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Chas. H. Hitchcock

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HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Catons, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side."

"The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good."

"I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair. At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without its tiring me, and am doing all my work."

"If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 30 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today."

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PEOPLE YOU KNOW ABOUT

H. W. Tarkenton of Plymouth, N. C., is among the welcome visitors to the city today.

J. J. Mann of Lake Landing, N. C., was on our streets today shaking hands with his many friends.

Rev. Charles A. Jones, pastor of the M. E. Church, Belhaven, N. C., is a guest at Hotel Louise.

Among the visitors to Washington today is H. E. Windley of Swan Quarter, N. C.

W. C. Hancock of New Bern, N. C., is in the city.

N. B. Hutchisson of Edenon, N. C., was a passenger on the Norfolk Southern train yesterday afternoon.

J. W. Roberts of New Bern, N. C., is a Washington visitor.

D. U. Martin of Royal, N. C., was here yesterday on business.

Congressman John H. Small has returned to Washington City.

H. G. Parks of Elizabeth City, N. C., registered at the Louise yesterday.

(Continued from page 3.)

Persons which could not look into the church and while looking the bell could keep watch for the minister. Always exactly on time, he would come in, walk slowly up the right hand aisle, mount the pulpit stairs, enter and close the door after him. Then Cephus would give one tremendous pull to warn listeners on the steps, a pull that meant, "Parson's in the pulpit" and was acted upon accordingly. Opening the big Bible, the minister raised his right hand impressively, and, saying, "Let us pray," the whole congregation rose in their pews with a great rustling and bowed their heads devoutly for the invocation.

Next came the hymn, generally at that day one of Isaac Watts'. The singers, fifteen or twenty in number, sat in a raised gallery opposite the pulpit, and there was a rod in front hung with red curtains to hide them when sitting down. Any one was free to join, which perhaps accounted for Aunt Abby's strictures as to time and time. Jed Morrill, "blasphemous," as he was considered by that acrimonious lady, was the leader, and a good one too. There would be a great whispering and humming when Deacon Sumner, with his big fiddle, and Piny Waterhouse, with his smaller one, would try to get in accord with Humphrey Baker and his clarionet. All went well when Humphrey was there to give the sure keynote, but in his absence Jed Morrill would use his tuning fork. When the key was finally secured by all concerned Jed would raise his stick, beat one measure to set the time, and all joined in or fell in, according to their several abilities. It was not always a perfect thing in the way of a start, but they were well together at the end of the first line, and when, as now, the choir numbered a goodly number of voices and there were 300 or 400 in the pews nothing more inspiring in its peculiar way was ever heard than the congregational singing of such splendid hymns as "Old Hundred," "Duke Street" or "Coronation."

Waitstill led the troubles, and Ivory was at the far end of the choir. In the basses, but each was conscious of the other's presence. This morning he could hear her noble voice rising a little above, or, perhaps, from its quality, separating itself somehow, ever so little, from the others. How full of strength and hope it was, her voice! How steadfast to the pitch! How golden in its color! How moving in its crescendo! How the words flowed from her lips, not as if they had been written years ago, but as if they were the expression of her own faith! There were many in the congregation who were stirred; they knew not why, when there clung to be only a few "carrying the air" and they could really hear Waitstill Baxter singing some dear old hymn, full of sacred memories, like—

While the I look, protecting Power,
From every danger free,
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

"There may be them in Boston that can sing louder, and they may be able to run up a little higher than Waitstill, but the question is, could any of 'em make Aunt Abby Cole shed tears?" This was Jed Morrill's tribute to his best soprano.

There were Sunday evening prayer meetings, too, held at "Narty candle-light," when Waitstill and Lucy Morrill would make a duet of "By cool moon's ahady, ahady, ahady," or the favorite "Naomi," and the two frail young voices, rising and falling in the tender thrills of the old times, melted all hearts to new willingness of sacrifice.

Father, what'er of earthy bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every danger free,
The blessing of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

How Ivory loved to hear Waitstill sing these lines! How they eased his burden as they were soaring here, falling on the impatient, longing heart like evening dew on thirsty grass!

