

Entered as second class matter August 8, 1903, at the postoffice at Durham, N. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates:

One year \$1.00
Six months 50 cents
Three months 25 cents
Rates for advertising made known on application.

DURHAM, N. C., July 9, 1907.

IMAGINARY.

We have had something to say about the automobile craze, and wreckless running of such machines by those that own them, because we believe that it is dangerous, and for that reason shall continue to call attention to infractions of the law regarding speed and recklessness.

But we are not one of those that feel as we recently heard some one say: "They appear as they are able to afford something better than the average and want to show how fast they can pass by you." We do not believe there are any people in Durham that own automobiles that feel that way about it, but that they speed up because it is fascinating.

As every one knows, whether he will admit it or not, that there is a feeling in the breast of the man in the ordinary walk of life that has his more fortunate brother looks down upon him because he cannot live in such style as he does, but we believe there are few such men in this community, and such notions are only imaginary. But the point we would make is that each class of people should seek to better understand the other, and each should consider little things that will help to bring this about.

Why should a man mind paying a certain portion of his profits in fines to courts when he has no taxes to pay. In many cases of selling whiskey that have come up in this town the fines and the costs have not amounted to near as much as the tax was for the same privilege, and from what we can learn they sell at a much higher price than when they were selling with license, and in many cases do not get caught at all. The thing to break up violating will put men jail, and not merely take an amount less than they would have to pay in license to do the same business.

Of course it is all right to do what you can to keep men from ruining themselves, but how afterdoes the fellow that is so anxious that his brother sin not by having either a soft drink spend in helping some less fortunate person. If many of such fellows were as sincere as they claim regarding the welfare of others it does seem that he would more often lend him a helping hand.

We know little about such things, but doubtless federal judges have the right to do what they please regardless of the state legislature. Possibly they believe many of the things they see in newspapers about the legislature and have no hesitancy in setting aside what such a crowd tried to make into a law.

It may be that the federal court thinks the legislature should confine itself to county laws that some individual wants to get even with his neighbor, and not attempt to pass on any great question.

We often wonder what some papers would do for editorials if they should accomplish what they harp on—destroy the railroads and the trusts.

The . . .
Rogue's March.

By
E. W. HORNUNG,

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

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round part of that murderous hook and yet stood his ground, though De Gruchy lay flat on his face, with the moon beating down on his neck and on a dark blob there in much the same place as that other mortal wound, which now puzzled Tom no more.

CHAPTER XXI.

It presently appeared that Tom had not traveled above a dozen miles toward the sea he fancied he had smelled at eighteen, but this he declined to believe until the gray man produced a tattered map and pricked out the positions with his hook. Tom then gave in, but climbed into De Gruchy's saddle with incomplete convictions upon the point. The delirium of his famished fight still magnified both the time and the space which it had covered. Thinking of the murder done before his eyes and looking on these villains whom he had joined, he could half believe he was delicious still. The incredible thing was that in two more hours he would be back upon that hated spot whither he had sworn never to return alive.

But a man's fate was stronger than his will, as it seemed to Tom during that midnight ride when not care, but a very merciful sort of fatalism, sat behind the reckless horseman. Fatalistic he had felt before, but never with this result. Hitherto the feeling had only deepened his despair, whereas now it was his single solace. It consoled him for the horrors he had countenanced that night, it even nerved him for what deeds he must himself commit before the night was out.

In the law's eye he was a branded murderer as it was. He seemed destined to deserve that brand. He would kick no more against a fate so plain and so persistent. So he decided as he rode, too slowly for his spirit, to deliberate crime, for despite philosophy his one immediate longing was for a gallop to rekindle blood which the murder of De Gruchy had turned from fire to ice, and a greater comfort than he would have owned to himself came of his resolve to save and protect Peggy and Miss Sullivan from this ruthless crew. Otherwise he was one of them and would play his part. But he was not yet the villain he had hoped.

Objective details impressed him little at the time. And yet he was left with the very sharpest memories of floating gum trees and a drooping moon, of the masks they all put on and the battered top hat that Hookey wore above his, the pistols that they loaded and the brace of horse pistols banded to himself; the little conversation on the way, the startling of an old man kangaroo that shone an instant gray and glossy in the moonlight, then boomed and bounded into silence and the shades; of all such things, in fact, to the final plan of attack and division of villainy, made almost within sight of the devoted homestead.

