



All Around Our County

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

JAMESVILLE

September 23rd, 1903.

Many of our business men had to attend court this week.

S. L. Wallace and W. W. Walters went to Williamston Tuesday.

We are having it very dry and cotton picking is progressing very rapidly.

Mr. Moyt Moore and sister, Miss Mattie, returned from Washington last Wednesday.

Miss Mae Mizell returned from Washington City and Virginia Beach, Va., Monday.

There will be preaching Sunday by Rev. D. H. Petree, of La-Orange, at the Christian Church.

Mr. S. L. Wallace, Arthur and Miss Annie, returned from New York and Washington City Monday.

Emergency Medicines

It is a great convenience to have at hand reliable remedies for use in case of accident and for slight injuries ailments. A good liniment and one that is fast becoming a favorite if not a household necessity is Chamberlain's Pain Balm.

GOLD POINT

September 21st, 1903.

Mr. W. A. Roberson is expected to be married early.

Mr. W. L. Stalls and wife went to Bear Grass Sunday.

The people of our town are fearful of loosing their post office.

The cotton ginning business is raking in this place at present.

Misses Mattie and Lizzie Roberson were in town shopping Monday.

The barbecue here last Friday was grand. We shall have another one soon.

Miss Annie Anderson, of Williamston, has been visiting in this place for some time.

Hon. L. A. Briley, Mayor, and Chief Smith went to Williamston Monday on business.

The young ladies and gentlemen of this place attended the Yearly Meeting at Conoho Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Briley and Miss Lillian Taylor have returned from their visit to Greenville.

Mr. B. L. Roebuck and wife, of Cross Roads, were the guests of Mrs. J. T. Edmonson Monday.

Mr. Richard Jenkins, of Robersonville, took the town's belle, Miss Lillian Taylor, to Conoho Sunday.

Mr. J. B. Coburn, of this place, went to church Sunday and took dinner with the widow, his old girl.

The farmers through this vicinity are sick over their tobacco, and declare they will never plant any more.

Mr. John Peel, the painter of the S. G. Taylor Buggy Company, reports a jolly time on his return home.

Mr. Harvey Roberson left Monday for Richmond, Va., where he will enter the Masey Business College.

We are expecting a R. F. D. route through this place, which the people are all fighting and de-

EVARTS' QUIANT HUMOR.

How He Passed a Post and a Statesman Into the Senate.

During the last days of Oliver Wendell Holmes' life he visited Washington in company with Robert C. Winthrop, and both of the venerable men visited the senate chamber on the occasion of some ceremonies which crowded the galleries with people, so that they were unable to obtain seats.

"The galleries are crowded, as you know," he said, "and the rules of the senate admit to the floor of the chamber only members of the two houses of congress, members of the cabinet, justices of the supreme court, ex-senators, persons who have received the thanks of congress and private secretaries to senators. I cannot get your admission in any other capacity, but if you will accept highly respectable and remunerative employment as my private secretary I will find you seats on the floor."

"My dear sir, these two young men are my private secretaries. You will observe that they are both very green and ignorant, but I am trying to have patience with them and overlook their deficiencies. I wish you would take a good look at them so that when they come here again to see me you will know them." And with that he pushed open the swinging doors and motioned Dr. Holmes and Mr. Winthrop to pass in, while the doorkeeper in a bewildered sort of way remarked in an undertone:

"Well, I'll be blanked!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Growth of the Papal Crown.

Originally the headpiece of the popes was only a cap, but Clovis, king of the Franks, to show his respect to the church of Rome, sent to the palace of St. John in Lateran a royal crown of gold, which Anastasius, emperor of Constantinople, had presented to him. The Pope Hormisdas placed upon the tiara this crown, which was at that time nothing more than a circle of gold surmounted by leaf work, being much such a coronet as is nowadays borne by marquises in France. The successor of Pope Hormisdas continued to wear the tiara with one crown only up to the time of Boniface VIII, but this pope, having claimed authority over things temporal as well as spiritual, wished to mark this double dominion on the pontifical tiara, on which he placed two crowns instead of one. Ultimately Pope John XXII added a third crown.—St. James' Gazette.

Mark Twain's Joke on the Bishop.

Bishop Doane of Albany was at one time the rector of an Episcopal church in Hartford, and the services at this church Mark Twain would occasionally attend. Twain one Sunday played a joke upon the rector.

Fish Need Air.

Fishes, like all other animals, need air. If they could not get it they would be suffocated just as you would if you were locked in an air tight trunk. When the sea is frozen for miles, as in the Arctic ocean, the fishes find it very hard to come to the top, and must then "breathe" the air which is dissolved in the water. You have often seen the tiny bubbles which collect on the inside of a glass which has been standing full of water overnight. Well, that is the air which has been dissolved in the water, and after the glass has been tapped, so that all these bubbles come to the top, fishes could not live in that water. In other words, they would drown.

