

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES
RATE, 1 cent per word.

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LOST—SMALL, RED MESSURAHAN
 Book—Dime size, one copy left for return to Miss Fleming, 1215 N. 1st St., Raleigh, N. C.

SWEET POTATOES, IRISH SIDES
 and new lot of mince at Garfield Clemmons.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 8
 We will discontinue the credit business and make all bills cash. A notice will be sent out for two weeks notifying you that your bill for each package to you will be prepared with change for driver when he delivers the laundry. We will offer cash coupon books for sale from \$1 to \$10 at a discount of 10 per cent. They are redeemable at any time if desired.—**ALDERMAN-GAPELLART LAUNDRY CO.**, J. L. Caphart, Mar. 5-6-9-10

PANICO BEACH WATER FRONT
 lots for sale. Apply to H. T. HONNER, Aurora, N. C.

FOR SALE—TWO BOATS, ONE AN
 15-hp. gasoline launch, in good condition, and one small, new rowboat; also one Casey's iron safe, weighs 900 lbs. and practically new. Apply to
A. B. DRAUGHON,
 Imperial Pool Room.

MOLES AND WARTS REMOVED
 without pain and leaves no scar. Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. Ask for Prof. R. L. Eamhardt, at Palace Barber Shop, opposite Hotel Louisa.

WANTED—TO BUY OR EXCHANGE
 old gold or silver, old-fashion furniture, brass candlesticks, andirons, blue plates and platters, &c. Will be in Pantego the middle of July. Address Pantego, C. M. Travers. 5-12

Insurance Against Lightning Damage
 is one of the of the features of our policies. This is a loss you cannot prevent, but you can protect yourself against it.

We sell Accident and Health Insurance too.

WM. BRAGAW & CO.,
 First Insurance Agents in Washington, N. C.

DOES LITTLE THINGS COUNT? IF THEY DO

THEN YOU SHOULD BUY YOUR GROCERIES WHERE YOU CAN BUY MORE OF THEM FOR LESS MONEY. IF YOUR GROCERY BILL HAS BEEN TOO LARGE, PHONE US YOUR ORDERS AND THE CLOSE PRICES WE SELL FOR WILL ENABLE YOU TO HAVE MORE GOODS FOR SAME MONEY OR SAME GOODS FOR LESS MONEY. ALL GOODS DELIVERED PROMPTLY IN ANY PART OF THE CITY. YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

Phone 387 for Your Supplies
R. H. HUDSON

Norfolk Southern Railroad

MOREHEAD CLEF, N. C. BEAUFORT, N. C.
 Atlantic Hotel Opens June 1st.
 DELIGHTFUL SEASHORE RESORTS.
 Offers Most Convenient and Best Service To
 Extremely Low Sunday and Week End Excursion Rates. On Sale—June to September.
VIRGINIA BEACH—CAPE HENRY, VA.
 The Only Seashore Resorts in Virginia. Every conceivable form of amusement. Surf bathing. Excellent Hotels and Cottages.
REASONABLE RATES.
 For complete information apply to any Norfolk Southern Railroad Ticket Agent or address
H. C. HUDGINS, Gen. Passenger Agt.,
W. W. CROXTON, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agt.,
NORFOLK, VA.

24 Hours at the Seashore. Rates in same proportion from other railroads.
SPECIAL TRAIN.
 Every Saturday From
 Raleigh, Wilson, Greenville, and Intermediate Stations to
 Morehead City and Beaufort.
 Lowest Week End Rates.
 Returning
 Special Train Leaves
 Beaufort and Morehead City Sunday Evening.

Monday Only.		Round Trip Rates.	
P. M.	A. M.	Morehead City.	Beaufort.
12:35	12:45	\$2.00	\$3.20
2:10	10:37	2.75	2.95
3:10	9:40	2.45	2.65
3:35	9:15	2.25	2.45
5:20	7:25	2.25	2.45
6:50	6:05		
7:05	5:40		
Saturday Only.		Sunday Only.	

MOSQUITO CANOPIES,
 ANY GRADE AND ANY PRICE FROM
\$1.50 TO \$3.50 EACH
JEFFERSON FURNITURE CO.

