

DIRECTORY

Town Officers
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Street Commissioners—J. D. Leggett, Clerk—C. H. Godwin.
Treasurer—N. S. Peel.
Attorney—Wheeler Martin.
Chief of Police—J. H. Page.

Lodges

Skewarkee Lodge, No. 90, A. F. & A. M. Regular meeting every 2nd and 4th Tuesday nights.
Roanoke Camp, No. 107, Woodmen of the World. Regular meeting every 2nd and 4th Friday nights.

Church of the Advent

Services on the second and fifth Sundays of the month, morning and evening, and on the Saturdays (5 p. m.) before, and on Mondays (9 a. m.) after said Sundays of the month. All are cordially invited.
B. S. LASSITER, Rector.

Methodist Church

Rev. E. E. Rose, the Methodist Pastor, has the following appointments: Every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and night at 7 o'clock respectively, except the second Sunday. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Holly Springs 3rd Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Vernon 1st Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Hamilton 2nd Sunday, morning and night; Hassells 2nd Sunday at 5 o'clock. A cordial invitation to all to attend these services.

Baptist Church

Preaching on the 1st, 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., and meeting every Thursday night at 7:30. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:30. J. D. Biggs, Superintendent.
The pastor preaches at Hamilton on the 3rd Sunday in each month, at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., and at Riddick's Grove on Saturday before every 1st Sunday at 11 a. m., and on the 1st Sunday at 3 p. m. Slade School House on the 2nd Sunday at 3 p. m., and the Biggs' School House on the 4th Sunday at 3 p. m. Everybody cordially invited.
R. D. CARROLL, Pastor.

SKEWARKEE

LODGE

No. 90, A. F. & A. M.
DIRECTORY FOR 1905.
S. S. Brown, W. M.; W. C. Manning, S. W.; Mc. G. Taylor, J. W.; T. W. Thomas, S. D.; A. F. Taylor, J. D.; S. R. Biggs, Secretary; C. D. Castarphen, Treasurer; A. H. Whitmore and T. C. Cook, Stewards; R. W. Clary, Tyler.
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FINANCE—J. D. Biggs, W. H. Hassell, R. J. Peel.
REFERENCE—W. H. Edwards, W. M. Green, F. K. Hodges.
ASSISTANT—H. W. Stubbs, W. H. Robertson, H. D. Cook.
MARSHALL—I. H. Hutton.

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OFFICE—MAIN STREET
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The Age of Wisdom.

When Reginald and I went out this morning for a walk, We had most confidentially An interesting talk, We talked of things we used to think, Then most forgot again: For Reginald is over nine, And I, you know, am ten. Why, I remember how last year, When we were rather small, We thought that wars were over with And couldn't come at all. We read of battles in the books, And thought them very fine; But Reginald was only eight, And I was only nine. Policeman really stand around To clear away the track, And help the ladies cross the street, And bring lost children back; We thought they hunted Indians And boys who stay out late, When Reginald was only seven And I was only eight.

We thought that Santa Claus came down Right through the chimney flue, And that his reindeers pawed out side, As in the play they do. While, if a boy had been to bad, To him no toys were given; But Reginald was only six, And I was only seven. I'm really quite ashamed to tell How once we used to try To see what very little things Could make the baby cry. We thought it quite a famous joke To play those silly tricks; When Reginald was only five, And I was only six.

And, oh, the foolish, foolish things We fancied before that? We thought that hills could touch the sky, And that the earth was flat, That fairy stories might come true, And dragons be alive, When Reginald was only four, And I was only five. It's such a comfort now to think Those baby days are past, And ignorance so terrible Is all outgrown at last, And now, of course, we'll never be Such simpletons again; For Reginald is over nine, And I, you know, am ten. —Emma Endicott Mearns, in St. Nicholas.

A Small boys Diary.

There is a certain nine-year-old kid in this city who is keeping a diary. The book was given him last Christmas by a relative, and his father had forgotten all about it until he accidentally found the volume the other day. Curious to see what his small son had written in it, he opened the book and found that the diary had been faithfully kept. Here are a few of the entries.
"I am nine years old to-day. Looked in the glass, but whiskers aint sprouting yet."
"Sassed a boy. Got lick."
"Pop borrid ten cents for car fair, that makes \$1.15 he owes me. Wonder if He ever get it."
Jimmy—stole my bal I lick him for it.
"Ast Pop for some of my money and he giv me a nickil. I want that doler."
"We feloes got up a baseball club I'm pitcher. If I had the doler I could get a uniform."
"Pop got paid today and giv me my money."
"Mamma borrid a doler. A feloe cant save nothing."
"Ast Pop about banks. I want to put my money where car fair aint so scarce."
"Got lick again."
There was more of this, but Pop had read enough. As a result there was a conference, and now the arrangement is to pay five percent, a week interest, and settle every day. The kid got his uniform.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Export of British Art Treasures.

