



All Around Our County

ITEMS OF INTEREST GATHERED EACH WEEK BY OUR REGULAR AND SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS IN MARTIN COUNTY.

Over The Wire.

GOOSE NEST

The following ticket was elected here Tuesday: J. C. Ross, Mayor; R. W. Hyman, Constable; J. L. Hines, W. A. Casper, J. J. Filand, Commissioners.

HASSELL

The following ticket was elected here Tuesday: R. H. Salsbury, Mayor; Cromwell Rawls, Constable; John H. Eubanks, W. R. Howard, Wm. Bowers, Commissioners.

ROBERSONVILLE

The election passed off quietly. The ticket nominated in the recent primary was elected, there being no opposition ticket: S. L. Ross, Mayor; J. K. Ross, A. S. Roberson, R. L. Smith, Commissioners.

PARMIELE

The election here was very quiet and only a small vote polled. The following ticket was elected: J. R. Ellison, Mayor; J. J. Bryan, Constable; B. D. Pugh, R. L. Brown, W. W. Harper, Commissioners.

GOLD POINT

The election passed off quietly and everybody seems to be satisfied. The following candidates were elected by a vote of 21 each: L. A. Briley, Mayor; A. C. Smith, Constable; John E. Roberson, Treasurer; G. A. Crofton, Henry Roberson, J. A. Bryant, Commissioners.

HAMILTON

Mrs. Sue Salsbury, of Scotland Neck, is visiting her many friends here.

Miss Carrie Howard, of Edgecombe, is visiting Miss Sallie Salsbury.

The young people had a picnic on last Friday and report a delightful time.

Dan Hooker, of Scotland Neck, came down Sunday to see his mother.

Rev. M. T. Lawrence preached at the Primitive Baptist Church Sunday.

Jack Sherrod, of Enfield, came down Saturday to see his father, John M. Sherrod, who is quite sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Otterbridge, of Robersonville, were here Sunday to attend preaching, and to visit their many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison and two children, of Plymouth, came Saturday to visit Mrs. Harrison's father, Rev. M. T. Lawrence.

One of the most enjoyable dances of the season was given last Friday night at the Masonic Hall, it was attended by fifteen couples. The square dances were especially pretty. Chaperones, Mesdames W. T. Grimes and W. R. Gladstone.

We are sorry to have to chronicle the death of Mr. Brinkley Howell, which took place at his farm, near Tarboro, last Friday. He was formerly a citizen of this place, and highly esteemed by all who knew him. Mrs. Darden, Mrs. Purvis and Mr. J. P. Boyle attended the funeral.

ELECTION RETURNS.

The election held at this place Tuesday in the election resulted of the following ticket:

MAYOR—JOS. T. WALDO. COMMISSIONERS—John P. Boyle, David C. Jones, Benjamin L. Long, S. David Mathews, Frank L. Gladstone.

A DRAFT OF LIQUID AIR.

Recently a New York chemist while making a social call at a house on Long Island produced from his pocket a bottle of liquefied air and gave a little impromptu lecture about it. Pouring a small quantity in a wineglass, he continued his remarks. "But you must not drink it," he said. Instantly, in a spirit of mischief, the venturesome daughter of the family put the glass to her lips and swallowed part of the contents.

But the young woman showed symptoms of immediate repentance. A startled look came into her face, her fingers instinctively clutched her belt and from her mouth there issued a volume of steam. As for the chemist, he tried his best to keep from laughing. The young woman thought it was a pretty poor joke; but, being the perpetrator of it, she could not very well complain. Had she drunk a larger quantity the situation would assuredly have been wholly lacking in humor.

When Lange Stole Home.

Connie Mack has an endless fund of baseball stories. One of these he tells about Bill Lange, the old Chicago player, asserting that Bill's play in a certain Pittsburg game was the most daring bit of work he ever saw pulled off. Bill had reached first. The pitcher threw to that sack as Bill had taken a big lead. The ball rolled away from the first base man only a few feet. Few players would have dared to take their feet off the sack, but Bill cut for second. The ball went a bit wild there, rolling toward short.

