

Announcements

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
To The Republican Voters of Carteret County:
I hereby announce myself a candidate for nomination for the Office of Register of Deeds for Carteret County, at the Primary to be held June 21 1920, subject, however, to the wishes and will of the Republican Voters.
If nominated and elected I promise to give the very best service possible to the duties of this important office.
Respectfully, Troy Morris,
January 15th, 1920.

TO THE REPUBLICAN VOTERS OF CARTERET COUNTY.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of Register of Deeds for Carteret County, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the Primary in June.
W. D. ALLEN,
Newport, N. C.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Register of Deeds of Carteret county subject to the action of Republican voters of the county in the primary. I will appreciate the support of any who may see fit to give me their votes.
Very Respectfully,
N. L. CARROW.

TO THE REPUBLICAN VOTERS OF CARTERET COUNTY

I hereby announce my candidacy for the position of Register of Deeds, subject to the action of the Republican Primary to be held in June. If nominated and elected I will do my best to render service to the people of Carteret County.
Respectfully,
J. S. Whitehurst.
4-1 April 15.

NOTICE

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Register of Deeds subject to the action of the Democratic Primary. If nominated and elected I shall give to the people the best service of which I am capable.
Respectfully,
J. R. Jinnett.

To the Democratic Voters of Carteret County.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Register of Deeds subject to the action of the June primaries.

Respectfully yours,
L. W. Hassell

To the Republican Voters of Carteret County:

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Commissioner subject to the action of the Republican primaries.

J. L. Edwards, Newport, N. C.

To the Republican Voters of Carteret County:

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner subject to the action of the voters in the June primaries. If elected I will use my best efforts to get a good system of roads for Carteret county.
Samuel Lilly, 6-3

Announcement

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the State Senate, subject to the Democratic Primary. I do so in accordance with the established custom of this district to give the nominee a second term, and upon the assurance from each county composing the district, that such is conceded to me and that the friends of the other candidates do not wish it to be otherwise. The interest and activity of the Democratic voters will be appreciated.
S-27 G. V. Cowper,

Announcement

I announce my candidacy for Commissioner of Labor and Printing in the June state-wide Democratic primary to succeed Hon. M. L. Shipman, incumbent, and will appreciate your vote and support at the polls. Ask any one who knows of my labors in and about the legislature since 1909.
David P. Dellinger,
Gastonia, N. C., April 22, 1920.
S-27.

Willow Furniture.

When willow furniture will no longer become white when scrubbed with salt water, it may be turned to a bronze color with bitumen.

A FREE GIFT

By GEORGE ELMER COBB

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

"It's now or never, girl. The train goes inside of ten minutes. It's come, or good-by. Now Rachel, decide and be quick about it."

"Oh, Jake! I love you dearly, but the baby here? Let me run home with it and leave it with mistress."

"I've said my say. It would delay me six hours to miss this train."

"But I can't leave the baby as if it was a piece of luggage!"

"Yes, you can. Put the baby on the park bench beside that innocent faced young fellow yonder. Ask him to mind it for a few minutes. I'll scribble Miss Dole's address on a card. Slip it into the baby's clothing. When you don't come back he will find it."

"But what will they think of my abandoning the little dear in this cruel way?"

"Save your sentiment for me, if you've got any to spare."

"And my two week's wages?"

"I've got plenty of money. Don't fret on that score."

Thus Rachel Mine and Jacob Dalter, the former the average nurse girl, the latter a young man who had worked as a barber when he worked at all. His flashy ways had fascinated the comely maid, he had courted her briefly, but persistently, and now with the prospect in view of a new and better situation in another city he put the question plump of immediate marriage.

The young man they had indicated suggested an easy, accommodating person of a kindly nature. Alvin Stanley was not much experienced in worldly ways. He was reasonably fortunate as to means and position. When the careful Rachel placed the sleeping babe on the bench beside him and said: "Please mind the child for a few moments, will you?" Stanley readily replied: "Certainly, Miss," and beamed down at the serene face of the infant.

He treated his involuntary charge as daintily and carefully as though it were a precious piece of fragile bric-a-brac, as at the end of five minutes it awoke. It first stared at him steadily, then its little mouth was wreathed with a seraphic smile, and then as he cooed to it and dangled his watch before its dazzled eyes it consented to remain quiet for a few minutes. It was when it began to whimper that Stanley grew alarmed. He picked it up and moved it to and fro in his arms, and as its complaints grew louder he became decidedly concerned.

"I don't see what keeps its mother of, nurse, or whoever she is," he soliloquized uneasily, but in vain he strained his gaze in the direction the nurse had gone, for he gained no further sight of her, and never would. The baby grew more and more demonstrative as the minutes wore on. Stanley took to walking with it, which somewhat soothed its hunger and impatience. An hour went by. The babe began to make a violent outcry. People passing him staring, others indignant.

"I can't stand this!" declared Stanley, "but what am I ever going to do?" Then he turned cold all over as he recalled newspaper stories he had read where children had been abandoned to the mercy of condoling strangers. Stanley waited another half an hour. Then he formed a decision. "I'll take it home," he resolved. "Mrs. Morse will know how to care for it and tell me what to do."