Fasting For Health.

Thousands of years before it was practiced as a religious rite fasting was practiced as a health measure in Egypt, India and China. Contemporary to Cleopatra was Asclepiades, a Greek physician, who strongly advocated this idea, and 1,000 years after his day Ibn Sina, philosopher and medical sage, arranged the virtues of temporary abstinence on the ground that it came easier than constant moderation.

Trimming Sails.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torking, "how do they trim the sails of a yacht?"

Your Health.

You young people, don't forget that health is greatly prized in old age. Young people can stand abuses to their health in youth, but terrible interest is collected later on.—At. lison Globe.

Still Harder.

"It's hard to have a lot of debts that you simply can't pay."

Milton's Opinion.

Milton was once asked if he intended to instruct his daughter in the different languages. He replied: "No, sir. One tongue is sufficient for a woman."

STRANGERS YET

By CLINTON DANGERFIELD

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"What we want," said the senior partner eagerly, "is young blood in this venture, for it means the command of the whole coast trade for us. Whoever we send must go because one of us knows him intimately."

"Quite right," assented Caldwell, the middle aged junior.

"I really can't recommend any one," pursued the other. "I thought to turn the whole matter over to you, but I think—"

"Caldwell returned the smile. 'All right,' he said confidently. 'You know I rather pride myself on being a good judge of a man—that is, if I've had any chance to study him.'"

"Best chance in the world," said the senior, with a touch of enthusiasm—he had no boys of his own. "I mean your son."

"My son?" Caldwell stammered.

"Certainly. He's as fine a youngster as I know. Just twenty-five and burning for a chance to do something. Told me himself that he wanted to work."

"He—he never seemed to take any interest in the firm before," objected Caldwell, reddening visibly.

"I know it. But it seems this new opening—the change of section—has awakened him. He was as pleased as punch when I told him I'd talk the affair over with you."

"Fact of the matter, Dobson," said Caldwell after an embarrassed pause, "is just this—it's exactly the chance I'd best like the boy to have. But you said, and I understand this importance, that the man we send we must know intimately."

"But your own son?" ejaculated Dobson. "Who else would you?"

"Who else could I know so well?" said Caldwell desperately. "That's what you'd say, Dobson, because you have no sons—indeed, no children at all. Consequently you can't understand how matters go nowadays with us business men. I'm self made, just as our business is. To keep things going I've scarcely ever taken off my harness. Harness hasn't made me blind. I don't say that, but what opportunity has it left me for an intimate acquaintance with John?"

"Nonsense, man! You show a remarkable knowledge of every clerk we employ. I believe you have literally turned 'em inside out!"

"They are clerks! It was part of the business. But John—he may not be competent; the strain may crush him. He would do all he possibly could, but what are his capabilities? I can't run our firm even for my son."

"Good Lord!" said Dobson cynically. "If this is your modern father—"

"You needn't use that tone," said Caldwell defensively, flushing a deeper red. "If I had stopped to think, Dob-



"AM I BREAKING IN ON A CONFERENCE, DAD?" HE LAUGHED.

son—if I had time to think of this—I wouldn't have been forced to this confession. But I'm no worse than the rest. Take Jackson and Reed and Kimball. Ask them what their sons really are aside from being college fellows who are well supplied with everything and who they believe in, of course. They couldn't tell you. They know their clerks—they have to—as they never will know the capabilities of their sons."

"Good Lord!" said Dobson again like an irritating echo of himself.

"Of course I know there are exceptions, but that's where the boy has shown tastes in common with his father, has gone into the business in detail of his own accord. John never had much in common with me. How could he? I'm just a business man, while he—he's had a chance to enjoy life. His mother says there's nobody like him; that the girls all run after him. I know myself," he added, with fatherly pride, "that it does me good to look at him." Then, with a return to dejection, "But that's not business."

"No," assented Dobson, "that's not business."

As he spoke the office door swung open without warning, and a broad shouldered, finely groomed figure, eager, alert, swung into the room unceremoniously.

"Am I breaking in on a conference, dad?" he laughed.

"Not at all. Not at all," said Dobson, rising hurriedly and taking the answer on himself. "I am just going out."

He made good his escape and caught himself emitting a whistle as he went down the elevator.

"And that's the man," he ejaculated inwardly, "who told me to a fraction last week where the bookkeeper's mon-

ey went, what his personal habits were, what the man's breaking strain was, to a hair. I guess he's an exception about his son. And yet, come to think, I don't know."

Up at the office John regarded his father with a joyous certainty which annoyed his parent excessively.

