

THAT BRUTAL HUSBAND.

By HOWARD OTIS. (Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.) She and her husband lived in the next flat above mine, and I pitied her. How she could endure to live with a man who kept such irregular hours I could not imagine. I should rather say regular hours, for he seldom came in till morning. It would be 3 o'clock and sometimes 4 o'clock when he passed my door. I would hear a door open above, and at times when my own door stood ajar I could hear a kiss of welcome. After that there would be moving about above, and sometimes a ripple of feminine laughter, never a scolding word, escaped from their apartments. Often in summer, when doors and windows were left open to admit air, I could hear the rattle of dishes, the drawing of a cork, the clink of glasses, and knew the couple were having a supper together. I remember one night when I could smell the odor of some savory dish. I got up, dressed myself, went out to a restaurant and got a dozen oysters, with a bottle of ale. But it was only my stomach that was appeased, not my heart, and I yearned for such an angel as lived in the flat above me and thought what a different husband I would make her. Surely she must have had something of the bohemian in her nature, and, above all, I wanted for a wife a woman of that kind. I pitied those men whose wives must always remain at home and make their husbands miserable unless they are always at home too. What a jewel a woman must be who could receive her husband at all hours of the morning after he had spent nearly the whole night crumpling or playing poker at his club, give him a loving kiss and cook a supper for him! And when this is kept up night after night what must the enduring amiability of that woman be? One day I left my room just in time to meet her on the landing. I lifted my hat and moved aside for her to pass, taking at the same time a good long look at her face. It was as fresh as if she were not awakened every morning by her brutal husband. It was not such a face as I had expected to see. I had fancied it would contain a devil-may-care expression common with bohemian women. Her features, on the contrary, were intellectual, with a trace of seriousness in them. Then it occurred to me that with such a husband how could she help being serious. It was a wonder that she did not show traces of suffering. She was going upstairs; I was going down. That was the first and only glimpse I got of her. One morning I did not hear the husband come in at the usual hour, and the next day a doctor's buggy drove up to the front door. The doctor went up to their flat. He came every day for awhile; then a hearse stopped at the door, and I knew that the poor woman would not have longer to suffer the irregularities of a brutal husband. She never returned to the flat. Some eighteen months afterward, while at an evening party, I saw her standing chatting with the hostess. I recognized her at once. How could I help recognizing her since I had carried that one brief glimpse I had got of her in my heart ever since? In a moment I was sidling up to the hostess and received the coveted introduction. I refrained from telling the widow that I had lived beneath her and was aware of how she had been obliged to sit up night after night waiting for that husband. I didn't wish to awaken painful memories. I infinitely preferred that she should think she was meeting me for the first time. The hostess arranged for a more than casual acquaintance between me and the widow. I saw much of her. There was nothing of the bohemian about her. Indeed, she seemed to have domestic tastes. Nevertheless I wanted her, and I did my best to win her. All this while I kept in the background my knowledge of her past and my surmises concerning her. In time she consented to become my wife. I had put off so long telling her that I had known of her former domestic life that I resolved to defer doing so till immediately after our marriage. Indeed, I wished to make an experiment. Would she endure as much from me as from her first husband? I proposed to put her to the test. On our return from the honeymoon I told her that I desired to visit a former bachelor club. She assented. At 3 in the morning I opened my front door and went upstairs. I expected to see my wife's bedroom door open and feel her arms about my neck. What was my disappointment to find that the door remained closed! I opened it and entered. My wife was sound asleep. I should have considered myself fortunate not to receive a dressing. But I did not. I was angry. I made so much noise purposely that finally I woke her up. "Pretty late hour this," she said "for the day after the fall of the honeymoon. Could not you make less noise and permit me to sleep?" This was too much. I told her how I had often in the past heard her husband go home at that late hour and how she had received him. I who had taken what was left of a chilled heart, instead of getting a kiss or a hot supper received only complaint. She listened to me in some surprise and when I had finished said: "You gauger! My first husband was the editor of a morning newspaper."

FATE AND A COW.

