

CANOEIST KNIFES ENRAGED MOOSE

Butts in While Animals Are Engaged in Fight and Then Has to Battle for Own Life.

Uno Park, Ontario.—The story of a canoeist's desperate fight in the water with an infuriated bull moose comes from the north. Dave Duke, a prospector known the length and breadth of the mining country, is the hero. Duke was engaged with comrades in developing some claims and had occasion to paddle down the lake on which the party was camped. Rounding a point he came in sight of two bull



Plunged the Knife into the Animal.

moose engaged in combat. He was able to paddle quite close to the scene of battle without arousing attention, and then he sounded the coughing grunt of a moose to see what the effect would be. Both forgot their private fight and charged through the shallow water for the canoe.

Being unarmed, Duke started for open water with all speed. One of the bulls gave up the chase, but the other came driving on, bent on the destruction of the intruder. He was rapidly overtaking the canoe when Duke turned his canoe suddenly, evaded the oncoming animal, and as it surged past seized it by the long hair over the rear quarters. With the moose plunging violently to free itself Duke held fast with one hand while with the other he drew his clasp knife. He opened the blade with his teeth and plunged the full length of the blade into the animal's back several times, severing the spine. Then he righted his canoe and paddled back for help to obtain the meat.

KILLS DOG WITH KICK; JAILED

New York Man Is Sentenced to Prison Ten Days for Cruelty to Animal.

New York.—John Pawlok of 349 West Forty-ninth street kicked a little yellow dog to death a few days ago.

Magistrate Jean Norris in Jefferson Market court fined Pawlok \$25 or gave him the alternative of ten days in the workhouse. He chose the workhouse.

The complainant was Mrs. Rose Maulonok of 348 West Forty-ninth street. She said she had the dog out walking and met Pawlok, who kicked the animal. The dog died two days later, she said.

EGG FOILS TWO HOLDUP MEN

Girl's Quick Throw Routs Pair of Yeggs, Who Left Dollar on Counter.

Spokane, Wash.—One uncooked egg routed two hard-boiled ones when a holdup was attempted in a small grocery store on the outskirts of this city. Miss Esther Olson, sixteen years old, hurled the egg which won the day.

Two men entered the little store, placed a dollar bill on the counter, and asked for a half dozen eggs. When the girl turned around, with an egg in each hand, she looked into the muzzle of a pistol. She hurled one of the eggs, and the robbers fled, leaving the dollar on the counter.

Undertaker on Way to Bury Girl Kills Her Baby Brother

Watertown, Mass.—An undertaker called to the home of George F. Breen to make arrangements for the burial of Lillian Breen, eight, drove his automobile past his destination and struck and fatally injured the dead girl's baby brother, George, two and one-half years old.

The undertaker was not blamed by either the police or the family for the accident.

NOW THE "DIRIGIBLE" BOMB

Steered by Wireless, Its Possibilities for Deadly Work Are Almost Beyond Calculation.

A "dirigible bomb," that can be steered toward the target by wireless after being let fall from an airplane, is the novel invention of Elmer A. Sperry of Brooklyn.

Ordinarily, when bombs are dropped from aircraft, the chances of a miss are great. The speed and altitude of the plane, or balloon, have to be taken into account, and the wind, also. Obviously it would be of utmost advantage if the path of descent of the gravity projectile could be changed at will while it was falling.

The Sperry dirigible bomb carries a parachute, which, unfolding as it starts to drop, not only slows the rate of its descent, but incidentally serves as a "drag-rudder." By tilting this drag-rudder in one direction or another the bomb's path of descent is controlled.

As the projectile starts to fall, a second and very tiny parachute is liberated from the top of the bomb to support vertically a wire that serves the purpose of an antenna. It is by the help of this antenna that the man in the airplane is enabled so to operate the radio apparatus carried in his machine as to alter at will the angle of the drag-rudder.

While the bomb is going down he circles about and steers it by radio. All he has to do to make the bomb turn this way or that is to turn a handle connected with his radio sender in the desired direction. Thus the bomb is made to land exactly where it will do the most good—meaning, of course, the most mischief.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

TERM OF ARABIAN ORIGIN?