Never stopping at second, Bill tore for third and then turned for the plate. The ball was fielded by Denny Lyons at third, but he was so surprised upon receiving it and finding no man to touch at the sack he failed to throw to the plate to get Lange. The game was won by that one run.—Detroit News-Tribune.

His Time For Disappearing.

When Mr. Ailes, assistant secretary of the treasury, was returning from Cuba recently, a young man whom he had seen on the Key West steamer came up to him on the train and began a conversation with easy familiarity. "Get any cigars through?" asked the affable young man. "Oh, yes," replied Mr. Ailes; "a couple of boxes."

"Didn't pay duty on 'em, I hope?" "Yes, I paid duty," said Mr. Ailes sadly. "Oh, pshaw!" said the young man. "You're dead slow. I got 250 through, and they didn't pay duty."

"You see," said Mr. Ailes, "the difference between us is that I am an assistant secretary of the treasury." The young man vanished, and Mr. Ailes did not see him again during the trip to Washington.—New York Herald.

What the Bugs Cost.

We keep an army of 65,000 men and have 254 ships of war. We are ready to fight any nation on earth, and yet the little potato bugs laugh us to scorn. Ever hear of the big United States suffering with the grasshopper? Are we not powerless before the gypsy moth? The bug family taxes this great country \$350,000,000 a year, but in the unequal fight between the nation and the bugs the latter ever remain unconquered. The worms that attack the cotton plant assess the farmer \$60,000 a year. The potato bug costs \$8,000,000 worth annually out of our gardens. The chinch bug costs us \$100,000,000, the Hessian fly \$30,000,000 and the grasshopper \$80,000,000. (The big United States hasn't enough money or men to win any war with an insect.—Acheson Globe.)

New Use For Carborundum.

Carborundum, the artificial substitute for emery, which is said to rival the diamond in hardness, is now employed, because of its extraordinary resistance to heat, as a coating for the interior of furnaces. Finely powdered and made into a paste, it is applied with a brush like paint to the brick lining. It is said that a layer only two millimeters thick will protect the bricks from the effects of the highest temperature that is ever produced in ordinary furnace combustion. Carborundum is itself a product of the electric furnace, being composed of silica and carbon fused together in the presence of salt and sawdust.

Better Late Than Never.

The town of Ham, in France, possesses an old lady of seventy who has just learned to read and write. Ashamed at her advanced age of her complete ignorance, she went to the village schoolmaster and asked him to teach her. A few weeks enabled her to master the drudgery, and she can now read the newspapers and write an ordinary letter.

AUNT JUDITH'S HORSE THIEF

By Jasper Peyton

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Aunt Judith Hobson was a widow and ran her own farm. She was too sharp to be taken in by the peddlers, lightning rod men and patent gate agencies, but she felt it in her bones that the day would come when a horse thief would get the better of her. She had stout locks put on the barn doors, and every night she rose from her bed and looked out of the window to see that all was well. She had four or five good horses, and the farm was twenty rods from the house. If you think about horse thieves by day and dream of them at night for four or five years, you will be pretty certain to get what you want. The night came when Aunt Judith suddenly awoke from a sound sleep to feel that there was something wrong at the barn. As she leaned from her window she heard one of the barn doors creak. There were two hired men in the house, and she knocked at their doors and informed them that a horse thief had broken into the barn. They probably woke up and got out as soon as could be reasonably expected of hired men, but their movements were too slow for the widow. There was no gun in the house, but she half dressed herself and ran downstairs armed with a club. As she entered the barn yard a man rode out of the road gate on one of her horses.

"Here, you! Thieves! Thieves!" shouted Aunt Judith, but of what use? The man laughed and rode away to the west, and the sleepy hired men came stumbling out to say it was too bad. "Don't stand there like bums on a log," shouted the woman as she danced about in her excitement. "But what can we do?" they asked. "If you can't, I can. Bring out Dick in a hurry! Now give me a lift up I'm after that horse thief, and I'll follow him to Jericho but what I overhauled him."

