

New Pictorial Review PATTERNS
For July Now in Stock

Call and get a Fashion Sheet, select your style and get the desired effect by using Pictorial Review PATTERNS

J. K. HOYT
Agt. Pictorial Review Patterns

Wrightsville Beach and Norfolk

Are calling you, the surf, the music, Lumina, all cry out for you to follow the crowd. The ATLANTIC COAST LINE has provided the schedules and rates beginning Saturday, June 1st, to continue during the season.

To Wilmington Norfolk

For all trains Saturday, and morning trains of Sounday \$5.00 \$3.75 limited to return until Tuesday midnight following.

For information call on E. A. LA FRAZE, Ticket Agent.

T. C. White, General Passenger Agent, Wilmington, N. C.

SEASIDE EXCURSION FARES
via ATLANTIC COAST LINE RAILROAD

The standard Railroad of the South Week-end Rates

For Saturday and Sunday forenoon trains, June 1st to Sept 8th inclusive, limited to midnight of following Monday.

Wilmington, N. C., and return \$5. For further information, call on local Ticket Agent, or address T. C. White, Gen. Pass. Agent, Wilmington, N. C.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the partnership here before existing between A. C. Hoyt and W. F. Rhyne trading under the firm, name and style Hoyt Drug Company do this day April 13th, 1912 dissolved by mutual consent.

W. F. Rhyne withdraws from the firm and A. C. Hoyt will continue the business under the same name. A. C. Hoyt assumes all the liabilities of the partnership and is entitled to collect all the assets of this day April 13th, 1912.

Signed: W. F. RHYNE, A. C. HOYT.

EXECUTORS NOTICE

Having this day qualified before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Beaufort County as Executor to the late will of Claudia Spencer, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against the said estate to present the same for payment to the undersigned within one year from this date, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment.

This 25th day of April 1912.
NOAH W. SPENCER,
Executor of Claudia Spencer.
4-24 5wp.

FREE Wilson's Freckle Cream
50 TWO WEEKS TRIAL JARS GIVEN AWAY BY YOUR DRUGGIST ON JUNE 10TH.

Will remove Freckles, Tan, Pimples and clear the worst complexions. Harmless to the most delicate skin. A fragrant, superior Toilet Cream. The finest Face Bleach known. Insures a beautiful complexion to young and old alike. Will Not Make Hair Grow.

Regular Size 50 Cents. Mammoth Jars \$1.00. Wilson's Fair Skin Soap 25 Cents

Free Freckle Cream Distributed by THE HARDY DRUG STORE
WILSON FRECKLE CREAM CO., Makers, Charleston S.C.

ATLANTIC HOTEL MOREHEAD CITY NORTH CAROLINA

The Greatest Seashore Hotel in the South. Accommodations for 1,000 Guests. Season Opens June 12, 1912.

Extensive Improvements. New Management. Finest Fishing in America.

Every variety of sea and fresh water fish abundant in great abundance. The Atlantic Hotel fronts the ocean beach, which runs east and west, affording the most southwestern water front, and its guests enjoy an invigorating ocean breeze throughout the summer. Here you have more unique and exclusive advantages than can be found on the Atlantic coast. Swimming upon the beautiful and placid Bogue Sound or the Atlantic. Still water and stars fishing. Incomparable Sound and Deep Sea Fishing. Many nearby points of traditional and historic interest. Dancing, Tennis, Pool, Billiards, Music.

BEST FISHING IN AUGUST. OPENING BALL SATURDAY NIGHT, JUNE 14th.

While the fishing is good during the entire spring and summer, each variety of fish has its "run," and anglers have made the best catches during May and August. For reservations write ALLEN A. DuBOIS, Manager, MOREHEAD CITY, N. C.

WEEK END AND SUNDAY RATES TO MOREHEAD CITY AND BEAUFORT, N. C.

Sunday Excursion tickets now on sale, and Week End Fares will become effective Saturday, June 1st.

For specific rates and complete information apply to any Agent of the Norfolk Southern Railroad. 4-21 to 6-1.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION
Having this day qualified as Administrator of the estate of Richard Bragaw, deceased, notice is hereby given that all claims against the said estate must be filed with me within twelve months from this date, otherwise this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to me.

