

KODOL
Weak Hearts

Are due to indigestion. Ninety-nine of every one hundred people who have heart trouble can remember when it was simple indigestion. It is a scientific fact that all cases of heart disease, not organic, are not only traceable to, but are the direct result of indigestion. All food taken into the stomach which fails of perfect digestion ferments and swells the stomach, putting it up against the heart. This interferes with the action of the heart, and in the course of time delicate but vital organs become diseased.

Kodol
Digests What You Eat

Mrs. Loring Nichols of Peen Yan, N. Y. writes: "After eating, my food would distress me by making my heart palpitate and I would become very weak. Finally I got a bottle of Kodol and it gave me immediate relief. After using a few bottles I am cured."

Kodol cures indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach disorders, and gives the heart a full, free and untrammelled action.

Bottles only \$1.00 Six bottles 5 1/2 times the trial size, which costs 60c.

PREPARED BY
E. C. DeWitt & Co.
Chicago

F. S. DUFFY

WRECKED BARKENTINE.

Captain Harding and Crew of the Stranded James H. Hamlin Arrive in New Bern, Tuesday. Wreck Hard and Fast on Lookout Shoals.

Capt. Harding, Master of the barkentine James H. Hamlin, which was wrecked Friday, on Cape Lookout shoals arrived in the city yesterday from Beaufort, along with the two mates and five seamen of the stranded ship.

The Hamlin was of Portland Me. and had cleared from Jacksonville, Fla. laden with railroad cross-ties, and was bound for New York City.

Capt. Harding stated to the Journal that Friday morning the wind was very light, that his ship was no more than drifting and that off Cape Lookout, with a flood tide standing ten miles off shore with nothing to indicate shoals, he was surprised to find the water rapidly shoaling.

Orders were immediately given to put the ship about, but the wind being so light, the efforts to do so were unavailing. At noon she struck being struck hard and fast aground.

Distress signals were made, and at 4:30 the crew from the life saving station answered. The captain and crew were taken off at 6 o'clock, but owing to the head sea and distance they did not get to Beaufort until 8 o'clock Sunday morning.

Eight souls were aboard at the time of stranding and all were saved, but the ship is a complete wreck. The cargo was valued at \$6,000, while the barkentine was worth \$10,000. There was no insurance.

The captain insists that if there had been a light ship off the shoals, or some other indication as there should have been, the accident could not have occurred.

It is said that a light ship has been appointed for that dangerous cape some time ago, but for some cause known only to red tape officials, has never been stationed.

The shipwrecked captain and crew will leave here today for Norfolk, and will make their way from there to Portland Me.

A Disappointed Fighter.

"The isn't so much of a fighter as he used to be."

"No. You see, he was always looking for some one who could whip him—at least that's what he said."

"Well?"

"Well, he found him."—Chicago Post

WHEN BABY IS COMING
USE
Mother's Friend.

Woman's greatest dream of beauty and glory is when nature has chosen her to become a mother. Every faculty is keenly alert and her nature the finest as she foresees the joy, the ambition, the success and the life-long satisfaction coming, coming, coming, day by day, in the dear and innocent being so soon to see light, and the very uncertainty whether she shall see a sweet girl face or a brave boy face beside her on the pillow, adds to her expectancy. Then, if ever, she should take care of her physical, mental and moral health.

MOTHER'S FRIEND applied externally throughout pregnancy will relieve the pain of parturition, and no mother and child can fail to be healthy, hearty, strong, clear complexioned, pure blooded, calm tempered and cheerful in disposition, who are nurtured and influenced by nature by the scientific use of **Mother's Friend.**

Dr. Williams' "Motherhood" method from **THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.**
ATLANTA, GA.

Thurman Items.

Prospects are good for an average crop of cotton, corn and potatoes, in this vicinity. The cotton crop bid fair for an extra yield till the frequent heavy rains, which has caused it to shed a great many of its bolls and now farmers will be satisfied to get an average yield.

The tobacco farmers are very much discouraged and do not seem inclined to undertake to raise another three cent crop.

