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THURSDAY..... July 2, 1908.

LET THE SUN FOLLOW YOU

New Bernians who are leaving the city should not fail to have THE SUN follow them. In this way only can they keep informed about affairs of New Bern. Addresses may be changed as often as desired, and the paper will come promptly to any part of the country. Notify our agent or send an order direct to THE SUN, Telephone No. 4.

New Bern is at Goldsboro today. Maybe we will get one game out of the four.

Nervous persons are apt to be disturbed and spend restless moments if they step around much.

If we could have had this rain yesterday New Bern's percentage would not have been so small today.

The shopmen of the Pennsylvania Railroad were ordered on at full time beginning with yesterday, July 1.

Mr. Hearst lost out in the re-count. What will the lieutenants of Mr. Hearst claim was responsible for that?

The blacker the night the more brilliant and resplendent are the stars that come peeping through its shadows.

The things for which there is "the devil to pay" are the only sort which most men consider really worth the price.

The coroner's jury in the case of Turner Smith rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide for the killing of Engineer Stultz.

The value of education is not often experienced in dollars and cents. Perhaps it is so difficult to measure it with such an exact standard.

The recount in the New York mayoralty contest is doubtless gradually convincing Mr. Hearst that it is often the things we really don't get that makes us happy.

One thing for those who attend the Denver convention to know, is that sleep is disturbed more easily at a high altitude by trivial causes and is those who are overworked mentally.

A strange case of dementia is that confronting the city hospital physician in St. Louis, Mo., in Miss Barbara Biskacek, 40 years old. Upon the slightest pretext she laughs whole hours at a time.

Perhaps no man was more surprised than Hon W. C. Newland, of Lenoir, Caldwell county, when he was nominated for lieutenant governor. He was a candidate for Attorney-General. He is a good man and will add strength to the ticket.

HEARST VS. McCLELLAN.

Once more Mr. W. R. Hearst leaves off where he started. Ever since the mayoralty election of New York city in 1905, Mr. Hearst has contended that he was duly elected to the office over Mr. McClellan and more than that has done all in his power to bring about a recount of the vote cast in that election. Having gained that point, and the recount made, he now finds himself just where he started, except he is out several thousand dollars as a result.

Mr. Hearst now claims that the registration was greater than the poll in every disputed district, and for a time we must hear and read of this kind of stuff. The recount left Mayor McClellan with a plurality of 2,325 whereupon Clarence J. Shearn representing Mr. Jackson, alleged that the ballot boxes had been stuffed and requested the court to throw out the entire vote of eleven districts, charging that the ballots found in the boxes exceeded the number of registered voters. This was based on an incorrect list of voters and when the correct list was produced Mr. Shearn said that the registration was greater than the poll in every disputed district.

Justice Lambert promptly declined to throw out the contested districts, this brought Mr. Shearn forth with a charge that the inspectors had registered an excess number of names but admitted that he could not prove that there was repeating.

Justice Lambert made his opinion clear in open court, before the jury declaring that the original count was quite as complete as the one made in court, and that the evidence showed no fraud as far as the election inspectors were concerned. He said that if legal voters could be disfranchised so readily as had been attempted in this case, this form of government would not endure long. "If the jury were to return a verdict against Mr. McClellan," said Justice Lambert, "I would not allow it to stand," and he promptly ordered a verdict in favor of the mayor, which was rendered.

This should and no doubt will, end a long contention. Mr. Hearst certainly can see that the one-man power does not work, and "things are not always what they seem." There were no doubt, thousands and thousands of people in New York, as well as throughout the country, who, if this recount had never been made, would have died with the belief that Mr. McClellan was holding an office that rightly belonged to Mr. Hearst. This, we think should settle the matter, and we hope that the now contention that the "registration was greater than the poll," will drop out of sight and hearing.

The great pity about the affairs, in New York, to our mind, is that there are many men of about the same calibre of Mr. Hearst in that state, and a great many in other states, it would seem. He has a following that is just large enough to encourage him and keep him bobbing up before the public eye every now and then. This lesson just taught by Mr. Hearst's persistence in always making charges against some one, should be studied well, and if it is considered we believe there are many who will hesitate before jumping in with him so strongly.