This, the 6th day of May, 1912.
JND. G. BRAGAW, JR., Administrator.
5-9 6wkc.

WASHINGTON PRODUCE MARKET SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1912.

Coco	45c
Turkeys, lb.	11c
Spring chickens	12 1/2c and 15c
Green chickens, each	20c to 25c
Lamb skins, each	10c to 20c
Shearlings	5c to 10c
Sheep skins, each	30c to 50c
Fal'ow	5c
Dry flint hides, per lb.	14c
Dry salt hides, per lb.	12c
Dry hides, d'ged, per lb.	4c to 6c
S. E. Peas	\$1.80
Clay peas	\$1.70
Black peas	\$1.70
Won peas	\$1.70
Speckled peas	\$1.70
Soja beans	90c to \$1.10
Green sale hides	9c
Green hides	8c
Deer skin flint	25c
Deer skin salt	15c

DEVICE FOR THROWING HORSE

Excellent Plan is to Place Surcingle Around Body of Animal Just Behind the Forelegs.

An excellent method of throwing a fractious horse is to put a surcingle around the body just behind the forelegs, with three rings on it, one on each side and one under the body. Put a strap around the front legs just above hoof, with a ring in each. Then take a rope 15 or 20 feet long, run through ring on left side, down through ring on right foot, back through ring on right side, back to ring on right side, and tie. Then take hold



Device for Throwing a Horse.

of rope behind horse. Let one man start to lead him, and it will be no trouble to take his feet out from under him.

Finest Bacon and Hams.
The finest bacon and hams raised in England come from hogs fed principally upon skim milk and barley meal. It is claimed by the English producers that American hogs are practically all fed on corn, which, although a perfectly wholesome food, tends to make the hog fat and a little mellow, whereas feeding by the British method gives a meat beautifully white and as solid as meat need be.

The Reason.
Everybody knows why a woman who goes shopping in a hobbie skirt has to have everything changed. She just cannot get into the hobbie skirt.

Store Enthusiasm.
My son, we should lay up a stock of absurd enthusiasms in our youth or else we shall reach the end of our journey with an empty heart, for we lose a great many of them by the way.—Victor Cherbuliez.

UNDER-INSURANCE

Many firms are inviting disaster by carrying insurance for much less than the value of their property. It is small comfort to get only 10 per cent of your loss after the fire, when you know that you might have had 50 per cent if you had insured in time. Take more insurance through

Wm. BRAGAW & CO.
First Insurance Agents
WASHINGTON, N. C.

SLEUTH HAS VERY HARD JOB

is Going to Ask the Legislature to Pass New Law Making Burglary Capital Offense.

Policeman McCarthy of the Union Market station, saw three men loitering in the vicinity of Goldstein's & Millinger's jewelry store on the East side at three o'clock in the morning. "Aha!" he says, "I'll sleuth some." And he did. He hid in a doorway. Soon he saw two of the men boost the third over the front transom. "Aha!" says he, "I'll pinch 'em." But he didn't. The two fled, leaving the third inside the store, making a most careful inventory of the stock, as is done by all burglars in the best sets.

"Come out there!" ordered McCarthy, but the burglar merely hoisted his hand to a position at right angles with his face, placed his thumb against his nose, and wiggled his dexter fingers—a most uncompromising position in and get me, yer big stiff," he finally muttered.

"That I will, me bucko, and 'twill be no ladylike reception you'll receive when I make your acquaintance," muttered McCarthy. The robber's fingers continued to away back and forth.

McCarthy got a box and tried to climb over. He couldn't reach the transom. The robber advised him to get a ladder. So McCarthy got a barrel and put his box on top of it. Thus he managed to reach the transom. The burglar encouraged him.

"You're doing fine, you big stiff," he remarked.

"You'll be doing finer when I reach reach you," puffed McCarthy. The burglar tried to wriggle in, as the burglar had done. The robber was voluble with advice. "Move a little to the left, fatty," he jeered. "Keep on coming, or wait until I get some grease and oil your sides."