"Dobson has been telling me," said the elder, making the plunge, "that you want to take charge of this new development. You know you gave me to understand you never intended to go in with us; that you were fitted for something higher—something literary, I believe."

"That's what I thought, but I was a silly ass," said his son, with refreshing frankness. "The fellows at college said my verses and short stories were the very best ever turned out by any member of my class. Perhaps they were, but when I tried them on your genuine editor the fish wouldn't bite at all. Of course, my friends and Ellnor—I mean Miss Storrs—quoted the old maxim to me, 'Ad astra per aspera,' and—"

"Talk English, will you?" interrupted his father impatiently. "If I'd wanted my time studying that stuff you would have been in the gutter now."

"I dare say," said the young fellow good humoredly. "What I want to do now, since I'm a failure at prose and verse, is to go in for something solid. You see—I've got some one else to think of besides myself."

"Some one else?"

"Truth of the matter is I'm engaged."

"To who?"

"I wish he would learn to say to whom," thought the boy. Aloud he said respectfully, "Ellnor Storrs."

"Got any money?"

"Only a very little, and I've merely what you are good enough to let me have on allowance. But give me a chance on this opening, and I'll make a fortune for the firm and for myself. I've written rhymes, but I'm practical for all that."

"You may be," said his father grimly. "The trouble is I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance."

John Caldwell stared, astounded beyond words. The few curt sentences that followed enlightened him. The boy's head dropped.

"I've done wrong," said his father humbly.

John Caldwell flung up his head. "It's more my fault than yours, dad," he said impulsively. "I had time to come out to you, and I didn't. Do you know, dad, we had a tenor in college devoted to mournful airs, and many a time I've heard him at that old song:—"

"Strangers yet after years of life together. After fair and stormy weather why thus joined, why ever met. If they meet, they must be strangers yet!"

"By Jove, I never thought it would come home to me so! But we'll get on another footing if you will accept"—he rose and held out his warm young hand—the pleasure of my acquaintance."

Mutely the father rose also and clasped it. As they stood together tears lay in the eyes of both.

Lord Kelvin and the Teapot. Domestic science has of recent years adopted the phraseology of the laboratory and become the favorite field of chemists and economists. Many years ago, however, it was still a novelty to be treated not flippantly, perhaps, but with less seriousness than it receives today. It was with something like the joy therefore that a few students admitted to the sabbath meetings of the Royal Scientific Society of Edinburgh heard Lord Kelvin announce "Tea-Cosmos" as the subject of his paper for the evening.

In that bleak land, where the afternoon cup of tea is the universal habit, the potted hood to slip over the teapot and arrest the dissipation of its heat is everywhere in use. Lord Kelvin had made an exhaustive study of radiation in proportion to the surface of the teapot and wished to show that the surface of the teapot might be reduced to a size where the cozy would no longer keep it warm, but make it actually colder. The boy on the back seat listened eagerly. Here at last was a practical use for science.

By manufacturing teapots of scientifically exact proportions the cumbersome tea cozy might be dispensed with and one's fortune made. Through endless formulae the lad tried to follow the course of the argument. At last Lord Kelvin reached his conclusion. "The proper size, in short, for the ideal teapot," he announced, "is approximately that of an ordinary garden pea."—Harper's Weekly.

Costard-monger. The word costardmonger is now used of an itinerant fruit seller. It was formerly spelled costard-monger and in this form appears in Drant's "Horace," to translate the Latin word "pomarius."

Literally it means costard seller, costard being a kind of apple, the name of which Murray connects with coeste, a rib.

Some etymologists connect it with custard, assuming that the pulp of apples was used in preparing this delicacy, but there is no real reason for this, since the "custard apple," mentioned in Dampier's "Voyages" (1699), is quite different fruit from the middle English costard.

Some connect it also with "costard," the humorous name for a head: "Take him over the costard with the bill of thy sword!"—Shakespeare. But it seems more probable that the head was called after the apple than the apple after the head.

The termination "monger" simply means a dealer or trader, as in fell-monger and ironmonger, and is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word "mangian," to traffic or barter, which is akin to the Latin "mango," a dealer who sets off and polishes up his wares.—London Standard.

State and General News

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

STATE NEWS.

550 students were enrolled at the University the first week.

The strike in Durham has been broken and everything is again in full swing.

Fred Truesdale, colored, was arrested Monday in Charlotte, charged with assault with intent to rape Mrs. T. J. Killough.

The two prisoners, who were reported in our last issue as having escaped from the penitentiary, have been found. They were in hiding in the loft of the shoe shop.

William Bondurant, aged sixty-one, was arrested in Winston-Salem Sunday and carried to High Point that night to answer a charge of an attempt to criminally assault Miss Llewellen, a seventeen-year-old girl, in High Point a few weeks ago.

