

LO, THE POOR FARMER!

Tender Solitude for Him Shown by All Members of Congress. Representative Dupree, of Louisiana, in the Congressional Record. I shall not inject the American farmer into this debate. I have no doubt that he, in common with every good citizen is intensely interested in the proper disposition of the pending resolution, and am quite sure that there are eloquent and ingenious statesmen on both sides of this chamber who, given the opportunity, would and could prove conclusively that his whole future welfare is dependent on the passage or defeat of this measure. I shall eliminate the farmer, however, from no feeling of hostility or indifference, but, on the contrary, from a feeling of friendship for and sympathy with him; for I believe that since the 4th of April last he has been worked "overtime" in the House and that he is entitled to a rest—if not a rest, at least an opportunity to pursue his avocation undisturbed by the "applause," the "loud applause," and the "loud and prolonged applause" that have greeted every motion to him on this floor. If he lives in far-away Dakota, where the snow is beginning to melt—it was falling yesterday in Wyoming—give him a chance to sow his fields. If by good fortune he lives in Louisiana, where he can raise four crops a year, give him a chance to reap his harvest and to plant another crop.

Certainly the farmer cannot justly complain that he has been neglected or overlooked in this extra session, for the Record teems with praises of him; of his patriotism; of his industry; his energy; his pluck; his progressiveness; with exultant joy at his prosperity, and with tearful lamentation at his adversity. Always he has held the center of the stage, with light of every personal pulchritude, and of every sartorial taste, have testified to their affection for him and their tender solicitude for his welfare.

The majority and the minority are equally his friends. Leaders and followers, veterans and recruits, standpatters and insurgents, gentlemen from every section, of every style of oratory, of every degree of personal pulchritude, and of every sartorial taste, have testified to their affection for him and their tender solicitude for his welfare.

The gentleman from Birmingham, (Mr. Underwood) loves him no less than the gentleman from that lesser Birmingham, Pittsburg (Mr. Dalzell). The gentleman from Michigan (Mr. Fordney), though he would sell him his lumber at the highest possible price, thinks as much of him as does my silver-tongued and silver-haired friend from the cotton belt, the gentleman from Alabama (Mr. Hefflin). That king of globe trotters, with the inevitable diary in hand, the gentleman from Connecticut (Mr. Hill), is no more his friend than is the gentleman from Mississippi (Mr. Candler), who prefers the beauties of the Tombigbee to the castled banks of the Rhine. It would be as hard to decide who has the farmer's interests most at heart—whether the Sage of Danville (Mr. Cannon) or the Giant from Mason (Mr. James)—as it was to decide the memorable debate at the Press Club the other night on the relative merits and demerits of hirsute ornamentation. The Apostle of Precedents, the gentleman from Maine (Mr. Hinds), is his philosophic tribute to "The Man with the Hoe," was not less solicitous than the poet-statesman from California (Mr. Kent), who made "Dunc" McKim lay famous by defeating him. The gentleman from Washington (Mr. La Follette), who lives so near Saskatchewan that he can see the frolicsome sheep play hide and seek across the Canadian border has no advantage in his love for the farmer over the gentleman from Texas (Mr. Dies), who, from his Beaumont home, can hear the turbulent roar of the Mexico Sea. By such as these has the farmer been glorified within the past month, and by a host of others, including the distinguished leader of the minority, the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. Mann), whose quondam incisiveness and blithe spontaneity and "near" omniscience are not so conspicuous now as in the good old days when his desk was connected with the Speaker's chair a wireless apparatus and he could always send or receive the danger signal—C. Q. D.

BACK TO THE MINES.

Ex-President Lewis Enjoys Picking Coal in West Virginia.

"I never felt better in my life. Of course, I am a little sore after not having done any hard physical labor for fifteen years, best fittings will come to me as easy as ever in a few days," said Thomas L. Lewis, formerly president of the United Mine Workers of America. Lewis went "back to the mines" last Thursday, after having held office in the miners' organization for fourteen years—three years as secretary of the Ohio Miners, eight years as vice-president of the United Mine Workers of America and three years as president of that organization. The miners' former president has as his partner in the Wheeling Creek Mine, near his home, at Bridgeport, Ohio, where he is now employed, Syl Price, with whom he was paired when he left the mines fifteen years ago.

