

WASHINGTON DAILY NEWS

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JAMES L. MAYO, PROPRIETOR CARL GOERCH, EDITOR

WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA, MAY 9, 1916.

We note, with a sense of pain and unfeigned surprise that the New Bern Sun-Journal publishes the statement of one of its banks under the heading "The National Bank of New Bern."

Next week will be the big week for Washington. The B. P. O. E.—which is supposed to stand for "Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks," but which really means "The Best People On Earth"—are coming here, many hundred strong.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Dr. Melton Clark, who delivered the baccalaureate sermon at the high school auditorium Sunday night, took as the theme of his discourse, "friendship." During the course of his remarks, Dr. Clark made the statement that many persons, when speaking of their friends, made the assertion that they "had dozens of friends; friends all over the State."

In this assertion, there is no question but that Dr. Clark was right. A man is fortunate if he possesses three or four friends. Few men possess more than five or six. The majority cannot boast of more than two or three after they have thoroughly gone over their list of acquaintances.

Webster defines the word "friend" as "one who entertains for another such sentiments of esteem, respect and affection that he seeks his society and welfare." The definition means little, however, Dr. Clark, in telling an anecdote, defined it much more intelligently in the words, "A friend is a person who knows all about you but likes you just the same."

If, when you have lost your money and one of your acquaintances offers to assist you to your feet again, he is a friend.

If you have become disgraced and a man walks up to you, takes you by the hand and tries to help you, while others pass you by and avoid seeing or speaking to you, he is a friend.

If a man is willing to sacrifice some luxury in order that you may obtain some necessity, he is a friend.

If a man will stand up for you and defend you while others of your acquaintances speak ill of you, he is a friend.

If he will brave criticism and social elimination in order to help you out, he is a friend.

If a man will do ALL of these things, then you can consider him your friend. Now run over the list of your acquaintances and see how many there are who would go through all of the above tests for you.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Tomorrow will be observed in Washington, with appropriate exercises, as Confederate Memorial Day. It is a day which means much to the aged survivors of the war between the States and the people of both city and country owe it to the defenders of the South to attend the exercises at the New Theatre and to cheer the grey-headed men whose ranks are growing thinner with each Memorial day.

These men represent the true spirit of the South and every true Southerner should consider it his duty to honor the few who are left of the many thousands already in their graves. They stand for Valor, Love of Home, and willingness to sacrifice themselves in order that their families might live in peace and contentment.

And when you see them tomorrow, forget their appearance and try to imagine them as they were 55 years ago. These eyes, now almost worn out, were then steady and keen as they sighted along rifle barrel; those shoulders, now bent with age and toil, were then thrown back with pride and defiance; that slow and halting step was once the rapid and sure charge against an overwhelming number of the enemy.

THE LATEST RAID.

With Carranzistas and U. S. soldiers in the northern part of Mexico, a band of Villistas last week again crossed the border and repeated the Columbus raid on the little settlement of Glenn Springs in Texas, killing American citizens and destroying property.

Get the situation—Thousands of men guarding against just such an emergency. A handful of rebels make their way north without interference, raid the town and then retreat across the border before they can be captured. In the meantime there is a great hull-a-balloo. Troops are sent here and there and orders are given to capture the outlaws dead or alive.

Perhaps they will be captured and then again, perhaps they won't. Even if they are exterminated, there is nothing that will prevent a similar raid from being accomplished whenever the raiders get ready for it.

Mexico has a frontier of about 1,400 miles to the United States. The greater part of the boundary between the two countries is formed by the Rio Grande. Many persons probably imagine that this river is on a par with the Mississippi, the Missouri or the other long rivers in the United States. This is not so, however. For the most part, the Rio Grande is not over 200 feet wide at its widest point. Even towards its mouth it is fordable and it furnishes little obstacle to anyone who desires to cross it.

It is impossible for both the Carranza and the American forces to guard the entire boundary and it is the easiest thing in the world for a small party of raiders to cross the river at some point that is not guarded, raid whatever town they wish, and make their return to the practically impregnable mesquite forests before pursuit can be started.