WIRE FENCES THAT LAST, THEY ARE THE GOODS

GET THE RIGHT KIND

OUR WIRE FENCING IS BULL-STRONG, HORSE-HIGH AND FIG-TIGHT.
 COME IN AND PRICE OUR FENCING WIRE, AND WE'LL DO BUSINESS WITH YOU. YOU'LL FIND OUR WIRE AND WHATEVER HE YOUR NEEDS IN HARDWARE, YOU'LL FIND OUR STORE THE PLACE TO SUPPLY THOSE NEEDS.

J. H. HARRIS PLUMBING and SUPPLY COMPANY.

Personal Mention

Messrs. Fred Ayers and M. A. Smith left this morning on the Norfolk Southern for Boston, New York and other Northern cities.

Mr. E. W. Ayers left for Plymouth Monday to spend Sunday with his brother. From there he goes to New York and Connecticut. He expects to be absent about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moxley and Beverly Jr., expect to leave tomorrow morning for New York to visit Mrs. Moxley's brother, Mr. Lindsay Russell.

Mr. John Bell went to Wharfton this morning on business.

Rev. M. T. Pyle left this morning for Greenville.

Mr. J. W. Taylor left this morning for Tarboro on the A. C. L.

Mrs. D. M. Carter and daughter, Etta Gordon, left today for Salisbury to visit relatives. They will be absent several weeks.

Mrs. William F. Clark and daughter, Augusta Simmons, returned today from Pantego.

Mrs. Carl Richardson and daughter, Mary Latham, have returned home from Beaufort, Morehead City and other places.

Mayor C. H. Sterling has returned from a business trip.

Mr. Fred Wolfenden, of Chocowinity, was a Washington visitor today.

Mrs. George Denny, of Savannah, Ga., is in the city visiting her aunt, Mrs. C. C. Thomas, on East Water street.

Mrs. Katie R. Beckwith and daughter, Miss Gladys, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Carter, expect to go to Hyde county tomorrow to visit relatives. Mrs. Beckwith is lady principal of the Eastern Carolina Training School, and has many friends in this city.

6 doses of "666" will cure any case of chills and fever. Price 25c.

ICE

What is more attractive to the eye or more pleasant to the taste, than a good round slice of beautiful green-skin red-meat water-melon upon which rests a lovely chunk of cool Crystal Ice.

"Fine as silk." Try it with Crystal Ice.

Phone 83.
CRYSTAL ICE CO.,
WASHINGTON, N. C.

A Mistaken Girl

She Found That She Was Not as Wise as She Thought

By ESTELLE MARSH

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I am in a quandary. I had supposed I would marry Donald Chase, and now comes Oscar Richmond to mix me all up. Donald is steady, honorable, has excellent judgment; Oscar is handsome, full of sentiment, fascinating. I know I should remain true to Donald, but Oscar carries me right off my feet. The question of money does not enter into the matter. Donald is doing very well, earning a fair salary and with a prospect of being a partner. Oscar is out of business just now. I don't exactly understand why. He is very reticent. I like reticence in a man; it bespeaks self control. Oscar can talk with me by the hour without revealing any of his affairs. Of course, if he proposes to me I shall expect that he will tell me everything.

I have tried to get Donald to tell me why he distrusts Oscar. He says he doesn't himself know why. It is quite likely that his distrust is due to jealousy. Donald is so honorable that he would not like to believe himself capable of doing a rival an injustice. He is unconscious that he is moved by jealousy.

I wonder who is this Girard Roberts he has brought to see us. He has known us but a few weeks, yet it seems that we have all been friends for years. It's strange how some people have a faculty of insinuating themselves as one into one's good graces. Alread, I call this man by his first name, and though I have known Donald since I was sixteen years old, I still call him Mr. Chase.

I have sounded Girard Roberts as to what he thinks of Oscar Richmond. His reply was, "He's a bang up good fellow." That doesn't help me. But it's the most I can expect from Girard, who is all on the surface. Those people one becomes familiar with on short acquaintance seldom have any depth. I asked Girard what he thought of Donald and received the same reply. "He's a bang up good fellow too." I was served right for relying upon the opinion of such a lightweight person.