"My work as a miner is certainly easier than my work as president of the miners," said Lewis. "As president I worked fifteen hours a day. Now I work eight hours and my day's work is done, and I can pick coal as well today as I could fifteen years ago."

Lewis denied the report from Columbus that he would be a candidate for president of the Ohio Miners. He says he is not a candidate for any office.

Making Room.

From the Toledo Blade. "Party goons will be cut lower in the back this year." "Is that so? Then we'll have to make our belts narrower."

WITH THE NATURE FAKERS.

Garter Snake Stole Pussy's Milk, Quinine-Fed Hen Lays Briskly.

From the New York Herald. The mystery of the continued theft of milk left for the pet cat at the plant of the Bergen Point Iron Works, Avenue and Fifth street, Bayonne, was solved when the thief, a three-foot garter snake was caught in the act. As a kitten pussy was taken to the works by one of the employees, and she became a pet with the office force, who took turns seeing that she did not want for food. Every few hours a saucer filled with milk was placed on the floor for her, and she began to grow fat.

Three weeks ago it was noticed that pussy was getting thin, and the men wondered. The milk diet was doubted, but kitty got thinner. Thomas Quinn, one of the employees, decided to do some detective work. It was his turn to furnish the milk, and after he had filled kitty's saucer he hid behind the desk and watched. Pussy went at her milk voraciously, but she scarcely had tasted it before the snake came from a closet and rapidly crawled to the saucer. On its appearance the cat wildly dashed away and the snake slowly consumed all the milk its head coiled up over the saucer. Its appetite satisfied, the snake began making tracks for its nest when Quinn killed it. Kitty, it is expected, will regain her fat. Fright of the snake, the men believe, caused her decline as much as the loss of the milk.

Bloomfield (N. J.) Dispatch to New York Tribune.

A discovery by Mrs. Archibald De Camp, of North Park street, East Orange may or may not have settled the question of cheap eggs for future generations. Mr. De Camp, who relishes a fresh egg for breakfast, keeps three hens and a rooster, as his yard space is limited. The fowls are of the Brown Leghorn variety, and they have succeeded during the winter in keeping Mr. De Camp supplied with his favorite breakfast.

A week ago the best of the three hens became ill, stopped laying and moped around the back door with drooped head. Several remedies were tried, but were of no avail, and Mrs. De Camp, who is subject to malaria, before going to business last Thursday morning, took some two-grain quinine pills. It occurred to Mrs. De Camp that if quinine helped her husband it might help the sick hen. Taking a pellet from the bottle, she picked up the chicken, opened its bill and dropped the pellet down its throat. In less than two hours the chicken took on new life and became the liveliest one in the small flock. On Friday morning the chicken laid an egg and in the afternoon it laid a second one. Since that time the chicken gets its quinine pill every morning, and its keens on laying two eggs daily.

Mrs. De Camp says that if any one doubts this story he is at liberty to visit her home and watch the chickens.

From the New York American. Eastern Long Island is disturbed by the report that a nest of copperhead snakes has been discovered and that some of the deadly reptiles having escaped there is likelihood that some one may be bitten and die.

The foreman of a gang of men stump pulling on the extension of Hulse avenue Baiting Hollow, unearthed the snakes on Saturday, Joseph Bement, one of the workmen killed several of them, but some got away. This deadly species of snakes is very scarce on Long Island.

Oh, Yes, he Smiled but.—From the Kansas City Times.

A man alighted from a Brooklyn avenue car at Thirty-first street, and helped a boy of 7 or 8 years to alight. The child looked glum.

"Smile, child, smile," said the man, evidently its father. The boy did not cheer up, however, whereupon the father spoke again. "Smile," he said. "Smile, or I'll slap your head off."

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Fire Horses on Pension.

