

**KODOL**  
Digests What You Eat

# Weak Hearts

Are due to indigestion. Ninety-nine out 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, puffing it up against the heart. This interferes with the action of the heart, and in the course of time delicate but vital organ becomes diseased.

**Kodol**  
Digests What You Eat

Mrs. Loring Nichols of Pen 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 50¢. The trial size, which sells for 50¢.

PREPARED BY  
**E. C. Dewitt**  
Chicago

**F. S. DUFFY**

**Speeches of Men.**  
You may search through the annals of all time, and the speeches of men will tell the passions of the periods during which they flourished. The speeches of the ancients that have been preserved through the ages present to us our strongest and most important history of the past. They constitute the living sentiment of the literature of fame. In all the mighty tumults of war, the tranquil periods of peace and the convulsive shocks of revolution the orator stands in clear relief as impressive and enduring as the soldier. The great speeches of the great men of antiquity are in the mouth of the schoolboy. He cannot know Greece without Demosthenes. He cannot know Rome without Cicero. Still the stenographers of these centuries were unlike the stenographers of this, and so it will always remain a lasting regret that many of the most brilliant utterances of ancient oratory and wit have never been recorded.—Schoolmaster.

**CASTORIA.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*

**Cute Boy.**  
Widow Eames—How would my little Johnny like a new papa?  
Johnny (aged five)—Oh, you needn't shove the 'spostibility on me, ma. It isn't a new papa for me, but a new husband for yourself, that you are thinking about.

For sick headache try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets; they will ward off the attack if taken in time. For sale by all druggists.

**Distance Leads Enchantment.**  
In one of Mr. Chase's classes in painting was a young chap who could not paint pictures much better than he could save money, and the allowance given to him by his father was very often gone before he knew it. One day—Mr. Chase was talking to the class on the subject of perspective, and this particular student did not appear to get the idea very clearly. "To make it plain Mr. Chase went back to the rudiments to get a good start."  
"You understand," he said, "that the farther you get away from any object the smaller it appears?"  
The young fellow shook his head.  
"No," he replied doubtfully, "I'm not so sure about that."  
Mr. Chase was provoked and not a little surprised at such ignorance and said no.  
"It's all right as to some things," responded the student, "but not all. Now, there's a ten dollar bill. The farther I get away from that the bigger it appears."

**Beautiful Thoughts**  
The sweet, pure breath of the babe is suggestive of innocence and health. Some infants are as light and delicate as the modest flower, some are strong and hardy, some are frail and sickly.

**Mother's Friend**  
It is popularly used. It is a pleasant, easily administered and for external use only. No child, no excitement, merely a pain reliever and balsam.

It is the only medicine that is so gently administered to the child, and it is so effective in relieving the child of all its ailments, such as colic, teething, and all other ailments of infancy.

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**SHERIFF BIDDLE'S REPLY.**  
Says That He Did Have Notice of a Proposed Attack on Jail From Sheriff Taylor.

Mr. Editor—In order that the public may know the facts in regard to a raid on the Naval Reserves to protect the jail on last Wednesday night, I will state why I did so.

On my return from the upper part of the county about dark, I was told by one of my deputies that a phone message had been received from Sheriff Taylor of Jones county advising me to "look out, that there was a move on foot to storm the jail and release the prisoner Dixon."

Having received this message from an officer supposed to be fully informed of what was being done, I considered it my duty to make all necessary preparation for the reception of any mob that might attack the jail, and in order to do this, applied to Lieut. Bradham who very kindly and willingly wired the Governor and having received a favorable reply gave the necessary orders, to his officers and men and were ready for the expected attack at about 8 o'clock.

After posting his men, the Lieutenant and I went to the phone and called up Sheriff Taylor at Trenton.

The Sheriff in answer to my question said that he had "received a letter advising him that there was an effort being made to get up this mob, and that a very suspicious character by the name of Jno. Andrews was supposed to be the leader and that he had left Trenton coming towards New Bern." This man was arrested here during the night in a drunken condition and placed in the city "lock up."

These are the facts in the case and I leave it to the public to judge as to whether or not I acted unadvisedly or hastily.

I can exonerate fully the Naval Reserves from the charges which Sheriff Taylor's communication seems to imply. They were called out at my request and placed at my command. It was unnecessary and unwise to make these preparations, I must be blamed and not the Naval Reserves.

**J. W. BIDDLE,**  
Sheriff.

**COMMANDER DANIEL'S VERSION**  
Explains by What Authority he Called out His Command and Stays Indignant at the Stares of Sheriff Taylor.