Thus encouraged, McCarthy came through until he was amidships—and then he stuck, for no human being ever said McCarthy was slylike. The robber got busy. He collected nice little missiles (like lumps of coal) and bombarded the wedged-in McCarthy.

"Come on; yer dola' fine," he jeered.

There was a supreme effort, and with a mighty "Gof!" McCarthy wriggled through and, like a ton of bricks, landed upon the little robber.

Charles Schwartz, manly battered, is held on a burglary charge, and McCarthy is going to ask the legislature to pass a law so he can be sent to the electric chair.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

EXCUSE ME

Continued from Page Three

running like a steam train, and a party of little 'em shot off. Line up! Hands up! Give over there!"

Mrs. Jimmie Wellington took her time about making into position, and her deliberation brought a burst of wrath from the robbers. "Get into that line, you—"

"How dare you, you brute!" And she turned up her nose at the sun.

The anxious conductor interposed: "Better obey, madam, it's his angry bid."

"I don't mind being robbed," said Mrs. Jimmie, "but I won't endure rudeness."

The robber shook his head in despair, and he tried to witter her with sarcasm: "Pardons, mammasly, would you be so kind and condescendin' as to step into that there car before I blow your husband's job-blame best off."

This brought her to terms. She hastened to her place, but put out a restraining hand on Jimmie, who needed no restraint. "Certainly, to save my dear husband. Don't strike him, Jimmie!"

Then each man stuck one revolver into its convenient holster, and, covering the passengers with the other, proceeded to frisk away valiantly with a speed and agility that would have looked prettier if those impatient-looking muzzles had not pointed here, there and everywhere with such venomous threats.

And so they worked from each end of the car toward the middle. Their hands ran swiftly over bodies with a loathsome familiarity that could only be resented, not revenged. Their hands dived into pockets, and up sleeves, and into women's hair, everywhere that a jewel or a bill might be secreted. And always a rough growl or a swing of the revolver silenced any protest.

Their heinous fingers had hardly begun to pry, when the solemn stillness was broken by a chuckle and low ho of laughter, a darker's unctuous laughter. At such a place it was more shocking than at a funeral.

"What ails you?" was the nearest robber's demand.

The porter tried to wipe his streaming eyes without lowering his hands, as he chuckled on: "I—just thought of sumpsum funny."

"Funny!" was the universal groan.

"I was just thinking," the porter sneered, "what mighty poor peepings you-all are got'n to get out of me. Whilst if you had 'a' waited till I got to 'Frisco, I'd jest nabbedly been cost'n' money."

The robber relieved him of a few dimes and quarters and ordered him to turn round, but the black face whirled back as he heard from the other end of the car Wedgewood's indignant complaint: "I say, this is an outrage!"

"Ah, close your trap and turn round, or I'll—"

The far-reaching effect of the whole procedure was just beginning to dawn on the porter. This little run on the bank meant a period of financial stringency for him. He watched the hurrying hands a moment or two, then his wrath rose to terrible proportions.

"Look here, man," he shouted at the robber, "ain't you-all got'n to leave these passengers nothin' a gain!"

"Not on purpose, nigger."

"No small change, or nothin'?"

"Nary a red."

"Then, passengers," the porter proclaimed, while the robber watched him in amazement; "then, passengers, I want to give you-all fair warnin'—heal and now: No tips, no whisk-broom!"

Perhaps because their hearts were already overflowing with distress, the passengers endured this appalling threat without comment, and when there was a commotion at the other end of the line, all eyes rolled that way.

Mr. Baumann was making an effort to take his leave, with great politeness.

"Excuse, please. I want to get by, please!"

"Get by?" the other robber gasped.

"Why, you—"

"But I'm not a passenger." Mr. Baumann urged, with a confidential smile, "I've been going through the train myself."

"Much obliged! Hand over!" And a rude hand rummaged his pockets. It was a heart-rending sight.