Sunday the wife of John Heimer was one of the penitents during the forenoon services at a revival meeting at Smith's chapel, in Middlebrook. Heimer objected to this and entered the church in the presence of a large congregation, pulled his wife from the altar and dragged her out. He was arrested.

Robert Penland, one of the wealthiest and best known men in Buncombe, was, it is believed, fatally stabbed by his nephew, Henry Penland, in an affray which occurred Monday as the result of a feud of long standing. Henry Penland was committed to jail without bond.

The post office at Albemarle was broken into and robbed Sunday night, but no money nor valuables are missing so far. There is no safe in the office and no money was left there, but the burglar got away with a razor that was locked up in a drawer in the office. An entrance was gained by removing the steel bars from the back window.

In a wreck on the Seaboard Air Line at Henderson Sunday morning about 2 o'clock, Capt. W. A. Brown was killed. The train that Capt. Brown was on was standing at the coal chute, when another, in charge of engineer D. G. Martin, ran into it. The finding of the coroner's jury was that Capt. Brown came to his death by the negligence of engineer Martin.

At Marion Rev. C. H. L. Hyder is under arrest, charged with the murder of his infant. His wife, who is said to be the fifth of the living women who claim to be the wife of the minister, is also under arrest on the same charge. Hyder deserted the wife with whom he was living in Asheville, Mrs. Tiny Almonds Hyder. She says she will prosecute him if he escapes from the murder charge, which seems improbable. Hyder and wife number five, it is claimed by the authorities, murdered their five months old babe in the dead of night and buried its body a hundred yards from the place where they were lying. The arrest of the minister who is well known, has created a big sensation.

Sour Stomach

When the quantity of food taken is too large or the quality too rich, sour stomach is likely to follow, and especially so if the digestion has been weakened by constipation. Eat slowly and not too freely of easily digested food. Masticate the food thoroughly. Let five hours elapse between meals, and when you feel a fullness and weight in the region of the stomach after eating, take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and the sour stomach may be avoided. For sale by S. R. Biggs.

GENERAL NEWS.

The corn crop in the west has been seriously damaged by frost.

The trial of James H. Tillman for the murder of N. G. Gonzales, has been set for Monday.

Oliver T. Sherwood, the defaulting cashier of the Southport National Bank, (Conn.), was sentenced Tuesday to 10 years in prison by Judge Platt in the United States Court.

More than 5,000 people are homeless on the island of Cozumal, situated on the coast of Yucatan, owing to the fact that their houses were destroyed by the heavy storm that recently visited Yucatan and other coast states.

After a trial lasting eight days the jury in the case of Curtis Jett, charged with the murder of Towns Marshall Thomas Cockrell, at Jackson, Ky., July 21, 1902, Monday evening rendered a verdict of guilty and punishment at death.

The Lipton testimony committee met at the Waldorf hotel in New York Tuesday and examined testimonials to be presented to Sir Thomas Lipton. No final choice was made. Money is coming in rapidly and indications are that the fund will reach \$8,000 or \$10,000.

Four masked men held up a westbound Burlington and Missouri River train five miles north of St. Joseph, Mo., Tuesday night. The safe in the express car was dynamited and the car wrecked. The safe contained between \$5,000 and \$10,000 which was secured.—The robbers escaped.

Two heavy Southern railway freight trains collided at Boone station, about 6 miles from Portsmouth Monday morning. The cars were destroyed fire. Engineer Richard Carrington, of Selma, N. C., is in St. Vincent's hospital, in Norfolk, badly injured. The others of the train crews jumped and escaped injury with the exception of a colored brakeman, was caught in the wreck and cremated.

While returning to their home at Dutch Gap, from a circus in Petersburg, Va., Tuesday, a family named Lozon was plunged into disaster. Mrs. Lozon twosons and a daughter were in a wagon, and as they crossed the Atlantic Coast Line tracks at Riddle Station, were struck by the Norfolk & Western "Canon Ball" train, and Mrs. Lozon and one of the sons, aged 5 years, were instantly killed, and the daughter seriously, and second son slightly injured. The father, with a third son was following in a buggy, and witnessed the catastrophe.

Fearful Odds Against Him

Bedridden, alone and destitute. Such, in brief was the condition of an old soldier by the name of J. J. Havens, Versailles, O. For years he was troubled with Kidney disease and neither doctors or medicines gave him relief. At length he tried Electric Bitters. It put him on his feet in short order, and now he testifies: "I'm on the road to complete recovery." Best on earth for Liver and Kidney troubles and all forms of Stomach and Bowel Complaints. Only 50c. Guaranteed by all druggists.

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A good intelligent boy to learn the printing business.

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"Strength and vigor come of good food, duly digested. 'Force', a ready-to-serve wheat and barley food, adds no burden, but sustains, nourishes, invigorates."