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**BRICK WORKS**  
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**CHICHESTER'S PILLS**  
 THE DIAMOND BRAND.  
 Medical Ask your Druggist for  
 Chichester's Diamond Brand  
 Pills in Red and Gold Metallic  
 Boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon.  
 Take no other. Buy of your  
 Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S  
 DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25  
 years known and Sold Everywhere.  
 SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Marriage is bound to be a failure when the wife's extravagance bankrupts the husband.

**Sale of Land.**

Pursuant to order and decree of the Superior Court of Granville county made in the Special proceeding entitled "Z. M. Burchett, Mrs. Janet Burchett and others, ex parte," I shall on

MONDAY, SEPT. 6th, 1909, sell to the highest bidder, at public auction, for cash, at the court house door in Oxford, the following described tract of land: Situated in Tally Ho Township, Granville county, adjoining the lands of Robert Longmire, Tom Roberts, William Johnson and others, and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at a pine running thence N. 37.25 degrees W. 11.64 chains to a stone on road, thence along road N. 28.50 degrees E. 13.21 chains to a stake on said road, then S. 11 E. 13.94 chains to a post oak Jones' corner, thence by Jones' line S. 43.75 degrees E. 28.40 to a stone Jones' and Meadows' corner to Longmire's line, thence by his line N. 47.25 degrees W. 19.88 chain to a white oak thence N. 41 degrees W. 4 chains to a stone, thence N. 41 degrees E. 16.14 chains to beginning of a tract containing 78 acres more or less. Time of sale 12 o'clock m. This Aug. 2 1909.  
 D. G. BRUMMITT, Com'r.

**Valuable Farm for Sale by Public Auction.**

At Court House Door, Oxford, N. C., Monday, Sept. 6th, 1909 at 12 m.  
 At the request of the owner, we shall on Monday, September 6th 1909 sell to the highest bidder, by Public Auction, at the court house door in Oxford, that valuable farm known as the R. C. Pickett place, containing 236 acres more or less, and adjoining the lands of R. C. Smith, Mrs. Channing and others. Improvements, three room dwelling, dining room and kitchen detached, stables, uring barns, and pack house, one tenant settlement.  
 This farm is situated about three fourths of a mile from Lewis Station on Southern Railway, and about five and one-half miles from Oxford, and is located in a splendid farming section and the soil is good for tobacco, corn, wheat and all general crops. If desired, the farm can be divided in half, making two splendid farms. The place is well watered, and has plenty of wood. A pasture of about forty acres is under fence.  
 Owner has moved to another county and desires to make prompt sale as he can use money in other business. Terms one-fourth cash, balance in 8, 16 and 24 months. The deferred payments to bear interest from date of sale and to be secured by mortgage or deed of trust on the property. We shall be glad to show this property to anyone desiring to inspect same. Remember the date, Monday, September 6th, 1909.  
 GRANVILLE REAL ESTATE & TRUST CO Oxford, N. C., Aug. 16th 1909. Agents

**Sale of Property.**

Pursuant to authority vested in me by a certain mortgage executed by W. L. Nevins and recorded in Book 71, page 278, default having been made in the payment of the bonds secured thereby, I shall on

MONDAY, SEPT. 6th, 1909, sell at Public Auction at the court house door in the town of Oxford to the highest bidder for cash, the following property, to-wit: 11 head of mules, one horse, one Chase saw mill complete, 140 horse power boiler, Houston, Standard and Gamble make, 135 horse power engine, one Knights Edger, one cut off saw, three swing cars and five lumber wagons. Terms Cash. Time of sale 12 m. This the 4th day of August 1909.  
 T. LANIER, Trustee.

**YOUNG MEN, LEARN TELEGRAPHY!**

**TELEGRAPH OPERATORS ARE IN GREAT DEMAND!**

BOYS, THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY to learn a first-class trade that pays a good salary every month in the year. There will be a greater demand for Telegraph Operators this Fall and Winter than there has been for many years past. The prominent railroads of the United States are writing us to qualify as many young men of good character for their service as we possibly can. We trust that the reliable, ambitious boys of the South will rally to this golden opportunity. Our students qualify for service in only four to six months. We guarantee positions. Graduates begin on \$45 to \$65 per month; easy and pleasant work; permanent employment; rapid promotion. Our tuition is reasonable; board at low rates; Newnan is extremely healthful; fine climate; excellent drinking water. Write at once for our new illustrated catalog. A letter or postal will bring it. IT IS FREE.

