New Bern Weekly Journal.

No 72 NEW BERN, CRAVEN COUNTY, N. C., TUESDAY DECEMBER, 12, 1911---FIRST SECTION 34th. YEAR

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens at Monte Carlo with Col. Terence O'Rourke in his hotel. O'Rourke, a military free lance and something of a gambler, is dressing for appearance in the restaurant below when the sound of a girlish voice singing attracts his attention. Leaning out on the balcony he sees a beautiful girl who suddenly disappears. He rushes to the corridor to see a neatly gowned form enter the elevator and pass from sight.

CHAPTER I.

A still and sultry dusk had fallen, closing an oppressive, wearing day: one of those days whose sole function seems to reside in rendering us irritably conscious of our too-close casings of too-solid flesh; whose humid and inert atmosphere, sodden with tepid moisture, clings palpably to the body, causing men to feel as if they crawled, half-suffocated, at the bottom of a sea of rarefied water.

The hour may have been eight; it may have been not quite that, but it was almost dark. The windows were oblongs, black as night in the yellow walls of O'Rourke's bedchamber in the Hotel d'Orient, Monte Carlo.

I have the honor to make known to you the O'Rourke of Castle O'Rourke in the county of Galway, Ireland; otherwise and more widely known as Colonel Terence O'Rourke; a chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France; sometime an officer in the Foreign Legion in Algiers; a wanderer, spendthrift, free-lance, cosmopolite—a gentleman-adventurer, he's been termed.

He was dressing for dinner. The glare of half a dozen electric bulbs discovered him all but ready for public appearance—not, however, quite ready. In his shirt sleeves he faced a cheval-glass, pluckily (if with the haggard eye of exasperation) endeavoring to outmaneuver a demon of inanimate perversity which had entered into his dress tie, inciting it to refuse to assume, for all his coaxing and his stratagems, that effect of nonchalant perfection so much sought after, so seldom achieved.

Patently was the thing possessed by a devil; O'Rourke made no manner of doubt of that. Though for minutes at a time he fumbled, fidgeted, fumed, it was without avail.

His room itself was in a state of considerable disorder—something due mainly to O'Rourke's characteristic efforts to find just what he might happen to desire at any given time without troubling to think where it ought properly to be.

Something of this confusion, mirrored in the glass, was likewise reflected in O'Rourke's eyes, what time he paused for breath and profanity. "Faith, 'tis worse than a daw's nest, the place," he admitted, scandalized. "How ever did I—one lone man—do all that, will ye be telling me?" He flung out two helpless baffled hands, and let them fall. After a meditative pause he added: "Damn that Aisatian!"—with reference to his latest and least competent valet, who had but recently been discharged with a flea in his ear and a month's unearned wage in his pocket. "For knowing me ways," sighed O'Rourke, "there was never anyone the like of Danny."

For as many as three livelong days this man had been reduced to the necessity of dressing himself with his own fair hands—and that at least thrice daily, who did nothing by halves. And, somehow, mysteriously, his discarded garments had for the most part remained where he had thrown them, despite the earnest efforts of the femme de chambre to restore something resembling order from this man-made chaos. For servants all liked well the O'Rourke, improvident soul that he was, freehanded to a fault.

You are invited to picture to yourself O'Rourke as invariably he was in one of his not infrequent but ever transient phases of affluence: that is, a very magnificent figure indeed. Standing a bit over six feet, deep of chest and lean of flank, with his long, straight legs he looked what he had been meant to be, a man of arms and action. His head was shapely, its dark hair curling the least in the world; and, incredibly stained, a transparent brown, his features were lean, eager, and rendered very attractive by quick boyish eyes in whose warm blue-gray depths humor twinkled more often than not, though those same eyes were not seldom thoughtful, a trace wistful, perhaps, with the look of one who recalls dear memories, old friends and sweethearts loved and lost. . . . For he had begun to live early in life and had much to look back upon, though for all that it's doubtful if he were more than thirty at the time he became involved in the fortunes of the Pool of Flame.

