

THE END OF HIS PULL

... By C. B. Lewis

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When Terrence O'Geegan opened the Old Home saloon on the corner, with a free lunch lasting all day and a band playing at intervals, it was whispered about that he was a man with a pull. The aldermen of this ward were there, the district leader was there, the captain of that police precinct and his ward men were there.

What had only been whispered on Saturday was talked of openly on Sunday. The Old Home was wide open all day long. One of the aldermen dropped in during the afternoon to get a drink and give his moral support to the defiance of the law, and the patrolman on that beat stood up to the bar with two ward men and drank good luck to Terry, as he beamed on them in a patronizing way. After that it was agreed that O'Geegan was "solid" all around. If a doubting Thomas drop-



HE STRUCK THE MAN A BLOW THAT STRETCHED HIM DEAD.

ped in as the days went by the proprietor of the Old Home, if not too busy, would put all his doubts to flight by saying:

"I'm brother-in-law to Alderman Blank. See? I'm cousin to Jimmy O'Toole, who runs this district. Smoke that. The police captain is me wife's own uncle. Chaw that while. As to the ward men and patrolmen, I'm tipping them their drinks to see nothing. It's a combination you can't beat. When anybody starts out to make trouble for Terry O'Geegan he'll buck up ag'in a stone wall."

The Old Home prospered. It couldn't help but prosper. A saloon with a pull naturally becomes the headquarters of men with a pull and of men who yearn for a pull. It is also a handy place for thirty pedestrians to drop into at any hour in the twenty-four.

Of course there were other saloon keepers who were jealous. They were making up stake purses for the district leader, paying blackmail to the police captain and flipping extra dollars to the ward men, and they felt sore because they had to obey the law in a measure. They growled and grumbled and threatened, but when they became annoying the police captain took a little promenade and said to them in turn:

"No more of this or you'll get the grand sky high!"

They shut up. No saloon keeper with an ounce of brains in his head will defy a police captain. One tries it now and then, and between the captain and the brewer he is put out of business within a fortnight.

The Old Home had been running two months when a row occurred there one night, and a man had his neck broken. It could easily have been shown at the coroner's inquest that he broke his own neck, but it was not necessary. A ward man and a patrolman fixed all that. They had just dropped in by accident at the moment, and they testified that the deceased pulled a gun and lost his life in the struggle to make use of it.

In a few days a bayseed tried to make the police believe he had been robbed of \$300 while admiring the costly mirrors in the Old Home, but they gave him three days in a dark cell and shipped him home a sadder and a wiser man.

Within a year the newspapers briefly chronicled many happenings at O'Geegan's. One or two of them brought O'Geegan before the coroner and the courts. That put him to some little trouble, but his prestige remained undimmed.

It was almost three years from the unburied opening of his saloon before Terrence O'Geegan found himself in a hole. With the aid of his pull he had successfully defied law and order in every direction. Now and then a friend confidentially advised him to check a bit, but Terry had patted him on the shoulder and told him it was breath thrown away. He was carrying the police and the courts in his vest pocket, and what could happen to him? Something did happen, however, but to this day it is spoken of as an accident or a series of accidents. A stranger entered the place one night and gave Terry some "lip." Terry was "off" that night, and he struck the man a blow that stretched him dead. It so happened that a green patrolman was on the beat that night, and he was idiotic enough to arrest Terry. It also happened that there were four or five men in the place who didn't regard murder as humorously as a game of hopscotch, and they were ready to testify.

"It won't amount to anything, of course," said Terry's friends as he went

back to the Tomb. "There's fourteen of us to swear you clear, and of course you'll have friends on the jury. There will be flags flying and drums beating within two weeks."

But more accidents were in store for the man with a pull. The public was clamorous, the assistant district prosecuting attorney aggressive and the jurors men who looked at a spade as a spade. To the unutterable consternation of consins, brothers-in-law, uncles and of Terry himself, he was found guilty of manslaughter, and the judge gave him a fifteen year sentence. The fourteen witnesses had not perjured themselves for nothing. There was the court of appeals left, but it was tried in vain, and one day Terrence O'Geegan found himself one of the quarry men of a state prison gang.

There was hope left, however. Money and lawyers and stays and appeals had failed to stay his sure progress, but plenty of men have escaped from state prison and been heard of no more. Terry's friends had got him detailed to the quarries, and Terry's last dollar had bribed a guard to shoot high when he bolted.

Then came the last accident of all. The bribed guard was taken ill and another substituted, and, occupied with his plans, Terry had not noticed the change. At a given signal he threw down his tools and bolted for the arms of his waiting friends. He heard the click of the rifle and the shouts of the guard, but they were all on the bill. As he ran and as he smiled to think what an easy game it was he suddenly pitched forward and turned over and over, and the excited guards found a dead man when they came up and bent over him. It was no use to sack the guard who had fired or try some other game. When a man is dead his pull is ended.

Nearing the Danger Line.

Squire Pond ruled his village with a high hand and a peppy tongue, and his subjects seldom rebelled. There came a time, however, when he was made to feel that there was a point beyond which he could not wisely go.