CHAPTER X.
The Great Eye-Monster.

WHILE THE I look, protecting Power, was the first hymn on this particular Sunday morning, and it usually held Patty's rather vagrant attention to the end, though it failed to do so today. The Baxters occupied one of the wing pews, a position always to be coveted, as one could see the singers without treading ground and also observe everybody in the congregation—their entrance, habitual behavior and expression of their emotions, without being

in the least subjected to becoming in a yawning eye.

Laura Wilson's pew was the second in front of the Baxters to the same wing and Patty, seated decorously but unwillingly beside her father, was impatiently awaiting the entrance of the family, knowing that Mark would be with them if he had returned from Boston. Timothy Grant, the parish clerk, had the paw in between and afforded a most edifying spectacle to the community, as there were seven young Grains of a church-going age, and the ladies of the congregation were always counting them, reckoning how many were to their credit at home and trying to guess from Mrs. Grant's frowns or chastised countenance whether any new ones had been born since the Sunday before.

Patty settled herself comfortably and put her foot on the "boden" ("trunk") resting her feet on a little on the congregation side, just enough to allow an inch or two of petticoat. The petticoat was as modestly hung as the trunk itself, and displaying a bit of it was nothing more heinous than a casual exhibition of good needlework. Deacon Baxter furnished only the unobtrusive smudges for his daughters' undergarments, but twice little ticks laboriously done by hand, elsewhere such wide adorning, crocheted from white spool cotton and days of bleaching on the grass in the sun will mark a petticoat that can be shown in church with some justifiable pride.

The Wilsons came up the aisle a moment later than was their usual habit, just after the person he addressed the pulpit. Mr. Wilson always entered the pew first and sat in the far end. Patty had looked at her adjusting and with a certain feeling of people-ness he obviously he did not desire mother-in-law in the meeting house. Her changeable silk dress was the latest mode, her shawl of black llama lace expressed wealth in every delicate touch, and her bouquet had a distinction that could only have emanated from Portland or Boston. Miss Wilson usually came next, with as much of a smile to Patty as the old doted venture in the deacon's presence, and after her shawl of the younger sister, Helina, commonly called "Billy," and with considerable remark.

Mark had come home; Patty dared not look up, but she felt his approach behind the others, although her eyes sought the door and her cheeks hung out signals of unabated but certain welcome. She hoped the family settle in their seats somewhat hastily, the click of the pew floor and the sound of Laura Wilson's cane as he stood in the corner; then the parson rose to pray, and Patty closed her eyes with the rest of the congregation.

Opening them when Elder Boone rose to announce the hymn, they fell amazed, resentful, uncomprehending—on the spectacle of Mark Wilson finding the place in the book for a strange young woman who sat beside him. Mark himself had on a new suit and wore a seal ring that Patty had never observed before. While the dress, petticoat and hat of the unknown were of a nature that no girl in Patty's position, and particularly of her disposition, could have regarded without a desire to tear them from her person and stamp them underfoot or, better still, fling them herself and show the world how they should be worn!

Mark found the place in the hymn book for the creature, shared it with her, and once, when the Grant twins wriggled and Patty secured a better view, once, Mark shifted his hand on the page so that his thumb touched that of his pretty neighbor, who did not remove hers as if she found the proximity either unpleasant or improper. Patty compared her own miserable attire with that of the hated rival in front, and also contrasted Lawyer Wilson's appearance with that of her father; the former, well dressed in the style of a gentleman of the time, in bronzed cloth, with fine lines, and a tall silk hat carefully placed on the floor of the pew, while Deacon Baxter wore homespun made of wool from his own sheep, spun and woven, dyed and finished, at the falling mill in the village, and carried a lattered felt hat that had been a matter of ridicule these dozen years. The deacon would be buried in two coats. Jed Morrill always said, for he owned just that number and would be too mean to leave either of 'em behind him.