For the rest of him, barring the refractory tie, the man was strikingly well groomed, while his surroundings spoke for comfortable circumstances. On the authority of the absent and regretted Danny, who had long served the O'Rourke in the intimate capacities of body-servant, confidant and chevalier of the exchequer (this last, of course, whenever there happened to be any exchequer to require a chancellor), there was never anyone at all who could spend money or wear clothes like himself, meaning the master. And at this time O'Rourke was ostensibly in funds and consequently (as the saying runs) cutting a wide swath. Heaven and himself only knew the limits of his resources; but his manner a Monte Cristo might have aped to advantage. His play was a wonder of the Casino; for the matter of that, his high-handed and extravagant ways had made the entire Principality of Monaco conscious of his presence in the land. And you fail in the least to understand the nature of the man if you think for a moment that [illegible]ked him to be admired, pointed out, courted, pursued. He was, indeed, never so splendid as when aware that he occupied the public eye. In short, he was just an Irishman. . . . So, then, it's nothing wonderful that he should seem a thought finical about the set of his tie.

Now as he stood scowling at his image, and wishing from the bottom of his heart he had never been fool enough to let Danny leave him, and calling fervent blessings down upon the head of the fiend who first designed modern evening-dress for men—he found himself suddenly, with a mind divested of any care whatever and attentive alone to a sound which came to him faintly, borne upon the heavy wings of the sluggish evening air. It was nothing more nor less than a woman singing softly to herself (humming would probably be the more accurate term), and it was merely the tune that caught his fancy; a bit of an old song he himself had once been wont to sing, upon a time when he had been a happier man. It seemed strange to hear it there, stranger still that the woman's voice, indistinct as it was, should have such a familiar ring in his memory. He frowned in wonder and shook his head. "The age of miracles is past," he muttered; "'twould never be herself. I've had me chance—and forfeited it. 'Twill not come to me a second time. . . ."

The singing ceased. Of a sudden O'Rourke swore with needless heat, and, plucking away the offending tie, cast it savagely from him. "The divvle fly away with ye!" he said. "Is it bent on driving me mad ye are? I'd give me fortune to have Danny back! . . . Me fortune—faith!" He laughed the word to bitter scorn. "'Tis meself that never had the least of anything like that without 'twas feminine—with a 'mis-' tacked onto the front of it!" And he strode away to the window to cool off.

It was like him to forget his exasperation in the twinkling of an eye; another mood entirely swayed him by the time he found himself gazing out into the vague, velvety dusk that momentarily was closing down upon the fairy-like panorama of terraced gardens and sullen, silken sea. His thoughts had winged back to that dear woman of whom that fragment of melody had put him in mind; and he was sighing and heavy of heart with longing for the sight of her and the touch of her hand.

Even as he watched, stark night fell, black as a pocket beneath a portentous pall of cloud. . . . Far out upon the swelling bosom of the Mediterranean a cluster of dim lights betrayed a stealthy coasting steamer,

O'Rourke Caught his Breath, Stunned.

making westward. Nearer, in the harbor, a fleet of pleasure craft, riding at anchor on the still, dark tide, was revealed in many faint, wraith-like shapes of gray, all studded with yellow stars. Ashore, endless festoons of colored lamps draped the gloom of the terraces; the facade of the Casino stood out lurid against the darkness; the hotels shone with reflected brilliance, the palace of the Prince de Monaco loomed high upon the peninsula, its elevations picked out with lines of soft fire.

The O'Rourke shook his head, condemning it all. "'Tis beautiful," he said; "faith, yes; 'tis all of that. But

(Continued on Page 2)

FARMER GETS LESS THAN

Fifty Cents of What The Consumer Pays One Dollar For. Cold Storage Raises Living Costs.

Washington, Dec. 8.—"The consumer pays a dollar for food; the farmer gets less than fifty cents of it. Who gets the rest?"

That is a question which Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture asks in his annual report. The Secretary does not attempt to answer it. He does explain in some detail the results of an investigation his department has just concluded into the effect of cold storage on the wholesomeness and cost of food. His investigation leads him to recommend publicity for the amount of food in cold storage, just as the Department now gives publicity to the condition of crops from month to month.