Mrs. Morse had been a rock of refuge ever since his mother had died. For 30 years a favorite family servant he had retained her in service at the old home, and halting a taxi he was soon relieved of the strain of the occasion.

She was a motherly, warm-hearted creature and the idea of a baby in the house seemed to brighten up the old soul magically. She heard Stanley's story.

"I don't see what you can do but advertise, or something like," she observed.

"Maybe—maybe we could keep the little cherub?" timidly suggested Stanley, enraptured as the infant. His wants attended, clasped his big finger caressingly in its little hand.

It was an hour later when Mrs. Morse appeared from the impromptu nursery established, quite excited: "I found this card in the little one's clothing," she reported. "It reads: 'Take the child to Miss Marcia Dole, 910 Waverly place.'"

Instantly it was a second taxi and in half an hour Stanley found himself ringing the door bell of the place indicated. A servant came to the door, looked pale and agitated.

"Does a little child belong here," began Stanley stumblingly.

"Oh, Miss Dole, quick! quick! Here's word about the missing little one, and a young lady with traces of tears in her eyes hurried to the spot. Her face loveliness made Stanley embarrassed, but he managed to tell his story. Miss Marcia Dole insisted that they go at once for the child, which belonged to her sister who had left her in charge of the infant while she went on a visit to another city.

In rapturous joy Miss Dole took the child to her arms when they reached the Stanley home.

"See," she said, as the little one extended its arms towards Stanley. "Eva wishes to kiss you."

Stanley pressed his lips to the baby's cheek, little dreaming then that before a dozen weeks had passed by he would duplicate the act upon the sweet red lips of his lovely aunt.

REDUCED ROUND TRIP FARES



TO WASHINGTON, D. C. [Southern Baptist Convention Tickets sold daily May 8th to 14th inclusive Final Limit of return May 14th.]

BLUE RIDGE, N. C. —Railroad Station Black Mountain, N. C. General Assembly Association of Boy Workers Tickets on sale May 15th to 21st.

Southern Students Conference of Y. M. C. A. Tickets on sale June 1st to 6th.

Southern Students Conference of Y. M. C. A. Tickets on sale June the 11th to 17th.

Missionary Educational and Interchurch World Moving Conference Tickets on sale June 22nd to 27th

Southern Summer School of Y. M. C. A. Tickets on Sale July 2nd to 8th.

City Conference of the Y. M. C. A. Tickets on sale July 20th to 25th.

Southern Summer School of Social Service and Christains Workers. Tickets on sale July 30th to August 4th.

Final Limit for return Sept. 1st 1920. MONTREAT N. C. Railroad Station Black Mountain N. C.

Students Conference Y. W. C. A. Tickets on sale June 1st to 6th.

Younger Girls Conference Y. W. C. A. Tickets on sale June 10th to 16th

Young Peoples Work Tickets on sale June 21st to 26th

Special Bible Conference Tickets on sale July 2nd to 3rd

Woman's School of Missions Tickets on sale July 9th to 10th

Sunday School Conference Tickets on sale July 16th to 17th

Progressive Program and Officers Conference Tickets on sale July 23rd to 24th.

Educational and Home Missions Tickets on sale July 30th to 31st

Foreign Mission Conference Tickets on sale August 1st to 7th

Christian Life Conference Tickets on sale August 13th to 14th

Final Limit August 25th 1920.

For detail information apply to your nearest Norfolk Southern Ticket agent, or write to J. F. Dalton, G. P. A. N. C. Va.

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No ice of Sale Under Execution

North Carolina Carteret County

In the Superior Court Cape Look Out Land Company vs C. S. Maxwell.

By virtue of an execution directed to the undersigned from the Superior Court of Carteret county in the above entitled action, I will on Monday, the 7th, day of June 1920, at 12 o'clock P. M., at the Court-house door of said county, sell to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said execution, alright, title and interest which the said Cape Look Out Land Company, the defendant, has in the following described real estate to wit:

Situate in Harker's Island township on Shackleford's Banks, at Cape Look Out, Beginning at the mouth of an inlet near the "Hall Over" running South 25 degrees East 320 poles along the side of a ridge of sand hills, where the old fort stood, to Lazy Hill, thence South 30 degrees West 500 poles along the sea beach to Cape Look Out point and thence the meanders of the sea to the first station also the adjoining Fulford land as shown on plot made by W. T. Shull recorded in book 16 at page 368 office Register of Deeds for Carteret county North Carolina.

This 15th, day of April 1920.
T. M. Thomas,
Sheriff of carteret county 5-20

Executor's Notice

Having qualified as Executor of the estate of I. C. Leffers, deceased, late of the County of Carteret, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned, in care of Mrs. T. C. Willis, Straits, N. C., on or before 22nd., day of April 1921, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.
R. S. Leffers, Executor of I. C. Leffers. 5-27.

Locating His Capital.
My little brother Jimmy was walking uptown one day. He happened to have some money in a certain bank. While passing it he suddenly remarked to me: "That's where my money is tied up."—Chicago American.

Nature And Workers.
Nature offers no reward to mental laborers. It hates an "idiot" in any field.—David Spring.