From the New York World. Spark and Flame, horses that have drawn the fire engine of Liberty Steamer company, Hackensack, N. J. for the past seventeen years, have been retired on a pension. When it was announced recently that Spark and Flame were to be sold members of the Liberty company asked the improvement commission to retire the horses and permit the company to pay board for them until their death. In compliance with their request the set of resolutions were drawn up, introduced by Commissioner James T. Hutchinson and signed by Mayor C. W. Bell.

The horses were particular favorites because of their love for children. John Terhune, who drove them for seventeen years, says he never used a whip on them.

A Charming Woman is one who is lovely in face, form, mind and temper. But his hard for a woman to be charming without health. A weak, sickly woman is not nervous and irritable. Constipated and kidney poisons show in pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. But Electric Bitters always prove a godsend to women who want health, beauty and friends. They regulate Stomach, Liver and Kidneys purify the blood; gives strong nerves bright eyes, pure breath, smooth, velvety skin, lovely complexion and perfect health. Try them, 50c. at J. G. Hall's.

FEES OF ATTORNEYS.

Interesting Case in New York Court Involving Contingent Compensation.

From the New York Sun. A contingent agreement to compensate attorneys in land or in money came before the appellate division of the supreme court in a suit of Thomas W. Butts and Albert W. Bailey, the attorneys, against Marie Julie Collins Carey, the client and others, to partition certain premises which became the client's property as a result of the suit in which the contingent agreement was signed. Upon the trial of the case the attorneys abandoned their claim to a right to the partition of the premises and asked to establish a lien on the property under their retainer. They got judgment for the entire amount of their services, but the appellate division sets it aside and orders a new trial.

In 1904 the attorneys, who were practicing as partners, were retained by Mrs. Collins to bring an action against her son, Charles H. Collins, to set aside a deed executed in 1885 to six lots in the Bronx. They took the case on a contingent basis, and were to receive nothing unless they recovered the property of some part thereof, or some part thereof. The agreement provided that "she shall and will pay, deliver, transfer, and convey to them, and they will accept as compensation in full for their services and counsel fees, one-fourth of any and all money or property which may or shall be paid." By the agreement the client also transferred to the attorneys one-fourth of the property for which she was suing, except two plots, and it was agreed upon adjudging the fee after including the house and lot where she lived, should be allowed to the judgment the improved property her, and if there was not a sufficient portion remaining to allow the attorneys one-fourth of the whole, they were to get the equivalent in cash.

The attorneys obtained an interlocutory judgment adjudging the property to be held by the son as trustee for their client and directing him to reconvey the property to his mother and give an accounting. Pending the accounting the client conveyed to her daughter 29,500 square feet of property, less a remainder of 29,700 square feet. When this deed came to the attention of the attorneys, they filed their suit for partition of the entire property and to have it adjudged that the conveyance was subordinate to their rights under the retainer, on the theory that the retainer constituted a conveyance of an undivided one-fourth of the premises. At this time they had not fully performed their services under the retainer, because they had not obtained a final judgment or reconveyance to their client by her son.

The trial court found that the conveyance by the client to her daughter was without consideration, and was executed and accepted in fraud of the rights of the attorneys, although the appellate division says there was no allegation of fraud upon which to base the conclusion. The client and her daughter contended that the mother's equality in the property she did not convey was ample to satisfy any lien of the attorneys. The trial court excluded evidence on this point on the ground that it was not germane to the issue. The higher court holds that this was error. Justice Laughlin, writing the appellate division opinion, says it is quite clear that the attorneys are not entitled to a decree of a court of equity adjudging that they have a lien against the part of the premises conveyed by the client's equity in the premises retained is of sufficient value to protect the attorneys' rights under the retainer. If there is any ambiguity in the agreement of the retainer, it is to be construed most strictly against the attorneys who drew it, the court said. The attorneys contended that the client did not have a right to make a selection of any part of the premises until they had agreed with respect to the fee to be charged, but Justice Laughlin says there is no force in this contention, and concludes: "The enforcement of the general agreement of retainer as herein sought by the respondent would be oppressive, and should not receive the sanction of a court of equity."