Instead of food remaining in storage for longer than a year or two years, as a rule, the Secretary declares that his investigation shows that "receipts into cold storage are entirely or very nearly exhausted by the deliveries out of cold storage within ten months."

Long storage is the exception, the Secretary asserts. Warehousemen explained to the Department that excessively long storage was due to lawsuits and other circumstances of a commercial nature. The cost of storage, including storage charge, interest and insurance is considered as a barrier to every long storage.

Cold storage, the Secretary reports, has raised the cost of living by increasing the annual price level for butter and eggs.

The Secretary says that an examination of the record of prices gives a "suspicion" that there has been much speculation in some years by the men who keep commodities in cold storage.

He refers to "an apparent mistake" of the storage men in overestimating the consumption of eggs by the public at exhorbitant prices last winter with the result that in the spring the storage men had to sell eggs at remarkably low prices and send abroad the largest amount of eggs ever exported in order to get rid of the supply. The Secretary declares that the warehousemen ought to be required to send to Washington each month the amount of commodities placed in storage so that the public may be able to judge of the future trend of prices.

We expect to make our store a lively place for the next two weeks if good things and low prices will make it so. J. J. Baxter.

To Our Readers.

Several months ago we began publishing in each Sunday's edition of the Journal an installment of a serial story entitled "The Third Degree." From the time the first installment of this fascinating and thrilling story appeared we were urged by our many readers to run the story in each day's issue. However we decided not to do this at that time and at the conclusion of that particular story we began another, "Keith of the Border" which is now appearing in the Sunday Journal. Recently we have received so many requests asking us to run a serial in each day's issue of the Journal that we decided to do so. The question then arose as to the proper story to secure. We desire to give our patrons the best that could be secured regardless of expense and at the same time give them a story that would interest them from the first line to the finish. After looking over a large number of the works of the best writers we purchased that unusually thrilling and charming story "The Pool of Flame" by that well known author, Louis Joseph Vance. The first installment of this story will appear in next Wednesday's issue of the Journal and every man and women in New Bern should read it from start to finish. The story peals with a priceless ruby which had been stolen from the eye of an Indian idol and of the many adventures of the men and woman who owned it. Through the story there runs a line of romance that charms the reader in an inimitable manner. Of course there is bloodshed and intrigue but this helps to make the story one of the best ever written. In addition to this "Keith of the Border," which is now appearing in the Sunday Journal, will be continued. Remember the first installment of "The Pool of Flame" appears in Wednesday's issue of the Journal.

Brand New Line

of Rugs just in from the mills, 9x12 Axminister, in beautiful shades, extra heavy at $20.00, 9x12 Wilton at $27.50, 9x12 Brussell at $25.00, 9x12 Topesly at $12.50, small rugs to match. Now is the time to make selection, as my stock is complete.

J. S. MILLER,
The Furniture Man.

BIG ILLICIT STILL DESTROYED

Near Jacksonville, Onslow County, Yesterday Morning By Revenue Officers.

Deputy Collector, J. E. Cameron and Deputy Marshal Sam Lilly early yesterday morning located and destroyed near Jacksonville, Onslow county, one of the largest illicit distilleries ever found in eastern North Carolina. The plant was cut up and more than one thousand gallons of beer poured out on the ground. The still had a capacity of 200 gallons and was in full operation but the operators had got wind of the officers approaching visit and had made their escape.

In speaking of the capture of the still Deputy Marshal Lilly stated to a Journal reported that it was located within one hundred feet of a church and that only by the merest chance had they learned that it was in operation. He said that in all probability the operators had been running this still for several years and had doubtless made thousand of gallons of "moonshine" and dispensed it in that locality. Although the owners made their escape before the officers arrived, they are known to the revenue men and may be arrested at any time.

Annual Bazaar at Pollocksville.

The annual bazaar of the Methodist E. Church, Pollocksville, will be held on Thursday Dec. 14th, There will be on sale fancy work and articles suitable for Christmas presents. Refreshments will be served. Invitation extended to all to come.

Birthday Party.