Dick was one of a span of horses, and his mate had been stolen. Between the two there was not much difference in speed, but by the time Aunt Judith rode out of the gate the other had half a mile the start. She caught faintly hear his hoof beats through the still night, and she cried, "G'long, Dick!" and was off, riding man fashion and going for a state. There were no crossroads for two miles and no chance for the thief to



"HOW DARED YOU STEAL ONE OF MY HORSES—HOW DARED YOU?"

dodge. Even when he took the first road to the right his pursuer was hot on his trail and gaining a little.

It would probably have been a ten or fifteen mile gallop, with fondered horses at the end of it, but for an accident. A cow was lying in the dregs of the highway, and as the horse thief was close upon her she started to rise up. The horse lifted to clear her, but not high enough, and as a result horns, cow and rider went down in a heap. A minute later Aunt Judith came racing up. She was off her horse and had the man by the hair of the head as he recovered from the shock of his fall and tried to sit up.

"Don't you move so much as an eyelash or you are a dead man," warned the widow as she almost twisted his head off.

"Don't, woman—please don't! Say, my leg's broke, and I couldn't get away if I wanted to."

"How dared you steal one of my horses—how dared you?" demanded Aunt Judith as she towered over him. "It was in my line of business," he replied.

"Oh, it was? Well, my line of business is sending horse thieves to state prison! You'll get twenty years behind the bars for this!" "But before I get the twenty I'd like to know what about this leg. It's the right one, and it's gone for sure. You'll have to get me to the house and then, fetch a doctor."

See me taken care of even if you send me to prison afterward. What has become of those sleepy hired men of yours? Between the two of us one of them left the stable door unlocked to-night."

"That's just like 'em—just like 'em." Aunt Judith mounted one of the horses and set off for home, and it was a long hour before she returned with the hired men and a vehicle. It was a job getting the patient into the wagon and out again and into the house and upstairs. The hired men were doing considerable sweating over it until the widow turned on them with:

"Now, then, you shut up! If one of you hadn't left the door unlocked, he would never have got in. I ain't defendin' horse thieves, but there's no call to rub it in when a man is down."

Aunt Judith found her horse thief to be a man of thirty, rather good looking, fairly educated and a devil may care fellow. She liked his looks and thought he might be put to better use than being sent to prison.

In the course of two or three days it was known for several miles around that Aunt Judith Hobson had captured a horse thief and had him in her house, and among her callers was the sheriff, who came to say:

"I'll just have the fellow taken to jail this afternoon, and you won't have to bother with him no more."

"But he's got to stay where he is till his leg is mended," she protested.

"It's my duty, bein' the sheriff, to arrest him."

"You may go to pot with your duty, Steven Taylor! This is my case, and nobody need meddle with it. When I get ready to have him arrested, I'll swear out a warrant, but until then he stays right here."

Days and weeks passed, and the sheriff waited. He meant to have Aunt Judith's patient the first day he was able to walk about. No one had yet seen the man on his feet when the widow entered his room one evening to say:

"It's got to be a dark night, and my hired men are goin' to town. Here's your clothes, and here's food and money."

"My good woman," began the stranger, who was deeply grateful, but Aunt Judith interrupted:

"Don't say nothin' about it. Jest go away and behave yourself. You've got lots of grit, and you are not such a bad man, and I wasn't goin' to let the sheriff lock me down. Yes, shike hands, and don't steal any more of my horses, and good night and goodby."

Gave Himself Away.

When Thomas drove up to deliver the usual quart of white mixture, the gentleman of the house blandly inquired:

"Thomas, how many quarts of milk do you deliver daily to your customers?" "Ninety-one, sir."

"And how many cows have you?" "Nine, sir."

The gentleman made some remarks about an early spring and the state of the roads and then asked:

"Thomas, how much milk per day do your cows average?" "Seven quarts, sir."

