

# A STRIKING SHOT.

I was awakened early by the sound of a bugle and soon out to enjoy the fresh air and fine scenery. I was immediately struck by the strong position of the fort, the site on which it was built being admirably adapted for defense. The road, if road it could be called—perhaps pass would be a better word—here ran for a full mile in a kind of glen or gully, lined on either side by lofty and precipitous rocks, which, towering up high on each side, left only a narrow way in the middle. Standing in the center of this gully you could look along the path about half a mile each way, at which distance it came to a stop, the road suddenly dipping down on one side to Rabensburg and on the other toward a forest of this valley.

My friend the lieutenant soon joined me, and I remarked on the strong position held by the fort. "Yes," said he, smiling, "I think we could give a good account of ourselves before an enemy could pass along the road from end to end," and he pointed to the three guns mounted on each side, commanding the two roads. A large one was in the middle, and a smaller one was on each side of it, and very formidable they looked. He said I might leave them at noon. A prisoner, a bandit, was to be taken to Rabensburg, and the escort would be ready at that time. Hardly had he finished speaking when a shout was heard in the fort, followed by the report of a rifle and a babel of cries. The officer rushed down to see what was the matter, I following him closely. Arrived at the square, we found a crowd of soldiers assembled round a man lying on the ground, bleeding profusely from a wound in the shoulder. The officer was quickly told the cause of the tumult. The bandit, while being led out of his cell preparatory to being marched away, had suddenly stabbed a soldier with a hidden knife and, taking advantage of the surprise he had created, had escaped from the fort, though a sentry had fired at him. He was soon descried flying down the road which led to the forest, and several men started in pursuit.

The officer was about to follow them when a grizzled veteran touched his shoulder and said a few words to him. "Are you quite sure you can do it, gunner?" asked the lieutenant. "Perfectly certain, sir," replied the old soldier. "I will lay my life on it she will not fall us at this moment." "Very well, then," said the lieutenant. "Recall the men." The bugle rang out, and the pursuers turned and slowly retraced their steps to the fort. "After all," he went on, "it is our best chance, for they could never catch him. Just look at the pace he is going at! I would not lose that scoundrel for anything, and if we cannot take him alive we must anticipate his fate and take him dead." Several men had been potting at the fugitive with their rifles, but without success, so he ordered them to desist, as it was only throwing away ammunition.

Lighting a cigarette, he sat down and calmly watched the ever lessening form of the brigand. I now went up to him and asked the reason of this strange apathy on the part of the garrison. "Don't be in a hurry, my friend," replied he, smiling. "We are not so lazy and foolish as doubtless you think. Listen to me." He then explained that just as he was also starting in pursuit of the fugitive the old gunner had told him that there was a far quicker and surer method of arresting him than that of pursuit. The big gun in the center of the rampart on that side had by constant practice been trained to throw its projectile exactly in the middle of the narrow path just before it dipped out of sight and had been kept permanently in that position. "And," the lieutenant went on, "Gunner Muller is ready to swear that a ball or shell thrown from that gun will hit the exact spot provided the gun has not shifted. Now, in that case, all we have to do is to wait till our friend there gets on or near that spot, and there you are! You see it is impossible for him to turn to the right or left till he gets out of the pass owing to the precipices on either side. You know, Muller," said he, turning to the gunner, who was standing by, "the right kind of shell for this case?"

"Yes, sir," said the soldier, saluting. "I know the very thing required, and if the rascal is within ten yards radius of the bursting point he won't gain the end of that path." "Good," said the officer. "Load!" The heavy shell was hoisted into the breech, and everything was got ready for the shot. This all happened in much less time than it takes to describe it, and now the man was within 80 yards of the fatal spot. After finding that he was not pursued he had relaxed the speed at which he started from the fort and was now trotting steadily on toward the desired goal, keeping in the middle of the path and no doubt congratulating himself on his escape. When within 30 yards of the place he dropped to a leisurely walk, looking round continually to make sure that no one was after him. Once he stopped and, turning round, made what seemed a gesture of contempt at the fort, and having thus relieved his feelings walked on again.