By M. QUAD. (Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.) Professor Slocum of the college at Madison was fifty years old on a certain date. He was tall and stoop shouldered and ungainly. He was reticent and unobtrusive, and society knew him not at all. Miss Deborah Day of the same town had reached the age of forty-five. She was plain of face and frigid of attitude, and her charms were missing. Cupid had sized up the professor and condemned him to bachelorhood. He had done the same with Miss Deborah and left her an old maid. One evening, just at sundown, when the whippoorwills, had there been any within a radius of a hundred miles, would have been making ready to sing, Miss Day walked forth in a meadow to gather a few daisies. It was not a romantic feeling that took her there. She would have as soon culled onions had there been any there to cull. At the same hour it singularly happened that Professor Slocum sought the same meadow in search of geological specimens to convince his class that this old earth of ours has seen at least 15,000,000 birthdays come and go. Four discoveries took place almost simultaneously, and a fifth came tagging on behind. The lady discovered her daisies, the professor discovered his pebbles, the two people discovered each other, and together they discovered a cow. A cow may be simply an animated object on the landscape, or she may be a discovery, because she was enraged over the loss of a horn knocked off in some way and because she had her head down and her tail up and was charging the pebble and daisy gatherers. Then the fifth discovery showed up. It was a cow shed twenty rods away—a rough affair that had once seen better days. The meadow was retired, and the shed was more so. There was no hope of reaching the fence, but there was of reaching the shed. It was plain that the cow was coming for business, and you must judge whether it was proper or not for the couple to clasp hands and make a wabbling and tumultuous run for the shed. They reached it just in time for the professor to find a board and bar the entrance against the cow and later on to further strengthen it. There was no doubt about the bovine being in earnest. She made frantic attempts to tear down the shed with her remaining horn, and when she could not effect entrance she stood on guard to keep her victims from coming out. Darkness suddenly fell. "Professor Slocum, I must leave here this instant!" exclaimed the horrified Miss Day. "And so must I," was the reply. "It is not proper." "Certainly not." "I shall be a laughingstock." "And I the same." Yes; they ought to leave the shed and rush in opposite directions, but what of the cow? She proposed to have something to say about that. At the first movement of the temporary door she uttered a bloodcurdling bellow and made a charge, and Miss Day screamed, and the professor threw up his hands in despair. "I can't go, but you must," said Miss Day as the cow quieted down. "Professor, you must see that you must go—you must see it!" "I do see it," he replied, "and, while I cannot depart from the shed, I can climb out on top of it." This he accomplished by making his way through a gap in the roof. He was now in a position of propriety, but there was the cow again. When she saw him perched up there, so near and yet so far, she tried to climb up after him, and at the end of two minutes Miss Day was shrieking for protection. Down scrambled the professor, and the cow took to running around the shed to find where he had gone. Could they be severely ceremonious when it was impossible to see each other? The professor wisely decided that they couldn't, and he reached out and clasped Miss Day's hand. She returned the clasp. Then he put his arm around her in a protecting way, and she did not shrink. Then the old cow made up her mind to melt the frost and bring out the turtles doves if she had to break her neck to do it. She gave a bellow of warning and retreated eight or ten rods and then came for the side of the shed like a runaway locomotive. She hit it fair and square, and two-thirds of it caved in like a house of sand. In the caving she was mixed up with beams and boards, and the professor took advantage of the occasion to tear the door aside and pull his companion out into the open. Then they ran for the nearest fence. It wasn't dignified to fall down three or four times, but they fell. It wasn't eminently proper when the fence was reached and the cow was hard on their trail for the professor to throw Miss Day over and then make a scramble himself, but that's the way it was worked. Then as soon as the man in the case could get his breath he realized the inevitable. They were both tattered and fretted. They had together passed through peril by flood and fire (and cow), and romance had come to their hearts at last. "Miss Day, I have loved you from the first," announced the professor as he took her hand. "And I—!" she replied after gasping for breath. Of course she had, too, and of course that settled it then and there. The old cow looked through the rails at them, heard the cooing of the doves and with a snort of disgust turned tail and walked away. And yet she had made over two human beings to be like the average.

THE BLADEN FIGHT.

A Pro-Election Hot Time—War of Fists and Words.

