

The Baby Did It

A Story of President Lincoln

By E. A. MITCHELL

"What's that?" President Lincoln was sitting in his room at the White House dispatching the enormous business involved in the great struggle that he was directing, while his anteroom was crowded with those waiting their turn for all they could expect—a few words with him. The door between him and these persons stood ajar, through which came the cry of a baby. The president ceased from his labors and listened. The cry was repeated. The work of administering a government with 1,600,000 soldiers in the field, struggling for its existence, was brought to a standstill by the cry of an infant.



Mr. Lincoln called an attendant, charged with the introduction of visitors, and asked him what it meant. "A woman is waiting without who has been here two or three different days. She comes from a long distance and has to bring her child be-

cause she knows no one in Washington and has no place where she can leave it." "Bring her in," the president directed.

A young woman poorly dressed carrying a child in her arms was ushered into the presence of the head of the nation—not the august presence by which we are accustomed to describe those who wield governmental power, but the presence of a long, thin man, Mr. Lincoln directed the messenger to hand the mother a seat beside him and asked:

"What can I do for you, my good woman?" The visitor told her story, not in the words it is given here, for she would not have been able to give it so elaborately, and the government clock could not have been stopped long enough for her to do so, but her words, spoken in a tremulous voice, interrupted occasionally by the fretting of her child, were doubtless far more effective than the following version:

In the spring of 1861, when the war drum was calling from the Atlantic to the Pacific for volunteers to fight for the Union cause, a regiment was drawn up in the state of Pennsylvania in column formation ready to march to the railway station to entrain for Washington. Just before the order "Forward" was given a girl of twenty, carrying a small bundle, came running up to one of the companies looking eagerly for some one. Private Jack Williams waved his hand to her, and, approaching him, she handed him the bundle containing the last bit of food she could hope to prepare for him in many a month to come. There was but time for an embrace when the word "March" rang out, the band struck up an inspiring air, and the regiment moved away.

"Is that your sweetheart?" asked Williams, his closer to him as they marched to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

"Sweetheart and wife," was the ironic reply.

Jack Williams, though he had been married but a few months, heard the call of President Lincoln for the 75,000 volunteers that constituted the first detachment of the great army for the Union and enlisted at the nearest recruiting station. One night in Virginia he was on picket duty, standing peering into the darkness for an enemy. Suddenly he felt his arms grasped from behind and a hand clapped over his mouth. His musket fell over in the long grass without sound. He was pushed forward until the picket line of which he had formed a part was left behind. Then a gruff voice said:

"Move on, Yankee, if you don't want any lead in your nozzles."

A very neat job of picket capture had been achieved by a single Confederate soldier.

The next morning, when the pickets were relieved, the officer of the retiring picket post where the capture had been made asked:

"Where's Williams?"

"There was no reply to the question. "Where's Williams?" the officer repeated, and still receiving no answer, asked where he had been posted.

"Third man to the east of the picket," replied the sergeant, "between Rice and Kimball."



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"Gone over to the enemy," said the officer.

The game of Private John Williams was entered on the regimental rolls as that of a deserter.

Mennyville Williams was huddled in with other prisoners of war in the rear of the Confederate lines, awaiting transportation to Libby prison at Richmond. He spent some months there, when the prison becoming crowded, a detachment of prisoners was sent to a stockade prison situated in South Carolina. Williams, with others in the same car with him—a freight car—planned to escape. One of them had concealed a case-knife on his person and during the long hours of prison life had occupied his mind inventing ways to make a saw of it by nicking the edge. He had made poor headway until a fellow prisoner lent him a file. After that the matter was easy.

Williams and his friends in the freight car by means of the improvised tool managed to saw through a board in the floor of the car. When the train stopped during the night they removed the board and let themselves down through the aperture. Of three men who made the attempt two succeeded in getting away; the third was shot by the guard. Williams was one of the men who got away, but he and the other ran in different directions and did not come together again.

An account of the wanderings of Private Williams would be much the same as other escaped prisoners of war from '61 to '65. He traveled at night and was hidden by the negroes during the day. His compass was the north star. He suffered terribly from exposure and lived on berries, green corn and such other vegetable food as he could find except when some kind negro gave him a little corn pone.

Williams in order to escape detection took often to swamp lands. There he contracted fever, and when finally he dragged himself into the Union lines he was placed in a hospital.