Slowly he reached the fatal spot. All on

## A Village Blacksmith Saved His Little Son's Life.

Mr. H. H. Black, the well-known village blacksmith at Grahamsville, Sullivan Co., N. Y., says: "Our little son, five years old, has always been subject to croup, and so bad have the attacks been that we have feared many times that he would die. We have had the doctor and used many medicines, but Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is now our sole reliance. It seems to dissolve the tough mucus and by giving frequent doses when the croupy symptoms appear we have found that the dreaded croup is cured before it gets settled." There is no danger in giving this remedy for it contains no opium or other injurious drug and may be given as confidently to a babe as to an adult. For sale by J. E. Hood.

the fort were breathless with suspense and doubt, for it seemed quite possible that the gun might somehow have got shifted since the last practice. Only the old gunner was calm and confident and lovingly eyed his great charge. I was standing with the lieutenant near the gun, and the wall was lined with every man in the fort, eagerly gazing at that small, dark spot moving so slowly on.

As the bandit neared the end of the path the old gunner handed the lanyard of the gun to a subordinate and bade him fire when he lifted his foot. Then, taking a telescope, he directed his gaze on the fugitive. A deadly silence reigned in the fort. I could hear my heart beating plainly, and I believe every man was in an equal tremor of excitement. I half hoped that the man, robber and murderer though he was, might escape.

When would the signal be given? The suspense was becoming unendurable. I looked at Muller—he was gazing through the telescope. Suddenly he kicked out his leg, still keeping his eye to the glass. A vivid flash followed, a deafening roar which shook the fort, and then a cloud of white smoke obscured everything. When it had cleared away, Muller was standing beside my companion, with a look of content on his face. "I was right, sir," he cried. "He was hit fair."—Chambers' Journal.

**Rufus Choate's Vocabulary.**  
John Ernest McCann made a study of Rufus Choate's wonderful vocabulary with the result of finding that it was more copious than Milton's. Milton used 8,000 words, Shakespeare 15,000 and Rufus Choate 11,693 unrepented words. As first collected, his vocabulary contained 15,550 words, but, scientifically sifted, the result was 11,693, next to Shakespeare's.

**Her Mind Easy.**  
"I hear you are going to Australia with your husband, Kitty," said the mistress. "Aren't you nervous about the long voyage?"  
"Well, ma'am," said Kitty calmly, "that's his lookout. I belong to him now, and if anything happens to me it'll be his loss, not mine."—Exchange.

**As It Usually Happens.**  
"I suppose you had careful rearing, Mr. Courtney."  
"No; I didn't have any rearing at all. My parents exhausted all their disciplinary enthusiasm on my elder brother, Bill."—Detroit Free Press.

The Mayflower, after her memorable trip across the Atlantic with the pilgrim fathers of New England, went into the West Indian cotton trade and was lost in a cyclone.



## Women Wonder Why

They are doomed to so much suffering. But are they doomed? Is not the suffering the result of conditions which under skillful treatment might be entirely cured? Thousands of women who had been great sufferers, have learned that suffering was unnecessary after using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It heals diseases of the delicate womanly organs and banishes the headache, backache and other aches which are the consequence of these diseases.

"Favorite Prescription" is absolutely a temperance medicine in the strictest meaning of the term. It contains no alcohol and is free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

"I wrote you for advice February 4th, 1896," writes Mrs. Loma Halstead, of Claremore, Cherokee Nat. Ind. "I was racking with pain from the back of my head down to my feet. Had hemorrhage for weeks at a time, and was unable to sit up for ten minutes at a time. You answered my letter, advised me to use your valuable medicines, viz., Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' also gave advice about injections, baths and diet. To my surprise, in four months from the time I began your treatment I was a well woman and have not had the backache since, and now I put in sixteen hours a day at hard work."

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free. All correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Caskets of all qualities carried in stock, and by patronizing my establishment you will get competent services at as low prices as from anyone.

I respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage of the people in this section. Very truly,

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CONDENSED SCHEDULE.  
TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