The bond election fight in Bladen is over now, but the following description, from Monday's Fayetteville Observer, of the hot times in that county Saturday will be read with interest: "There was a hot time in grand old Bladen Saturday. The railroad barons in the persons of President John A. Mills, of the Raleigh & Southport, President J. F. L. Armfield, of the Virginia & Carolina Southern, and Mr. Geo. B. McLeod, who proposes to build a road from Lumberton, and their respective followers, who invaded that unusually quiet and dignified old county Saturday, in their three cornered fight, for the privilege of connecting Elizabethtown by railroad with the world, made Saturday a red letter day for that county, so far as sensational incidents are concerned. "The storm broke with the greatest fury at Tar Heel, where Mr. Mills, and his supporters held a big rally in the afternoon, with Maj. Terry Lyon as the central figure. "Major Lyon is an old Bladen boy, and though young, was, when he decided to come to Fayetteville six months ago to practice law, the Democratic leader of Bladen county. He is one of the principal supporters of the Mills proposition, while his father, Judge C. C. Lyon, and his uncle, Sheriff C. W. Lyon, are arrayed in the Armfield camp. At Tar Heel, Mr. E. W. Lasley, cashier of the Bank of Elizabethtown, made an accusation against Mr. Lyon, and before he had finished the sentence Mr. Lyon knocked him down. A few minutes later, Dave B. Sutton, late Republican city attorney of Wilmington, and son of the late Sheriff Sutton, took issue with some of Mr. Lyon's pro Mills talk, and after hot words they came to blows, but were separated before any blood was spilt. "At Elizabethtown, the war of words and wrath was continued with equal fierceness, but no fights are recorded. Mr. John R. Tolar, a supporter of the Mills proposition, who returned from Bladen Saturday night, says that Fayetteville's youngest lawyer has qualified himself for the lightweight championship of the State.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Legislature of South Carolina convened Tuesday. The House of Congress Tuesday passed the army appropriation bill, carrying the sum of \$95,200,000 for the maintenance of the army during the fiscal year of 1911. A statue of General Lew Wallace, of Indiana, soldier, author and diplomat, was unveiled Tuesday in statutory hall at the United States Capitol at Washington. "Ben Hur" is the best known of Gen. Wallace's books. A resolution fixing the fourth Thursday of April as the date for the inauguration of Presidents, instead of March 4, was ordered favorably reported by the committee on the judiciary of the House of Congress Tuesday. Meeting his wife and 4-year-old son as they were on their way to Sunday school Sunday at Leighton, Pa., Wm. Gauner shot his wife in the face and then committed suicide. Jealousy is thought to have caused the crime. In the first partyless election held under a new charter and after the greatest campaign in the history of the city, Boston, Mass., Tuesday elected former Mayor John F. Fitzgerald to again fill the mayor's chair for a four-year term.

Opera House

One night Wednesday Jan. 19th The Big Event of The Season BARLOW & WILSON'S Greater New York Minstrels Moral, Refined and up-to-date. Mirth, Music and Fun. The best Comedians, the best Singers, the best Dancers, the best Vaudeville and Specialty Acts. Americas Leading Minstrel Company. Premium Band and Orchestra. See The Big Parade. Entire First Floor will be Reserved. Prices \$5, 50, 75 cents. Seats now on Sale at McMillan's Drug Store. 1-13-2t.

January 1884---January 1910

The has been many changes during the 26 years between the above dates, but the policy of our business has been the same during all these years, and remains the same today. "Fair and Honest Treatment of all Customers—No Deception—Full Value for Prices charged." Our business has shown a steady growth through all these years, and the business of 1909 was greater in volume, and represented a greater number of customers than any previous year. We solicit a continuance of the good will and patronage of all who have traded with us during past years. This firm would not sacrifice the good will of the true, honest, faithful customers who have traded with them during these 26 years, for any Man's Silver and Gold. We appreciate the Friendship of the Thousand who trade at our store.

Caldwell & Carlyle

12-9-11 LUMBERTON, N. C.

CROUP The DREAD VISITOR OF THE NIGHT will have no terrors for you if you keep a box of Vick's Croup and Pneumonia Salve in the house. Croup relieved in 15 minutes. Pneumonia, Bronchitis, etc. cured in 6 to 8 hours,—the only remedy that provides strong external stimulation and stimulating vapors for the bronchial tubes, nose and throat, at the same time. Delay is dangerous; have a box ready in the house. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 JARS. AT DRUG STORES OR BY MAIL. VICK'S FAMILY REMEDIES CO., GREENSBORO, N. C.