"Oh, oh!" he wailed, "don't you allow no courtesies to the profession?" And when the inexorable thief continued to pluck his money, his watch, his scarf-pin, he grew wroth indeed. "Stop, stop, I refuse to pay. I'll go into bankruptcy fast." But still the larceny continued; fingers even lifted three cigars from his pockets, two for himself and a good one for a customer. This loss was grievous, but his wildest protest was: "Oh, here, my friend, you don't want my business cards."

"Keep 'em!" growled the thief, and then, glancing up, he saw on the tender inwards of Mr. Baumann's up-held palms two huge glisteners, which their owner had turned that way in a misguided effort to conceal the stones. The robber reached up for them.

"Take 'em. You're welcome!" said Mr. Baumann, with rare presence of mind. "Those Nevada nearlies looks almost like real."

"Keep 'em," said the robber, as he passed on, and Mr. Baumann almost swooned with joy, for, as he whispered to Wedgewood a moment later: "They're really real!"

Now the eye-chain rolled the other way, for Little Jimmie Wellington was puffing with rage. The other robber, having massaged him thoroughly, but without success, for his pocketbooks, noticed that Jimmie's left hand was protruding from his left boot, and made Jimmie perform the almost incredible feat of standing on one foot, while he unhooked him and took out the hidden wealth.

"There goes our honeymoon, Le-welle," he roared. But she while pored proudly. "Never told I have my ring to pawn."

"Oh, you have, have you? Well, I'll be your little uncle," the sneering rob-

Excuse Me

Continued from Page Three

ber looked at her wrist, and he continued his unctuous words as he found them, pointed in a basket, under her hat.

"She protested: 'You wouldn't leave me in Reno without a diamond, would you?'

"I wouldn't, eh?" he growled. "Do you think I'm in this business for my health?"

And he snatched off two earrings she had forgotten to remove. Fortunately they were added to her robes with fasteners.

Mrs. Jimmie was thoroughly enough not to wince. She simply commented: "You brutes are almost as bad as the customs officers at New York."

And now another touch of light relieved the gloom. Kathleen was next in line, and she had been forcing her lips into their most attractive smile, and keeping her eyes winsomely melow, for the robber's benefit. Marjorie could not see the smile; she could only see that Kathleen was next. She whispered to Mallory:

"They'll get the bracelet! They'll get the bracelet!"

And Mallory could have danced with glee. But Kathleen leaned coquetishly toward the masked stranger, and threw all her art into her tone as she murmured:

"I'm sure you're too brave to take my things. I've always admired men with the courage of Claude Duval."

The robber was taken a trifle aback, but he growled: "I don't know the party you speak of—but cough up!"

"Listen to her," Marjorie whispered in horror; "she's flirting with the train-robber!"

"What won't some women flirt with!" Mallory exclaimed.

The robber studied Kathleen a little more attentively, as he whipped off her necklace and her rings. She looked good to him, and so willing, that he muttered: "Say, lady, if you'll give me a kiss, I'll give you that diamond ring you got on."

"All right!" laughed Kathleen, with triumphant complacency.

"My God!" Mallory groaned, "what won't some women do for a diamond!"

The robber bent close, and was just raising his hand to collect his ransom, when his confidential glance hit Kay, and knowing his susceptible nature, foresaw his intention, and shouted: "Stop it, Jake. You tend strictly to business, or I'll blow your nose off."

"Oh, all right," grumbled the reluctant gallant, as he drew the ring from (TO BE CONTINUED)

RABIES IS NOT DELUCI

Three Hundred Die Each Year from Dread Disease—Experts Answer the Doubters.

Is there such a disease as rabies? This question, prompted by doubts as to its existence, expressed by dog breeders in the New York Times recently, finds an emphatic affirmative answer in Circular 123 of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture. It consists of a report by George H. Hart, V. M. D., assistant in pathology and bacteriology of the pathological division of the bureau, entitled "Rabies and Its Increasing Prevalence," and declares that from one hundred to three hundred persons die of it each year in this country.