DATED July 23d, 1900.	No. 24 Daily		No. 25 Daily		No. 108 Daily		No. 41 Daily		No. 4 Daily	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Weldon	11 50	8 58	1 00	9 52	7 10	5 57	3 57	2 44	11 30	10 17
Ar. Rocky Mt.	1 00	9 52	1 00	9 52	7 10	5 57	3 57	2 44	11 30	10 17
Leave Tarboro	12 21	10 13	1 00	9 52	7 10	5 57	3 57	2 44	11 30	10 17
Ar. Rocky Mt.	1 05	9 52	1 05	9 52	7 10	5 57	3 57	2 44	11 30	10 17
Leave Weldon	1 50	10 38	1 50	10 38	7 10	5 57	3 57	2 44	11 30	10 17
Leave Selma	2 55	11 10	2 55	11 10	7 10	5 57	3 57	2 44	11 30	10 17
Ar. Fayetteville	4 30	12 32	4 30	12 32	7 10	5 57	3 57	2 44	11 30	10 17
Ar. Florence	7 25	2 24	7 25	2 24	7 10	5 57	3 57	2 44	11 30	10 17
Ar Goldsboro	.....	.....	.....	.....	7 10	5 57	3 57	2 44	11 30	10 17
Ar. Goldsboro	.....	.....	.....	.....	7 10	5 57	3 57	2 44	11 30	10 17
Ar. Magnolia	.....	.....	.....	.....	7 10	5 57	3 57	2 44	11 30	10 17
Ar. Wilmington	.....	.....	.....	.....	7 10	5 57	3 57	2 44	11 30	10 17

TRAIN GOING NORTH.

DATED July 23d, 1900.	No. 73 Daily		No. 109 Daily		No. 38 Daily		No. 40 Daily		No. 48 Daily	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Ar. Florence	9 50	7 38	12 30	9 41	1 50	10 54	2 35	11 38	.....	.....
Ar. Fayetteville	12 30	9 41	1 50	10 54	2 35	11 38	.....	.....	.....	.....
Leave Selma	1 50	10 54	2 35	11 38	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ar. Weldon	2 35	11 38	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ar. Wilmington	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ar. Magnolia	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ar. Goldsboro	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Leave Weldon	2 55	8 30	11 10	12 05	1 50	10 54	2 35	11 38	.....	.....
Ar. Rocky Mt.	3 30	8 30	11 10	12 05	1 50	10 54	2 35	11 38	.....	.....
Ar. Tarboro	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Leave Tarboro	12 21	6 45	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ar. Rocky Mt.	8 30	12 07	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ar. Weldon	4 25	1 00	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

Train on the Kinston Branch Road leaves Weldon 8:30 p. m., Halifax 4:17 p. m., arrives Scotland Neck at 5:08 p. m., Greenville 6:37 p. m., Kinston 7:55 p. m. Returning leaves Kinston 7:50 a. m., Greenville 8:55 a. m., arriving Halifax at 11:15 a. m., Weldon 11:30 a. m., daily except Sunday.  
H. M. EMBERTON, Gen'l Pass Agent  
J. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager  
T. EMBERTON, Traffic Manager

**Atlantic & N. C. Railroad**  
TIME TABLE No. 18.  
November 3, 1900.

EASTBOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.	Passenger. Daily.		Mixed P. M. and Pass. Daily except Sunday.		Passenger. Sundays Only.	
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Goldsboro	3 45	7 00	4 45	7 00	4 45	7 00
Best's	4 05	7 15	4 05	7 15	4 05	7 15
LaGrange	4 25	7 35	4 25	7 35	4 25	7 35
Falling Creek	4 45	7 55	4 45	7 55	4 45	7 55
Kinston	4 55	8 05	4 55	8 05	4 55	8 05
Caswell	5 15	8 25	5 15	8 25	5 15	8 25
Dover	5 35	8 45	5 35	8 45	5 35	8 45
Core Creek	5 55	9 05	5 55	9 05	5 55	9 05
Tuscarora	6 15	9 25	6 15	9 25	6 15	9 25
Clark's	6 35	9 45	6 35	9 45	6 35	9 45
Newbern	6 55	10 05	6 55	10 05	6 55	10 05
Riverdale	7 15	10 25	7 15	10 25	7 15	10 25
Croatan	7 35	10 45	7 35	10 45	7 35	10 45
Havelock	7 55	11 05	7 55	11 05	7 55	11 05
Newport	8 15	11 25	8 15	11 25	8 15	11 25
Wildwood	8 35	11 45	8 35	11 45	8 35	11 45
Atlantic	8 55	12 05	8 55	12 05	8 55	12 05
Morehead City	9 15	12 25	9 15	12 25	9 15	12 25
Morehead Depot	9 35	12 45	9 35	12 45	9 35	12 45

WESTBOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.	Passenger. Daily.		Mixed P. M. and Pass. Daily except Sunday.		Passenger. Sundays Only.	
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Goldsboro	11 05	7 15	10 05	7 15	10 05	7 15
Best's	10 45	7 35	9 45	7 35	9 45	7 35
LaGrange	10 25	7 55	9 25	7 55	9 25	7 55