We had a thunder storm on Sunday with but little rain. The lightning cut off a limb six inches in diameter from a tree on the county road in front of G. L. Harrison's store and did not touch the tree elsewhere. This is a freak of lightning display not usually seen.

Rev. J. H. M. Giles, the pastor of the Methodist church at Blotwood, has just closed a very successful series of meetings. The membership was greatly revived and several professions of faith in Christ. Six were added to the church. Bro. W. H. Pickett, one of our former pastors, assisted in the meeting and for the past seven days he has preached fourteen sabbath stirring sermons.

Mrs. Della Banks, a young lady of seventeen, died Sunday at 11 o'clock of heavy consumption, after an illness of about two months. Her remains were put on the train at Thurman Monday morning and taken to Pollockville for burial. The remains were accompanied by relatives and friends, and her pastor Rev. J. H. M. Giles.

Quite a number of visitors attended the services on Sunday. Among whom we noticed, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bray, and Mr. Mrs. Fred Bray and children.

We enjoyed having them worship with us once more, as they are our friends and for many years were our neighbors, living near this place. During their stay they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Harrison.

Mr. E. F. Caraway, wife and son, and Miss Ball of Adam's Creek, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Conner.

Miss Pearl Taylor, the talented organist and singer of Harlowe church was with us during our services and rendered us efficient services. She is visiting her aunt Mrs. J. W. Conner.

Master Edwin Richardson of New Bern spent Saturday and Sunday with schoolmates at Thurman, returning to his home Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. J. Eda Rodgers and children of Norfolk Va. are paying an extended visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith.

Mr. Jas. P. Fisher and family have moved to New Bern, Mr. Fisher having accepted a position with the Elm City Lumber Co.

Miss Sadie Conner who has been sick for the past several weeks with typhoid fever, is now up and improving rapidly.

Aunt Sarah.

Has Sold a Pile of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for more than twenty years and it has given entire satisfaction. I have sold a pile of it and can recommend it highly.—JOS. J. McLENNAN, Linton, Iowa. You will find this remedy a good friend when troubled with a cough or cold. It always affords quick relief and is pleasant to take. For sale by all Druggists.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Want Always Bought
Beware of cheap imitations.
Signature of **W. C. Little**

Narrow Escape.

While crossing Pollock street on George, riding his wheel, Monday night, Mr. G. H. Waters was knocked from his seat and palatally hurt by the wires of the arc light, which were hanging across the street. It seems that the person employed to trim the light was there and had lowered the lamp but gave no signal or intimation of its being lowered, and in the darkness Mr. Waters did not see the danger.

It was careless of the trimmer, and it was very fortunate that Mr. Waters was not killed by coming in contact with the wires.

Fort Barnwell Farmers Meet.

The Farmers and Merchants of Fort Barnwell community met at Fort Barnwell Saturday afternoon August 29th and organized a Farmers Protective Association. B. B. Wooten was elected permanent chairman, M. D. Lane, Secretary, L. S. Harper, Treasurer; H. T. Crook, Chaplain; John Biddle, W. M. Borwick, and E. P. Hartly, executive committee.

J. W. Lane was called upon for a speech. He responded in an earnest appeal to the farmer and merchant stating that their interests were closely associated and that they should come together in a solid body and organize for their mutual protection.

The meeting was well attended and every one present exhibited an unusual amount of that fire that is so perceptible in the eye of the farmer when he feels that he has been imposed upon by his superior fellowman, speaking from a financial standpoint. The farmer falls not to realize that he controls the world that controls the misdeeds of the world. Why is it that he fails to assert his authority.

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Base Ball at Cove.

"The Laurels" won by Cove on July 24th have been changed to "Willows" Brown and Berv.

The first time Lima played Cove, the former suffered defeat on account of Cove's attack from Trenton, Lima's battery was also weak.

On August 14 they played again, Lima being strengthened by friends from New Bern team. The game was witnessed by many anxious faces, some from the Mountains, the Metropolitan, and the seashore of the old North State, and the score was 12 to 9 in favor of Lima New Bern being too much for Trenton.