Dast Friday afternoon Master John Gaskill delightfully entertained a number of his young friends at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fernie Gaskill, on Broad street, the occasion being his third natal day. During the afternoon many games dear to childish hearts were engaged in, after which delicious refreshments were served. Master John received a large number of beautiful gifts from his friends, and before leaving each one of them declared that they had never spent a more enjoyable afternoon, and wished their young host many more happy birthdays.

Boat Line to Hyde Co.

The steamer Blanche will leave this morning for points in Hyde county, in command of Capt. Robt. Burrus. This s the first trip and it is proposed to run the Blanche regularly between New Bern and Hyde County. It is a connection that is very much needed.

Our Heaters will put that chilly feeling to route. J. S. Basnight Hdw. Co.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION.

OF THE

MAYSVILLE BANKING & TRUST CO

At Maysville, in the State of North Carolina, at the Close of Business Dec. 1st, 1911.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts		$36,088.03
Overdrafts unsecured		474.38
Banking houses	1,856.15	
Furniture and fixtures	731.87	2,588.02
Due from Banks and Bankers		1,961.19
Silver coin, including all minor coin currency		269.05
National bank notes and other U. S. notes		2,485.00
Total		$43,865 67

LIABILITIES:

Capital stock	$5,000.00
Surplus fund	500.00
Undivided profits, less current expenses and taxes paid	1,827.79
Time certificates of deposit	17,164.49
Deposits subject to check	14,751 95
Savings Deposits	4,608.09
Cashier's checks outstanding	13.35
Total	$43,865.67

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
County of Jones:—SS.

I, Geo. E. Weeks, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEO. E. WEEKS, Cashier.

CORRECT—Attest:
A. J. COLLINS,
R. S. WEEKS,
A. F. MATTOCKS,
Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of Dec. 1911.

E. L. MATTOCKS,
Notary Public.

LAST WEEK'S COTTON REVIEW

Liverpool Buying Advances Prices But Ginners Knock Away All Support.

New York, Dec. 9.—Cotton advanced frequently during the past week on good buying by Liverpool and the continent co-incident with greater activity and strength in the Liverpool market where the continental mills were large buyers. Shorts, seeing this, became uneasy and in 48 hours the Waldorf-Astoria contingent alone is supposed to have covered some 75,000 to 100,000 bales. There is a feeling that the government cross estimate, which is to appear Monday 11th, is likely to be considered under the maximum guesses from private sources. In some quarters there is a deep seat conviction that the crop is being overestimated and the consumption under-estimated. It is urged that the crop movement does not give a color of probability to some extreme estimates and that sufficient allowance is not made for the obvious disposition of continental mills to stock up freely and even to buy cotton for delivery years ahead as is notoriously the case. Some of the large spot houses have been buying. Liverpool has bought here against sales in its own market, based on the abnormally wide differences between the two big centers, a hundred points or more. This means it is contended, that New York prices are too low. However this may be with European buying and the shorts covering prices have at times shown noticeably greater strength. Leading Wall Street bulls have given support from time to time. The holding back of cotton at the South has still been a feature. The $50,000,000 syndicate plan for helping the South to market its cotton to better advantage has apparently not been abandoned, despite the critisms of its emanating partly from the South On the other hand the consensus here is still bearish. Supplies, it is urged, are too big and there is too much low grade cotton in crop to make it possible to permanently or materially advanced prices, until the lead is eased. The crop movement is large. Northern spinners still purchase on a cautious scale and there is comporatively little speculation while the high cost of living militates it being againt the consumption of cotton goods and trade which is not in a satisfactory condition.

On Friday the ginning figures, 12,814832 bales, caused a sharp decline. The government crop estimate on Monday is awaited with keen interest.

Just received a beautiful line of mens and ladies Neckwear, Silk Hose and Handkerchiefs in Xmas boxes J. J. Baxter.

Postal Employes Cannot Have Union.

What employes of the United States mail service term an attack on their union organization is a general order from C. P. Grandfield, first assistant postmaster general, calling on all secret organizations in the service immediately to disband. The order is aimed the men say, at the National Federation of post office clerks, an affiliation of the American Federation of Labor, to which many of the men belong.