From the New York American.

French Historian Declares Emperor Fooled English With a Double. Mrs. B. C. Baskerville's Paris Correspondence in the New York World.

What if Napoleon never saw St. Helena? What if he fooled the English to the last and died, as he lived, a free man? "Absurd!" you exclaim. Tons of literature, written in every language of modern civilization, tell you he did die a prisoner on that rocky island. You believe in it as you believe in the Fourth of July or in Thanksgiving day. It is a hard, solid fact, which nobody ever doubts.

And yet a very distinguished French historian has been doubting it for years, and has searched proofs to back his doubts for a decade. Finally he has boldly declared to the world that history for once is wrong.

M. Ommessa, the historian in question, boldly declares that Napoleon I, after losing all on the field of Waterloo, refused to give himself up to the hated English, escaped to Italy, and instead of himself sent his double, Private Robeant, to St. Helena, in accordance with plans laid long beforehand. Gen. Bertrand, the friend of a lifetime, made the supreme sacrifice of accompanying Robeant to the island so as to blind the English to the trick being played on them. For seven years, according to Ommessa, the real Napoleon lived in Verona, selling spectacles to British travel-

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ers. At last the desire again to see his only son, whom he adored (or was it some new political plans in that restless brain?), got the better of his caution. The former emperor, the former conqueror of Europe, the hero of the finest army the world has ever seen, went to Vienna, where his little son was in care of Francis II, Austrian emperor, who had thought it an honor to call Napoleon son-in-law, and shot down like a dog while trying to climb the wall which divided him from his son.

Omessa, whose declarations have created a tremendous sensation throughout Europe, backs his statements with various documents. "They are not mere materials for a sensational historical romance," he said. "Neither are they published just to annoy the English. They record strange events known at the time of their happening to more than one Frenchman, but loyally kept secret by those who worshipped their emperor as a god. These facts are drawn from various sources. One witness is an Englishwoman, another an Italian, a third and Austrian—all enemies of Napoleon, who had no interest in believing him elsewhere than at St. Helena."

Helpless As a Baby. Valley Heights, Va.—Mrs. Jennie B. Kirby, in a letter from this place, says: "I was sick in bed for nine months, with womanly troubles. I was so weak and helpless, at times I couldn't raise my head off the pillow. I commenced to take Cardui, and I saw it was helping me, at once. Now, I can work all day. As a tonic for weak women, nothing has been found, for fifty years, that would take the place of Cardui. Try a bottle today. It will surely do you good."

An Indian Elopement. The dark clouds of war are not without occasional rays of sunshine. When the surrendered Indians were peacefully camped among the valley of the Yellowstone, there occurred one morning a great commotion in the camp of the Ogallallas, and the Indians were running in every direction anxiously looking for their most popular man, the head warrior Hump, who could nowhere be found. He was, physically, the finest type of the savage Indian that I have

ever seen. He was only 26 years old but his great activity and superior courage had made him a noted leader. The Indians were wild with excitement. They feared that some harm had befallen him and came to my headquarters to learn if I could give any information or assistance. Finally, after fruitless search it was reported that the belle of the neighboring Cheyenne camp was also missing. She was quite a noted beauty and the pride of the tribe. The relatives and friends, therefore, concluded that these children of nature had resolved to become companions for life. No formal announcement or license was required; no ceremony or music; no tears or cheers. They had quietly withdrawn from all their people. Beside the crystal waters of the Yellowstone, through the forests and fields, they wandered in blissful companionship together. After it was fully decided that it was a romance that had taken them away, their relatives immediately began to make or gather beautiful presents for them when they should return, and after some weeks they reappeared one morning before sunrise as mysteriously as they had departed.

From the New York Press. Charity hath no charity to let the giver off lightly. There's nothing a man can be prouder of than that his wife lets him buy his own ties. A man thinks a girl believes everything he tells her; she knows he believes everything she tells him. Hand organs in the street are much sweeter music than pianos in the next flat, because they move on. The most suspicious creature breathing the breath of human life is a man with an umbrella at a public welfare meeting.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

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