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By ZEB. P. COUNCIL.
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DURHAM, N. C., June 14, 1907.

HIGHWAY SPEEDWAYS.

Mention has been made in these columns of the reckless way in which automobiles are driven out on country roads near town, and also in the city limits. On some streets in town it is dangerous for people to be in the street at all—especially children. Those who have fast horses and automobiles should have a track for the purpose of speeding up if they want to, and not use the public thoroughfares for such purposes and the city and county authorities should see to it that violators of the law should be punished to the fullest extent, for no man has the right to endanger the lives of others by recklessness on his part.

The county commissioners have published the law regulating the speed of automobiles and motor cycles, and those who pay no heed to such timely warning should be made to feel the arm of law. The following from the Statesville Landmark expresses well what should be the course of the officers of the law:

In Asheville a few days ago a bicycle rider ran over a boy and seriously injured him. At first the injury was thought to be fatal. The accident moved the Citizen to remark that "public streets were never intended for speedways," a truth which is too often overlooked in these days of automobiles, smart traps and fast horses. The laws which all towns have prohibiting fast driving, etc., should be rigidly enforced. Drivers of fancy horses automobiles are to often criminally careless of the rights of others and the lives and limbs of innocent persons are often endangered by their recklessness. Public streets are not speedways. If horses want to be raced or automobiles driven at high speed they should be taken to race tracks or somewhere other than on the streets; and people who persist in this sort of racing should be given a taste of the law they will remember ever after.

TAX ASSESSMENT.

WHEN one speaks of the question of tax valuations he is treading on slippery ground, for there is no question about which there is so much difference of opinion with all opinions looking to the same end—that is, lower taxes. As a matter of fact the tax rate is too high in Durham when one considers the valuation of property. We see no good reason for a man's property to be valued at one-half or two-thirds of its real value and the tax rate remain at a big figure, when if the property was truly valued the rate could be reduced.

The assessors for Durham are on their rounds now, and we have been told that all sorts of schemes have been resorted to by persons owing more than one or two houses and lots, among them being the fact that the person owning property learns in some way when the assessors will be around and make it their business to accompany them and point out the defects so that the rate will not be increased. There is not any real estate in Durham that has not increased in value at least one-third since the last assessment was made, and in

many cases the increase will amount to two-thirds. This is especially true in regard to city property. If there be any doubt as the above statement let them go to the tax books and ascertain the price the property is listed for and then add one-third and make the owner an offer of that amount for the property and see how you will be turned down.

When the assessors have completed their work we hope to be able to give some interesting figures of valuations of property in Durham, by showing the valuation placed by the assessors and the price that has been refused for the same property.

It is worthy of note that Trinity College secured a former graduate and a North Carolinian when they have a new chair established at that institution. It is too often the case that men from other states are chosen to fill such positions, and yet there is a great cry that young men leave the state for other places. Give the young men a chance at home and they will remain here.

WHILE the city aldermen are figuring on pure milk and other things for the city, they should at least see if some way other than hauling dressed beef through our streets uncovered could be devised. It appears that those that sell meat would see to it that their meat was protected while being carried to the market, but they do not, and this should be a matter for the city aldermen to see about.

OF course we are not saying one thing against the idea that people should keep their premises in good condition, but it does seem that the people that own vacant lots on Main street should keep them in such shape that they would not be a nuisance. Whether it is unhealthy or not it always looks bad to see a lot of green water standing on vacant property. We do not expect to see anything done about such places for the sanitary officers are too busy looking after the suburban property to see such places.

WE have no reason to advance why the weather is as it is, but all kinds of people that want their name in the paper are telling about how it was when they were boys one summer, and those that would pose as prophets are getting the best opportunity of their lives to tell somebody that the end of time is at hand, and some are using the old saying that "you will not know winter from summer except by the budding of the trees," and charging it to the Bible. Wish some of them that are ready to claim that the Bible says such things would tell the chapter it is in for we would like to read it in the scriptures.