Then a challenge came from Cove to Lima to play with no allies on either side. So August 23 they met in the struggle for supremacy.

"The game was quiet and interesting. There seemed no doubt as to the result as the 6th inning Lima was 6 to 1, but on the 6th inning Cove's signals batter away his massive form and landed the ball in a neighboring corn field making 4 straight scores for Cove but not without standing this partial success for Cove the game proved a "Duel" to them, and the red headed pitcher as Cove called him was a "Zylippus" with his unerring catch.

The score was 19 to 7 in favor of Lima.

So Lima has this time won her laurels without any outside help.

Never were more hospitable people toward those who had defeated them, than were those at Cove.

Their hospitality was of the true North Carolina type, and no more chivalrous hearts beat than the bright of Cove.

A Witness.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat

FOR THE CHILDREN

Chinese Nursery Play.

A great commotion, and there is nothing at all in the house to eat. The host asks, "Where shall we get meat for our guests to eat?"

The reply is, "Let us kill the cat."

"No," speaks up the cat. "I can see all night; I can catch mice. The dog is an idle fellow who only knows how to bark. Kill him."

"No," speaks up the dog. "I guard the house and keep away thieves. The master cannot do without me. Go and kill the silly sheep. The sheep must always be cared for and can neither bark nor bite."

"No," speaks up the sheep. "I bear wool from which warm clothing is made. What would men do for winter hats if I was gone? Kill the stupid cow, whose milk is not an inch long and who has much more flesh than I."

"No," speaks up the cow. "I draw the plow which prepares the earth for rice, and the master would starve were it not for me. I would be spared. Go to the lion. The lion is a wild beast and our enemy. Kill the lion."

"No," says the host, "for it is the lion who is our guest. It is for him we want the meat!"

At this moment the lion comes out and gives a big roar, at which all the animals run away, and the poor lion is left with nothing to eat.—Small Folks.

A Wonderful Memory.

Ross MacGregor, Chilton, Wis., aged fourteen, we are told by a Chicago paper, has learned by rote every word in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary from A to Z, including the definitions, derivations, spelling, pronunciation and synonyms. Ross entered school when but three years old and at the age of six passed from the kindergarten to the sixth grade. Mathematics or studies requiring great mental effort are mastered by him with astonishing ease, and selections of poetry or prose become fixed in his mind at a single reading.

At the age of ten he memorized the whole of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," reciting it without a halt at the end of two hours' study. At a teachers' institute in Chilton three years ago, when Ross was eleven, an instructor read to the assembly a selection from Huxley and then unexpectedly asked if any one present could repeat any part of it from the single reading. Without faltering or making the slightest error Ross gave the selection, much to the surprise of the instructor, who then tried him with a dozen or more extracts from different authors, with the same result.

Such stories are hard to believe, but this one comes well credited.—American Boy.

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Middle aged men can remember that when they were boys in the days before baseball became so popular—in fact, when that game was almost unknown—they used to play "one hole cat," a game from which some say baseball was originally derived.

There is an old Scottish game of much the same name as the popular game of the streets, but which is considerably different in the way it is played. The game is called "cat in the hole," and, old as it is, it is capable of affording good sport yet.

In playing this game six shallow holes are dug rather near together than the bases in baseball and arranged so as to form a diamond. In the center stands a boy with a ball in his hand.

At each hole is a boy with a stick, one end of which he rests in the hole he is guarding. When the boy with the ball sings out, "Cat in the hole," all the other boys change places.

As they do so the boy with the ball tries to throw it into one of the holes before any boy gets his stick into it. If he succeeds the boy who is slow in changing and finds the ball in the hole before his stick is out. He then has to take the ball himself.

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In Malaya the natives keep a record of time in the following way:

Floating in a bucket filled with water they placed a coconut shell having a small perforation, through which by slow degrees the water found its way inside. This opening was so proportioned that it took just one hour for the shell to fill and sink. Then a watchman called out the shell was emptied, and they began again.