The mere fact that border raids are being guarded against can never prevent these raids from taking place. The only effective method—and the method that will have to be employed in the end—is for the complete extermination of every one of the outlaw bands. They must all be captured or broken up. Otherwise the American residents along the frontier can never be sure of their safety.

The Standard Remedy in Countless Homes

Relieves Constipation Easily Without Gripping or Discomfort.

Indigestion and constipation are two conditions that are closely related and the cause of much physical suffering.

The tendency to indulge one's appetite is more or less general and most people suffer or less general and most people suffer at one time or another from rebellion of the overtaxed organs of digestion and elimination. A pleasantly effective remedy, that will quickly relieve the congestion of poisonous stomach waste and restore regularity, is the compound of simple laxative herbs sold in drug stores for fifty cents a bottle under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.

Mrs. Oliver Young, Merrill, Wis., writing to Dr. Caldwell, says, she knows of nothing so effective for regulating the stomach and bowels:



MRS. OLIVER YOUNG

since taking Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin she feels ten years younger; her work seems easier and she has regained her appetite.

Get a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin from your druggist and have it in the house. A trial bottle, free of charge, can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 454 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.

WASHINGTON MARKET

Corrected by R. H. HUDSON Successor to H. E. Mayo.

Table listing market prices for various goods including Spring Chickens, Old Roosters, Old Hens, Hen Eggs, Sherlings, Wool, and various hides.

NOTICE OF SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed from Geo. W. Williams to Geo. Hackney, Jr., which said mortgage deed is dated Nov. 25th, 1914, and is duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Beaufort County, in Book 185, page 241, and is hereby referred to the undersigned will, on Saturday, the 27th day of May, 1916, at 12 o'clock noon, at the Court House door in Beaufort County, offer for sale, to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate to-wit:

Lots Number One, Two, Eleven Twelve, in Block "C", as shown on the map made by M. M. Worthington, of the property purchased by Geo. Hackney, Jr., from N. L. Simmons and wife, which said map is recorded in the Register's office for Beaufort County, North Carolina, and is hereby referred to for a full and complete description of said lots.

This 24th day of April, 1916. GEO. HACKNEY, JR., Mortgagee. Washington Trust Co., Owner of the debt. Stewart & Bryan, Attorneys. 4-24-awc.

NOTICE OF SALE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage deed executed by John A. Foreman to me, dated Sept. 30, 1914, recorded in the Register's office in Book 190, page 83 and herein referred to, I will sell at the Court House door of Beaufort County on Monday June 5, 1916, at 12 o'clock noon for cash to the highest bidder, the following property conveyed in said mortgage:

A certain lot of land situated in the town of Washington and lying on Third street in that part of said town known as "Pango Town" and on Johnson's map of said town as the eastern half of lot No. 5 is said portion of said town and on which John A. Foreman now resides and which was conveyed in a deed from William A. Blount and wife to Wiley Clark, recorded in said Register's office in Book 76, page 73 and is herein referred to. This May 4, 1916. H. B. MAYO, Mortgagee.

Doing Well.

How are you making out on your resolution to economize? Fine! I've got my running expenses moved down to a walk.

Advertisement for 'The Conquest of Canaan' by George Barringer, featuring a map and the title 'Monsieur Beaucaire'.

(Continued from April 15)

The poor woman blundered on, wholly unaware of what she had confessed. "You see," she said, more quietly, "whatever's going to be done ought to be done right away. I went over and told Mother Sheridan what I'd heard about Lumborn, but Mother Sheridan's under Edith's thumb, and she's afraid to ever come right out with anything. Father Sheridan'd never in the world let Lumborn come near the house again if he knew his reputation. So, you see, somebody's got to tell him. It isn't a very easy position for me, is it, Miss Vertrees?"

"No," said Mary gravely. "Well, to be frank," said Sibyl, smiling, "that's why I've come to you."