As the Story Goes, the Expression, "Better Half" Comes to Us From the East.

Strictly scientific searchers for the origin of the expression "better half," denoting one's wife, have decided that it was coined by Sidney in his "Arcadia." "Arcadia" was written in 1580.

However, those less concerned with scientific accuracy claim that an ancient Arabian tale contains the real origin of the expression. This old story tells of a bedouin who was sentenced because in the course of a blasphemous oath he had insulted the name or the honor of his chief.

The Arab's wife pleaded for clemency, declaring that not her "whole husband had committed the offense."

"Not your whole husband?" asked the sheik.

"Nay," she replied. "It was but the half of him. For am I not his other half, and I who have never offended thee should not be made to suffer for the sins of the other half, and the guilty half places itself under the protection of the better half."

The sheik, so the story runs, thereupon pardoned the husband, being greatly pleased by the ingenuity of the wife.

Bride's Thrift Wasted Dowry.

Two daughters of a distinguished Vienna family married in 1912. The younger girl wedded an officer and had to have the "caution money" compulsory to brides in the Austrian army. The mother gave her 100,000 crowns, which included the expense of her outfit.

The elder sister only needed her outfit, for which she got 20,000 crowns, while the rest of her dowry—80,000 crowns—was left with the mother, as was also the whole portion of the son, who had settled in Switzerland.

Recently, says the New York World, the mother, a widow, wished to pay in full the portion of the two children to whom she still owed money. She sent 100,000 crowns to the son in Switzerland, who received 800 francs from the postoffice for the total amount. His sister got 646 francs for the 80,000 crowns due her. The younger girl's 100,000 crowns would have been worth 165,000 francs in 1912.

A Nose for Trade.

An Auburn (Mo.) merchant named Myers decided to quit business and offered to sell his stock to a born trader of the neighborhood named Merriweather at what it invoiced, \$1,900. "I won't take it at that," said Merriweather. "I'll give you 25 cents for every article and package in the store." Myers thought of his big line of slate and lead pencils worth a cent apiece and agreed. Two men were hired to help check up. Slate pencils, clothespins, packages of chewing gum and papers of pins were listed at 25 cents each, so were automobile tires, barrels of sugar and coffee. An egg was worth as much as a 50-yard bolt of cotton. The result was that Merriweather bought the stock for \$1,806.25, or just \$33.75 less than it invoiced.—Capper's Weekly.

Made Quite Sure.

An enterprising company in the Sudan had decided to lay a railway into the wilds, and many blacks were employed in its construction.

One day the telegraph clerk at the nearest civilized spot received a telegram from the negro foreman of the railway constructors: "White boss dead. Shall I bury him?"

"Yes," wired back the clerk. "But first make sure that he is quite dead. Will send another white boss tomorrow."

A few hours later another telegram came from the foreman: "Buried boss. Made sure he was quite dead. Hit him on the head with a shovel."

THE BRACELET

By JANE GORDON

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Grant, sitting before the fire in the village inn, reflected pleasantly upon his adventurous afternoon. This, perhaps because he had been forced to ride in a saddle instead of the customary automobile. And because in the woodland path he had met a charming maid clad in a scarlet cape.

Aunt Martha, the erratic and uncertain, had sent him upon this errand to the far wood in search of an old house which she had seen advertised in the city paper.

She had made known her intention of leaving Grant her heir.

She wanted this Walden house, she explained, as a refuge from friends, both social and charitable.

"I can go and come there as I please," she told her favorite nephew, "and I hope, Grant, that you will find the place as promising as the advertisement reads."

Grant had found the isolated country beautiful, even in the winter's first fall of snow. Then, as though in answer to his wish for direction, the young woman of the scarlet cape appeared. She came to view from behind an evergreen tree and the hood of her cape, falling back, disclosed golden-brown hair, ruffled and wavy.