Tomorrow, July 3, will bring a date in North Carolina's history, that will be pleasantly remembered by all who witness it, and will be read with interest by those who cannot attend. The event will be the presentation of a silver service to the armored cruiser North Carolina, named for this state, and the gift is from the people of this commonwealth. There should be no dropping back by the people of the state—all who can possibly find time, should leave their business for one day, and join the thousands that will be there to attend this event. The presentation will take place off Beaufort Harbor, between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock.

He was as sick as sick could be. Friends could give but sympathy. Now he's well and strong as three. Since taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. —Davis Pharmacy.

A SCANDAL IS REVIVED

Girl Threatens Arrest if Her Name is Used

BROTHER CHAMPIONS HER CAUSE.

Young Woman Stirred By Announcement of Former Rector—Declares Her Intention of Defending Herself—Relates Her Testimony.

Washington, D. C., July 2.—One of the strangest happenings in the history of any city is promised at Masonic Hall, Ninth and F streets northwest. After ten years of silence, a deposed priest of the Episcopal church, a scholarly man of 60 years, is to proclaim to a public audience of his own summoning, his innocence of an act which cast a shadow over the life of a young girl, a communicant of his church.

He is to denounce a hideous falsehoods the testimony which convicted him before a court of his clerical peers, and is to plead for the awakening of a public sentiment strong enough to compel a reopening of his case, to the end that he may be declared guiltless and restored to position and honor in the priesthood that cast him out.

That they will be present in the hall "to guard her name and see fair play," is the promise of the girl's brother and a young man who asserts the right to protect her after the manner of a sweetheart betrothed.

Renting of Masonic Hall by the ex-Rev. Gilbert Fearing Williams, for nine years rector of Christ Episcopal church, in this city, to make a public declaration of innocence, was told in yesterday's Post. He reaffirmed yesterday his determination to carry out the program announced.

The girl upon whose testimony Mr. Williams was convicted and deposed from the ministry—she is now a mature woman of 32—last night gave warning, in white anger and in tears that if the man she accused dares to read in that hall tomorrow morning the record of his trial, or so much as breathe her name as one who went astray she will within an hour swear to a warrant for his arrest.

Records of the health office show that on January 24, 1897, a boy was born to a girl member of Christ Church. The girl was 20 years of age, a communicant of Christ Church, a member of its Sunday school, its choir, its chancel chapter, and its Daughters of the King. An ecclesiastical court, composed of six clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church, diocese of Washington, on March 15, 1898, by a verdict of 5 to 1, pronounced the Rev. Gilbert Fearing Williams to be the father of this child, and on the same day the bishop of the diocese, the Rt. Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee, D. D., carried into effect the sentence of the court by deposing the defendant from the priesthood.

Before, during, and after the trial Mr. Williams steadfastly protested his innocence of the charge, branded as a composition of lies the testimony on which he was convicted, and ultimately denounced his trial as a proceeding manifestly unfair and prejudiced. He appealed to the civil courts and was sweepingly sustained.

Bishop Satterlee then appealed this decision to the supreme court of the District of Columbia, and it was reversed. Mr. Williams and his friends among the clergy and the laity used strong endeavors to have the case reopened, pointing out glaring contradictions and vital impossibilities in the testimony of witnesses for the prosecution, and crying out on the verdict of the court as traductive of common justice and destructive of the usefulness of the Episcopal discipline. Bishop Satterlee remained firm. He refused to reopen the case, and there for ten years it has rested.

Ten years of silent suffering and of human tragedy! In that span of time the girl has grown to womanhood, the man has entered old age. She still is comely, robust. The man's hair is thinning fast, his mustache is white as snow, the wrinkles of age are creeping over his face and brow.

Sitting yesterday afternoon in the small parlor of the former clergyman's home, at 61 Randolph place, listening to the seemingly straightforward recital of his bitter wrongs, looking into his blue eyes that never wavered, into the pupils that never shifted, hearing from his ready lips the strong but not passionate denial of guilt, the story of falsified testimony, as he alleged it, learning from him the logic supporting the innocence he asserts and ever has asserted, hearkening to his pious appraisal of his friends, his stern disclaimer of thought or willingness to harm even his enemies, it was hard

to believe he spoke the truth in all things.