Southern School of Telegraphy, Box 272 NEWNAN, GEORGIA.

**A MALIBRAN VICTORY**  
 The Great Singer's Lively Debut In an English City.

**SHE DEFIED THE DIRECTORS.**

Considering That She Had Been Shabbily Treated, Malibran Sang as Long as She Wanted to and Had a Most Satisfactory Revenge.

Quarrels between opera singers and managers call to mind an incident in the life of Malibran. It was in 1829, when Malibran returned to England from New York and made her debut at Birmingham at the music festival as Malibran Garcia. Miss Paton had already become a favorite there and was allowed to choose her own songs and sing as many as she pleased, whereas Malibran was compelled to sing only what was assigned to her. Garcia bore the indignity with such patience as she could command until one morning she saw the announcement that Miss Paton would sing six songs that evening and that she would sing but two. Then it was that, realizing that much of her success for the season in England depended on her having a better place in the program, she stormed the directors.

In vain the directors endeavored to avoid receiving her, but she made short work of ceremony, and while they were framing an excuse to pacify her she broke in upon them in a magnificent rage. In a jiffy she asked the chairman:

"Sir, have you sanctioned this program?" And, receiving a nod in the affirmative, she sailed forth.

"I had hoped," she said, "it had been issued without your sanction, for it assigns me two songs, both of which are hackneyed, while it gives my rival, Miss Paton, six. She has an established reputation here. Mine is not to make, at least with your English audiences, and therefore if any preference should be given to any one it should be to me. On my success here depends all chance of my success in London. You forget this or do not care. You give me no chance of success, whereas all I want is justice. I want the same opportunity for displaying my ability as you allow Miss Paton. Here you advertise me for Romeo. But I performed that last night, and the public will say, 'Romeo on Monday, Romeo on Tuesday, Romeo on Wednesday—Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, she can do nothing but Romeo.' I want fair play—no more, no less!"

Well, it was a great fuss. The directors endeavored to soothe her, for she had talked herself into a great passion, but they made their mistake in pointing to the fact that the program was printed and could not be changed. In vain Malibran argued that she should sing six or an equal number of songs with Miss Paton, and finally she went off in a great huff, declaring if they would not right her she would right herself.

The evening advertised came, and the theater was crowded with the rank, beauty and fashion of Birmingham, as every one familiar with English music festivals would expect. The performance commenced. Some one sang, then Brahms followed, and finally came Miss Paton. As usual, she was heartily received. Then Malibran came forward amid many plaudits, undoubtedly agitated at the applause, and stood for a minute with her arms folded and her eyes on the ground.

There was a piano near the footlights, and the music stool stood at the back of the stage. Malibran stood near the piano, but did not touch a key, while in a manner until then unknown in England she warbled the well known aria "Una voce poe fa." Peal followed peal of applause, and when the conductor came to lead Malibran away the cries of encore were so loud as to make him retreat, and again Malibran was in the hands of the audience.

For some time the applause continued and finally died away. When all was silence Malibran started up suddenly, made a pretty obeisance, hastily ran to the back part of the stage and brought out a piano stool. Then, motioning to the orchestra not to play, she played a prelude and then an accompaniment to the song she had just given. But that was not all. When she came within a note or two of the conclusion she paused, cast a look at the wings, where the mystified director stood, laughingly shook her head and to the delight of the audience and the amazement of the directors commenced a new song. She had been singing Italian; now she sang Spanish, and when this had been applauded she started to retire. The audience, however, would not part with her, and when the conductor came to lead her off pit, gallery and boxes actually hissed the poor fellow.

There never was a more enthusiastic ovation to a singer in Birmingham, and, thus encouraged, Malibran gracefully waved the conductor off and again sat down to play. She passed from Spanish to German, German to French and finally from French to English, and the result was that she occupied so much time that the nervously waiting Miss Paton sang only two songs instead of six!

There was a lively scene behind the curtain when Malibran at length retired. But to the acting director, who fumed and cried, "Madam, you have played us an astonishing trick!" she only smiled and said, "I told you that I would right myself if you wronged me—and I did."—New York Post.