The sermon was fifty minutes long, three enough for a doot of thinking. Many a homiletic, not wholly orthodox, cut and made over all her children's clothes, in imagination; planned the putting up of her fruit, the mak-

The Board of Aldermen of the City of Washington, North Carolina, do ordain:

First: That it shall be unlawful for any person to throw any written or printed notices or posters of any kind or description upon any of the public streets or alleys of the city of Washington, or in any yard or lot in said city, or to distribute same upon the streets or alleys of the city by handing or delivering them to the passers by.

All persons who shall carry or send out written or printed posters or notices shall be required to deliver them to the occupants of houses, or place them under the front door of said houses.

Second: Any person who shall violate the provisions of this ordinance, shall, upon conviction, be fined Ten Dollars (\$1.00.) 6-2-16tc.

ing of her preserves had puffed, and arranged her meals for the next week. During the progress of these sermons, Patty watched the person turn leaf after leaf until the final one was reached. Then came the last hymn, when the people stretched their aching limbs and rising, turned their back on the minister and faced the choir. Patty looked at Waitstill and wished that she could put her throbbing head on her sister's shoulder and cry—mostly with rage. The benediction was said, and with the final "Amen" the pews were opened and the worshippers crowded into the narrow aisles and moved toward the doors.

Patty's pangs were all made. She was out of her pew before the Wilsons could possibly leave theirs and in her progress down the aisle security arrested her, her old admirer, old Dr. Perry, as well as his son, Philip. Fanning the singing seats, she picked up the humble Cephus and carried him along in her wake, chatting and talking with her little party while her father was at the horse sheds making ready to go home between services, as was his habit, a cold bite being always set out on the kitchen table according to his orders. By means of these clever maneuvers Patty made herself the focus of attention when the Wilson party came out on the steps and vouchsafed Mark only a nonchalant nod, wistfully glancing a little greeting with the nod, just a "How d'ye do, Mark? Did you have a good time in Boston?"

Patty and Waitstill, with some of the girls who had come long distances, ate their luncheon in a shady place under the trees behind the meeting house, for there was an afternoon service to come, a service with another long sermon. They separated after the modest meal to walk about the common or stray along the road to the academy, where there was a fine view.

Two or three times during the summer the sisters always went quietly and alone to the Baxter burying lot, where three grass-grown graves lay beside one another, unmarked save by narrow wooden slabs, so short that the initials painted on them were almost hidden by the tufts of clover. The girls had brought roots of pansies and sweet alyssum and with a knife made holes in the earth and planted them here and there to make the spot a trifle less forbidding. They did not speak to each other during this sacred little ceremony. Their hearts were too full when they remembered the absence of headstones, the lack of care, in the piece where the three women lay who had ministered to their father, borne him children and patiently endured his arbitrary and loveless rule. Even Cleve Flanders' grave—the Edgewood shoemaker, who lay next—even his resting place was marked and, with a touch of some one's imagination, marked by the old man's own lapstone, twenty-five pounds in weight, a monument of his workaday life.

Waitstill rose from her feet, brushing the earth from her hands, and Patty did the same. The churchyard was quiet, and they were alone with the dead, mourned and unmourned, loved and unloved.

"I planted one or two pansies on the first one's grave," said Waitstill soberly. "I don't know why we've never done it before. There are no children to take notice of and remember her; it's the least we can do, and, after all, she belongs to the family."

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To My Friends and Fellow Citizens of Beaufort County:

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the Sheriff's office. I have only one promise to make to you people should I be elected and that is the same promise that I made to my good friends who so ably supported me in the last campaign when they made me their choice as Sheriff for Washington, Long Acre and Chocowinity townships, and that is the same promise I now make to the county as a whole, that is, if you will make me your sheriff I will do nothing to bring reproach upon the county or myself, and you will not be ashamed of me as your Sheriff. If elected, I shall be as lenient as possible with you in settling your taxes; but will collect when they become due as the law directs. Be sure and pay your poll tax before the first day of May, 1914, so you can vote on election day without being challenged.

Thanking you in advance for any support that you may give me.

Respectfully,
WILLIAM B. WINDLEY,
Washington, N. C.