

## Ladies' Model Tailored Suits

Another lot of Ladies' Tailored Suits. Exclusive models—no two alike.

Prices range up to \$75.

J. K. Hoyt.

NEW ARRIVALS  
For the Fall and Winter Trade

HUNT CLUB SHOES,  
WEAR-WELL PANTS,  
YALE PANTS,  
KADY SUSPENDERS,  
HOSIERY.

For style and finish the above are unexcelled.

Full stock of Edison Machines and Records.

RUSS BROS.

THE PICTURE FRAMERS.

## GEM Theater

TO-NIGHT  
FIVE-PIECE ORCHESTRA  
THE ORIGIN OF BEETHOVEN'S  
MOONLIGHT SONATA.

A RUSTIC HEROINE, OR IN THE  
DAYS OF KING GEORGE—A  
drama.

FROM CHRISTIANA TO NORTH  
CAPE—A beautiful panoramic  
picture.

MODERN BRIGAND—Farce com-  
edy.

GEM THEATER

## Just Received

A large shipment of the new, large-size package,  
GOLD DUST WASHING-POWDER

We have a special deal on same.

E. R. MIXON & CO.

## NOTICE!

Now is the time to have your gas lamps put in order. It will cost you nothing to have them inspected and adjusted. A Welsbach burner will give you 80 candle power and cost only 1-2 cent per hour. See the GAS MAN.

Does Your House Leak?

If so, we can stop it.

## All Kinds of Roofing

Galvanized Iron, Carey's, Magnesia,  
Rubber and Tar Paper.

The price is right.

J. H. Harris Plumbing  
and Supply Co.

## NEW ARRIVALS

in Suitings in Fancy Stripes and Shades, 15c. the yard. Also nice line of Plaid Dress Gingham at 10c.

T. W. PHILLIPS & CO.

LARGE SHIPMENT OF

## New Buggies

Just Received. A few  
SECOND HAND

Ones will be sold cheap.

WASHINGTON HORSE EXCHANGE B. L. SUSMAN,  
President.

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER



The finest, most tasteful and wholesome biscuit, cake and pastry are made with Royal Baking Powder, and not otherwise.

Royal is the only Baking Powder

Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

## STATE NEWS

Condensed Items of Interest Happening Throughout the State.

Some people living on the Neuse road between Jasper and Perfection, in this county, complain that they have no mail facilities. The rural mail delivery from New Bern leaves them off on one side and the route from Cove does not reach them on the other. A route has been suggested to leave Clarks, take in the section at the head of Bachelor creek and by Thacker, by Jasper and to Perfection, then to Dover road and back to Clarks. There are plenty of people living on the proposed route to justify its being established.—New Bern Journal.

Mr. O. A. Bell, who conducts a small store on east Green street, has had his store broken into several times lately. Last night it was entered and several sacks of flour and some coffee and meat carried off. Mr. Bell has his suspicions as to the identity of the thieves, but not sufficient clue to warrant arrest.—Wilmington Times.

Mr. Bart Lowrey met a horrible death yesterday morning about one mile from Selma on the Smithfield road. While driving across the railroad his horse became frightened at an approaching train. Mr. Lowrey, who was 55 years old, unable to control the horse, alighted from his vehicle and went to the horse's head. The horse became unmanageable and jumped over Mr. Lowrey, his hind feet striking him in the breast and causing instant death. Mr. Lowrey was well-known throughout Johnson county. He was a highly respected citizen and a Christian gentleman. He is survived by four children, two sons and two daughters, his wife having passed away several years ago.—Selma News.

A member of the local bar was notified yesterday that it is probable that Judge Oliver H. Allen, who is now convalescing from an attack of typhoid fever, may be able to preside over the second week of the regular September term of Pender county court, beginning next Monday. In event he convenes the court only criminal cases will be tried and motions on the civil docket heard. The judge bar met Wednesday afternoon and continued all contested civil actions because it is doubtful that Judge Allen will get there at all and even if he does will not be able to hear any later than out contested civil actions.—Wilmington Star.

While there have been several cases of cholera reported in this city and vicinity, the first death attributable to this new and dreaded disease occurred at Proximity Wednesday night, when Mrs. J. H. Richardson succumbed to the disease after an illness of several weeks. Mrs. Richardson was about 25 years old and is survived by a husband and three little children. The body was taken to the former home at Hamlet for interment on the noon train yesterday.—Greensboro News.

The directors of the Rockleburg Manufacturing Company have decided to make an addition to their cotton mill in North Charlotte. The mill has been very successful this year and has been running on full time. Two thousand spindles will be added and 20 new looms, which will give it a total of 14,000 spindles and 270 looms. On good working order. The work will be completed by October 1 and the contract has already been let for the job. The additions will increase the building of more room and in order to make way for the spinners and looms the office will be now moved into a new building to be constructed and the machinery will be placed there the office is now located. This mill makes plate white cotton convertible goods. Mr. William Coleman is president and treasurer. Mr. T. H. Watson secretary and Mr. R. L. Tate manager.—Charlotte News.