"To me!" Mary frowned. "There isn't anybody ever made such a bit with Father Sheridan in his life as you have. And of course we all hope you're not going to be exactly an outsider in the affairs of the family!"

"Listen," said Sibyl. "Now suppose I go to Father Sheridan with this story, and Edith says it's not true; but suppose I could say: 'All right, if you want proof, ask Miss Vertrees. She came with me, and she's waiting in the next room right now, too.'"

"No, no," said Mary quickly. "You mustn't!"

"Listen just a minute more," Sibyl urged, condolingly. She was on easy ground now, to her own mind, and had no doubt of her success. "Miss Vertrees, listen! Don't you see we ought to do it, you and I? Do you suppose Robert Lumborn cares the snap of his finger for her? Do you suppose a man like him would look at Edith Sheridan if it wasn't for the money? And again Sibyl's emotion rose to the surface."

"I tell you he's after nothing on earth but to get his finger in that old man's money-pie, over there, next door! He'd marry anybody to do it. Mary Edith?" she cried. "I tell you he'll marry the slickest cook for that!"

"She stopped, afraid—at the wrong time—that she had been too vehement, but a glance at Mary reassured her, and Sibyl decided that she had produced the effect she wished. Mary was not looking at her; she was staring straight before her at the wall, her eyes wide and shining. She became visibly a little paler as Sibyl looked at her."

"After nothing on earth but to get his finger in that old man's money-pie, over there next door!" the voice was vulgar, the words were vulgar—and the plain truth was vulgar! How it rang in Mary Vertrees' ears! The clear mirror had caught its own image clearly in the faded one at last.

Sibyl put forth her best bid to elench the matter. She offered her bargain. "Now, don't you worry," she said, sunnily, "about this setting Edith against you. She'll get over it after a while. And another thing—I guess you won't mind Jim's own sister-in-law speaking of it. Of course, I don't know just how matters stand between you and Jim, but sisters-in-law can do lots of things to help matters on like that. There's lots of little things that can be said, and lots—"

She stopped, puzzled. Mary Vertrees had gone from pale to scarlet, and now, still scarlet indeed, she rose, without a word of explanation, or any other kind of word, and walked slowly to the open door and out of the room.

Sibyl was a little taken aback. She supposed Mary had remembered something neglected and would return in a moment; but it was rather a rude excess of absent-mindedness not to have excused herself, especially as her guest was talking. And, Mary's return being delayed, Sibyl looked at her watch and frowned; went to a window and stood looking out upon the brown lawn, then came back to the chair she had abandoned, and sat again. There was no sound in the house.

A strange expression began imperceptibly to alter the planes of her face, and slowly she grew as scarlet as Mary—scarlet to the ears. She went into the hall, glanced over her shoulder oddly; then she let herself softly out of the front door, and went across the street to her own house.

Roscoe met her upon the threshold, gloomily. "Saw you from the window," he explained. "You must find a lot to say to that old lady."

"What old lady?"

"Mrs. Vertrees. I been waiting for you a long time, and I saw the daughter come out, fifteen minutes ago and put a letter, and then walk on up the street. Don't stand out on the porch," he said, crossly. "Come in here. There's something it's come time I'll have to talk to you about. Come in!"

But as she was moving to obey he glanced across at his father's house and started. He lifted his hand to shield his eyes from the setting sun, staring fixedly. "Something's the matter over there," he muttered, and then, more loudly, as alarm came into his voice, he said, "What's the matter over there?"

Bibbs dashed out of the gate in an automobile set at its highest speed, and as he saw Roscoe he made a gesture etagerally eloquent of calamity, and was lost at once in a cloud of dust down the street. Edith had followed

part of the way down the drive, and it could be seen that she was crying bitterly. She lifted both arms to Roscoe, summoning him.

"By George!" cried Roscoe. "I believe somebody's dead!"

And he started for the new house at a run.

CHAPTER X.