Mr. Editor—Sheriff Taylor seems from the ignorance of the law displayed in his article, in your columns yesterday, to be trying to shift the blame which is justly attached to him for inciting upon his county the expense incident to calling upon the military, to protect his prisoners, from unlawful mob violence, and justly should his county condemn him for so hastily and without a thorough investigation of the facts, call upon Sheriff Biddle to "look out for mob violence and arrange to protect his prisoners."

He seems to be after making a little political "cawl" to help him out next time, by stirring the Naval Reserves, and he convicts himself by his contrary statements in his article.

The military law is laid down very explicitly and no calls are made by any companies for "frottoes."

Acting upon the written request of Sheriff Biddle, I ordered Lieut. Bradham to assemble his Division and report as speedily as possible to the jail and place himself at the disposal of the Sheriff. I at once notified the Governor, and have his approval of my acts.

I want to congratulate Lieut. Bradham for the promptness with which he complied with my order, and the strict military manner in which he and his men handled the situation. Consequently the stuns of Sheriff Taylor only rest upon himself and display his ignorance.

**TOM O. DANIELS,**  
Comdr. Comd. Naval Brigade,  
N. C. N. G.

**They All Saw It Move.**  
Mrs. Burton, with her husband, Sir Richard Burton, the famous traveler, and two ladies, had driven out of Trent to a village dance and were sitting in the carriage listening to the band. In telling of it she said:  
Suddenly, at the top of a roof, I caught sight of a rat, which appeared to me to be spellbound by the music.

"Look!" I said. "Don't move, but watch that rat fascinated by the music."

So we all sat and watched it and thought it most interesting that rats should be susceptible to music like birds and snakes.

We all saw it move. We all saw its head turn and its tail move, and we kept still, not to frighten it away. The next day, feeling so much interested in the affair, we went to inquire about it. The rat, it turned out, was made of painted tin and fixed to the top of the house. So much for imagination.

**A Night Substitution.**  
A Canadian university man is entertaining his home circle with the following story: He was touring in 830 and last summer, one Sunday morning he put his little hammer in his pocket (he is an amateur geologist) and, strolling out upon the hills, began to chit off such specimens of rock as interested him. A native passing by looked on with a frown. "Sir," he said, "do you ken yer 'breakin' more than stones there?" "Breakin' the Sabbath, eh?" said the young Canadian, with a laugh, and to appease the Scot, he put away the hammer and walked a little way with him. A turn of the road revealed the ruins of a castle. "What castle is that?" said the stranger. "It's noo the day," was the severe reply, "to be speakin' sic things."—London Outlook.

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**HOW HE WAS CURED**  
Henry Grumble deserved his name. He grumbled at the way his wife managed the household; he grumbled over the service of his meals and snarled about the way his wife attended to his clothing and always complained that the baby cried incessantly.

Mrs. Grumble's brother Tom decided that it was time to stop this state of affairs, and one night Mr. Grumble came home and encountered an old man whom his wife introduced as Uncle Tompkins. This hitherto unheard of uncle proved himself extremely peevish and irascible from the start.

"Grumble," said he, "I wish you'd stop that creaking of your chair. My nerves are so weak, and if you could keep your children upstairs their racket wouldn't disturb me so much. I really don't know how I am going to stand that baby's noise."

Mrs. Grumble, who was poking the fire, in accordance with her uncle's petulant request, said nothing, but smiled quietly.

"Well," remarked Uncle Tompkins, "all babies are noisy. And, by the way, Grumble, I wish you would oil the hinges of that squeaking door. And I don't like the smell of that geranium in the window. Hallo! You haven't any top button on your shirt front! I hope my niece isn't a careless wif!"

"Not at all," said Mr. Grumble nervously, "but the care of her child and housekeeping duties absorb a great deal of her time. The instant she finds leisure she will look to my clothes."

"I don't see how a woman can spend her whole time keeping house and looking after a pack of children," observed Uncle Tompkins incredulously.

About 10 o'clock the old gentleman was ushered to the spare room, accompanied by a procession of medicine vials, a tub of hot water, woolen dressing robes and heated blankets for his feet, and his absence occasioned very general relief.

"What an insufferable old duffer that is!" exclaimed Mr. Grumble, throwing himself, with a sigh of satisfaction, into his favorite seat once more. "My dear Bessie, how could you endure his fault finding?"

"I am accustomed to that, Henry. It is a lesson that most married women are obliged to learn," replied Mrs. Grumble, with a slight sigh.

Her husband pricked up his ears a little uneasily. "Accustomed to it? What did she mean?"