Such trifles as minutes and seconds were not heeded on the peninsula. Fancy any one asking the time in Malaya and being told the coconut shell was half full!

There was a young girl of Malaya who inquired the time of the day. Said the watchman, "Well, well, by my coconut shell."

"Is half afternoon, I should say."

Thought Heater Too Warm.

We Harold was spending the afternoon in the suburbs with a friend of his mamma's who had chickens.

The child was much attracted to the chicken yard and particularly to a large rooster that kept snapping his wings and crowing quite frequently. Finally he went to his mamma and, with a trembling voice, said:

"Mamma, the poor old rooster is awfully warm. He keeps fanning himself and making a big noise. Won't you give me some ice water for him?"

The Beautiful Star.

Whoever you are
That watches your night and day,
Whatever you do
The clouds it looks through
To listen to what you say,
Whenever you're bad
That star is sad,
But when you are very good,
Whoever you are,
That wonderful star
Just sings, as an angel should!

A Purgative Pleasure.

If you ever took Dr. Williams' Little Early Bitters for biliousness or constipation you know what a purgative pleasure is. These famous little pills cleanse the liver and rid the system of bile without producing unpleasant effects. They do not grip, sicken or weaken, but give tone and strength to the digestive organs involved. W. H. Howell of Houston, Tex., says: "No better pills can be used than Little Early Bitters for constipation, sick headache, etc." Sold by F. S. Duffy.

A VISION.

We were on our way from northern Germany to Paris, my wife and I.

We decided to stop at the next town, seek better conveniences for repose than our railway coach afforded and again pursue our journey in the morning.

Somewhat to my surprise, the guide-book mentioned our out of the way town and named its dozen of hotels and pensions. One of the latter we chose.

Here we were beamingly received by the proprietor of the pension, much indeed as if we were long looked for guests.

Madame wore an old black silk dress which still bore the stamp of its Parisian origin. She carried a bunch of keys which she jingled as she talked.

Yes, madame had rooms, two of them. There was a large one, with a smaller one adjoining. She would show them to us.

Very modest appearing apartments they were that we were shown into, yet upon the subject of their faded paperings and unstable upholstery madame was eloquent.

I managed to understand the drift of her discourse, madame's expressive gestures explaining much of her fluent French, but what was this about "biond hair, the light of the moon and the perfume of flowers?"

What could madame mean? But that lady was now bowing herself away before her admiring audience, and a small boy bearing our baggage entered and I looked at my wife.

"Evidently they mean us to have these rooms," I said.

My wife did not answer. Suddenly she began:

"Long ago a beautiful maiden occupied this chamber, and here her lover was in the habit of visiting her, bringing with him bouquets of heliotrope, the maiden's favorite flower. One day as she rested upon a couch awaiting his arrival her lover stole in and presented her with a bouquet. As the maiden bent her head to inhale the fragrance her false lover thrust a dagger in her neck and fled, leaving down her long hair over the wound."

"The room is said to be still the scene of the maiden's visitation."

In the course of our travels I had become used to my wife's random readings from the guidebook.

"This room," she explained with enthusiasm.

The romantic tale in connection with our chamber must have excited my wife's imagination, for she sat upon the little lounge and gazed out on the gathering dusk until the moonlight began to cast faint shadows upon the lawn below.

"How delightful it would be to meet a ghost!" mused my wife.

I did not want to seem unsympathetic, so I stifled a yawn and with all the interest I could summon responded:

"Yes."

"If you should display such animation on meeting one I'm sure the ghost would cut you immediately after the introduction."

I was soon asleep.

In the night I awoke and found my room flooded with moonlight. A ray from the moon had probably fallen upon my face and awakened me; that or something else.

I turned uneasily in my bed. My mind seemed possessed with a strange idea. Some one was in the room.

I was conscious of a subtle fragrance permeating the air. It was the odor of heliotrope. I recalled the story of the guidebook, and I instinctively turned my eyes to the couch by the window.