"Ah—um!" said the gentleman as he moved off.

Thomas looked after him, scratched his head and all at once grew pale as he pulled out a short pencil and began to figure on the wagon cover: "Nine cows is nine, and I set down seven quarts under the cows and multiply. That's sixty-three quarts of milk. I told him I sold ninety-one quarts per day. Sixty-three from ninety-one leave twenty-eight and none to carry. Now, where do I get the rest of the milk? I'll be hanged if I haven't given myself away to one of my best customers by leaving a big cavity in the figures to be filled with water!"

Serpents' Ribs.

King Solomon acknowledged that there were "three things which are too wonderful for me—yes, four which I know not," and one of these was "the way of a serpent upon a rock." For what a number of years after the time of Solomon the snake's mode of progression remained a mystery. Latter day men of science have learned that his snakey ribs furnish him with a means of progression; so instead of having a pair or two pairs of "feet" they really have from 150 to 200 pairs.

Aristotle thought that serpents had as many ribs as there are days in a month, but had he examined a python he would have readily detected his mistake, that species having 400. Snakes move in this way: Each vertebra supports a pair of ribs, which act like a pair of legs, the extremities being connected by a broad plate. The hind part of this plate is free, and when the ribs are moved forward that end is raised, so that it takes hold of the surface underneath, even though it be glass, the straightening of the reptile propelling it forward.

A Story of Bismarck.

When a young man, Bismarck had a qual connection with the profession of journalism, for he was for quite a time an official reporter for one of the courts of justice. In those days his temper sometimes got the better of him, but upon one occasion at least his wit saved him from disgrace. This was when, questioning a witness, the latter made an impudent reply, whereupon Bismarck exclaimed angrily:

"If you are not more respectful, I shall kick you out of the room."

"Young man," said the judge, interrupting the proceedings, "I would have you understand that this is a dignified court of justice and that if there is any kicking to be done the court will do it."

State and General News

A CONDENSED WEEKLY REPORT OF THE IMPORTANT EVENTS THAT HAVE HAPPENED IN OUR STATE AND ELSEWHERE.

STATE NEWS.

The Court House at Newton narrowly escaped destruction by fire last Thursday night.

The Washington Carnival performer who was injured by the collapse of an aerial platform was taken to the Tarboro Hospital Monday. It was found that no amputation was necessary and he will recover.

A game of base ball was played at Washington, D. C., Saturday afternoon, between the University teams of North and South Carolina. The North Carolina boys won by a score of 13 to 4.

The Camden Ferry Company have organized with a capital stock of \$5,300. The officers are H. T. Greenleaf, president, and W. N. Gregory, secretary and treasurer. The company will erect an iron bridge across the Pasquotank river.

George Vann, a negro ex-convict who had shot at a young white man named Thomas Green, at New Bern, was shot to death on an excursion train there by officers last Monday night. He was resisting three officers and fired at Officer Dixon, wounding him in the thigh. He then attempted to throw Officer Lupton off the train. A fusillade followed and the negro was instantly killed.

Raleigh and Charlotte papers say Elizabeth City, N. C., is playing in luck, as shown by the new custom house, which recently passed through the proper channels of government appropriation. It will cost \$140,000. The efforts of Hon. John H. Small, in the House, increased the appropriation by \$20,000 on the morning on which it finally passed. It will occupy the Greenleaf Square. This square recently was offered the government at \$25,000, and will no doubt be taken.

Bakersville, N. C., May 3.—Saturday afternoon a young man named Irby Davis, living at Mine Creek, about a mile south of here, came home half crazed with liquor and threatened the lives of his parents and grand-parents with a pistol. He was restrained with difficulty. Then he mounted his father's horse and started to ride across a bridge spanning a small stream running between his home and a neighbor's. On being warned that the bridge was unsafe, he replied that it made no difference as he was going to hell anyway. He then placed the muzzle of the gun to his head and discharged the weapon, blowing off half his head.