Girard Roberts seems to have plenty of money as well as a taste for jewelry. The other day Aunt Alice was showing him a diamond she wished to turn into funds. He told her to fix a price on it and he would give her \$10 more than the highest bid. She did so and got a bid of \$270 for the stone. Girard told her it was cheap at \$300 and he would give her that for it. She accepted the offer. Oscar and I were present when the sale was made, and Girard laughingly told us that he would rely on us as witnesses in case Aunt Alice backed out. He didn't have the money with him, but said he would bring it the next afternoon at 5 o'clock.

When he called Auntie was out. Oscar and I were in the library. Girard called to me to say to Auntie when she came in that she would find the money for the diamond under a vase on the mantel in the parlor. I promised to do so. Oscar asked me to go to walk with him. I consented; went upstairs to get my hat, and we walked to the park. When I returned I had forgotten all about telling Auntie that the money for her diamond was on the parlor mantel. Indeed, I never thought of it till just before going to bed; then I told her. She went downstairs to get it. It was gone.

Everybody is dissatisfied with me and I am dissatisfied with myself for being so thoughtless as to have left \$300 so long in an exposed position. It has upset the whole household. The servants who consider themselves under suspicion are going about looking very grim. Auntie is furious with me. I expected Girard would show his feelings toward me very decidedly. What a lovely fellow he is, after all! He told me not to give myself any concern about the matter; that doubtless the money would run up, but if it did not there was no one to blame but himself since he should not have left so much money in such a place. He explained that he did not leave it with me because I was "firing," as he called it, with Oscar and he didn't like to intrude upon us.

I asked him who he suspected, and he said that, since the front door stood unfastened and any one might have come in while we were at dinner or during the evening when we were all upstairs, doubtless some person entered, possibly for an ordinary purpose.

Some burglars contain such strong drugs that, while they cause the bowels to move, injure the delicate linings of stomach and intestines. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is not in that class. It is slightly laxative and at the same time cooling and soothing. Hardy's Dime Stone.

A Martyr to Art

"Which tooth?" inquired the man of forceps grimly.

"Any one you like," responded the victim calmly, "so long as it's a front one."

"But"—began the astounded dentist.

"Hurry up!" thundered the visitor.

With bleeding heart the operator hitched his forceps on to a bit of absolutely sound ivory, dragged his patient three times around the room and—

"Hey, presto!" smiled the dentist.

"It's out! But will you be so good as to tell me you on earth you wanted a sound tooth extracted?"

"By all means," responded the patient. "You see, I'm an actor, and I have to take a part where the theaterer lipthpt. At first I couldn't mather it, but now I'm there it'll be a timely threatening thutthpt."

The Ever Active Brain.

The question, "Does the brain ever rest?" would seem to be answerable only in the negative. Unconscious cerebration appears to be a necessary concomitant of the powers of intellect, and during sleep, whether we remember it or not, we are always dreaming. Of course, during waking time we are perpetually thinking, thinking, thinking—not always logically and deliberately, but all the same, thinking. Dream is the thought of the sleep time, when reason is out of the game, and the fancy, or imagination, has the reins, with nothing to hold her back. We take many a trip under her guidance that we are unable to recall when she has resigned the reins into the hands of reason. Awake or asleep, we are always busy. The mind never rests.—New York American.

The Turkish Soldier's Fatalism.

The lethargy of mind which is the mental habit of the Turkish soldier—the personal expression of fatalism—is a most valuable quality in its way, for it means that its possessor is always cool and collected, grumbles little and has marvelous endurance. It is alien to all forms of panic, just as it is alien to a conspicuous show. If the Turkish soldier never goes very fast, he never goes very slow. Except by the best training or most dazzling troops he is led to beat.—London Spectator.

He Guess Quickly.

"Gerald," she said, facing him with heightened color and putting her hands behind her, "you will have to choose between me and your old pipe."

Not an instant did Gerald hesitate. "The old pipe goes, dear," he said, throwing it away. "I was thinking of buying a new one anyhow."—Chicago Tribune.

Look Up.

We digged toll, we roared and fret, and all the while close over us beeds the infinite wonder and beauty of nature, saying: "Look up, my child! Feel my smile and be glad!"—G. R. Merriam.

Very Different.

Mrs. Deacon—My husband is plain spoken. He calls a spade a spade. Mrs. Woodson—He does mine, but I must decline to repeat what he calls the lawn mower.—Boston Globe.

Caustic.

The Girl—What's your opinion of women who imitate men? The Man—They're idiots. The Girl—That imitation is successful.—Cleveland Leader.