Mr. B. Weaver, who lives near town makes a specialty of peanuts. Last year on two and a half acres he raised about 110 bushels. This year, although the crop is not as good as it might have been he will get 150 bushels on three acres. He plants the "Big Bunch" variety, a large peanut, very prolific, the nuts being somewhat more pronouncedly in clusters than other varieties. Peanuts might be grown much more extensively in this county than they are. There is money in them. The tops are no small item in the feed bill and the plant increases the fertility of the soil.—Lexington Dispatch.

There was mourning in Fayetteville among the negro friends of Ed Walker, a negro, who is supposed to have been killed by falling from an excursion train, but Walker, who turned up in Raleigh, wired home for six dollars to get to Fayetteville and relieved the anxiety. Walker was one of a party of colored excursionists returning from Norfolk over the Seaboard. Some time after the train left Weldon the engine car on which the train was moving rapidly, some fifty miles an hour, and the report is that it had gone too far on its way and was running too fast to be stopped and to render assistance.

## Lifting a Load

Perhaps a club is a small thing to fight over, but three clubs (women's clubs at that)—brought about the misunderstanding between Enid Veach and Ned Burnham. Ever since Enid had sought to support herself as an illustrator Ned had looked after her, first in a brotherly sort of way and then in a more lover-like manner as the month progressed. It had all ended in a tacit engagement.

Then Enid joined a woman's club and a second and third. It was after the third that Ned felt himself called upon to speak, and fresh in her enthusiasm for clubdom Enid had not only refused to receive him again personally, and Ned had left the little studio, declaring that he would never re-enter it.

He did come again, but not as often as before, and partly to show how little she cared for what he thought and in part to gain some excitement to replace the old, sweet friendship. Enid joined more clubs until she wore as many emblems as there are colors on the chest of a South American general.

"I think clubs are perfectly lovely," she said demurely, when she showed Ned her last badge—the sixteenth—that she had acquired. "I meet such lovely people, and I am developing my intellectual side wonderfully."

"The women's clubs have us beaten in one thing," said Ned reflectively, Enid brightened up at the concession.

"What is that?" she asked innocently. "Politics," was the brutal answer. "You wait for the December elections. Why, mere men don't dare put up one-half the tricks that are worked in women's clubs. They're worked at electoneering."

"I think you're horrid," said Enid, with a stamp of her pretty foot. "I'd rather be a clubwoman than the domestic drudge of some man."

"That's the trouble with clubs," said Ned blandly. "They give us such advanced ideas. I don't ask you to be a drudge. I just want a wife and only ask that she be at home occasionally."

"No doubt—you will find one such," said Enid, unconsciously quoting Mrs. Clara Hemmingway-Brown. "There are many women who still resist the advance of progress and find their highest sphere in the kitchen and the nursery."

"There's only one woman I want," said Ned patiently, "and that's you. When you get tired of your clubs I'll win. In the meantime we're both young and we can afford to wait."

Enid's nose went up in the air at the suggestion that matrimony would be her last resort and she drove Ned out of the tiny studio with the announcement that she had to attend a meeting.

The weeks dragged by and as December approached Ned's calls grew more frequent. At last his hour came. "I saw Forster this morning," he announced. "He told me that he had taken that set of drawings of yours."

To his surprise Enid burst into tears and threw herself on the divan. "What's the matter, dear?" he asked, solicitously bending over her. "Did you lose the money?"

"Worse than that," she sobbed. "Stolen!" he asked. "Perhaps the elevator boy—"

"I may as well tell you," she exclaimed, sitting up. "I got a check for \$200, but I need more and I don't know where I shall get it, and I did want a new dress."

"But where is the money come?" he cried. "You can't have run \$200 into debt."

"It's not exactly that; it's the clubs," she explained, the tears welling into her eyes. "Just look!"

She held toward him a packet of letters and curiously Ned looked them over. On top were 16 notices asking for from \$2 to \$5 annual dues to the various societies. The next 16 were letters soliciting contributions for the purpose of making a presentation to the retiring executive.

"I didn't know about all this," she sobbed. "It was only \$5 here and \$10 there, when I joined, and the dues seemed absurdly low. But lately they've all been talking—I can't send less than \$5 to each presentation-committee or the secretary will tell every one how cheap I am. Mrs. Briggs last year sent only \$2 to get a present for Mrs. Hanna of the Browning club, and they talked about it so much that she resigned."

"Good idea," said Ned thoughtfully, "only why don't you resign before they commence to talk? We'll pay the dues, send back the tickets, ignore the committees and resign from the lot of them."

"But what reason can I give?" asked Enid. "I must give some reason for getting out, or they would think that it was on account of the money."

"You might say that your approaching marriage will prevent your keeping up your clubs."

"But that won't be true," argued Enid.

"Please," said Ned. "If was only a word, but it spoke volumes. Enid hesitated for a moment then planted a kiss on Ned's ear."