A woman lay resting on the couch, the moonlight falling upon her white dress and on her long, light hair that hung on the floor.

I had just nerved myself to rise when I sunk back again on my bed, for there was a movement upon the couch. The figure stood for a moment, as if in hesitancy, and then softly and rapidly moved toward my wife's room.

I sprang up, though without a thought as to my proceedings.

I kept my eyes upon the phantom all the time, it had now reached my wife's bed.

But my wife did not lie there.

The idea that had so feebly chained my thought now seized me with conviction. My eyes at once traveled from the empty pillow to the figure beside the bed—none other than my wife!

The truth flashed upon me—my wife was asleep. Leaving her quietly, I went back to my bed.

The next morning I stood by the little couch, the sun's rays mercilessly exposing every rip and threadbare spot. My wife came in, and I told her the story.

"It is certain, though," said I when I had done, "that I distinctly smelled heliotrope in the room."

"So you did undoubtedly smell and shall again," said my wife meaningly as we left our rooms, followed by the man with our bags.

In the garden below was madame watering her flowers. I smiled at my wife's knowingsness as my eyes fell upon the bed of heliotrope flourishing near the window of the room I had occupied.

Half an hour later we had resumed our journey, my wife with a bit of heliotrope between the leaves of her guidebook.

THE RIDICULOUS WOMAN.

How She Is Viewed by a Guest at a Summer Hotel.

"Of all the funny guests in a summer hotel none is more ridiculous than the woman who has left all her best clothes at home," remarked the thoughtful girl to her best friend.

"Why she should make it a point to leave behind her all her sweet gowns and pack only her ordinary ones is never quite clear. She never can explain it satisfactorily. In fact, she says, 'I don't know what I was thinking of not to bring the best part of my wardrobe.' The rest of the guests at the table wink slyly at one another and encourage the poor woman to talk about the finery she has left behind her. 'Yes, indeed,' she says; 'I had the sweetest little shirt waist for morning wear that I meant to put in. My dressmaker made it just before I came away, and it's so provoking of me to forget it!'

"In the evening she appears in a pretty dainty gown and at once says apologetically: 'Dear me, I simply had to put on this rag of a gown because I neglected to pack my silk mill. It's a beauty, too, hand embroidered and very becoming, they tell me.'

"The number of things that this woman has left at home is wonderful. If she had brought them all six trunks would have been filled to the brim. There are shirt waist suits, myriads of elegant hose, walking suits, bathing suits, rain coats, muslins, organdies, brilliantines, white flannel suits, automobile gowns, chiffon hats, alpine hats and downer hats. Then there are feather boas, all kinds of gloves, slippers and enough jewelry to start a jewelry shop. To hear her talk one would imagine that she was a multimillionaire.

"She always makes these remarks about her left behind toilet in a lofty way, as if it were the height of bad taste for any one to have nice gowns at this particular hotel. She says: 'I wish I had brought my nice things, but there is hardly the opportunity to wear such things here. I like to see a woman dressed appropriately, don't you know?'

"Yes, my dear, I am talking from experience, for one of these creatures is staying at this very hotel, and half the time she amuses me and half the time she irritates me. I wish you'd brought down your swell gowns just to show her a thing or two."—New York Times.

Absent Minded Lord Derby.

Lord Derby could be very absent minded, and once on a time he walked with Lord Clarendon, his opponent, and told him all the secrets of the cabinet. Lord Clarendon listened amazed, but thought it too large an order when he was asked for his advice. It was not for him to counsel his political foe. At this intimation Lord Derby woke up, saying, "Really, I thought all the time I was talking to a colleague!" He had continued, hardly recognizing the fact, a controversy he had been having with other ministers at the foreign office. Of course Lord Clarendon honorably preserved the cabinet secrets, but he held his story against Lord Derby and made a laugh.

GO RIGHT AT IT.