It was not possible—it could not be possible—that he was like that odious old Uncle Tompkins, and yet he wished Bessie had not spoken in that way. Somehow it made him feel very uncomfortable. Three days passed away, Uncle Tompkins growing more intolerable the whole time, while Mr. Grumble improved the occasion by making a sort of looking glass of that worthy old gentleman.

"Upon—my—word," he said to himself, "I must have made a perfect nuisance of myself all these years. Why didn't somebody tell me of it?"

At length Uncle Tompkins went away, flannel robe, medicine bottle and all, and on the evening of the same day Tom Carlton arrived from a temporary absence, nobody knew where.

"So uncle has been visiting you?" he said gaily to Mr. Grumble.

"Yes," said the latter, with a slight grimace.

"What sort of a looking man is he?"

Mr. Grumble was silent for a moment.

"Do you know," he exclaimed, bursting into a perplexed laugh, "I couldn't describe a single feature of his face. He was always enveloped, like an Egyptian mummy, in a silk handkerchief, something like that one you have in your hand."

"The most intolerable fault finder I ever met with, absolutely the most disagreeable man who ever cumbered the earth! I don't see how it is possible to growl at everything as he did."

"That's not an uncommon thing, I believe," observed Tom, demurely smiling.

"Very likely," said his brother-in-law emphatically, "but his visit has been productive of at least one effect. It has completely cured me of any tendency I might have had that way. I for one mean to leave off grumbling."

"I'm happy to hear it, Nephew Grumble," exclaimed the old man, who, the victimized man started up in dismay, hardly believing the testimony of his senses as Tom twisted the silk handkerchief skillfully round his head and bent himself nearly double, with an asthmatic sound between a groan and a grunt.

"Why, you don't mean to say that you are Uncle Tompkins?" exclaimed Mr. Grumble.

"Pardon me, Henry," said Tom, smiling, "but I saw that you had unobscurely become a habitual grumbler, and I judged that the best antidote was a faithful representation of your own fallings. Was I right?"

His brother-in-law was half inclined to be angry, but thought better of it.

"Shake hands, Tom," said he, "I've no irrelevant yams to scamp, but I forgive you. At all events the cure is complete."

And so Bessie found it.

**AN OLD Campaign Souvenir.**  
James L. Yates, a policeman in Oxford, Ala., has recently come into possession of one of the famous "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" handkerchiefs used during the presidential campaign which resulted in the election of William Henry Harrison and John Tyler as president and vice president of the United States. The souvenir came into the possession of Mrs. Yates' grandmother sixty years ago, who preserved it till her death a short time since.

**A Scientific Discovery.**  
Kodol Dyspepsia Cure does for the stomach that which it is unable to do for itself, even when but slightly disordered or over loaded. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure supplies the natural juices of digestion and does the work of the stomach, relaxing the nervous tension, while the inflamed muscles of that organ are allowed to rest and heal. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and enables the stomach and digestive organs to transform all food into rich, red blood. Sold by F. S. Duffy.

**PEOPLE OF THE DAY**  
An Advocate of Euthanasia.

Rarely has a public utterance evoked so much criticism as has greeted the remarkable euthanasia theory advanced by the Rev. Dr. Merle St. Croix Wright, pastor of the Lenox Avenue Unitarian church, New York. It was while addressing the New York State Medical association that Mr. Wright made his startling declaration. His contention was that humanity should demand that the man or woman suffering from an agonizing and incurable disease, such as cancer, should find relief in painless death at the hands of the physician. He, however, admits that his theory is a dream which may never be put into practice.

By many of those who read his remarkable speech it was supposed that the clergyman had said actually more than he really intended and that he would on reflection modify his views. But in a subsequent interview he said that he had not in the least altered his opinions.

"I have nothing to change in my utterances," he said. "I hold that the physician has the right to decide the question of life or death. It is no part of the divine law that man should suffer beyond his strength or that he should suffer when his life cannot be saved. A future age may show us the fallacy of old established rules."

**REV. MERLE ST. CROIX WRIGHT.**

**Mr. Washington and Erasmus.**  
Booker T. Washington in his arraignment of those of whom he disapproves is so sincere and frank and unscrupulously amusing. The last time Mr. Washington was in New York he met an old friend, a strong fellow, begging.

"Well, Erasmus, I'm surprised at this," said Mr. Washington, with a frown. The other, confused, tried to explain.

"You can't explain to me. You are big enough and strong enough to work, and here you are begging. You can't explain that," said Mr. Washington.

"Well, Ah's got to live," said the other humbly.

"There's not the least necessity for that," said Mr. Washington severely.