A diamond with a flaw is better than a common stone without any imperfections.—Chinese Proverb.

**Keeping Groll Off the Grass.**

By HENRY BERLINGOFF.  
 Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

Stub Reiley was willing to admit that the "old man" was a more important figure in the office than George Fielding, but the rack itself could not wring from him an admission that any one else loomed as large, least of all Douglas Groll, the junior partner.

Groll had incurred Stub's enmity the first day the boy had come into the office, and since then he had done nothing to cause a reversal of Stub's opinion.

Fielding was a wholesome sort of chap whose very capacity for making friends had won for him a place of authority in the office of Sommers & Groll. Every one liked him. The loyal Stub worshiped him and would have gone to the end of the earth at his order.

Stub had even raised from the dead his mythical grandmother to bury her at a more auspicious moment because Fielding had hinted that there was a lot of work to be done even if the "Champs" were playing a double header at the ball grounds. Greater tribute than this no small boy can pay.

Naturally when Gertrude Vance was looked upon with especial favor by Fielding she became the chief goddess in the office.

Mr. Sommers' sonorous call of "Patrick!" sometimes went unanswered, but the boy fairly jumped to Miss Vance's desk at the softest call of "Stub!" and would sharpen her pencil or bring her a fresh set of carbons before he answered the increasingly impatient call of the head of the firm.

And because Fielding cared for Gertrude it angered Stub to notice the familiarity with which the junior partner treated the little typewriter. Gertrude could not very well resent these trifling impertinences without losing her place, and she could not afford to do that when she and Fielding were saving up every penny against the time they should find some tiny suburban home suited to their modest income.

They were working hard in hand toward that end, and she could only pretend not to notice the hand that rested caressingly on her shoulder whenever Groll stopped at her desk to give an order or ask a question.

Stub instinctively sensed her embarrassment, and he gritted his teeth impatiently whenever he saw Groll moving toward the typewriter's corner, vowing with boyish intensity that he would get even.

He watched Groll with a quiet attention that permitted no move to escape, and that resourceful business man would have been surprised had he realized how much Stub knew about his personal affairs.

Stub was ever alert to get hold of some bit of information that he could use as a club, but Groll grew more and more daring in his attention with the knowledge that the girl feared to speak to Fielding.

Groll always was particularly offensive when Fielding was at the bank. The firm had two branches uptown, and every morning the receipts from these branches were brought down by the trusted clerks and turned over to the cashier, who accepted the credit slips without question and passed the sealed package on to the bank with his own deposit by Fielding. The packages of bills were made into brick shaped forms and sealed at either end. The messengers were trusted employees, and there never had been the slightest inaccuracy.

Stub loved to watch the arrival of the packages. It was his ambition to be a messenger himself some day and carry a revolver under license from the police.

The bulge in the messengers' coat pockets filled him with envy, and he was saving his tips with the idea of purchasing a revolver of his own against that happy day when he should be entrusted with one of the leather satchels chained to the messengers' wrists.

Then came a day when Groll went into the senior partner's office, and soon he and Sommers went to the cashier's cage. Here the two, after a brief consultation with the latter, went toward Fielding's desk.

"I tell you that I saw him make the exchange," Groll was saying as they moved toward the closed desk. "I was in the cage for a moment and saw him bending over his desk."

"Did Mr. Fielding go to his desk after he left the cage?" asked Sommers of the cashier, and the latter nodded an unwilling assent.

"He had a bottle of medicine that he wanted to put there. He had a bad cold."

The cashier carried the bunch of keys that were duplicates of all the keys in the office, and they soon found the one that fitted Fielding's desk. As the roll top was raised to release the catch that held the drawers locked Stub could not refrain from drawing near. The trio did not notice his approach, so interested were they in the investigation.

With an exclamation that sounded very like a groan Sommers drew from the bottom drawer a package that was unmistakably the deposit from the North Side branch, and with trembling hand he reached for the sharp envelope opener that lay upon the blotter.

"I've had my suspicions for some time," announced Groll jubilantly. "I happen to know that Fielding is planning to marry Miss Vance, and he has been speculating with what they call

their 'building fund' for some time. He planned this move to get back his losses and at the same time gain enough to buy a home. I have been watching him carefully, and today my suspicions were aroused.

"The money is not counted here in the office, and he planned to place the blame on the cashier or the messenger and go scot free."