Police Officer Lupton Points Out The Proper Way

Don't plaster an aching back.
Don't wait for somebody to find a cure.
Backache is kidney ache.
Shows the kidneys are sick.
Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys.
Don't waste time
Go right at it.
A New Bern man you know tells how.

O Lupton, one of the best known policemen of New Bern, of 135 East Front street, says: "We think Doan's Kidney Pills are all right. I have tried them and can recommend them highly. My back and kidneys troubled for quite a while. The trouble was right across the middle of my back, which seems to be the weakest part about me. I tried plasters and other remedies but none of them soothed like Doan's Kidney Pills which I obtained at the Bradshaw Pharmacy. They are a good pill and I will not hesitate to say so to anyone."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents a box. Foster-McLure Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

THE CANDLES OF FUGET SOUND.

Very queer fish are caught in the waters of Fugot sound. One kind is called the candlefish. It is dried and packed in boxes like candles. We are told the fishermen use them to light their homes and that at one time all the boats on the sound used them instead of sperm oil lamps. By putting the heads of the fish downward in a candlestick and lighting the tail, which, in conjunction with the backbone, acts as a wick, it burns like a candle. They get this fish, and when cooking it is as fat as lard itself.

ECZEMA SETS THE SKIN ON FIRE

No disease causes so much bodily discomfort, or itches, and burns like eczema. Beginning often with a slight redness of the skin it gradually spreads, followed by pustules or blisters from which a gummy, sticky fluid oozes which dries and scales off or forms hard looking sores and scabs. It appears on different parts of the body but oftentimes upon the back, arms, hands, legs and face, and is a veritable torment at times, especially at night or when overheated.

The cause of Eczema is a too acid and general unhealthy condition of the blood. The terrifying itching and burning is produced by the overflow through the glands and pores of the skin of the fiery poisons which the blood-current is overloaded. While external applications, such as washes, soaps, salves and powders are soothing and cooling they do not enter into the blood itself or touch the real cause of the disease, but S. S. S. does, and purifies, enriches, and strengthens the thin acid blood and cleanses and builds up the general system, when the skin clears off and Eczema with all its terrifying symptoms disappears.

Send for our free book on the Skin and its diseases. No charge for medical advice.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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How She Is Viewed by a Guest at a Summer Hotel.

"Of all the funny guests in a summer hotel none is more ridiculous than the woman who has left all her best clothes at home," remarked the thoughtful girl to her best friend.

"Why she should make it a point to leave behind her all her sweet gowns and pack only her ordinary ones is never quite clear. She never can explain it satisfactorily. In fact, she says, 'I don't know what I was thinking of not to bring the best part of my wardrobe.' The rest of the guests at the table wink slyly at one another and encourage the poor woman to talk about the finery she has left behind her. 'Yes, indeed,' she says; 'I had the sweetest little shirt waist for morning wear that I meant to put in. My dressmaker made it just before I came away, and it's so provoking of me to forget it!'

"In the evening she appears in a pretty dainty gown and at once says apologetically: 'Dear me, I simply had to put on this rag of a gown because I neglected to pack my silk mill. It's a beauty, too, hand embroidered and very becoming, they tell me.'

"The number of things that this woman has left at home is wonderful. If she had brought them all six trunks would have been filled to the brim. There are shirt waist suits, myriads of elegant hose, walking suits, bathing suits, rain coats, muslins, organdies, brilliantines, white flannel suits, automobile gowns, chiffon hats, alpine hats and downer hats. Then there are feather boas, all kinds of gloves, slippers and enough jewelry to start a jewelry shop. To hear her talk one would imagine that she was a multimillionaire.

"She always makes these remarks about her left behind toilet in a lofty way, as if it were the height of bad taste for any one to have nice gowns at this particular hotel. She says: 'I wish I had brought my nice things, but there is hardly the opportunity to wear such things here. I like to see a woman dressed appropriately, don't you know?'

"Yes, my dear, I am talking from experience, for one of these creatures is staying at this very hotel, and half the time she amuses me and half the time she irritates me. I wish you'd brought down your swell gowns just to show her a thing or two."—New York Times.

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