The division of pathology began investigating rabies in 1895, following the death of a woman in the District of Columbia, and since that time it has investigated nearly 350 cases in dogs, twenty-five in cows, six in cats and a dozen or more among sheep, hogs, horses, wolves, foxes, dingoes and several in human beings. At least 75 per cent of the cases have been in the city of Washington, the others having been forwarded to the division from such widely separated states as the Carolinas, Maine, Wisconsin, New Jersey and Virginia and Indian Territory.

"The disease," says Doctor Hart, "is constantly spreading, and there is abundant evidence to warrant the statement that not a single state is free from it."

Discussing the doubt as to the existence of the disease in human beings, Doctor Hart writes:

"Many educated men, including some physicians, claim that all cases of hydrophobia in the human family are the result of wrong up, nervous excitement, due to fear of the part of the patient. While at times these symptoms, termed lysophobia, do occur in neurotic individuals who have been bitten by healthy dogs, they are always hysterical in nature, cause no organic lesions, and invariably terminate in recovery. This lysophobia is entirely distinct from the real disease, which is universally fatal, when not treated, to the human being."

Helping With Home Lessons.

Parental interest in the educational progress of a child could do no more for the than in the case of Mr. Jones, whose method of solving mathematical problems would have been appreciated at Dotheboys Hall. The Miami News tells the tale.

"This was the note which was handed to one of the grade teachers the other day:

"Dear Mum—Please excuse Johnny today. He will not be at school. He is acting as janitor for his father. Last night you gave him this example. If a field is 4 miles square how long will it take a man walking 3 miles an hour to walk 2 1/2 times around it? Johnny ain't no man, so we had to send his daddy. They left early this morning, and my husband said they ought to be back late tonight, though it would be hard going. Dear Mum, please make the next problem about ladies, as my husband can't afford to lose the day's work. I don't have no time to loaf, but I can spare a day off occasionally better than my husband can. Reply yrs. Mrs. Jones.—Youth's Companion."

Discoverer of Coal.

The discovery of coal is said to have been made by a Belgian blacksmith named Hallow, who lived in the village of Liège, near Liège, in Belgium.

Kirschbaum Co.

Cool as the Proverbial CUCUMBER

KIRSCHBAUM M.O. hair suits for men are standard in America. They are in a class by themselves because they are treated and tailored differently from any other mohair suits made. Sold for years in tropical countries where the climate demands constant and permanent perfection, as the garments must stand regular wear for many warm months.

We have a splendid assortment. A wealth of cool patterns and colors to choose from. The greatest clothes values ever offered at

\$15 to \$25

THE HUB
"The Home of Good Clothes."

Everywhere

Hot Sun—Much Thirst

Now be careful. Too much liquid is bad—too little is worse. Don't fill up on ice water—anyway the more you drink the more you want.

Drink

Coca-Cola

One glass satisfies. It has the weakness—a vim, dash and sparkle that delights parched palates and refreshes tired bodies and binds.

SOLELY PREPARED BY THE COCA-COLA BOTTLING WORKS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Send Your Orders For Coca-Cola and Soda Water to

COCOA-COLA BOTTLING WORKS
F. E. MAYO CO., Props.
WASHINGTON, N. C.

BUGGIES, SURRIES, CARTS WAGONS, BICYCLES HARNESS

A NEW LOT JUST RECEIVED

Washington Horse Exchange
B. L. SUSMAN, Pres. Washington, N. C.

Their Lives.
While the world of Elys and Murphy painted a picture of a cowboy's life on the back of his coat, thinking that they would have some fun out of him when he put on his coat to go home. But as he reached for his coat, saw the painting, and asked: "Which one of you fellows will you take on the back of my coat?"

The Divine Law.
And what is the divine law to a man? To hold fast that which is his own, and to claim nothing that is another's; to see what is given him, and not to covet what is not given; to yield up easily and willingly what is taken away, giving thanks; for thus he has had it in his service—Epicurus.

LYRIC THEATRE TONIGHT

MOTION PICTURES

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

Story of a Poor Inventor Who Seeks His Fortune in a great city, Selling

DISILLUSIONED,
An Intense Drama of The West, Selling

THE WIDOW RICEY O'NEAL,
A Comedy Dealing With Many Eccentricities of Every Day Life.

Admission Prices - 5c & 10c