Stub grinned at the jubilation of Groll's voice and stood on tiptoe the better to observe the proceedings. Sommers had slit the wrapper that the seals might be preserved intact for future reference, and all three men gave an exclamation of surprise when, instead of the bank notes, Sommers drew out sheets of crisp bond paper cut to greenback size.

"Perhaps his nerve failed him," suggested Groll, who was the first to break the silence.

"Nerve nothin'," interrupted Stub. "I was wise to your game. I had the switchboard when the girl was out to lunch, and I was rubberin' on the wire when you told Mr. Beekman to fix the package today like the one he gave you. You was trying to get Mr. Fielding out of the office so you could break off the engagement, and maybe Miss Vance would go to lunch when you asked her."

"Piggy Moran up to the branch goes to the same choice I go to. I got him th' job, an' he found out that there was a lot of cut paper in Mr. Beekman's wastebasket last night. I see you bring in the package this morning, an' I see you and Mr. Beekman in Brown's last night when he give it to you."

"I was wise. I swapped packages on you, an' it ain't your fault that Mr. Fielding ain't comin' back from the bank tellin' that the North Side package was a fake. You didn't see me switch it; you didn't even know I was in th' case, but I was there all right, and that's how it is that you got back the same package you thought you was givin' Mr. Fielding. I'm there, too, when it comes to handin' lemons and quinces."

"Telephone Mr. Beekman and your friend Moran to come down here at once," commanded Sommers. "Groll, you know best whether or not to make arrangements to sell out your interest in the business."

"You needn't send for Beekman," said Groll sullenly as he laid a heavy and detaining hand upon Stub's shoulder. "You can let Vannerson buy me out if you want to. This devilish kid is too smart for his own good. If you let a word out about this I'll kill you," he added as his nervous fingers tightened their grip on Stub's shoulder until the boy winced with pain.

"Forget it," admonished Stub. "I put a 'keep off the grass' sign on Miss Vance, an' that's all I was after. I guess that goes."

At a sign from Sommers, Groll released the boy and followed his partner into the private office to arrange the details of the sale of his interest.

None of the others had noticed the little group, and as Stub hitched off to his desk he looked at the trim figure of Gertrude Vance seated at her machine.

"I wisht I was big enough to marry her meself," he mused, "but it's the next best thing to see her marry Mr. Fielding. Anyhow, I jest had to keep Mr. Groll off the grass. He's too fresh—that guy."

**His Noble Works at Home.**

"Don't you think, Minerva," said her husband anxiously as he tied the kitchen apron firmly around his waist and tucked his whiskers behind the bib to keep them out of the dishwasher—"don't you think that we are carrying this idea of co-operation in domestic matters to extremes? I have been washing dishes for a week now, and between times I have been doing a little Scriptural reading, and I cannot find in the Bible any authority for men's doing kitchen work, but women are frequently spoken of in this connection."

"She looked well to the ways of her household," she worked willingly with her hands. "She riseth while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household." These quotations, Minerva, would seem to warrant the conclusion that household duties should properly be assigned to the woman."

"My dear," replied his wife, "if you will pursue your studies you will find in II Kings xxi, 13, these words: 'I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down.' This proves that you are nobly doing the work designed for you by Providence. When you are through be sure to wash the towels clean, shake them and hang them straight on the rack. Death, you know, lurks in the dishcloth. I am now going out to attend a meeting of the Society For the Extinction of the Microbe by Means of Electricity."—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Comedy of the Post Card.**

A man in an obscure town, whose literary efforts had failed to find favor, sent this letter to an editor:

Dear Sir—This is a small place where I live, and whenever a story of mine comes back the whole village knows it. Now, I know you don't want the inclosed manuscript, but I am sending it along just the same, together with a post card, which I beg you to repost to me. The postmistress will read it, of course, and I need not tell you that within three hours the news of what is on it will be all over the town. I shall know when it comes that my manuscript is rejected, and you need never return it to me. But please post the card to me and win my everlasting gratitude.

The post card had been carefully typewritten and self addressed. It bore these words:

Dear Sir—Your manuscript received and accepted. Will write you fully regarding it as soon as possible. Is £100 a satisfactory price? Yours truly,  
 EDITOR OF LETEMALLCOME.  
 —London Answers.

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