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SHUR-ON EYEGLASS If your eyesight troubles you call and have them thoroughly tested. We can suit any deflection in the sight. Spectacles and Eye Glasses correctly fitted to your eyes for

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Masonic Temple, Wilmington, N. C. Artificial Eyes Inserted Without Pain.

HE IS HERE

H. B. Sturtevant, representing L. E. Hays & Co., Tailors, Cincinnati, Ohio, will be glad to see you at our store THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY Jan. 13-14-15 to take your orders for Spring and Summer Tailor-Made Clothes, for

Immediate or Future Delivery. Mr. Sturtevant carries the finest line of high-grade Woolens and Worsted for Men's wear that has ever been shown in the city. The values are unapproachable and perfect fit and satisfaction is assured

JOHN T. BIGGS CO.

Lumberton, N. C. 1-10-11. Notice. The copartnership heretofore existing between D. W. Bullock and D. A. Cox under the firm name of Bullock & Cox as been dissolved by mutual consent. All claims against said firm should be presented to D. A. Cox, who has charge of the business, and all bills due the firm must be paid to him. D. W. Bullock, D. A. Cox, Rowland, N. C.

VIRGINIA & CAROLINA SOUTHERN R. R.

Table with columns for departure times and destinations: IN CONNECTION WITH THE ATLANTIC COAST LINE. TO THE North and East. Includes times for Lumberton, N.C., V&C, Ar, Hope Mills, Fayetteville, Rocky Mount, Weldon, Petersburg, Norfolk, Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Fayetteville, Hope Mills, Charleston, Charleston, Savannah, Jacksonville.

Advertised Letters.

Following is a list of letters remaining in the postoffice at Lumberton, N. C., for the week ending January 10th, 1910:

George Anderson, Miss Ellen G. Abrams, Luther Blanks, J. C. Bottom, Joe Brooks, G. S. Dula, Miss Mary Faulk, Lula Fason, Mrs. Jony French, Sam Hines, W. E. Graham (2), Edward Gaddy, J. H. Heil, Mrs. D. H. Hoyr, Mrs. Ella J. Green (2), Miss Edna Gilmore, N. A. Jacobs, Mrs. Nina Guim, Miss Emma Jones, Mr. Carl A. Lashley, Hattie Neal, M. C. McLean, Miss Emily McKay, Isiah Moore, Miss Jane McKay, J. S. Mircolla, Wallace Mellow, Wm. B. Proctor, Annie Pope, James Sanders, Miss Maude Shaw, Tom Steel, Mr. H. Haywood Stephens, Sam Wosly, D. J. Webb. Persons calling for any of the above will please ask for "advertised letters". R. M. Norment, P. M.

Notice of Sale.

By virtue of authority conferred upon me under a judgment of the superior court of Robeson County, entered at October Term, 1909 in a civil action therein pending, wherein John Hector Powers and others were plaintiffs and A. B. Carter was defendant, I will, on Wednesday, the 9th day of February, 1910, at 12 o'clock noon at the court house door of Robeson County offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following described land to-wit: In Saddle Tree township, adjoining the lands of N. Revels and others, lying on the East side of Saddle Tree town hip, and beginning at a stake and two pines, the second corner of a 147 acre survey, Vincent Revels corner and runs South 40 West 2 chains to a stake, thence South 85 West 27 chains to a marked corner, thence North 14 West about 19 chains to a stake, thence South 79 East 38 chains to the beginning, containing fifty acres, more or less, excepting seventeen acres thereof which has been conveyed to other parties, leaving thirty acres to be sold, the same being all the interest of A. B. Carter in and to the lands of the late William H. Carter. And at the same time and place, there will also be sold at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, one black mare mule about seven years old; and one new top buggy and harness. Time of sale: February 9th, 1910 at 12 o'clock noon. Place of sale, Court house door in Lumberton, N. C. Terms of Sale: Cash. Dated this January 8th, 1910. R. C. Lawrence, Commissioner. McIntyre, Lawrence and Proctor, Attorneys for plaintiff. 1-14-11-11.