At the time, however, though Tom listened (as he thought) attentively and was much consulted in the strength of his present knowledge of the place, he grasped very little beyond his own instructions. He was to show them the overseer's hut (the night watchman would already be on their side or dead), then he was to station himself beneath the great bell and to ring it furiously so soon as Ginger was hauled out and his hut set well on fire. Tom was also to answer to the name of Francisco and to affect a foreign accent, because the Italian's terrible reputation had been the best part of him.

The bell and the fire were calculated to tempt both Sullivans forth unarmed. At all costs those two were to be taken alive. "And then?" said the little man, poking Wall-eye in the ribs with his look.

"What then?" inquired Tom.

"We shall do unto them as we've all been done by."

"But you were never here yourself?"

"Next door to it," returned Hookey Simpson. "I was at Strachan's, and this old tyrant ordered me my fifties. We'll see how he likes them himself—just for a start."

"I wish it was Strachan's we were coming to," muttered Tom, with a flash of his former passion.

"It'll be his turn next."

"But when?"

"Tomorrow—if all goes well."

"Then you don't mean to stop at Castle Sullivan?" cried Tom, amazed.

"You'll see," rejoined Hookey, "and so shall I. There's no saying where I may stop with seventy convicts at my back."

Seventy convicts! That was the rough number at Castle Sullivan.

Then what was this to which the little man was leading them? No petty robbery, after all! A grand rebellion instead! Tom's heart lightened at the thought. He gazed at the confident little man, looking more like a monkey dressed up as a highwayman and perched upon a horse, and he felt that he could have followed so spirited a leader with all the spirit he himself had left but for the thing that had been done before his eyes that night. There was no more, however, to be said. They were at the farm.

At the gate (not the gate of former scenes; this one lay east beyond the stables) all dismounted but the little

general who was to keep his saddle as generals do. The others led their horses to the stables, and, while Wall-eye stalled them, Tom showed Slipper and the black his old lair. Another convict had succeeded him as groom, and in a few moments young Brummy was dragged forth by Peter Pindar. So far from offering any resistance, however, the obliging youth at once put himself at the bushrangers' disposal. His zeal and enthusiasm augured well for the other seventy in the huts. Under his eager guidance the watchman, Roberts, was immediately captured in his sleep beneath the bell, whereupon that official joined the enemy with no more demur than Brummy. Indeed, he went the length of shaking hands with the supposed Italian and personally thanking him for having come at last.

Hookey on his horse cut this profession short and drove both prisoners before him toward the overseer's hut, which Tom had already pointed out. The latter was now left in charge of the bell rope, with a last order not to ring until the hut was well ablaze.

"I thought he was gov'nor?" Tom heard Roberts remark.

"The less you think the better," retorted Hookey. "But about this overseer of yours—a ticket of leave, I understand. True man, eh?" by which term Hookey meant its opposite.

"I doubt it," said Roberts.

"Then all the worse for him!"

Ginger's hut was but a few yards from the bell. Tom heard them enter and held his breath. The door was shut, and then he heard no more.

In the main building all was dark and still. He watched it keenly, with his ears, as it were, upon the hut behind. At last the door reopened, and he heard the striking of lucifers, accompanied by another sound, as of something being dragged from the hut. He looked round, and it was Ginger's bed. The overseer lay upon it, bound and gagged.

Tom drew a deep breath. He had expected worse.

Brummy and Roberts were now dispatched to the convicts' huts to tell the rest at the right moment what was happening and how they would all be free men within an hour if they abstained from interference, but dead men if they did not. Then the black crept up close to the palisade, while Hookey rode to one side and the other two hid behind trees. Meanwhile the overseer's hut was beginning to crackle, and all at once Tom saw the shadow of his tree leap out toward the palisade upon a ground of glaring red.

"Ring! Ring!" cried Hookey from his horse.

Almost with his words a terrific clang, clang, clang, burst out from amid the red gun's leaves, and almost with the alarm a couple of white figures leaped out into the red glare behind the palisade.

Tom stood and watched like an actor who has forgotten he is on the stage himself.

He saw the white figures dash through the gate and a black one glide in front of it next moment. He saw Nat Sullivan stop, running, seize his father's arm and point excitedly toward the burning hut. He saw them both about to turn when the son was lifted off his legs as though he had been an infant, and there were coal black arms entwined about his night-shirt and snow white teeth grinning over his shoulder. Hookey Simpson galloped up. Slipper and Wall-eye darted from behind their trees. All had pistols in their hands and masks upon their faces, and the masks reminded Tom that he was looking on through one himself and had no business to be a looker on at all.

