the "Simmons," leaving that afternoon for Panacea Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Clifton and two children, of Louisburg, are visiting Mrs. Alexander H. Smith on Watts street.

Misses Hannah V. Fowden and Irene Smith and A. D. Mizell attended the Mission service in Robersonville Wednesday evening.

J. D. Harrison and mother, Mrs. Pattie Harrison, formerly of this County, now of Gwinn, Texas, left for their home yesterday after spending two weeks near here with friends and relatives. This is Mr. Harrison's first visit here since his departure twenty years ago.

Home

A Woman Passes Two Existences In One House

By EDITH V. ROSS

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My love for Edward Lane began when we were both so young that neither of us could remember a time when it did not exist. His father's place was but a short distance from ours. Indeed, the rear line marked the limits of both places. On one side of this line was the playground of the several children, boys and girls, including Edward and myself, who lived in the neighborhood. I can remember as far back as when I was seven years old and Edward nine that in playing keep house he and I always played the part of husband and wife. There was a swing on this playground, and Edward's father put up articles for a boys' gymnasium. A little house four or five feet high was built for us girls and furnished with toy furniture. At times we would leave our dolls there all night, first putting them to bed.

When I grew taller I could not understand how I could have stood upright in that little house. And what seemed more remarkable to me was that Edward could have done so, for he was always a large child. And I remember that when he had been away to school for a long while and came back he was taller than the house.

By this time we were growing out of childhood into that intermediate period when, though boys and girls may feel love, they are not likely to express it. It is a period of transition from child love to real love. The boy's mind is taken up with athletic sports, while the girl hides her secret almost from herself. Indeed, so nebulous is this period that in my own case it is difficult for me to recall my exact feelings. I remember them faintly and as existing at intervals. They were rather a small portion of my girl's existence than the whole of it.

When I was sixteen I was awakened to the true condition by the marked preference displayed by another girl for my Edward. From that time my love became the principal instead of a minor part in my life. I failed to conceal my jealousy from him, and this brought out his own consciousness of what was between us. There was no formal declaration, no conventional giving of the hand, not even the lovers' kiss. He merely said something about the other girl, I know not what, but it assured me there was no change in our position since the days when we played husband and wife at keep house—go change in the position, but a great change in the condition. It had then been like a winter bud, but it was now swollen under a spring sun, ready to put forth leaves.

I sometimes wished that I could have experienced the proposal that other girls seemed to regard the next most important moment in their lives to their marriage. Edward and I had no occasion for a proposal. Our love was rather, as I have said, an unfolding of a bud than the birth of a butterfly. The only abrupt part of it was when he gave me the first kiss. I have always treasured that in lieu of a proposal.

When we were married great changes had occurred. I was left alone in the world. So it was arranged that we should occupy my house. Our living room was on the second floor, overlooking the playground where we had pretended to be husband and wife. The faint dream of childhood had been developed to a realization of almost perfect happiness. If there could be a perfection on earth, these five years of my life, from twenty to twenty-five, were such a condition. Two children were born to us, a boy and a girl. What seemed strange to me was that, though I gave them a boundless love, that which I bore their father, instead of being diminished, was increased. Truly love must be, like space, infinite.

Up to this point there had been an expansion of happiness. Suddenly there came a check. Our youngest child sickened and died. I have described with some minuteness what I have likened to the gradual unfolding of a flower. I have no heart to give more than a brief mention of its blighting. Within a few months after the first death a second occurred, and within another year I lost my husband.

For a time I was in a sort of collapse, in which I did not take enough interest in my surroundings to be affected by them. After one has met with a serious accident or has been operated upon by a surgeon the senses are deadened; then comes the beginning of pain. It was so with me. When I became myself my surroundings were painful to me. Some persons similarly situated nurse their grief by living in such surroundings. I longed to get away from them. Friends advised me to seek recovery in the many new scenes and interesting objects that are to be found abroad. I took their advice. I sailed for Europe, leaving the place where I had been so happy in the hands of an agent for sale. One thing I was resolved upon—never to return to it.

It may be considered that my story is one of coincidence. It is more than that. It is an illustration of the very different conditions that may occur in the life of a single person. Masters of romance have maintained that there should not be in song or story but one love. Playwrights never bring

a second on to the stage. They portray rather romance than real life and do not give all that real life needs. They are of the same order as the people of India who believe that the wife should die on the funeral pyre of her husband.