This was disclosed to him by John Wayne, who had fallen under the lash of the squire's sarcasm by reason of an unsightly cupola lately added to his house. John had borne the stream of ridicule which had been poured out upon him, but when he was at last free to depart to his disfigured home he stood twisting his hat in his hands.

"Square," he said desperately after an impatient question as to why he waited—"square, there's one thing I've got to say. We all know you've got judgment and education, more than most, and we know you're getting on in years, so we take this from you, though sometimes it's a reg'lar stunt to do it. You set here in your office and lay down the law to us same as if you had a right; there wouldn't anybody else have dared to speak slighting of my cupola as you have. But there's one thing I will say. I heard you'd ordered those newfangled, self-closing springs for your doors. An' what I want to say is, don't you have one put on your office door, square, or there won't a soul come nigh you!"

And, with a violent nod and a slam of the door which showed why the self-closing spring would be a hardship to visitors, John took his departure.

A Sacred Fruit.

One of the most curious species of known fruit is the "holy or sacred citron" of the Jews, says a London journal. Its virtues are lauded to the skies, and it is celebrated in legend, romance, poetry and song, and yet it appears that it is never eaten. It is known in most all oriental countries, but appears to be most highly esteemed by the Moorish Jews of Tunis and Morocco. On the streets of the last named city it is sold at about 8 cents per fruit. These fruits are generally purchased by bands of roving pilgrims, the members of religious processions and Jewish priests.

When one of these sacred citrons falls into the hands of a priest he takes it to the synagogue, where it is kept to be used in some emblematic rite during the time of the great feast of the tabernacles. Not only in oriental countries are these holy fruits known and esteemed, but in Germany, Russia, France, Spain and in England.

The use of this unique fruit is supposed to be derived from the injunction contained in the twenty-third chapter of the book of Leviticus.

Wasting Valuable Time.

An old farmer died in a little village in the neighborhood of Paris. His fortune, the fruit of years of patient toil, was invested in a nice compact little farm. A nephew of the departed, believing himself to be heir, called a few days later on the lawyer and before saying a word about the succession thought it only right and proper to shed a few tears.

"Poor uncle," he murmured, "so kind so affectionate. To think that I shall never see him again."

The notary allowed the young man to give full vent to his sorrowful emotions, after which he quietly observed:

"I suppose you are aware that your uncle has left you nothing?"

"What?" exclaimed the nephew, suddenly changing his tone. "I'm not down in the will? Then why on earth did you let me stand weeping there and making a fool of myself for a good half hour?"—*Soleil du Dimanche.*

The Man of All Others.

Three girls are exchanging confidences and telling each other what sort of men they like best.

First Girl—I like a man with a past. A man with a past is always interesting.

Second Girl—That's true, but I don't think he is nearly so interesting as a man with a future.

Third Girl—The man who interests me is the man with a present.

PREFERS HOME LIFE

WHY MARY ANDERSON WILL NOT RETURN TO THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Once the idol of the American Stage, She Has Been Many Years in Retirement—Reminiscences of Her Career.

Mary Anderson, for years America's most famous actress, who was recently guaranteed \$250,000 for a series of readings in this country, has, it is announced, declined this magnificent offer and will remain in the seclusion of domestic life. Miss Anderson retired from the stage fourteen years ago and since that time has refused many flattering inducements to return to the Thespian world.

Mary Anderson was the idol of American theater goers from the time of her first appearance at the age of sixteen until she finally bade goodby to the footlights. Since her retirement she has lived a quiet life in England with her husband and family. She has been much interested in charitable schemes, and much of her spare time has been devoted to helpful work among the poor.

Miss Anderson is a native of California, but her girlhood days were passed in Louisville. Even as a child she gave evidence of the genius that was later to blossom forth. She received every encouragement from her stepfather, Dr. Hamilton Griffin, her own father, Charles Joseph Anderson, having died in 1833, when she was but four years old.

A schoolmate relates that Mary used to collect her friends around her after



MARY ANDERSON DE NAVARRO.

school, mount the steps and recite. Not content with recitations on the portico, she organized a company of her own composed of her companions. The performances were given in a cellar of the house occupied by a neighbor named Sulzer.

As she grew older it was decided by her mother and Dr. Griffin that she should be allowed to follow her inclinations for a stage career. Dr. Griffin prevailed on John McCullough, who was playing an engagement in Louisville, to give his stepdaughter a hearing.

McCullough hated stagestruck people and said as much. He went to the house, he afterward owned, only to rid himself of Dr. Griffin's importunities. "Arriving at our house," said Miss Anderson in relating the incident long afterward, "he seemed bored and was generally disagreeable. 'I have only a quarter of an hour,' he said, 'and as you will have an opinion of your daughter's abilities she had better begin at once.' In spite of his discouraging manner I went through the potted scene of 'Romeo and Juliet.' When I had finished, his manner had changed. He remained for several hours, acting with me scenes from all the plays I knew."