Oxford, N. C., May 2.—Walter Sherron, charged with "slander of an innocent woman," was tried at Oxford to-day before Justice E. T. Rawlins. The woman prosecuting him was Miss Electa Lloyd. After hearing the case, Justice Rawlins turned him over to the Court. The case has attracted much attention, as Miss Lloyd is a highly respectable young lady. The case will be disposed of at the August term of Granville Superior Court. There was a number of witnesses present from the young woman's neighborhood, who are much interested at what they regard as an attempt to destroy a good woman's name.

The Wastes of the Body

Every seven days the blood, muscles and bones of a man of average size lose two pounds of worn-out tissue. This waste cannot be replenished and the health and strength kept up without perfect digestion. When the stomach and digestive organs fail to perform their functions, the strength lets down, health gives way, and disease sets up. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure enables the stomach and digestive organs to digest and assimilate all of the wholesome food that may be eaten into the kind of blood that rebuilds the tissues and protects the health and strength of the mind and body. Kodol cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. It is an ideal spring tonic. Sold by S. R. Biggs.

GENERAL NEWS.

Paul du Chailin, the American author and explorer, died at St. Petersburg, April 30, at midnight.

Forest fires have been raging near Bradford, Pa., for sometime. The town of Simson was completely destroyed. The loss is estimated to be more than a million dollars.

West Point, Va., was visited last Thursday night by the largest fire in the history of the town. More than thirty buildings were burned. Hundreds of people were homeless. The fire destroyed more than \$25,000 worth of property.

Ravenswood, W. Va., April 30.—Burglars entered the postoffice last night, blew open the safe and escaped with nearly \$10,000 without leaving a clue as to their identity. No one knew the place had been robbed until Postmaster McAdams opened the office this morning.

Jackson, Miss., April 30.—The Diocesan Council of the P. R. Church, of Mississippi, to-day elected Theodore Bratton, D. D., of Raleigh, N. C., bishop of Mississippi. Rev. John G. Murray, D. D., of Baltimore, who was elected bishop last night, declined the honor.

The Clyde Steamship Saginaw was sunk at sea Tuesday morning by the Old Dominion Steamship Hamilton. The accident occurred about 130 miles north of Norfolk. Twenty or more lives were lost. A dense fog settled along the coast shortly after night fall and both vessels were going at reduced speed when the crash occurred.

Hollidaysburg, Pa., April 30.—The extensive plant of the Crescent Powder Company, at Canister, about ten miles south of here, was completely wrecked by a series of four explosions this morning. Of the thirty employes, nine were killed outright and all the others were badly injured by being blown about the buildings in which they were employed.

For the first time in sixty-odd years, the Navy Department will try a man for an offense involving the possible infliction of the death penalty. The case in point is that of William Anthony, a colored mess attendant on the Olympia, flagship of Rear Admiral Coghlan, commanding the Caribbean squadron now in the Norfolk harbor. Several months ago this man got into an altercation on board ship with another enlisted colored man, and stabbed him to death. It is alleged that the deceased provoked the assault by making a vile charge against Anthony.

Grand Commandery of Knights Templar, of California, has decided by unanimous vote that hereafter no wine shall be served at the Templar banquets. The innovation has been introduced, it is claimed, so that the order on this coast might fall in line with the general movement of the same kind in the east and because the use of wine in the lodge-room for such functions is contrary to the principles of Masonry. It is said that the Grand Lodge of Masons at its annual meeting next October will take the same decisive action and order that all banquets given under the auspices of any Masonic Lodge of the State be strictly temperate.

The X-Rays

Recent experiments, by practical tests and examination with the aid of the X-Rays, establish it as a fact that catarrh of the Stomach is not a disease of itself, but that it results from repeated attacks of indigestion. "How Can I Cure My Indigestion?" Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is curing thousands. It will cure you of indigestion and dyspepsia, and prevent or cure Catarrh of the Stomach. Kodol digests what you eat—makes the stomach sweet. Sold by S. R. Biggs.