

# PIKE COUNTY DOINGS

Abe Shorter Tells Colonel Harper About "Cussophone"

[Copyright, 1903, by C. B. Lewis.]

**C**OLONEL HARPER had hitched his mule to a post in front of the Pike county courthouse and was about to enter the building when Abe Shorter turned the corner and hastened up to him with:

"Was, I do declar' if this ain't Kurnel Harper! Howdy, kurnel! Jest reckoned yo' wasn't coming to town agais this y'ar."

"Howdy, Abe," repeated the colonel as they shook hands. "I've had a right smart to do out on the plantation, yo' know, and am in a powerful hurry this mawning."

"Yes, yo' are a busy man, Kurnel Harper, and I'm not the one to take up yo' time. Jest a minute, however. These yere Pike county scandalizers have throwed me down again, and I reckoned yo' might want to hear about it."

"Shoo! Shoo! How was it, Abe?" "I got up last Monday mawning, kurnel, thinking to put on a clean shirt. Hunted high and low and then remembered that my only other shirt was away in the wash. Sent a black boy down to Mary Green's for it, and what sort of an answer do yo' reckon she sent back?"

"Yo' owed her a bill, mebbe." "Yes, kurnel; I owed her 17 cents, and the answer came back that she'd hold on to my clean shirt till the bill was paid. Think of that, Kurnel Harper! Did yo' ever hear of the likes since the day yo' was born? Only 17 cents, and me a rising young lawyer in Pike county, and yet she wouldn't send the shirt!"

"Purty tough, Abe," replied the colonel, "but of course yo' sent it?" "No, sah; no, sah. Couldn't do it after that insult to my honah and principles. I saw right away that it wasn't the woman who was throwing me down, but it was these yere scandalizers who have determined to drive me out of Pike county. I thought I'd beat 'em by getting a writ of replevin, but when I went to Squar Jackson for it what do yo' reckon he said? Kurnel Harper, look me in the eye and tell me what yo' reckon he sung at me?"

"I can't skassly say, Abe. Did he hurt yo' feelings by saying that yo'd better pay them 17 cents?" "Worse than that, kurnel, fur worse. He not only refused me the writ, but said that if I had drunk less whiskey, done less whittling on pine shingles and had the ambition of a toad I might now have been standing in the shoes of Caesar Baronius. Kurnel Harper, do yo' know who Caesar Baronius was?"

"Can't skassly say that I ever met up with him, Abe, though I'm a pore hand at remembering names. Used to live around yere, did he?"

"Yo' never met up with him, kurnel, and there's a good reason for it. Caesar Baronius was born in Naples on the 30th day of October, 1538, and died the 30th of May, 1807. Yo' couldn't very well have met up with a man who had been dead 200 years when yo' were bo'n, could yo'?"

"Skassly, Abe, skassly. When yo' first spoke the name I didn't know but that he had lived around yere. So he's dead, eh?"

"Dead as a doanball, kurnel—dead befo' a single tree had been cut down in this yere county of Pike. That was the man Squar Jackson throwed up to me—a man who was bo'n, buried and turned to dust befo' my grandfather could walk alone. Where was my chance, kurnel; where was my chance? Did I live in Naples in the year 1538?"

"Don't reckon yo' did, Abe."

"This Caesar Baronius was a historian and a strong writer, and he made a big name for himself. He had the show to do it. If I'd been living there and then it might have been neck and



"JEST WET MY THROAT, KURNEL." neck between us, but he had the bulge on me over 200 years. Can I beat 200 years, Kurnel Harper? Can a man be a great man 200 years befo' he's bo'n?" "Reckon not, Abe," replied the colonel.

"Then yo' see the injustice of it: wanted to down me so bad that they had to go back 200 years for an excuse. Dot rot 'em, kurnel, but they won't give me no show! They've set out to drive me out of Pike county, and they won't stop at nothing to carry out their plans."

"But yo' won't let 'em do it, Abe?"

"Never in this world, kurnel. I've got schemes, I have, and I'll have every blessed man, woman and child in the county singing my praises within a fortnight. I'm expecting as many as ten telegrams any minute."

"Shoo! Shoo!"

"Kurnel Harper," said Abe as a wise

look came to his face, "there are over 10,000,000 mewls in America, and every single one of 'em was bo'n mean and lazy. Yo' can't get one of 'em to do his best without cussing at him. Cussing a mewl takes up time. I figure that the time lost in cussing the mewls of America amounts to a million dollars a year. Yo' can't put it a cent less. Yo've got as many as fo'ty working mewls and sixty darkies on yo' plantation. How much time do yo' waste every year cussing them mewls?"

"A heap, Abe, and it don't do any good. A mewl is a mewl, yo' know."

"I know he is, but I'm going to change him over. How much time do yo' waste cussing darkies?"

"It's heape, jest the same, and I can't see that they work any better for it. I may cuss for an hour and then turn my back to find 'em going to sleep again."

"Then here's my point. Invent something to do the cussing and save yo' breath to talk politics. I've got the idea right in my head and shall work it out inside of a week. It'll be called the cussophone, and it'll cuss and call names for twenty-four hours after being wound up. Just attach it to a mewl's ear and let 'er rip. It'll be something so much better than the human voice that every mewl will git up and hump himself and do double work. I believe I can make 'em for a dollar apiece, and the sales will be 20,000 a year. When not in use to cuss mewls they can be used to cuss plantation hands and hired men, and thus double their value. What do yo' think of the idea, kurnel?"

"Looks to me like a gold mine, Abe. I'm working fo'ty mewls right along, and I want a cussophone for each one of 'em."

"That clinches it, kurnel, and I'll have the machine out inside of two weeks. Meanwhile—"

"What is it, Abe?"