"Destiny is a gift, not an acquirement," said the proud politician as he sat down after an hour's banquets.

"I understand," said the master of the chairman. "We're not blaming you. You gave the best you could."—Boston Post.

Gaiety Theatre
 A. F. BARNES, Manager

FELL REELS—3,000 FT. FILM
 4 FEATURE PICTURES

1. A MIDNIGHT RAID—A genuine Biograph drama.
2. U. S. LIFE-SAVING DRILL—Educational.
3. THE CASTAWAYS—Drama.
4. THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE HILL—Drama.
5. Illustrated Song, "TOOT YOUR HORN, KID."

Time 8 to 11. Prices 5 and 10c.

FOR HEADACHE—Hick's Capidine.
 Whether from Colds, Heat, Stomach or Nervous Troubles, Capidine will relieve you. It's liquid—pleasant to take—acts immediately. Try it. 10, 25 and 50c. at drug stores.

ANNUAL Mountain Excursion,
 VIA
Norfolk Southern Railroad
 TO
Asheville, N. C.

Greatly Reduced Rates on Sale

Aug. 11, limited to return Aug. 22. TEN DAYS IN THE MOUNTAINS!

Ask Norfolk Southern Ticket Agents or write for detailed information to

H. C. HUDGINS, G. P. A.,
 Norfolk, Va.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS WANTED
 The Government Pays Railway Mail Clerks \$800 to \$1,200, and Other Employees Up to \$2,500 Annually.

Uncle Sam will hold spring examinations throughout the country for Railway Mail Clerks, Custom House Clerks, Stenographers, Bookkeepers, Departmental Clerks and other government positions. Thousands of appointments will be made. Any man or woman over 18, in City or Country, can get instruction and free information by writing at once to the Bureau of Instruction, 61 M. Hamlin Building, Rochester, N. Y.

WEEK END EXCURSION FARES
 TO NORFOLK AND VIRGINIA BEACH VIA
NORFOLK SOUTHERN R. R.

Tickets sold for Saturday night trains, good returning, leave Norfolk Sunday night.

Saturday night, July 9, first date of sale and every Saturday until September 3.

GREATLY REDUCED RATES

From	Norfolk	Beach
Raleigh	\$2.50	\$2.75
Wilson	2.25	2.50
Farmville	2.25	2.50
Greenville	2.25	2.50
Washington	2.00	2.25

Fares in same proportion from all stations between Raleigh, Belhaven and Norfolk.

The night express of the Norfolk Southern offers the best and most convenient service between Raleigh, Eastern North Carolina and Norfolk, Va.

Spend next Sunday at Virginia Beach, the most attractive seashore resort in Virginia.

Get complete information from nearest ticket agent, or D. V. Conn, S. P. A., Raleigh, N. C.
H. C. HUDGINS, G. P. A.,
W. W. CROXTON, A. P. A.,
 Norfolk, Va.

RIGGS HOUSE.
 WASHINGTON, D. C.

The hotel "par excellence" of the National Capital. First-class in all appointments.

Opposite the U. S. Treasury; one block from the White House.

An illustrated Guide to Washington will be mailed, free of charge, upon receipt of two 2-cent stamps.

O. G. STAPLES,
 Proprietor.

and, seeing the money, appropriated it and shipped.

I have had a stroke—an awful sensation! Donald Chase turns out to be the thief who took the bills left on the mantel to pay for Auntie's jewels. This morning when he was at business a constable called at his room with a search warrant and found the bills in his bureau drawer. To think that Donald, whom we have all known so long and considered the very soul of honor, should have done such a thing!

How could he have taken the money without our knowing it? What Girard Roberts told me to be the only thing that fits the case. Doubtless Donald called, came right in, was waiting for some one when he noticed the bills. He must have taken them and gone out without making himself known.

I am broken hearted by this discovery that Donald Chase is a common thief. Singular, isn't it, that a girl doesn't know she loves a man till he turns out to be a thief? That's the way with us women; we are always acting by convention. Not long ago I was unearthy about Oscar and thought Donald a splendid man. But I was fascinated with Oscar, and Donald seemed devoid of romance. Now that Donald is in trouble, through his own fault, I am giving him my heart.