And sitting last night in the humble parlor of the home where her family has dwelt for nearly sixty years, seeing in all pity her distress, watching as with judicial eye her emotions, hearing the hot denunciation of the man she says has embittered her life, listening to her vows of truth, her solemn declaration that death's approach could prompt her to change no single word she has spoken, noting her refusal to be warned to caution by the man who sat beside her as friend and protector by right, hearing her reasons for first shielding, then denouncing the man she named as the father of her dead child, it was hard, indeed, to think that in anything she said she uttered a lie.

It was a scene strange in its sadness, vital in its tragedy, that dim, old fashioned parlor last night where the one time choir girl told of the ruin of her life. "For my life is ruined," she cried, fiercely at first, loudly, as one for whom the bitterness of truth lies not in echoes. And the old, gray haired mother, bent, and wrinkled, and broken hearted, came softly to the door tapped timidly and murmured her message of caution.

"Let them hear!" cried the girl; "they may hear to the end of the street, if they can. What I say is the truth, and I don't care who hears it! This man, why has he kept quiet these ten long years, if he is innocent? Why does he bring all this up again—now when I thought it buried under a ten years' load of such suffering as I have borne because of him—"

"Put this in the paper! Write that I say that if he reads the record of his trial in the hall on Thursday morning—if he so much as mentions my name to slander me—I will swear out a warrant for his arrest, and no time will be lost. Tell him that! Tell the public that, and let them judge if he is fit to be taken back into the church!"

"But say, too, that I wish him no harm. Say that if he could prove his innocence, I would be glad. If he can get back to the priesthood I will put no obstacle in his way. But let him be careful how he deals with my name. I have suffered enough through him. I shielded him—I! I swore to my father that he was not the man. You ask me why? To shield him! And he would repay me by trampling my name in the dust.

"I did not tell my father who had wronged me until a month after the boy was born—until I thought I was soon to die. Then, when I found that he was trying to fasten the guilt on other men, who had never harmed me in my life, I told. And what I told was God's truth. If I knew I was to die tomorrow, I wouldn't change one single word of it, for its true."

"And here's a word from me," said the tall, sunburned, toil hardened man of 30, who sat near her. "I'm going to stand by her through anything. Tell Mr. Williams that. Tell him I'll be there in that hall Thursday morning to see fair play. Tell him to go as far as he likes—but to be careful. He better not speak her name."

The woman was crying when he finished. "I didn't tell on him till he'd named three other men, who were innocent," she said, choking back a little the tears. "Two of them are dead. The other one is—of was—in China. When he spoke their names, and I thought my time had come to die, I told my father the truth."

Hours before this, in the late afternoon, the old mother had talked of her daughter's sorrow. And to her eyes, too, the tears came, the patient voice broke, as the terror of a fresh publicity was borne in upon her.

"Why does he do it?" she pleaded. "Oh, I thought it was all over and past. But such things never really are over, are they? As God is my witness I don't know what the truth of it is. Only those two know that, just those two."

"My daughter always, since that day she told my husband who the father of her child was, has stuck to her story. I don't know why she should tell a falsehood. I don't believe she has."

"She's so sweet, so kind and gentle with folks. Everybody wants her when there's sickness in the family. She's a splendid nurse. There's nothing that is too much trouble for her to do for people when they're sick. I can't believe she's lived a lie all these years. I don't believe it! The child died at 6 months, though it had the best of care."

"It's not true my daughter ran around with young men and went down the river to resorts when she was young. Never a child was brought up more carefully. Never. The only times she went down the river were to Sunday school picnics and she had no young men calling on her regularly. Several there were who wanted to marry her, though. Her pastor used to come and take her with him to see sick people. One day he came to our house and the young people were having music and dancing. He said they'd better be doing something else. Another time when he was here I told him a certain young man wanted to

marry my girl. He said it would be the best thing for her."

"I am the head of the family, the oldest son," said the young seamstress' brother, a sun bronzed man of perhaps 40. "I believe in plain talking. I believe this ex-clergyman is the man. I don't know it. Nobody's does but the two. She says it's so. She's always said it. I believe her. I'm going to stick to her and see her through."

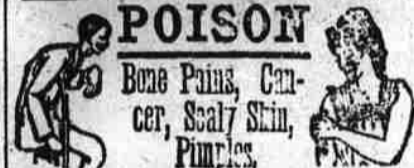
"I'm going to be at that Masonic Hall Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, and if Mr. Williams talks against her, I'm going to take part myself. He was convicted, wasn't he? He's kept quiet about it for ten years, hasn't he? I'll be there when he starts it up again. "No, I don't blame any man for trying to prove himself innocent, whether he's guilty or not. I'd do that myself. But he's got to keep my sister's name out of it."