"Mr. McCullough introduced us to Barney Macaulay, manager of the Macaulay theater. 'Barney,' said he, 'when you can, put this girl on the stage. If I am a judge of such matters she will make a fortune for you.'" On Nov. 27, 1875, at Macaulay's theater, Louisville, Miss Anderson made her first professional appearance on the stage. The play was "Romeo and Juliet," and her success was instantaneous. Two years later she made her debut in New York at the Fifth Avenue theater and scored a brilliant triumph. Perhaps the most notable achievement in her career was her revival of "The Winter's Tale" in London and afterward in this country.

It was early in 1880 that the American public saw Mary Anderson for the last time on the stage. The effects of overwork had shown themselves during the latter part of the preceding year, but she persisted in filling the engagements made for her. In March, 1880, though ill, she played an engagement at Washington, but that was her last public appearance.

The following April she sailed from New York and for an entire year sought seclusion in England. Then on June 17, 1880, she was married to Mr. Antonio de Navarro, a friend of over ten years' standing.

The young people traveled over Europe for awhile and then returned to England and settled down at Tunbridge Wells. Later removing to Broadway, Worcester-shire. Several children have been born to them, but only one, Tony, a bright boy of about seven years, is living.

A Curious Effect.
A curious effect is noted in the Andes. There is an inn halfway up the direct route where ascenders and descenders frequently meet, the former half perished with increasing cold, the latter overwhelmed with increasing heat.

The Maltese Goat.
The height of a Maltese goat is about 2 feet 6 inches, its weight nearly 100 pounds, and the cost of a good milk animal is from \$50 to \$125.

The Game of Checkers.
The game of checkers was first played in Egypt, so far as we know, about 4,000 years ago; it is older than chess. The name checkers was given to the game because the board is "checky," a heraldic term. The old English name is draughts.

Medicinal Remedies.
There are nearly 20,000 known medicinal remedies.

Carlyle Was a Great Pedestrian.
Carlyle invariably covered several miles before beginning work and enjoyed riding inside an omnibus, while Victor Hugo preferred the outside.

How Snake Venom Acts.
The venom of snakes contains only intermediary bodies which alone would not be virulently poisonous, but the normal blood serum of susceptible animals contains the substances which, by conjoint action with the intermediary bodies of the venom, cause the deadly poisoning.

No Wild Camels.
In some part or other of the world horses, cattle and sheep are found wild; but, it is asserted, nowhere can be found wild camels.

Winter Muskmelons.
A winter muskmelon that is at its ripest and most luscious stage in December and January is one of the odd fruits found in China. This, it seems, is but one of many edibles as good as they are strange that the man with the cue has kept from the ken of his western cousins.

Debt in Turkey.
To seize a man's residence for debt is unlawful in Turkey, and sufficient land to support him is also exempt from seizure.

The First Idea of the Telescope.
The telescope we owe to some children of a spectacle maker placing two or more pairs of spectacles before each other and looking through them at the distant sky. Their idea was followed up by older heads.

The North Pole.
During the nineteenth century 200 ships, numberless lives and over \$30,000,000 were lost in futile efforts to reach the north pole.

A Moon Blander.
The new moon appears in the western sky and sets from the moment it becomes visible, but in the "Children of Gibeah" Walter Besant caused a new moon to rise in the east at 2 o'clock in the morning.

Glass.
Dr. Schlemann found bits of glass in his excavations at Mycenae, though Homer does not mention it as a substance known in his time.

Hair Superstition.
There is a superstition among southern children to the effect that hair combs should never be thrown out of doors for the reason that the birds will use them in building their nests and thus produce constant headache to the person to whom they belong.

Natural Gas.
The origin of natural gas is the action of water upon aluminium carbide, by which methane is evolved.

Five Hundred Shocks a Year.
The empire of Japan has no fewer than 700 earthquake observing stations scattered over it, and the records of the 500 shocks that annually visit that country are accurately noted.

The Clock Plant.
Purdue university is the proud owner of a clock plant. This plant is very rare and is found only in Borneo. The leaves rise and fall, the small ones changing, pointing up for one minute and down for another, while the larger leaves change their position each hour.

Webster Was a Book Canvasser.
Daniel Webster paid his second term's tuition at Dartmouth by hauling De Toqueville's "America" in Merrimack county, N. H.

Voting in Norway.
Norwegian seamen are entitled to vote before leaving their country if the polling day is within three months of their departure, or they can vote at a foreign port within the same time by having their votes sent home through a Norwegian consul.

Safety Pins.
Safety pins are peculiarly American. We use 144,000,000 of them each year.

Mosquitoes.
Certain species of mosquitoes hibernate in the adult state, others in the larval state and some in the egg. Larvae live through a winter in solid ice.

A Crooked Railway.
The most crooked railway in the world is one from Boswell to Friedland, Pa., the air line distance being five miles. The road doubles on itself four times, and at one point, after making a loop of about five miles, the road comes back to within 300 feet of itself on a grade fifty feet lower.

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