The girl's brown eyes, meeting his, were startled—wide like a child's. But to Grant's question she merely stretched forth a white arm to point the way, and before she had withdrawn the arm into the fold of her cape his attention was attracted to a strange black bracelet that she wore. Flashing from its center was a great white stone.

Silently the girl hurried on. But her image stayed with him as he rode toward Walden house, and Grant had gone on smiling at the romance.

An elderly woman gave him entrance to the house at the end of the wood. She was a friend of the new owner, she told him, occupying the place with her until such time as it should be sold. Grant decided, after a view of the quaint, well-kept rooms, that the house would exactly suit his aunt.

Returning in the early twilight of the winter afternoon he felt a thrill of anticipation at the possibility of a second vision of the woodland maid.

And she had passed him again, returning from her walk. Her arm waved a parting salute to him. Grant saw the flash of the black bracelet as the moon came to light the darkening way.

"Walden house?" the innkeeper answered his question—"Oh, yes, I know it well. The place came to the present owner through a legacy. It's quite a story. Belonged to Miss Patience Walden long years ago. Patience had a lover when she was young, and he gave her a bracelet—so they say—a queer black bracelet with a white stone in it. Then they quarreled just before the wedding, and the lover married another woman. Folks said it was because of the black betrothal bracelet that he had given Patience.

"As years passed Patience grew lonely and sent for a niece to come and live with her. Daisy Walden was a happy singing creature. I remember her well. But one day when she was wearing the bracelet her aunt had loaned her as a treat—well, Daisy lost it along the woodland path and that terrible old woman in her rage accused her niece of stealing the trinket—and Daisy was sent away. We read in the city papers later of her marriage in the home of the relatives who had taken her in.

"And still later, when Daisy had a little girl of her own, her tender heart forgave the lonely old woman in Walden house, and she wrote a letter saying that she and the baby, Patience, would come to her aunt for a visit. But old Patience still hugged her spite and would have none of them.

"Then, home came Jennie Wells, who had been away since the time of her marriage many years before. And when Jennie heard about old Patience and her long spite, Jennie told all innocently, of a bracelet she'd found before she went away and thought nothing of its value—it was somewhere among her trinkets—so she found it and took it to Patience.

"In her remorse Patience drew up a will leaving all she had to Daisy's young daughter—the black bracelet with the rest. And only now Daisy Walden's daughter comes on to claim her legacy and to sell the property.

"But I," added the innkeeper with an ominous shake of his head, "would rather not see that black bracelet of misfortune upon that sweet young creature's arm."