Schedule "B" Tax.

Lawyers, Physicians, Dentists, Cigarettes Dealers, etc., are hereby notified that they have been doing business since June 1st without licenses. Come to the sheriff's office at once and get your license and by so doing save trouble.

J. W. BIDDLE, Sheriff.

BLOOD POISON



Many People Suffer from Blood Poison and don't know it. Head symptoms. Easily cured by B. B. B. For twenty-five years Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) has been curing yearly thousands of sufferers from Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison and all forms of Blood Disease. We solicit the most obstinate cases for B. B. B. cures where all else fails. If you have exhausted the old methods of treatment and still have aches and pains in bones, back or joints, Rheumatism, Mucus Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Eating sores, are run down or nervous, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, take B. B. B. It kills the poison, makes the blood pure and rich, healing every sore and completely changing the entire body into a clean, healthy condition. Cures Eczema.

Itching, watery blisters or open, itching humors, Risings or pimples of Eczema all leaves after killing the poison and purifying the blood with B. B. B. In this way a flood of pure, rich blood is sent direct to the skin surface, the itching stops forever and every humor or sore is healed and cured.

Free Blood Cure Coupon. This coupon (cut from The New Bern N. C. Sun, is good for one large sample of Botanic Blood Balm mailed free in plain packages. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

State name of trouble, if you know.



SPECIAL NOTICES.

ONE LENT A WORD

No ad. taken for less than 15 cents, the price of three lines. Six words of average length make a line. The following rates are for consecutive insertions:

Table with 2 columns: Number of insertions, Price per line. 1 time - 15 cents a line, 2 times - 14 cents a line, 3 times - 13 cents a line, 4 times - 12 cents a line, 5 times - 11 cents a line, 6 times - 10 cents a line, 7 times - 9 cents a line, 8 times - 8 cents a line.

All orders for these ads. must be accompanied with cash for as many times as ads. are to run. These ads. are inexpensive, but they bring quick results and sure returns.

FOR SALE—ONE NO. 2 OLIVER Typewriter and one roller top desk Cheap. Call at A. C. L. Railway office. 7 1 1 w

LOST—LADIES GOLD WATCH. Between Barrington's store and O. G. Dunn's printing office. Finder please return to The Sun office and receive reward.

LOST—A WATCH BETWEEN Brownsville and James City church. Finder will receive a reward of \$1.00 by leaving same at Sun office, Mary R. Foy.

FOR SALE—HOUSE AND LOT COR. Green and Griffith streets. Apply to Guy W. Pope.

FOR RENT—AT SEVEN DOLLARS per month, two, five-room houses in Bridgetown one block from new school building. J. B. BLADES Lumber Co.

HOUSE FOR RENT ON CHANGE street with seven nice large rooms. Apply to Annie Justice, 83 East Front street.

CALL AT THE WEST END FISH Market for Morehead City fish, "9 Main street, Pavia Town.

WANTED—BRICK-MASONS, STATE average days work and wages expected. Address Pope & Hobson, Morehead City, N. C.

LOST—CERTIFICATE, NO 23 SERIES No. 19 of the New Bern Building and Loan Association. Application will be made for duplicate. D. F. JARVIS.

CHAVEN LODGE NO. 1, KNIGHTS OF HARMONY. Meets second and fourth Wednesday nights in each month in Knights of Harmony hall Pollock street, at 7:30 o'clock. S. R. Ball president; J. H. Smith, secretary; R. R. Hill, financial secretary.

\$1.50 RETURN TICKET TO WILMINGTON. The Atlantic Coast Line will sell tickets from New Bern to Wilmington July 4th limited to return Monday July 6th at rate of \$1.50 for the round trip. A splendid opportunity to visit Wilmington, Wrightsville Beach and witness exciting base ball games between Wilmington and Kinston at a small cost.

Advertisement for H. C. ARMSTRONG Groceries. Phone 174 will always try to meet your wants in the Grocery Line. CALL US UP! H. C. ARMSTRONG.

Advertisement for HERRING ROE in cans and the very best grades of Teas, White House Coffee and a very good 20 ct. coffee. All new stock. J. G. WILLIAMS, Successor to Williams & Bryan. Phone 25.