The order does not effect any employe who belongs to fraternal secret organizations outside the postal service. Membership in secret organizations was termed "inimical to the interests of good government," as being incompatible with the employes' oath of service.

Hunting Party Returns

Last Saturday night a party of hunters composed of the following gentlemen, Messrs L. J. Taylor, J. L. Hartsfield, Wm. B Blades, L. Blades of Elizabeth City, Daniel W. Richardson, of Dover and Law of Washington, D. C., left this city on Mr. Wm. Blades' houseboat "Comfort" enroute to Portsmouth, N. C., where they intended spending several days hunting wild geese and ducks.

Thursday afternoon they left Portsmouth and started on the return trip, reaching New Bern about 1 o'clock on the following morning. The party succeeded in bagging fifty wild geese and one hundred and fifty ducks. Each one of the party was delighted with the trip and voted Mr. Blades the most genial of hosts.

Heaters.

If you want just a cheap heater for bed room, we can give you a nice little wood heater for $1.25 that heats quick. We have out of car of Coles Ranges and Hot Blast Heaters, 2 Ranges and 20 Heaters left. Don't delay in getting your heater placed in your home.

J. S. MILLER.
The Furniture Man.

FISHERIES CONVENTION HERE

This Week, Wednesday and Thursday. An Interesting Program For Two Days.

The Fisheries Convention meets here next Wednesday and Thursday and is a convention of great local as well as state importance, its object is to provide ways and means for building up and perpetuating the fisheries of North Carolina for the benefit of all the state.

The sessions will be held in the court house, while the Gaston Hotel will be the official headquarters. The following is the program for the two days.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 13. MORNING SESSION, 10 O'CLOCK.

Convention called to Order.

Opening Prayer by Rev. Dr. J. N. H. Summerill, pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

Address of Welcome, by the Mayor of New Bern.

Response by Lieutenant-Governor, W. C. Newland.

Object of the Meeting—Joseph Hyde Pratt, State Geologist.

Election of Permenent Officers of the Convention.

Appointment of Committees on Membership, Resolutions and Permanent Organization.

What Other States Have Accomplished—Hon, W. McDonald Lee, Shell Fish Commissioner of Virginia.

Dr. H. F. Moore, of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries.

Discussion by Delegates.

AFTERNOON SESSION, 2:40 o'clock.

The Fisheries Industry and State Industry and not a local one.—T. S. Meekins, Geo. N. Ives, Dr. H. F. Moore, and J. L. Currie.

What North Carolina can do to Build up and Perpetuate Her Fishing Industries—Judge A. W. Graham, (Reporter of Legislative Committee of 1909), C. S. Vann, Fish Commissioner, Hon. John H. Small, Frank Wood, Wm. M. Webb, Oyster Commissioner.

Discussion by Delegates.

THURSDAY, DEC. 14, MORNING SESSION, 10 O'CLOCK.

Report of Legislative Committee.

Discussion by Delegates.

Permanent Organization of the North Carolina Fisheries Society.

Report of Comittees.

Basket Party at Ernul.

There will be a basket party at Ernul school house Tuesday night Dec. 12th, 1911. Everybody is invited to come.

First Installment.

In tomorrow's, Wednesday's issue of the Journal, the first installment of that thrilling and fascinating story, 'The Pool of Flame' will appear. This is absolutely one of the most interesting serials ever written and you should not fail to read every chapter. There is mystery combined with romance in every line and the whole tends to make it so unique that it cannot fail to please you. Remember, the first chapter will be published in the Journal tomorrow.

Are you satisfied with your cook stove? See Bucks line of Stoves and Ranges at J. S. Basnight Hdw. Store.

GAVE BAD CHECKS FOR WHISKEY

Now Languishes In Craven County Jail In Default Of Bond Of $500.

G S Henderson, a white man who lives at Pollocksville, was arrested by Deputy Marshal Sam Lilly Thursday afternoon on a capias issued by the United States District Court, charging him with using the mails for fradulent purpose. He was brought to this city and carried before the United States Commissioner who, after hearing the evidence in the case, found probable cause and bound the defendant over to the next term of the United States District Court under a bond of $500. Henderson could not give this bond and was committed to Craven county jail.