It was about this time that the United States government was beginning to pay bounties to those who would enlist. This afforded an opportunity for criminals to secure the bounty and desert. Enough of this was done to attract the attention of the generals, and they sought to put a stop to it by trying the bounty jumpers for desertion and shooting them in presence of their comrades.

It was reported to the colonel of John Williams' regiment that a soldier was in hospital who had given that name on being received there. He became delirious, but was now better. The colonel directed the surgeon in charge of the hospital to send Williams to him under guard as soon as he was discharged.

What has been told here having been briefly stated to the president, the woman handed him a folded letter to read. It had been dictated by her husband, who was lying ill at the time, to one of those self-sacrificing women—both of the north and the south—who gave so much comfort to the sick and wounded of the war. It recounted his capture, his escape, his wandering and privations, ending with a piteous request for her to come to him.

"I was helped to go to him by friends," she added, "and when I found him he told me that as soon as he was well enough he would be shot for desertion."

The poor woman had been told what was true. Her husband could at that time get no proof of the story he had to tell. His witnesses were all captured from him by a brilliant line of bayonets. And even if he could have been free to go to them he would not have been able to find the only witness who could clear him, the man who had captured him. His wife had appealed to his colonel for mercy, but he had set his teeth, resolved to stop desertion if he had to shoot every man in the army.

Such was the situation that was brought before Mr. Lincoln by the cry of a babe. And it would have been even more pathetic had the blind hearted president known when he heard it that the cry was an unconscious pleading for his father's life. Mr. Lincoln had no proof that the woman's story was true; he required no proof. He saw a woman pleading for her husband's life with his child in her arms, and he had no desire, no time, to invest-

igate.

"You shall have your husband," he said, "and he shall have his pay, with leave of absence and transportation to his home."

The end of the scene was told in these words by the messenger who had introduced the woman to the president and was present during this interview of life and death:

"As he turned to his desk to write the order the lady woman absolutely lost consciousness of her surroundings in her joy and gratitude. She stood by the president's side, holding the baby on one arm, while with her disengaged one she gently stroked the president's ruffled hair, saying, 'God bless you; God bless you.'"

For Civic Center Plan.

A special election was held in San Francisco on the question of the issue of \$8,800,000 of bonds to erect a city hall and to create a civic center. By the extraordinary majority of 45,129 in favor of the proposition to 432 against it—more than 100 to 1—the issue was approved. The vote was the largest ever polled at a special election.

NOTICE OF SUMMONS

State of North Carolina—County of Beaufort. In the Superior Court, before the Clerk.

James Brimmage vs. Seney Haskins and husband, Louise Brimmage, Hiram Brimmage, Louise Brimmage and husband, (unknown), Mary Wallace and husband, Josh Wallace, James Brimmage and Richard Mayo.

To Hiram Brimmage, Louise Brimmage and husband, name (unknown), James Brimmage and Richard Mayo—Take Notice:

You are hereby notified that the plaintiff has caused to be instituted in the Superior Court of Beaufort County, N. C., a special proceeding for the purpose of selling for a division the lands inherited by parties to this action as the heirs-at-law of John Brimmage, deceased, and you are further notified the summons has been duly issued in said action against you returnable to Clerk Superior Court's office of Beaufort County, N. C., at the Courthouse in Washington, N. C., on Monday, March 15, 1914, at 10 a. m., when and where you are required to appear and answer and demur to the petition filed in this cause of this date for the relief therein prayed for will be granted, and a sale of said premises for a division be ordered.

Witness my hand, this February 2, 1914.

GEO. A. PAUL, Clerk Superior Court.

An Ideal Woman's Laxative

Who wants to take salts, or castor oil, when there is nothing better than Dr. King's New Life Pills for all bowel troubles. They act gently and naturally on the stomach and liver, stimulate and regulate your bowels and tone up the entire system. Price 25c. At all druggists. H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis.

A NOTRE DAME LADY'S APPEAL

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbago, backache, pains in the kidneys, neuralgia, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send to all who are afflicted with these troubles, as she has thousands who have been cured by the use of her simple discovery. Write to her for the above, enclosing the stiffened joints, purifies the blood and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and life to the whole system. Write to her at once, you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, New York.

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says Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky., in her own experience with Cardui, the woman's tonic. She says further: "Before I began to use Cardui, my back and head would hurt so bad, I thought the pain would kill me. I was hardly able to do any of my housework. After taking three bottles of Cardui, I began to feel like a new woman. I soon gained 35 pounds, and now, I do all my housework, as well as run a big water mill."