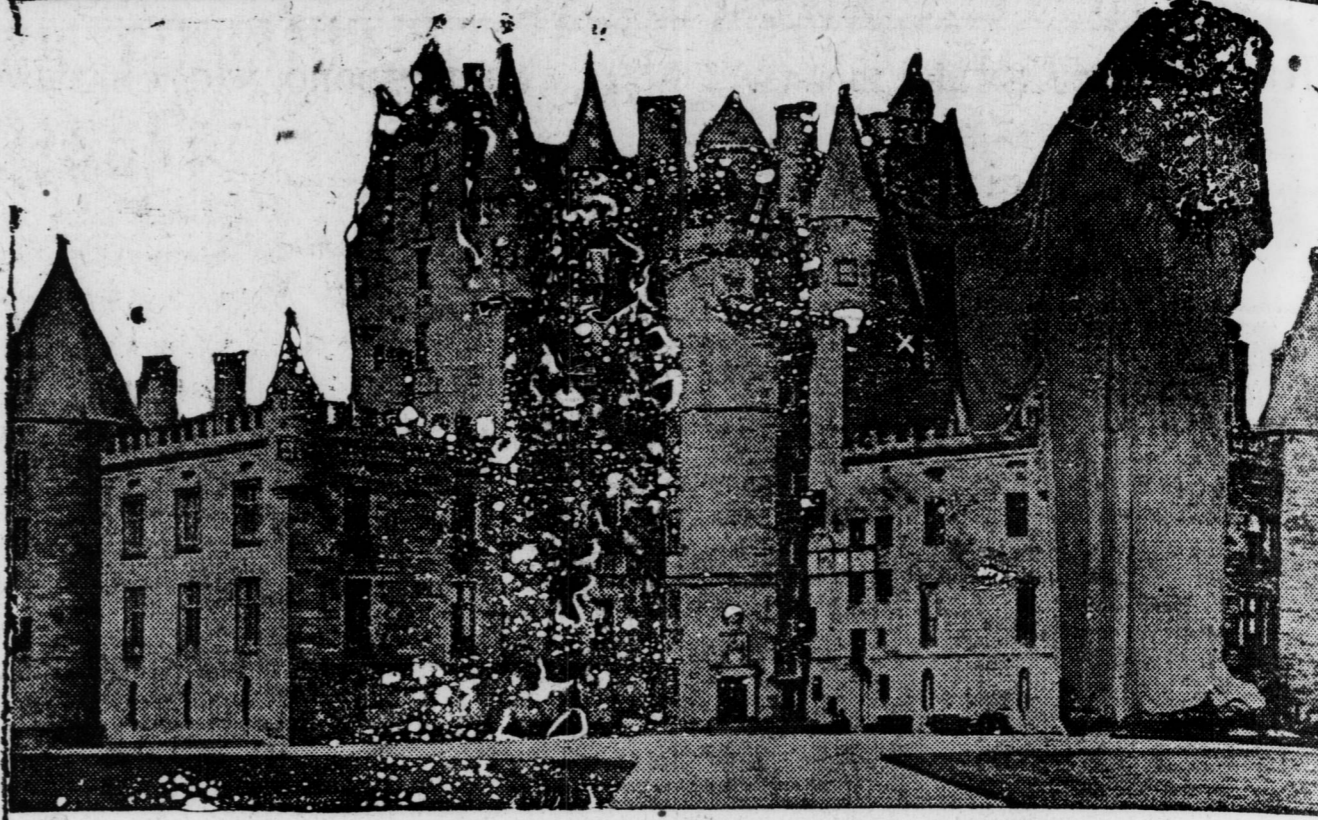
Grant rode again that night down the narrow path of the wood. An uncontrollable impulse carried him there, and though he was eagerly hoping, yet he was not expecting to see her—there. At the crosspath she stood as though waiting—the elder woman of the big house was with her. His woodland maid smiled.

"We were on our way to the inn to consult with you regarding Walden house, Mr. Dacre," she said.

It was when Grant's Aunt Martha was installed in the house and young Patience had happily agreed to remain as her companion that Grant again saw the black bracelet upon the arm of his fiancée. She laughed at his glance of disapproving concern.

"Why, dear," said Patience, "this is my bracelet of good fortune. Had I not come all this way to claim it should I have found you?"

Royal Murder Scene Once Becomes Scene of Honeymoon



Does Homicide Run in Families?

Glamis Castle, Scotland, where the Duke of York, second son of King George, and his bride with honeymoon. This is the castle referred to in Shakespeare's "Macbeth." Eight hundred years ago Macbeth murdered Duncan, King of Scotland, in the room marked by the cross. His lineal descendant seems to have inherited the family weakness for she is murdering husbands in grand opera today with remarkable success. Inset: Florence Macbeth, prima donna soprano of the Chicago Opera Company, as Lucia, in the opera, "Lucia di Lammermoor." (PHOTO: UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD)

TOWN ELECTION.

The regular biennial election of a Mayor and five Commissioners for the Town of Pittsboro, will be held on Tuesday, May 8th, 1923.

The registration books will open for the registration of voters not heretofore registered on Thursday, April 5th, 1923, and will remain open for the registration of said voters until Saturday, April 28th, 1923, at 9 o'clock, p. m.

The registrar for said election is E. E. Williams, and the said registration books will be open during the hours provided by law at the regular polling place for the town. The judges of election for the said election are W. L. Powell and Whalen Moore. The voting place for said election will be at the Court House.

This March 29th, 1923.
DANIEL L. BELL,
Mayor Pro Tem.

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