From all that could be learned in regards to the facts in the case it seems that Henderson had been ordering quantities of whiskey from various whiskey houses all over the country and sending them bogus checks. He had been tried in the United States Court for this same offense once previous in this and been warned to desist from this kind of business. However, he failed to do so and is again in the toils of the law.

CROP YIELD GENERALLY GOOD

Annual Report of Commissioner of Agriculture. Farmers' Institutes and Demonstration Work Valuable.

Raleigh, Dec. 11.—In his annual report Commissioner of Agriculture, W. A. Graham recently submitted says while a drought of the longest continuance known to the people of the state prevailed over a large part of the state seriously reducing upland yields, still the harvest time showed the greatest production of wheat, corn and cotton in the history of the State. In Eastern Carolina, as far west as Raleigh, the yields were very fine for all crops, and in the west from the mountains to the Tennessee line greater crop yields were never known, the drought handicap applying to the wide stretch of country from Raleigh westward to Morganton, uplands in this territory being greatly reduced in yield. However, increased yield in the bottom and low lands considerable amended for the upland shortage. Generally speaking, the cotton yield was the best ever known, with an average of a bale to the acre, and big fields and neighborhoods in many instances reaching two and two and a half bales to the acre. The wheat yield was exceptionally fine, with the weight of the grain showing full sixty pounds to the bushel standard.

The extreme west suffered a serious shortage of hay yield, but in most other sections where attention was given to the matter there was a supply housed for the winter.

It appears that the farmers of the state have had to buy less corn and other supplies than ever before to make their crops. There was more hay required to be purchased this season than any other supply. A gratifying increase is the growing of home supplies by the farmers to hold their cotton for hoped-for higher cotton prices. Commissioner Graham feels that one important thing that the State Department is steadily instilling in the farmers of the State, is that if they will devote intelligent attention to growing the supplies for the farm, the money crops will not have to be sacrificed to keep the farm going, but can be held without suffering, for the best market development.

The Farmers' institute and demonstration work is proving most valuable in the elevation of the methods of farming, and, together with the exhibits that the department is making each year in the state, and many of the country fairs, are bringing about many of the marked improvements in farm conditions—increased crop yield as well as better farming methods generally. In ten years the corn yield has increased in average from 12 to 20 bushels to the acre; wheat from 9½ to 11½ bushels; cotton from 167 to 227 pounds per acre; the State holding, too, second place, with Kentucky first in tobacco yield.

The agricultural authorities of the State insist that North Carolina can easily produce all the corn needed, not only for the farm supplies, but for the consumption of the North Carolina towns as well, and do it at a decided profit. Furthermore, that in hog raising there is an immense profit that the farmers are just beginning to realize.

Commissioner Graham insists that corn is entitled to be king in North Carolina. He and the State Board of Agriculture are pledged to greatest possible effort in furthering its most extensive and intensive culture. There was a yield this year of not less than 59,000,000 bushels, and but for drought that cut the yield in the Central and Middle Western sections of the State, the yield would have been close around 100,000,000 bushels. This State produced only 104,000,000 pounds of tobacco this year, compared with 129,000,000 pounds in 1910. The quality this year was 86 per cent. of standard, compared with 75 per cent. last year.

EFFICIENCY

How Many Men Know how to Keep It at Par.

Thousands; yes tens of thousands of men, grow old 10 years too soon.

If you are a man and realize that your efficiency is on the wane and that you are losing money and happiness in consequence, get a 50 cent box of MI-O-NA stomach tablets today and take two after or with each meal for three days; then take one with each meal regularly until you feel well and vigorous.

MI-O-NA stomach tablets disinfect, tone up, restore elasticity to the stomach and intestinal canal and end indigestion. They do more; they increase the nutrition of the body and in cases of nerve exhaustion, sleeplessness, night sweats, bad dreams or any condition that requires a restorative they act with astonishing rapidity. They can be found at Bradham Drug Co., and druggists the world over.

Cardinal O'Connell took possession of his titular church in Rome.

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