I wish every suffering woman would give

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

a trial. I still use Cardui when I feel a little bad, and it always does me good."

Headache, backache, side ache, nervousness, tired, worn-out feelings, etc., are sure signs of womanly trouble. Signs that you need Cardui, the woman's tonic. You cannot make a mistake in trying Cardui for your trouble. It has been helping weak, ailing women for more than fifty years.

Get a Bottle Today!

New February Victor Records

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- YOU NEED A RAG (Victor 17518) American Quartet
DOWN IN MONKEYVILLE (Victor 17519) Louis Armstrong
On My Way to Mandalay (Victor 17520) Oakland-Campbell-Henry
Victory March (Victor 17521) Oakland-Campbell-Henry
By the Church in the West (Victor 17522) Oakland-Campbell-Henry
I'm a Soldier and I'm in the Mood (Victor 17523) Oakland-Campbell-Henry
I'm a Soldier
Take Me Back (Victor 17524) Oakland-Campbell-Henry
You Did (You Know You Did) (Victor 17525) Oakland-Campbell-Henry
At that Dolly Waddy Wild West Show (Victor 17526) Oakland-Campbell-Henry
The Pussy Cat Rag (Kitty, Kitty, Kitty) (Victor 17527) Oakland-Campbell-Henry
Six Down (You're Looking the Best) (Victor 17528) Oakland-Campbell-Henry
Your Mother's Gaze Awaits to Join the Army (Victor 17529) Oakland-Campbell-Henry
How About River Tennessee (To the Home of the Girl I Love) (Victor 17530) Oakland-Campbell-Henry
Gumby-Willie (Victor 17531) Oakland-Campbell-Henry
You Ain't in No Business to Love Me (Victor 17532) Oakland-Campbell-Henry
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We invite You to our store to hear the New Records. We carry in stock the full list of 10 inch double face records. Victrolars Sold on Easy Terms at

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MADE QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

Miss Watson—Did Mr. Sark say to you as I entered the drawing room last night, Clark, "Is that the beautiful Miss Watson?" "Yes, dear, with the accent on the "that,"—E. E. Coffman.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION

The undersigned having this day qualified before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Beaufort County as administrator of the estate of Frank A. Harvey, deceased, notice is hereby given that all claims against the said estate, duly itemized and verified, must be filed with me, or with Small, MacLean, Bragaw & Rodman, Attorneys, on or before the 5th day of February, 1914. This notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned. This 4th day of February, 1914.

Abram Satchwell, Adm'r.
of Frank A. Harvey, deceased.
Small, MacLean, Bragaw & Rodman, Attorneys.
2-5-6-wp

E. E. COFFMAN IS A BOOSTER

ALWAYS READY TO PRAISE BEAR'S EMULSION.

Talks it Among His Friends and Always Writes a Letter—Cured His Son's Cough.

Mr. John D. Bear, Elkton, Va.
Dear Sir:—The winter of 1909 my son Wilmer took a deep cold. It settled on his breast and he was so hoarse he could scarcely talk. We tried different kinds of cough medicines, but nothing did any good. Some person told me to go to John Bear's and get a bottle of your Emulsion. After the first dose or two it gave relief. I never saw anything act so quickly. In a few days he was all right. I don't think it can be best for the lungs and whole system. You have the privilege of using my name to this recommendation for the good of others.

Yours very truly,
E. E. Coffman.

Now is the time to try this Emulsion. If you have not a cough, take it anyway, as it builds up your system and you will be more able to stand exposure. One dollar a bottle or six for five dollars. Can be bought at Worthy & Etheridge Drug Store.

NOTICE OF SALE

North Carolina, Beaufort County, Richland Township—Before A. Mayo, J. P.

E. Peterson Company, Inc.

vs.

E. C. Caton.

Pursuant to the Attachment, Judgment, and execution in the above entitled action, rendered by A. Mayo, Justice of the Peace, in favor of the Plaintiff, E. Peterson Company, Inc., and against the defendant, E. C. Caton, and the property attached herein, for the sum of One Hundred Forty Two and Ninety One One Hundredths (\$142.91) Dollars, with interest and costs, I will sell the property heretofore attached and condemned to be sold, to-wit:

That certain tract or parcel of land, lying and being in the County of Beaufort, State of North Carolina, Richland township, beginning at G. W. Lee's corner in the Hollis line, and running with said Lee's line South 87 1/2 East 55 feet; thence South 2 1/2 West twenty-five feet; thence North 87 1/2 West 55 feet to the Hollis East line; thence with said line North 2 1/2 East to the beginning, containing One Hundred and Thirty-eight square yards, and well known as the E. C. Caton store site, which said site was conveyed to the said E. C. Caton by Will Dunn about two years ago.