It is out of place to hear officials of the government or anybody that has anything to do with people that wear uniforms complain because the uniform is not honored, when as a matter of fact the fellows seem to take the uniform they are wearing as license to do as they please, and it usually pleases them to be obnoxious to every body with whom they come in contact. When soldiers or others that wear uniforms, honor themselves people will have a greater regard for them and consequently the uniform will be honored. People will not, and should not honor a crank, and it makes no difference what kind of clothes you put on him.

If some of the North Carolina Democrats do not get out of the way they are going to be run down and an office thrust upon them. Of course there is no Democrat who wants an office and they are all doing their best to keep from having one thrust upon them.—Tar Heel.

The . . .
Rogue's March.

By **E. W. HORNING,**

Author of "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman," "Stingaree," Etc.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE condemned youths heard the next cell entered and their comrade Carter roused from his bed. A key then grated in their own door. It was flung open, and there were Mr. Cope, the governor, and a bevy of turnkeys in the passage. "Out with it!" gasped Creasey, on his knees. "I'm respited, ain't I? I never done it, sir. I never did. The king wouldn't hang an innocent man!" "Get up and dress yourself," was the reply. "You will hear the report upstairs, all of you together. You, too, Erichsen. Slip on your things."

Tom obeyed and then lent a hand to Creasey, who hardly knew his small clothes from his jacket, and clung to Tom as a child to his nurse.

"I'm innocent," he kept mumbling. "They'll be the murderers if they let me swing. Didn't I tell you I was innocent, Erichsen? Haven't I said so all along? Oh, my Gawd, if they let me swing!"

"They won't," whispered Tom. "But if they did, why, we've got to die some time. It's an easy death, and there's an end to it."

"But I don't want to die! I don't die! I don't deserve to die! Don't I keep telling you I never done it?"

And the abject thing clung blubbering to Tom's arm as the turnkey who was waiting at the door conducted the pair upstairs.

The upper day room, or cell ward, as it was indifferently termed, was but poorly lighted with candles, whose sepulchral rays added a pallor even to the white faces of those dragged from their beds to hear their doom. The number of the latter being new complete, all fourteen were ordered to kneel, and Tom found himself between Creasey and Carter at one end of the line. Creasey still clung to his arm. Carter knelt like a rock, with his great fingers clutched in front of him and heavy drops falling on them from his bended brow. This was all Tom saw before the ordinary entered in his gowls and halted before him first.

"Mr. Erichsen," said he, with a compassionate tremor, "the recorder has this evening made his report to the king. I am very sorry to have to inform you that it is unfavorable."

Tom inclined his head. He had cherished no hopes.

The ordinary approached Carter. "I am sorry to tell you it is all against you also," he continued. "As for you, Creasey, and the latter tightened his grip on Tom's arm. "I am happy to inform you that your life is spared, and I am very happy to inform all the others that by the royal mercy their lives are spared."

Creasey withdrew his hand from Tom's arm and edged further away on his knees. A deep sigh rose from a dozen breasts; then as the chaplain was about to offer up a prayer there came a sudden crash at Tom's side, and the wretched Carter was foundering on the floor in convulsions. The rest were hurried back to their cells, and Creasey executed a breakdown while Tom quietly undressed.

"But that's all right!" cried the former, stopping suddenly. "It's no more I expected, 'cause, you see, I'm an innocent man an' allus was; that's why you never caught me showing the white, Erichsen, though once or twice you thought you did. Jiggered if you wouldn't believe anything, a mug like you! Why, I used to bilk you every blooming night for fun! Not but what I'm sorry it's all up with you, old man; though it's a nice an' comfy death, you told me so yourself, and you know we've all got to die some day! Besides, you done yours—no denying it—but I never done mine at all, so it's fair an' square enough, you must admit!"

The little cur was snoring in ten minutes. He was removed to the Transport side next morning. And Tom, left in solitude, would have given some days of the twelve remaining to have had him back.

The execution was fixed for the 30th. He would never see another June. Bassett came from day to day with news of the petition. It was being signed, but not as freely as at first. Bassett's disappointment was patent to the condemned man. The smart young fellow was in fact beginning to weary of his uphill work and to think about the bill.

So next day Tom asked Bassett whether the noble unknown had also abandoned hope and effort. "Not he," said Bassett in a half disgusted tone. "He is moving heaven and earth; seeking private interviews with the home secretary if not with the king himself. He's quite capable of it. A wonderful man when he gets an idea into his head."