Girard Roberts has just come in. He says that Donald has given half of his appearance when his trial comes off and is now free. Girard says that notwithstanding appearances are against Donald, he doesn't believe him guilty. "Then," I said, "I don't believe him guilty either." But the next minute I reproved myself for being influenced by this easy going man. Did he not say when I asked him his opinion of Donald before this matter occurred, "He's a good fellow too?" What's the use of considering the views of our who talks like that? I told Girard to tell Donald to come and see me, but he said he did not think Donald would tell his falsehood has been proved. I really believe there has been some mistake, but it is very hard to feel sure about it. It all happened so naturally—Donald's coming in just when the money was where he would see it—at least, who else could have come in?—and the bills being found in his bureau drawer. Oh, dear! I must stop thinking of the horrid thing or I shall go crazy.

One thing more I will say: After all there is something just too lovely for anything in Girard Roberts saying that he doesn't believe Donald guilty. If any one should take anything of mine and it were found in his bureau drawer I couldn't be so generous as to attribute the theft to an error.

Donald has been to see me. He did not act or talk like a guilty man. What's more, he didn't seem to realize his awful position. I supposed that he was more sensitive. Though charged with stealing money that was intended for Auntie, with whom he has been on friendly terms for years, it says nothing of his devotion to me, he seemed very unconcerned. When learned he was downstairs I nervously myself for a very painful interview. For fear I should say the wrong thing I thought over what I should say. When I entered the room I dreaded to look at him. Indeed, I kept my eye on the floor.

"Donald," I said, "you know how I've loved you all these years, but you should clear yourself of this horrible charge. We will all do anything in the world to help you—Auntie, I, Oscar!"

I looked up, and what was my surprise to see an amused look on Donald's face. Indeed, he was smiling.

Then he advanced, took my hand and gave it a gentle pressure.

"Don't be troubled, little girl," he said. "There are always wheels within wheels. There is also such a thing as being too smart. I have something to say to you. Had I not I would not have come to see you resting under the imputation of being a thief. Listen. From the first I suspected something wrong in your friend Oscar Richmond. From what I heard I believed him to be a thief. I intruded into this household Girard Roberts, a detective."

"That's what he is. He laid a trap for Richmond and caught not Richmond, but me. He bought your Auntie's diamond for the purpose of laying this trap. He put the bills to pay for it on the mantel as a decoy for Richmond. They were all marked, that he might prove them his property. Richmond took them, but, being a smart fellow, suspecting that we were on his track, sent a man with them to my room. This man represented himself as an old chum of mine, and my handmaid, permitted him to go to the room to wait for me. Once there, he put the money in my bureau drawer and went away. The next day Richmond arranged that a constable should go to my room to search for something he claimed he had lost. You know the result."

"But," I said, "Oscar Richmond did nothing criminal. You were trying to catch him, and he turned the tables on you."

"Wait a bit. Richmond was an accountant for a firm in San Francisco, from whom he shipped with \$20,000. Roberts was employed by them to track him. My employing Roberts was a coincidence. Richmond's real name is MacKensy. He was arrested this morning and is now awaiting extradition papers to take him to San Francisco for trial."

And now I am alone in my room, trying to get settled down to the fact that I am myself. Oscar Richmond is not Oscar Richmond at all, but somebody else and a criminal. Donald Chase is not going to the penitentiary, but is to be my husband instead. Girard Roberts, who came to us with his apparently light character and trivial words—a skin deep man, whom nobody either loves or dislikes—turns out to be one of those cunning detectives one reads about in stories. But now I know that he is a real detective he seems very different to me. Just as soon as it was all out, instead of calling me Alice he called me Miss Avery. I was so used I could have choked him. Besides, I thought he was quite a gentleman. He is very plain. Indeed, Donald says he served a term as a policeman.

Well, well! I shall never again think of the difference between a thief and an honest man or between a thief and a thief hunter.

When he called Auntie was out. Oscar and I were in the library. Girard called to me to say to Auntie when she came in that she would find the money for the diamond under a vase on the mantel in the parlor. I promised to do so. Oscar asked me to go to walk with him. I consented; went upstairs to get my hat, and we walked to the park. When I returned I had forgotten all about telling Auntie that the money for her diamond was on the parlor mantel. Indeed, I never thought of it till just before going to bed; then I told her. She went downstairs to get it. It was gone.

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