"Meanwhile, being as yo' have asked me to step around to Tom's place and wet my throat, I can't find it in my heart to deny yo'. Jest wet my throat, kurnel—jest a little wet."

M. QUAD.

**Selfish Fellow.**

Nell—Is your engagement really broken off?

Belle—Absolutely. I sent back all his letters today, and it's positively final.

Nell—The idea! What led to the break?

Belle—Just his selfishness. When I hinted to him that I didn't love him any more he wanted his ring back. Of course I told him he couldn't have it, and that made him mad.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Taking Heroic Measures.**



**Can't Be Helped.**

Bookkeeper—Six more of our dunning letters have been returned by the dead letter office, and postage had to be paid on them.

Tailor—It can't be helped.

"If your envelopes contained your name and address they would be returned without expense."

"Yes, but then the people who receive them wouldn't open them."—New York Weekly.

**Too Much to Undertake.**

"No," said the manager; "I can't accept your play. I'm very sorry."

"Don't you think the lines are witty or the plot clever or the—"

"Oh, it's all right as far as the lines and the plot are concerned, but one of the characters is a cook. Where could we get one, with any hope of being able to keep her?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Productive of Success.**

"They're still looking for a national flower, I see. Now, what's the matter with the goldenrod? There's a flower that's not to be sneezed at."

"Huh!" replied the man with watery eyes. "I guess you never had hay fever, did you?"—Philadelphia Press.

**So They Told.**

Editor—How did you find out so much about the proceedings of that woman's club?

Reporter—It was a secret meeting they held.—Judge.

**Limitations.**

"Her novels show lack of revision."

"Well, she is very young."

"I suppose her mother hardly permits her to read what she has written."—Puck.

**Assent the Chestnut.**

"Tis now the chestnut, All aglow, Is quite the best nut. Don't you know."

When this today we sing serene In manner gay, we simply mean

The nut so dear and Full of zest, And not the near and Tallow jest.

—E. K. Monstirick in New York Times.

**Eyeless Fish in Boiling Water.**

One of the most remarkable discoveries in the shape of a peculiar species of fish ever made on this continent was that made at Carson City, Nev., in 1876. At that time both the Hale and Norcross and the Savage mines were down to what is known as the "2,200 foot level." When at that depth, a subterranean lake of boiling water was tapped. This accident flooded both mines to a depth of 400 feet. After this water had all been pumped out except that which had gathered in basins and in the inaccessible portions of the works, and when the water still had a temperature of 123 degrees—nearly scalding hot—many queer looking little blood red fish were taken out. In appearance they somewhat resembled the goldfish.

They seemed lively and sportive enough when they were in their native element—boiling water—notwithstanding the fact that they did not even have rudimentary eyes. When the fish were taken out of the hot water and put in to buckets of cold water for the purpose of being transported to the surface, they died as quickly as a perch or a bass would if plunged into a kettle of water that was scalding hot; not only this, but the skin peeled off exactly as if it had been boiled.

Eyeless fish are common enough in all subterranean lakes and rivers, but this is the only case on record of living fish being found in boiling water.

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## That Old Wheel of Yours

should be as plumb as the wheel of your engine that pulls your gin. If its crooked it will run crooked. Have it straightened at

## BELL'S SHOPS.

310 E. BOUNT ST., KINSTON, N. C.

## Election Notice

Pursuant to an ordinance and resolution passed by the Board of Aldermen of the town of Kinston, at their meeting held September 12, 1903, at which time a petition of more than one-third of the qualified voters of said town was presented, notice is hereby given that an election will be held in the town of Kinston, N. C. on

Tuesday, October 27th, 1903.

to determine whether a dispensary shall be established in said town of Kinston, N. C. At said election those favoring a Dispensary will vote a ticket on which shall be written or printed the words "For Dispensaries," and all opposed to a Dispensary will vote a ticket on which shall be written or printed the words "Against Dispensaries." Such tickets shall be of white paper and without device.

The polls will be opened on election day at 7 o'clock a. m. and closed at sunset of the same day. This the 25th day of September, 1903.

By order of the Board of Aldermen, N. J. ROUSE, Mayor.

L. J. MEWBORNE, Clerk.

## Cheapest Furniture

Store in Town

A call will convince you.

The Prettiest assortment of Pictures and Frames to be found in the city, received today. Call and see them.

**White Furniture Co.**

110 W. NORTH ST.

Just around the corner from LaRouche's Store

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OF KINSTON, N. C.

DIRECTORS:

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L. HARVEY . . . . . Kinston

J. E. HOOD . . . . . Kinston

D. OETTINGER . . . . . Kinston

W. L. KENNEDY, Falling Creek

JESSE JACKSON . . . . . Kinston

J. W. GRAINGER . . . . . Kinston

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# CLOTHING

## Men's Clothing

Men's Suits worth \$16.50 at \$14

Men's Suits worth \$12.50 at \$10

Men's Suits worth \$10 at \$8.50

Men's Suits worth \$7.50 at \$6.00

Men's Suits worth \$5.00 at \$3.50

Men's Suits worth \$3.50 at \$2.19



## Boys' Clothing

Boys' Suits worth \$6.00 at \$4.98

Boys' Suits worth 5.00 at 3.98

Boys' Suits worth 4.00 at 2.98

Boys' Suits worth 4.00 at 1.98

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Boys' Suits worth 2.00 at 1.50

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Black Mercerized Petticoats worth \$1, sale price **49c**

Black Mercetized Petticoats 11 inch flounce, 3 1-2 inch puff, worth \$2, now **98c**

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Heavy Yard Wide Home Spun

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# These Prices Are for Cash Buyers

## Boys' Knee Pants from 10c Up

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