He had vaguely wondered why the bell was still ringing. Now he let go the rope and ran a step or two forward, but they were four to two without him, and the four were armed, and watch he must.

The Sullivans were being dragged or driven backward upon the palisade. Tom could make little of the swaying, struggling group, for Hookey Simpson brought up the rear on his horse, but through the animal's legs he had glimpses of fluttering calico and sparkling spurs as the glare grew more and more intense. It was now as light as day. Every board of the main building stood out in abnormal detail against the blackened sky, while the shadows of the palisade made a glowing gridiron of the yard within.

The scuffle was over. Something was happening that Tom could not see when a flake of red-hot bark lit upon his ear. He was face about in time to see the roof of the burning hut tumble in and a column of clean flame spout high into the night. And there was the wretched Ginger writhing in his bonds within reach of the burning walls and with the flame of a fallen brand licking the very camp bed on which he lay.

This time Tom did not forget his part. He ignored it and had the overseer out of harm's way in a few seconds. In two more his mask was among the rest and his pistol pointed with the others at the two white figures that now stood side by side against the palisade, with torn night-shirts and clenched fists, defenseless.

but still defiant.

"Now look you here, my fine gentlemen!" exclaimed Hookey from his saddle. "If you've got any sense between you, let's see you show it. You'll only cut things shorter if you don't. What chance do you think you've got? Ah, it's too late to look that way now, you old fool!"

The doctor's eyes were on his convict huts, the men were pouring out of them pell-mell. Hookey Simpson wheeled his horse and rode up to them with a magnificent air, dropping his reins to wave his battered chimney pot as if it were a general's cocked hat.

"My lads," cried he, "your kind master would call upon you to stand by him in his hour of need. Now's the time to show him your gratitude. Stop! Stop! Not all of you at once!" And with his horse he stemmed a rush of zealous spirits who explained themselves in chorus as they unwillingly fell back.

"Stand by him?" cried one. "Get at him, you mean! Only give us the word and we'll take him off your hands!"—
(Continued on third page.)

The Farmer's Wife

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every taint or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood.

If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science for the cure of the above symptoms and conditions, as attested by the writings of leading teachers and practitioners of all the several schools of medical practice, have been skillfully and harmoniously combined in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That this is absolutely true will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will mail a postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a free copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities, giving the names of all the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicines and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

Notice!

The undersigned having been appointed by the Clerk of the Superior Court of Durham County administrator of the estate of the late Addison Mangum, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned administrator on or before the 10th day of July, 1908, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons owing said estate will please make prompt payment.

This the 6th day of July, 1907.
A. G. MANGUM,
Administrator.

State of North Carolina,
Department of State,
Certificate of Dissolution

To All to Whom These Presents May Come—Greeting:

Whereas, it appears to my satisfaction, by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution thereof by the unanimous consent of all the stockholders, deposited in my office, that the Durham Dry Goods Company, a corporation of this State, whose principal office is situated at No. 108 Main Street, in the City of Durham, County of Durham, State of North Carolina, G. M. Moffitt being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process may be served, has complied with the requirements of Chapter 21, revision of 1905, entitled "Corporations," preliminary to the issuing of this Certificate of Dissolution:

Now, Therefore, I, J. Bryant Grimes, Secretary of State of the State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said corporation did, on the 8 day of June 1907, file in my office a duly executed and attested consent in writing to the dissolution of said corporation, executed by all the stockholders thereof, which said consent and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file in my said office as provided by law.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at Raleigh, this 8 day of June, A. D. 1907.

J. BRYANT GRIMES,
Secretary of State.

Sale of Lot.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Durham County, N. C. made in the case entitled, R. W. Winston vs Bethel Rudd, the undersigned commissioner will sell at public auction for one half cash, balance in ninety days or all cash, at the option of the purchaser, for the purpose of division, at the Court House door in Durham, N. C., at 12 o'clock, n.

July 26th, 1907.

the following real estate, to-wit: Lying and being in Durham City, N. C., beginning at Frank Leathers' N. E. corner on Southern boundary of the North Carolina Railroad Company, thence with said boundary 5.52' East 65' links; thence S. 31 1/2° W. 1 chain and 84 links; thence N. 23 1/2° W. 65 links to Frank Leathers' line; thence N. 31 1/2° E. 1 chain and 90 links to the beginning, containing 12-100 acre.

VICTOR S. BRYANT,
Commissioner.
This June 16, 1907.

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DURHAM, N. C.

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