**Sulzer a Librettist.**  
Congressman Sulzer was received with cheers when he appeared at Democratic headquarters in New York at the beginning of the municipal campaign. "I hope they'll get him to talk," said one bystander. "Good talker, is he?" inquired a young visitor from down east. "Good talker?" echoed the first speaker. "Why, he's got more language than anybody. Man alive, he's the man that wrote the libretto for the dictionary!"

**Against Strenuous Life For Women.**  
At the Illinois state convention of women's clubs recently held in Cairo Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, president of the Chicago Woman's club and formerly president of the National Federation, deplored the drift of club work and toward sensationalism. She pleaded with the delegates to stop prescribing cures for civic ills, to relinquish the

**MRS. ELLIEN M. HENROTTIN.**

Leadership of reform movements and to direct their attention to art, literature and religion.

Mrs. Henrotin preached the gospel of man for his world and women for hers. Her arraignment of woman's clubs for fostering sensationalism and her suggestion that the time had come for women to stop trespassing in man's field of work provoked a storm. Women's position throughout the rest of the world, she urged, was co-ordinate, but American women had been forced into a different condition by the business activity of men.

"Now, what I want to know is this," said she, "are not women by their intense activity weakening men? I want to know how far this strenuous life works against sane action. There is a growing tendency among women's clubs to care for nothing which does not present a spectacular or sensational aspect. I say this for the good of the club movement."

**A Good Name.**  
From a personal experience I testify that DeWitt's Little Early Risers are unexcelled as a liver pill. They are rightly named because they give strength and energy and do their work with ease.—W. T. Easton, Boerne, Tex. Thousands of people are using these tiny little pills in preference to all others, because they are so pleasant and effectual. They cure biliousness, torpid liver, jaundice, sick headache, constipation, etc. They do not purge and weaken, but cleanse and straighten. Sold by F. S. Duffy.

**WORKING OFF A GROUCH.**  
The Operations of a Curious Phase of Human Nature.

John was grouchy and cross and found fault with his dinner. His wife surveyed him calmly.

"I know there is some reason for your—your—what shall I call it? Well, for your unhappy frame of mind," she said. "Probably things have gone wrong at the office, but why should you come home to work off your anger on me? I'm not to blame in the slightest. It's a curious trait of human nature that when one is turned around and whipped somebody else."

"I suppose that trait was left out of your nature," remarked John sarcastically.

"No, indeed," replied his wife. "When things go wrong in the kitchen I am rather inclined to sulk the children. If you reprimand me for extravagance, my impulse is to fuss with the first person I meet. If I have been out calling and return home late to dinner, I feel very much inclined to rate you for coming home so early. I've watched this same trait in the children. When I scold Alice, she always finds occasion to shake Maud on the sly. If you spank Jim, he generally goes out and makes faces at the little girl across the way. If the children come home from school saying 'teacher was awful cross today,' I jump to the conclusion that the principal had been criticizing the teacher. If you tell me I'm not economical, I know you have just suffered from a slump in the stock market, and I suppose after you and I have had a little heated discussion you go down to the office and make things unpleasant for the clerks."

"To be frank with you, Mary," said John, "I do not often find you guilty of working off a grouch on me. Tell me what you do instead."

Mary smiled demurely. "I wait until you go out of the door; then I run for my room, lock the door, throw myself on the couch, burrow my head in the pillow and have a good cry."—New York Press.

**Not a Sick Day Since.**  
"I was taken severely sick with kidney trouble. I tried all sorts of medicines, none of which relieved me. One day I saw an ad of your Electric Bitters and determined to try that. After taking a few doses I felt relieved, and soon thereafter was entirely cured, and have not seen a sick day since. Neighbors of mine have been cured of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Liver and Kidney troubles and General Debility." This is what B. F. Bass, of Fremont, N. C. writes. Only 50 cents at C. D. Bradham's, druggist.

**Excessive Energy.**  
Energy is a fine thing, but, like steam, it needs a little restraint and careful guiding. If the safety valve doesn't work there's likely to be a breakdown or a blow up now and then. The nervous, fidgety woman is a dreadful bore. She rattles up the atmosphere and makes everybody wish she would take a vacation and rest up like sixty. Some of those people who fly around the fastest do the least work, and the proper thing to acquire is balance. Work as hard as you want to, but let up when the moment for letting up arrives. There is a limit to human endurance, and when you go beyond the limit you never get back into the valve of strong endurance and fine vitality. It is the man or the woman who knows how to work and how to rest who gets things done all fine and shippable and without tearing the roof off its feet. These remarks may be blunt, like a chisel, but they're as true as the fact that the Lord made little apples.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Odd Street Names.**  
In Clerkenwell, England, there is a street called Picked Egg walk. It takes its name from Picked Egg tavern, which formerly stood there and made a specialty of serving pickled eggs. An interesting London thoroughfare is Hanging Sword alley, which is mentioned in Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." London has also Picklehering street. In Leicester is a street called the Holy Bones and another called Gallows Tree Gate. Hull has a street with the extraordinary name, the Land of Green Ginger. Corydon has a street named Pump Hill, and there some years ago lived Peter Pottle, a dealer in furniture. The most daring of farce writers might well have headed to invent a combination of name and address so improbable as that which really belonged to Peter Pottle of Pump Hill.