"Come help me with the letters," she said. "I want to get this load off my mind."

"I'll look after the loads in the future," said Ned as he followed her to the desk.

Walker later turned up all right, and wired from Raleigh to Fayetteville to get money to get home.—News and Observer.

CAPUDINE for "That Headache." Out last night! Headache and nervous this morning? Hieki Capudine just the thing to fit you for business. Clears the head—braces the nerves. Try it. At drug stores.

CITY MARKET.	
Eggs	21c
Chickens, grown	22 to 23c
Spring chickens	10 to 25c
Hides, green	6 to 7c
Hides, G. S.	8c
Mixed wool	18 to 20c
Burry wool	10 to 15c
Yellow	3 1-2c
Wool, free from burrs	25c
Lambskin	25 to 40c
COTTON.	
Seed cotton	\$4.40
Lint cotton	12 1-4

## WITH THE FUNNY MEN

GIVING HIMSELF A SHOW.



A negro slain by a guardroom. Used to haunt the poor culprit at noon. "For," said he, "I'm not white, so I can't show at night. There's not the ghost of a show then for a coon."

UNDER SIX FEET.



Wings—Who is that sawed-off little individual I saw you with today? Flye—Oh, he's the low comedian with the company.

In a Bad Way. First Toller—My doctor ordered me to drink beer for my nuymer. Second Toller—Can't you sleep, then? First Toller—Only a night.

GOING UP.



Geel! What's up? Swearing, do you, do you, do you, but I think dey be down soon.

THOROUGHLY BROKEN.



Irate Papa—Here, you little rascal! what made you break that nice new hobby-horse? Eddie—Why, pa, what's the good of a horse till it's broke, huh?

RESTRICTED. Prospective Bridegroom—Say, Henpeck, I want to ask you a question. Do you think in the married state a—Henpeck—No, ain't allowed to.

SMOKE THE BEST—Piedmont Cigarettes and

"44" Cigars.

FOR SALE BY E. L. ARCHBELL

Specialties Cigars and Tobacco. Leary Bros.' Old Stand.

## Ladies Coat Suits.

For the last two weeks nearly every train has brought us some Coat Suits, but now our lines are all in and complete. We can please you today. Tomorrow some one may take the suit you like most—so come today.

James E. Clark Co.  
THE HIGH-ART CLOTHIERS

## LIVE STOCK

NEVER DRENCH CATTLE.

A Personal Demonstration that Will Show Its Danger.

More cattle die from the effects of being drenched than from tuberculosis. Perhaps the best way of demonstrating the danger of drenching cattle is to advise the reader to throw back his head as far as possible and attempt to swallow. This you will find to be a difficult task, and you will find it much more difficult and almost impossible to swallow with mouth open. It is for this reason that drenching cattle is a dangerous practice. However, if a cow's head be raised as high as possible and her mouth kept open, by the drenching bottle or horn, a portion of the liquid is very apt to pass down the windpipe into the lungs, sometimes causing instant death by smothering. At other times causing death to follow in a few days from congestion or inflammation of the lungs.

We are constantly receiving letters at this office describing the sudden death of animals that were alling with such minor ailments as constipation or loss of appetite, and upon investigation find that they have been drenched and the cause of their death being due to same. This is often proved by sending out one of our assistant veterinarians to hold post mortem upon such animals only to find that a portion of the drench was still in the lungs; other cases where death had been prolonged and later the animal had died of mechanical pneumonia. I do not feel that the stock raisers of this country realize the danger in drenching cattle and the enormous financial loss brought about by same.—Dr. David Roberts, in the Estimator.

Identified.

The elderly lady who was looking through the shop of a dealer in knickknacks picked up a small hand-bag. "Are you sure," she inquired, "that this is a real crocodile skin?" "Absolutely certain, madam," replied the dealer. "I shot that crocodile myself."

"It looks rather soiled," observed the customer. "Naturally, madam," explained the salesman. "That is where it struck the ground when it tumbled off the tree."

'Phone 58.

H. G. Sparrow.

## FURNITURE! FURNITURE!

Housekeepers should visit our store and view the latest fads in Furnishings, etc., for the home. Our fall line is replete with home necessities. See us before purchasing.

JEFFERSON FURNITURE CO.

## EAST CAROLINA

## Teachers' Training School

Established and maintained by the State for the young men and women who wish to qualify themselves for the profession of teaching. Buildings and equipment new and modern. Sanitation perfect.

SESSION OPENS OCTOBER 5TH, 1909.  
For prospectus and information, address ROBT. H. WRIGHT,  
President, Greenville, N. C.

## PUZZLE

## Find The Man

Every man and woman is anxious to buy some article—necessity or luxury—every day of his or her life. Single handed it would take you months to seek out those interested in your line of business. An advertisement in

## THIS PAPER

Does the work almost instantaneously. It corrals the purchaser—brings him to your store—makes him buy things you advertised.