

SECOND CAPTURED

ALLS BEFORE THOUSAND OREGON.

ANT VICTORY

nt Over Success Visions of Oc- apital City.

General Carranza of the fall of the Constitution- was received at Constitu- where it was ary to the occu- itself.

regon, Constitu- in his dispatch a, reported that been completely was in control of ding the Federal and Federals had a, according to d the retreat to of those who es- off by troops of General Blanco, a to destroy the communication, arms and supplies.

reported scatter- and great pun- them in retreat ases on either

it is stated, ex- miles with Gen- and Obregon's general Obregon ain attack.

the Constitution- Guadajara gar- but from its de- scatter the be- astrous conflict lost ten troop six hundred d, leaving an the second larg-

OR WOMEN.

of Educators Rights.

Women's rights e fullest extent cation Associa- oditions endora- and equal pay s of sex, and vice presiden-

active suffrag- broad smiles. rything we ask-

vote Dr. David and Stanford was the association, bers, who were D. B. John- Dr. Jordan's withdrew two

chosen as the

and endorse pen- creased salaries, achers to travel, international of children ts is teach-

ife. y Smith of of President on for ap- Hospital here n, the Pres- ysician. Miss at the White her condition is

Cotton. e first bale of in the United pounds, sold on ere for \$500, or it classed as ottered. It came

Desired. reclosure of a 000 on the St. co Railroad was States district Guaranty Trust rk. The Frisco of receivers. The he mortgage be an against the s, which in- lers, which in- of the Frisco sys- was given to se- of refunding four per aned in 1901.

Against Sulzer. St. Y.—Colonel Roose- forced to accept the Pro- nination for governor, it prevent William Sulzer, er, from capturing it. Progressive leaders d to men promi- that the former gov- of strength which Mr. Sulzer, al the Progres- the assem- lished.

A MATTER OF JOBS DECLARE TRAINMEN

REPRESENTATIVES RAILROAD EMPLOYES PROTEST AGAINST RATES OF JUSTICE ACT.

BEFORE RATE COMMISSION

Wages Will Be Cut, If They Say, and Hundreds of Workers Thrown Out of Employment.

Asheville.—North Carolina railroads which are fighting the rates named in the Justice intrastate freight rate bill rested their case with the introduction of the last witness before the session of the North Carolina Rate Commission, now meeting in this city. Two witnesses were introduced by the railroads and their testimony was to the effect that the proposed rates are unfair and ruinous. James H. Pou, well-known railroad attorney, was on the stand during the morning and his testimony was of a technical nature, as was that of T. W. Matthews of the freight department of the Seaboard Air Line.

The feature of the day's deliberations developed when M. C. Toms, chief counsel for the Southern, stated that representatives of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen and the Order of Railway Conductors desired to make statements to the commissioners. Mr. Toms explained that when the bill was enrolled the Southern invited its employes to study its provisions and asked the three organizations to send representatives to the meeting of the commission. He stated that these men had attended the sessions and had expressed a desire to make voluntary statements to the commissioners before the case was closed for the railroads. It was ordered that they be heard.

M. C. Thompson, M. M. Albright, W. B. Smithers and J. A. Bolick appeared as the representatives of the organizations named and spent considerable time in making their statements before the men who will decide whether or not the rates named in the Justice bill shall go into effect.

The statements of the railway men were to the effect that if the rates are declared effective, hundreds of the employes of the railroads in this state will be thrown out of work, six hours will be named as the length of a working day of the shops at Spencer, necessitating cutting of the salaries of the men employed there 40 or 50 per cent, other employes will have their salaries reduced and railroad men employed in all of the departments of the Southern will be laid off by reason of the necessity that that road decrease its force of men.

PAID FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Winston-Salem Will Pay Fire Laddies in Near Future.

Winston-Salem.—Mayor O. B. Eaton and Chairman Fred Fogle of the fire committee of the aldermen have returned from Washington, where they went to inspect the Washington fire department with a view of putting the Winston-Salem fire department on a paid basis this fall. Harry E. Nissen, one of the leading volunteer firefighters of the city, accompanied the officials to Washington, and is understood to be slated for position of chief which will carry a salary sufficient to guarantee his entire time to the duties of the position and inspection of buildings. Mr. Nissen will remain in Washington studying the most modern methods of fire fighting and handling of apparatus.

Although the second city in size in the state, Winston-Salem will be next to the last of the major cities to inaugurate a paid system. Greensboro probably following close after. If possible the change will be made September 1st.

\$30,000 Bonds for Roads.

Southport.—Smithville township voted \$10,000 in bonds to add to \$20,000 formerly voted for good roads. One road that will be improved will be Wilmington-Southport road.

Juvenile Court in Asheville.

Asheville.—Rev. Crawford Jackson, managing secretary of the Juvenile Protective Association, is spending several days here working in the interest of a juvenile court for Asheville, and the indications are that such a tribunal will be established at this city. It is planned to conduct court in a room apart from the police court and to eliminate all of the police court surroundings in the trial of boys and girls charged with violations of the law. Mr. Jackson was speaker at a meeting held.

Rains Save Crops.

Mount Olive.—Judging from appearances and from reports furnished by the farmers themselves, this year's corn crop now bids fair to be one of the best in years; that is, in this section. Before the rains of the past few days had fallen, corn was beginning to fall fast, and the farmers were downcast and fearful that the crop would be a complete failure. However, it seems that the rains came in the nick of time, as a result of which the crop in years has at this season of the year looked more promising.