**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.

C. Lupton, one of the best known practitioners 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 me for quite a while. The trouble was right across the small of my back, which seems to be the weakest part about me. I tried plasters and other remedies but none of them acted like Doan's Kidney Pills which I obtained at the Bradham 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-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

**SCROFULA A DISEASE WE INHERIT.**

Scrofula manifests itself in many ways. Swelling of the glands of the neck and throat, Catarrh, weak eyes, white swellings, offensive sores and abscesses, skin eruptions, loss of strength and weakness in muscles and joints.

It is a miserable disease and traceable in almost every instance to some family blood taint. Scrofula is bred in the bone, is transmitted from parent to child, the seeds are planted in infancy and unless the blood is purged and purified and every atom of the taint removed Scrofula is sure to develop at some period in your life.

No remedy equals S. S. S. as a cure for Scrofula. It cleanses and builds up the blood, makes it rich and pure, and under the tonic effects of this great Blood Remedy, the general health improves, the digestive organs are strengthened, and there is a gradual but sure return to health. The deposit of tubercular matter in the joints and glands is carried off as soon as the blood is restored to a normal condition, and the sores, eruptions, and other symptoms of Scrofula disappear. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable and harmless; an ideal blood purifier and tonic that removes all blood taint and builds up weak constitutions. Our physicians will advise without charge, all who write us about their case. Book mailed free.

**THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

**SSS**

**Trochet's Colchicine Salicylate Capsules.**  
A standard and infallible cure for RHEUMATISM and GOUT, endorsed by the highest medical authorities of Europe and America. Dispensed only in spherical capsules, which dissolve in liquids of the stomach without causing irritation or disagreeable symptoms. Price, \$1 per bottle. Sold by druggists. Be sure and get the genuine. WILLIAMS MFG. CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO, Sole Proprietors. SOLD BY F. S. DUFFY.

**Monuments and Headstones**  
All Cemetery Work at Right Prices

Lettering and Finish the Best. Latest Designs. All Work Delivered.

**H. A. TUCKER & BRO.,**  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

We have some cut and rough brown stone at A. O. L. depot in New Bern that we will sell cheap.

**Sale & Exchange STABLES.**

Fine lot Light and Heavy Draft Mules, also Good Working Horses Just Received. Must be sold. Terms to suit Purchasers. Cash or good negotiable paper. Call at stables and see the stock offered.

**L. G. Daniels,**  
Craven Street, NEW BERN, N. C.

**IRON SAFES IN STOCK.**

We have added to our Exclusive Wholesale Furniture business a complete of Best Fire-proof Safes. We have also Five Cars of Furniture in stock and can fill orders promptly for Iron Safes, Furniture, Stoves and Mattresses.

All Mail and Phone Orders will receive prompt attention. Office and Sample Room 47 Middle Street; Warehouse and Factory 5 and 7 East Side N. E. Street.

Office Phone 172.

**T. J. Turner Furniture Co.,**  
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**RAILROAD, MILL AND MACHINE SUPPLIES.**

WE ARE MANUFACTURERS AGENTS FOR Erie City Boilers and Engines, Van Winkle Celebrated Gins and Presses, The Oneida Wood Split Pulleys, The Wagner Duplex Steam Pumps, Starret's Fine Tools.

We carry a full stock of everything in the line of Machinery and Supplies.

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HARDWARE 78 Middle St. Phone 147. MILL SUPPLIES 44 Craven St. Phone 216.

**New Bern Cotton Oil and Fertilizer Mills,**  
Manufacturers of Cotton Seed Products and High-grade Fertilizers, NEW BERN, N. C.

Will pay the Highest Cash Prices for Cotton Seed and Seed Cotton. Bags furnished to seed shippers.

**HAVE FOR SALE a Fresh Supply of Cotton Seed Meal and Hulls, which is the finest Cattle Feed in the world.**

We will exchange Meal for cotton seed.

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