Getting a Hand.
Second-story men are in demand at dinners—providing their first stories make a hit.—Cartoons Magazine.

DISOWNED

By EVELYN LEE

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

What was that—the wind?

Wilson Brody started up from his cozy arm chair before a blazing fire in the grate and bent his ear toward the window past which the tempest was sweeping with vibrating force.

"It sounded like a shriek—a woman's scream," replied Eunice, his sister.

Brody hurried on hat and coat and hastened out into the yard. As he came fully out into the street he was startled to observe a girl in the refulgence of a street lamp, her hand raised bewilderedly to her head, just arising from the sidewalk.

"Are you hurt? What is it?" he inquired solicitously, and caught her by the arm to steady her, noting a sweet, innocent face and gentle eyes, but just now filled with fear.

"A man!" gasped the girl breathlessly. "He pushed me and I fell. He tore my satchel from my hand."

"There-it is!" exclaimed Brody, as he noticed ten feet away the object in question. It lay open, some of its contents being scattered on the sidewalk. Brody went to pick it up and the girl clung to the lamp post as he gathered up the articles.

"I must have been followed. I feared it half a mile back from here—but why?"

"There were valuables?" questioned Brody.

"No, only my few belongings and some papers. Oh, see, sir!" she cried in poignant alarm, as she groped among the contents of the bag. "They are gone!"

"If you will tell me where you live I will see you safely home," suggested Brody, kindly.

"I am a stranger here," replied the girl. "I came to seek my father. I located his office and explained to a man in charge. I told him who I was and about the papers I had to identify me. He said, that Mr. Robert Farr, that is my father, was absent. I am almost sure that he followed me."

Brody was puzzled, for the girl's statements were unusual and strange. But he read the truth in those innocent afflicted eyes. Both sympathy and interest were aroused. Just then Eunice came to where they stood.

"What is it, brother?" she inquired and Brody repeating the explanation the girl had given, warm-hearted Eunice caught her arm and led the way to the house.

"Poor dear!" she murmured, "you must come in out of the storm." The girl was faint and drooping, but she revived magically as these good Samaritans placed her before the cheerful fire and Eunice brought her a steaming cup of tea.

"I am Myrtle Farr," she told them. "I have lived with an old aunt, an invalid, in New Mexico since my mother died when I was an infant. My father was away in Alaska at the time and never returned to see me. Through all these years he has trusted me to Aunt Celia, sending each year enough money to provide for both of us until lately. When she was dying she told me to go to him. Her only clue as to his whereabouts was that she had heard that he owned considerable property in this city."

"And you found him?"

"No, I only located an office bearing his name on the door. Those I inquired of said he had been here for only a few weeks."

"You must remain with us until my brother looks into this matter," declared Eunice and after Myrtle Farr was comfortably installed in a spare room they discussed the singular event that had brought this stranger to their threshold.

"I have seen Robert Farr at his office," reported Brody to Myrtle two days later. "I told him of your claim. He absolutely denies having a daughter, & of ever hearing of you before."

Myrtle Farr was fairly crushed at this declaration. She was insistent on seeing the man who disowned her and asked Brody to accompany her to the office he had just left.

"That is Robert Farr," spoke Brody as they nearly reached the building he had just before visited and he pointed out a man entering it.

There came into the eyes of his companion a glow of sudden revelation. "That the Robert Farr," she whispered, strangely agitated, "who says I am not his daughter? Oh, Mr. Brody! there is some mystery here, for that man is not my father. Aunt Celia had a picture of him he sent her two years ago, and this man does not in any way resemble him. I had it among my papers."

There was more than mystery. There was plotting and wickedness, as Wilson Brody ascertained after a week's time devoted to unravelling the identity of the pretended Robert Farr. Through diligent application to the case and detective cooperation, he learned that the impostor and fellow conspirators had kidnaped the real Robert Farr, who lived in another place, and the principal schemer had come to the city intent on assuming his identity and claiming and selling his property.

A month later the plotter and his confederates were in jail, and the real Robert Farr, rescued from forced imprisonment, was a guest at the Brody home, glad and proud of the daughter he had never seen before.

And there they both remained, the father as a welcome member of the household, and fair Myrtle as the wife of Wilson Brody.

Woman's Rights

Most important among which is her right to FREEDOM from the bane of womanhood inherited from Mother Eve. Stella Vitae gives this freedom to women and girls. Sold by your druggist on the distinct agreement that if the FIRST BOTTLE does not benefit, money will be refunded.

Mrs. Nellie Smith, Texas. Mrs. W. M. Gains, Chick-
"I had female troubles, amanga, Ga. "It has done with smothering spells, wondrous for me; was weak
The doctors had given me and all run down, had not
up—said I could not possi- been able to do housework
by get well. After taking for six or seven years;
four bottles of STELLA but now I do any kind of
VITAE I was up and go- work."
ing about my work."
THACHER MEDICINE CO.
Chattanooga, Tenn., U. S. A.

STELLA-VITAE

WOMAN'S RELIEF **MOTHER'S CORDIAL** 26

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G. W. Duncan