Said sale to be made at public auction, for cash to the highest bidder at the Courtroom door of Beaufort County, at noon on Friday, the 4th day of March, 1914, notice is hereby given.

This 31st day of January, 1914.
GEO. B. RICKS, Sheriff of Beaufort County.
Collin H. Harding, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE OF TAX PURCHASE

North Carolina—Beaufort County. To Mr. E. F. Edwards.

You are hereby notified that a sale for taxes held by George M. Ricks, Sheriff of Beaufort County, held on Monday, 4th day of May, 1914, at 12 o'clock, M., at the Courthouse door of Beaufort County, N. C., T. H. Hodges on said date purchased the property which was sold for delinquent taxes and county taxes for the year of 1913, due on said property which was listed in the name of L. F. Edwards and described as follows: 28 acres Home, Chocowinity township.

The purchaser paid therefor the state and county taxes, together with the costs of advertising, amounting in all to \$9.19.

You are further notified that said purchaser has duly assigned his bid to the Bureau Lumber Co., and that 70% can redeem said property by the payment of said taxes and charges allowed by law, if same is paid to the undersigned or to Geo. E. Ricks, Sheriff of Beaufort County, on or before May 6th, 1914; and if you fail to redeem the same on or before said date, the undersigned will demand that the said sheriff make a tax deed for the said property.

This 13th day of Jan., 1914.
BUREAU LUMBER CO., Assignee of Tax Purchaser.
1-31-14.

NOTICE OF TAX PURCHASE

North Carolina—Beaufort County. To N. S. Peale.

You are hereby notified that a sale for taxes held by George M. Ricks, Sheriff of Beaufort County, held on Monday, 4th day of May, 1913, at 12 o'clock at the Courthouse door of Beaufort County, T. H. Hodges purchased at said sale the property which was sold for delinquent taxes and county taxes for the year 1912 due on said property, which was listed in the name of N. S. Peale, including the cost of said sale amounting to \$2.50.

Said property is described as follows: 2 lots Washington Heights.

You are further notified that the said T. H. Hodges has assigned his bid to the Bureau Lumber Co., and that you can redeem said property by the payment of the taxes and charges allowed by law to the undersigned, or to Geo. E. Ricks, Sheriff, and if said redemption is not made by May 5, 1914, the undersigned will demand a Tax Deed for said property.

This 18th day of Jan., 1914.
BUREAU LUMBER CO., Assignee.

Palms

A foul, disagreeable breath, dark circles around the eyes, dizziness, feverish, with great thirst, cheeks flushed and then pale, abdomen swollen with sharp cramping pains are all indications of worms. Don't let your child suffer—Kickapoo Worm Killer will give sure relief. It kills the worms—while its laxative effect adds greatly to the health of your child by removing the dangerous and parasitic from the system. Kickapoo Worm Killer as a health producer should be in every household. Perfectly safe. Buy a box today. Price, 25c. All Druggists or by mail.

Kickapoo Indian Medicine Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis.

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on her recent tour of America included Battle Creek, the great Pure Food Center, in her itinerary. Speaking of diet for children she makes the following statement (in the Chicago Daily Journal of Dec. 31, 1913):

"Coffee and tea Should never be placed within reach of a childish hand."

Besides being an educator, Madame Montessori is a physician, and bases this advice on her scientific knowledge that an ordinary cup of coffee contains about 2 1/2 grains of caffeine—a poisonous drug, (also found in tea.)

In these days of liberal education the average American parent is becoming informed concerning the baneful effects of tea and coffee drinking, not only on the youth, but on those further along in life.

How much better to place before the children (and older ones too) a wholesome, nutritious, pure food-drink such as

POSTUM

Made only of prime whole wheat and a small per cent of pure molasses, Postum contains only the rich native value of the grain—good for young and old. Postum is free from caffeine or other harmful substance.

Postum comes in two forms:

REGULAR POSTUM—must be boiled to bring out its rich flavor and food value. 15c and 25c packages.

INSTANT POSTUM—a soluble powder. A teaspoonful stirred in a cup of hot water—with cream and sugar—makes a delightful beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There a Reason" for POSTUM

—Sold by Grocers everywhere.