Sheridan had decided to conclude his day's work early that afternoon, and at about two o'clock he left his office with a man of affairs from foreign parts, who had traveled far for a business conference with Sheridan and his colleagues. Herr Favre, in spite of his French name, was a gentleman of Bavaria. It was his first visit to our country, and Sheridan took pleasure in showing him the sights of the country's finest city.

They arrived at the Pump Works, and for an hour Herr Favre was personally conducted and personally instructed by the founder and president, the buzzing queen bee of those buzzing hives.

"Now I'll take you for a spin in the country," said Sheridan, when at last they came out to the car again. "We'll take a breaser." But, with his foot on the step he paused to call a neat young man who came out of the office smiling a greeting. "Hello, young fellow!" Sheridan said, heartily. "On the job, are you, Jimmie? Ha! They don't catch you off of it very often. I guess, though I do hear you go automobile riding in the country sometimes with a mighty fine-looking girl settin' up beside you!" He roared with laughter, clapping his son upon the shoulder. "That's all right with me—if it is with her! So, Jimmie? Well, when we go to move into your new warehouses? Monday?"

"Sunday, if you want to," said Jim. "No!" cried his father, delighted. "Don't let me father you! Keep your word about dates! That's no way to do contract! Never heard of a contractor yet didn't want more time."

"They'll be all ready for you on the minute," said Jim. "I'm going over both of 'em now, with Links and Sherman, from foundation to roof. I guess they'll pass inspection, too!"

"Well, then, when you get through with that," said his father, "you go and take your girl out ridin'. By George! you've earned it! You tell her you stand high with me!" He stepped into the car, waving a waggish farewell, and when the wheels were in motion again, he turned upon his companion a broad face literally shining with pride. "That's my boy Jimmie!" he said.

"Fine young man, yes," said Herr Favre.

"I got two o' the finest boys," said Sheridan, "I got two o' the finest boys God ever made, and that's a fact. Mr. Farver! Jim's the oldest, and I tell you you got to get up the day before if they expect to catch him in bed! My other boy, Roscoe, he's always to the good, too, but Jim's a wisard. You saw them two new-process warehouses, just about finished? Well, Jim built 'em. I'll tell you about that, Mr. Farver." And he recited this history, describing the new process at length; in fact, he had such pride in Jim's achievement that he told Herr Favre all about it more than once.

"Fine young man, yes," repeated the good Muenchener, three-quarters of an hour later. They were many miles out in the open country by this time.

"He is that!" said Sheridan, adding, as if confidentially: "I got a fine family, Mr. Farver—fine children. I got a daughter now; you take her and put her anywhere you please, and she'll shine up with any of 'em. There's culture and refinement and society in this town by the carload, and here lately she's been gettin' right in the thick of it—her and my daughter-in-law, both. I got a mighty fine daughter-in-law, Mr. Farver. I'm gine to get you up for a mess with us before you leave town, and you'll see, and, well, sir, from all I hear the two of 'em been holdin' their own with the best. Myself, I and the wife, never had time for much o' that kind o' doin's, but it's all right and good for the children; and my daughter she's always kind of taken to it. I'll read you a poem she wrote when I get you up at the house. She wrote it in school and took the first prize for poetry with it. I tell you they don't make 'em any smarter 'n that girl, Mr. Farver. Yes, sir; (like us all round, we're a pretty happy family; yes, sir. Roscoe hasn't got any children yet, and I haven't ever spoke to him and his wife about it—it's kind of a delicate matter—but it's about the time the wife and I saw some gran'children growin' up around us. I certainly do hanker for about four or five little curly-headed rascals to take on my knee. Boys, I hope, of course; that's only natural. Jim's got his eye on a mighty splendid-lookin' girl; lives right next door to us. I expect you heard me joakin' him about it back yonder. She's one the ole hime-bloeds here, and I guess it was a mighty good stock—to raise her! She's one these girls that stand right up and look at you! And pretty! She's the prettiest thing you ever saw! Good size, too; good health and good sense. Jim'll be just right if he gets her. I must say it tickles me to think o' the way that boy took hold o' that job back yonder. Four months and a half. Yes, sir—"

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(To Be Continued)

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