"But what put this idea into his head?" "Heaven knows!" Tom looked the attorney through and through and asked another question. "Did you tell him how much I should like to see him before I die—to thank him?"

"I did, but he is too busy working for you. He said that would do you more good."

"I see," said Tom sadly; "another

Culliford! Then why is he doing it? Culliford was paid. He paid him. But why, again? See here, you Bassett. Both you and he disbelieve in me—I know it now—but you are tired of your job, and he is not. Why not? I believe you know! Then tell me, and let us part friends once and for all. You need bother your head no more about me, only tell me what you must know. "I know nothing."

"Then what you suspect?" Bassett considered; had his private conviction (that there was a woman in it) on the tip of his tongue, but ultimately shook his shrewd, cool head. There was nothing to be gained by speaking out. A dying man's gratitude was nothing. And there might be something to be lost. At any rate the safe side was the wise side, with that bill not even properly drawn up, so Tom and his solicitor parted coldly for the last time, and Tom tore up that slip of writing which had been handed to him at Marylebone, but relented next moment and treasured the torn pieces till the end.

And now at last his gallant spirit surrendered itself to the apathy of sheer despair, and the physical collapse which supervened was almost as complete as that of the brave but broken heart. A sudden outbreak of morbid appearances brought the surgeon in hot haste to clean the foul tongue, to regulate the irregular pulse, moisten the parched skin and, in a word, to keep his man well enough to die on the following Tuesday. The good Macmurdo would as lief have given him a draft of deadly poison, but such humanity would have sent himself to the gallows instead. So the surgeon did his best for the poor doomed body, and the chaplain did his best for an immortal soul still filled with bitter rebellion and rage. But this physician was less successful, though not less kind—praying in his chamber for the poor impenitent, but yet doing what in him lay to further such efforts as were still being made for a reprieve. Even on the last Sunday, when the stern divine furnished that incredible barbarism, the condemned sermon, the humane gentleman was upon the other tack and in almost hourly communication with Daintree himself.

Tom could not guess at that. The last to enter, the first to leave, the crowded chapel, he did so with the sense of his indignity heavier upon him than at either Marylebone or the Old Bailey. The very chapel had been filled with sightseers—and he the sight! He had recognized the noble earl who had come to spy upon him before the trial, and with him ladies. And, to cap all, the ordinary had mentioned him by name in the sermon, taking the sixth commandment for his

(Continued on third page.)

Bad Symptoms.

The woman who has periodical headaches, backache, sees imaginary dark spots or specks floating or dancing before her eyes, has gnawing distress or heavy full feeling in stomach, faint spells, dragging-down feeling in lower abdominal or pelvic region, easily startled or excited, irregular or painful periods, with or without pelvic catarrh, is suffering from weakness and derangements that should have early attention. Not all of above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time.

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NORTH CAROLINA SUPERIOR COURT
Durham County August Term 1907
J. F. White Company.

Addie Nichols, Mabel Duke, Notice.
Nichols, R. T. Olmsted
and J. E. Owens

The defendant, R. T. Olmsted, she above named, will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Durham County to sell a tract of real estate situated in said County and State and in Mangum Township, being the same conveyed by L. M. Nichols and Addie W. Nichols, his wife, to R. T. Olmsted in a mortgage executed on the 12th day of November, 1902, and recorded in Book of Mortgages No. 24, p. 58, in the office of the register of deeds for Durham County, said tract of land containing 42 acres. The property was mortgaged to R. T. Olmsted to secure a note of \$100.00 on November 12th, 1902, payable one year from date and bearing 6 per cent interest from date. The note secured by said mortgage having been assigned by R. T. Olmsted to J. E. Owens and by him assigned to plaintiff, this action is for the purpose of obtaining an order to sell the land described for the satisfaction of said indebtedness. The said defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear at the next term of the Superior Court for Durham County, to be held on the last Monday before the first Monday in September, 1907, at the court house in Durham, N. C., and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

C. B. GREEN,
Clerk Superior Court.
This 10th day of May, 1907.

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