I may be weaker than some women or I may be stronger. Possibly I may have less depth of feeling, though that I will not admit. I saw only in nursing my grief a dreadful life before me. I recognized the principle that no two absorbing ideas can occupy the brain at one time. I did all that I could to interest myself in what was about me. True, I did not at first succeed, and when I did only partially so. I dreaded the world forgot, and yet I realized that to avoid suffering I must temporarily forget. I forced myself to feel that after a time I would be reunited with my loved ones and that meanwhile I must, except occasionally, put them out of my mind.

I made my home abroad. Three years after my bereavement I married again. I did so partly because I was lonely, partly because I wished for a man to rely upon, as is natural to any woman, partly because the man I married assured me that I could give him an interest in life and lastly because I became attached to him. He was an American, like myself, and, being wealthy, gave himself up to study. He lived abroad that he might write books which required his presence among the subjects of which he wrote.

For five years after our marriage we continued our residence abroad. During this period children were born to us. There was a tacit mutual agreement between us that I should not talk about the world in which I had lived. I saw that he would rather leave that to me, considering himself as having no part in it, and I had no desire to make him a part of it. He was absorbed in his literary work, and if I ever told him even where I had lived he soon forgot it.

Then he was called to America on the matter of some property that needed his attention. It was agreed between us that he should leave me and our children in Lucerne, where we were then living. He expected to be absent not more than two months, but soon after his arrival in America he was induced to write for a publisher a work necessitating his presence in America. He suggested my coming home with the children, but left me to consult my own feelings in the matter.

I had never intended to return to the United States, dreading lest it would reawaken me to my lost world. But with a husband and children that world had receded further and further from me till the consciousness of it had grown very dim. I wrote my husband that I would go back to the western hemisphere and remain there. I was tired of moving about from one place to another and the children were coming to that age when they should have steady instruction at school. Our boys I preferred to bring up in America. I therefore suggested to my husband that he buy a place in which we might settle. He replied that he agreed with me and would carry out my suggestions. Later he wrote me that he had bought a place in the suburbs of the city wherein it would be necessary for him to do his work.

We arrived after dark. I was delighted at our reunion, as were the father and the children. I did not ask where our home was to be. I intended to be satisfied with it, pleased with it, wherever it was. We took a train and in less than an hour alighted at a station, where a carriage was waiting for us. It was very dark when we reached our home and I saw nothing of it till I stood in the hall. Then I caught at a banister to prevent my falling.

I was in the house I had left more than ten years before with a blighted heart.

"My dear!" exclaimed my husband, starting toward me.

But in a twinkling I had recovered myself. And what had enabled me to do so? The sudden appearance of an object. Ah, those objects that come to us! How much more valuable often-times than realization! I must at least for the present spare my good man the inexpressible pain of knowing what he had brought upon me.

"Nothing," I replied. "A little giddiness at having been so long rolling at sea."

"Nothing you don't like, is there?" he asked anxiously.

"On the contrary, I am very well pleased. Let us see the rest of it."

He took me into every room in the house, a house that had been sold twice since I had parted with it and both times with the furniture included. Not for the world would I have betrayed that these rooms, closets, corners, with every bed, table, bureau, had been familiar to me from childhood. But when it was over I passed the night alone in a room opening into one occupied by the children.

No tongue or pen can describe what that night was to me.

When morning came I found that if I could endure the first shock I could endure more. I deferred from day to day telling what had happened. My husband was delighted with his purchase, and before I had gained heart to tell him my secret he had become a fixture in it. Months passed, then years. My husband is now an old man and my children are grown. None of them know that their mother has been living in her second earthly world.

And yet, after all, this coincidence has not brought me unhappiness. I have been living two existences, both of which are dear to me, the one near by, the other in the far past and future; the one of flesh and blood, the other of spiritual form. In time it will be a spiritual mingling of the two.

Notice!

A Convention of the Republicans of Martin County is hereby called to meet at the Court House in Williamston, N. C., on Tuesday, August 2, 1910 at 12 o'clock M., for the purpose of selecting delegates to the State, Congressional, Judicial and Senatorial Conventions and transacting such other business as may come before it. The Republican voters of the County will assemble at their respective polling places on Monday, August 1, 1910, at 12 o'clock M. and send delegates to said Convention.

By order of the Republican Executive Committee of Martin County, July 16, 1910.

C. C. FAGAN,
Secretary.

WHEELER MARTIN,
Chairman.

M. I. BROWN & CO.

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FRANK F. FAGAN, LOCAL AGENT, WILLIAMSTON, N. C.

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East Carolina Teachers' Training School

A state school organized and maintained for one definite purpose:—Training young women for teaching. The regular session opens Tuesday, September 13, 1910.

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Robt. H. Wright, President, Greenville, N. C.

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