The Amb

By THE

This story epitomizes, in the life of one big man, his big foes and big friends, the strife, the hopes, and the aspirations of modern America. Involved with his ambition is the ambition of the laborer, of the capitalist, of the progressive, of the humanitarian, of the socialist, of the society woman, and of the woman who gives all for love.

CHAPTER I.

Dreams.

He drifted into the delectable land that lies between sleep and waking, tasting the fleeting savor of his dreams—the epic visions of full-blooded youth. They had passed just beyond memory, leaving a confused yet glowing sense of sharp combats waged, of victories won. A golden haze enveloped him. Through it filtered a dwindling resonance, as of some noble professional sung by a departing far-distant choir.

A wave of delight rippled over him. Then the thought that, not sharing his slumber, had painted his colorful dreams, worked to the surface.

"My last day here!" He awoke slowly. Before him, seen through the unshuttered window, lay a world somber enough to one tugging against its restraints, lovely when it was to be left behind. He saw the September sun peep over the hills at the head of the valley, rise majestically and swing clear, a golden disk hung in the sky, symbol of the reward of men's struggles; its radiance, streaming into the little room, dispelled shabbiness with a mellow glow he could almost feel. The matin sounds arose, according finely with the lingering echoes of his dream music. He reveled in a new perception.

He was twenty years old. He was not one to loil. He sprang from bed and stood naked; supple beautiful youth, too slender for great strength but with the unconscious grace of the wild animal.

He dressed and stood by the window in the attitude of a listener. Intently he sought to define the faint other-world resonance that still seemed to vibrate about him. But the theme eluded him.

His illusion was effectually shattered. Into the subdued melody of the Sabbath morning thrust a profane intruder, the jerky wheezing notes of a cabinet organ in the day's hymns, played by some one who aspired beyond endowment.

He frowned, then threw back his head and laughed silently—a trick he had sometimes—at the absurd anticlimax.

"I'm still in Bethel. It's a long way from here to—there." He drew a long deep breath.

A question halted him. "There—where?"

He shook his head vigorously, as though to throw off the query, and went down to the kitchen.

The odor of frying ham saluted his nostrils; he sniffed it hungrily. A man, apparently old, was placing heavy, chipped ironware dishes on the table. He nodded briefly in response to the youth's blithe greeting.

"I'll be ready," he said in a dull flat voice, "time ye're back from the stable," and continued his slow precise setting of the table.

In a few minutes the other returned, the horses fed and his own hands and face scrubbed in cold water from the lattern. They sat down without speaking. The youth ate eagerly, gulpingly.

When the first keenness of appetite was gone, burning to talk of the great hour at hand, he broke the silence. "Well, father, this is my last day in Bethel."

The old man merely nodded, keeping his eyes on his plate.

Boyishly the son began to set forth his plans and hopes and expectations; they were not small. But the old man maintained his silence. The youth conceived him to be an unsympathetic audience.

"Guess you're not interested," he said a trifle sulkily.

"Yes, I'm interested, Mark," the father answered, "but there ain't anything to say." He raised his glance to the window. "Guess I couldn't say anything that'd help much."

The sweep of the youth's anticipation faltered before a quality in the old man's words. Old, "old Simon," so his neighbors called him. Yet he was not really old, but in the noonday of life wore the gray mantle of age. For he, too, had dreamed his big golden dreams. Below the village stood a dismantled rotting forge, monument to their fatality. After his failure he had returned to his shop and trade, shoeing his neighbors' horses, mending their wagons and plows, a dull-eyed, taciturn, spiritless plodder.

Simon Truitt rose and began to clear the table. The son moved toward the door. There he paused, vaguely sensible of a sorrow to which some soothing word was to be said. But the word would not come to lips unshackled in such tender office. He went slowly on into the sunshine.

In the stable he lingered over the latest and finest trading—until he This labor of love pipe and sat in

He sat there until town came a flat the cracked church faithful—that is to one—to worship. Soon he emerged shaved to the blood comfort of Sunday

Always on warm Simon Truitt was on the stoop, and north; the dam, south. He was cracked bell toll supposed to be

"Goin' to church, expressionless "I guess so," less," with su "you'd like me to Simon hesitated head. "No, ye'd ways. Courtney'd "I owe him a lot Simon nodded, else here. Thank don't ye?"

"Yes. Some thought."

Simon nodded asked unexpected he preaches?"

"Why, yes!" s'pose so," he am The dull glance ened. "Not very ter believe it has most time fur

Mark swung h The father's eye fully.

Mark joined t sion that moved ward the house of ing the short jou overtook and pas rear seat turned of red surged into the wagon drove his glance clung hair under the ply his step quick

He found an door, and enteri c'using his eyes. gregation as it rose and prayer and less mechanically, without ship. His glance souner where a shaft of shine had set a mass shimmering. The at dreams gave him a new solve. The hour sped

He went quietly from the yard he took a st the farmer folk must y hicles and there, as boldly, in the eyes of a her.

She appeared, a sleshe moved slowly ar wove a spell over the

"To the City? Fed?"

tion of Bethel, even who had in the subtle aid of dreams was small, but, neatly made an effec of daintiness not charac of maids of that valley. U posed to be "delicate," spared those arduous ta so little time to study o and fashions. If there w suggest that "Squire Mar let Unity make fools of 'e no males were among the

Self-conscious to the fr not betraying it, she picka way among the gossiping ing gay little smiles to th intoxicated youth, blissful occasional feminine titter

She came to a halt looking up with a smile forget curious observ

"Good morning, M "Unity!" His voi as though he had happening. "n row."

The vira ing it very "To the