The recent acquisition by an American collector of four first folios of Shakespeare's plays for the remarkable sum of 10,000 pounds has strengthened the demand for legislation in the matter of the exportation of art treasures. The amount spent by the government annually on pictures and other works of art is as nothing when compared with the unlimited purses of American millionaires, and it is therefore evident that the only course that remains open, if private literary and art treasures are to be retained in this country, is legislation.

Italy protects her art treasures by prohibiting the exportation of any work of Italian origin without the permission of the government, and it is owing to this law that the attempted sale of the Borghese Titian, "Sacred and Profane Love," to America, for an enormous sum of money—by some said to be 200,000 pounds—was prevented. Why, therefore should not the British government make a similar law?

During the past season many of the finest canvasses have crossed the Atlantic. Of recent times the most notable instance is the sale to Mr. Aitman of New York of Hoppner's Lady Louisa Manners sold at Christie's for 14,050 guineas. In fact, the high prices paid for many of the pictures sold under the hammer are undoubtedly caused by the unlimited commissions from America. The famous Titian "Ariosto," purchased last year for 30,000 pounds by the British nation, would in all probability have found a place in some American collection, had not Mr. Astor, Mr. Beit, and a few others generously subscribed 18,500 pounds of the purchase money.

Our most valuable books are also leaving us. Of the seven Shakespeare quartos sold during the sea son for an aggregate of nearly 5,000 pounds, six have been acquired on behalf of the American collectors. Germany, too, is in the field. The famous Peel Van Dyck's, sold a few years ago for 24,250, now hangs upon the wall of the Berlin Museum.—London Mail.

A Faithless Lawyer.

A lawyer tells how he once played a client false. "I shall have to make a lawyer out of that boy of mine. I don't see any other way out of it," declared the well-known attorney with a laugh. "He came into my office on his way home from school and laid a nickle down on the desk before me. 'What is this for, son?' I asked. 'Retain er,' he answered, soberly. 'Very well,' said I entering into the joke: 'what have I been retained upon?' My boy dug down into his pocket and produced a note from his teacher and placed it before me without comment. It was to the effect that he had been 'cuttin,' up, and advised a whipping. 'Now, what would you advise?' he asked in a business-like voice, after I had read the note, and saw the trap that youngascal-led me into. 'I think that our first move should be to apply for a change of venue,' said I. 'Very well,' he answered, 'you're handling the case.' 'Then we will turn the note over to your mother,' said I. I saw the young imp's face fall at this, but he braced up and said: 'See here, pop, you're bound to see me through on this, 'cause you've accepted my retainer, you know!' 'I'll argue your case before the court,' I answered, 'but you'll have to accept the decision. I would not dare to influence the court.' Well, I pleaded the boy's case, promptly had it thrown out of court, and the boy got what he deserved—a good whipping. It was the first time I ever played false to a client.—Detroit Free Press.

What a delightful world this would be to live in if our neighbors knew half as well as we what is good for them.

Along the North Shore Drive.

To begin with, there was a heavy mist which had been rolling inland all evening across the stone esplanade which lies between Lincoln Park and the Lake. By ten o'clock the last pedestrian had disappeared and all was still except for the swish-wash of the water as it lapped against the wooden piles.

Suddenly, from somewhere near the water's edge came a wall—long drawn and piercing—a woman's scream. Hardly had it died away when it was followed by another and another in quick succession.

Then for a moment everything was quiet, but just as the troubled atmosphere had settled down, once more the high-pitched shriek came in through the fog. Soon there was a sound of men's feet and from different ways came two park policemen, one with a bull's eye lantern held out in front of him.

They were both headed for the same point and came to a stop to compare notes. "Did you hear it?" "Yes! Just about here was—!" At this juncture another scream rang out and both men made a plunge through the mist to the spot. A second later there was a scuffle, a rustle of silk skirts, and the hurried tapping of little feet, followed by the big heavy ones of the officers and them all came to a standstill under an urch light.

Holding his lantern high above his head, the policeman examined two girls who stood close together. They both looked thoroughly frightened. "Was it you two girls who were screaming?" he asked, looking cautiously back of him into the mist for possible causes. "Yes, it was," stammered one of the young women, panting, "but, oh, dear—we didn't think you ever would come!" "Well, what's the matter, now we are here?" asked the other officer impatiently, wiping the perspiration from his face. "You see, we were out walking, and Mary said it was dangerous out here, and I said that there were lots of policemen, and she said they were never here when they were wanted, and I said let's scream and see if they will come or not, and Mary said all right, and so we sat down and screamed and—you did come, didn't you?" With that they turned and ran, leaving the two big chaps staring after them into the mist.

"By gosh, we should have run 'em in for disturbing the peace," said the one with the lantern. "Well," returned the other, "I'll bet they heard them screams at the Chicago avenue station. I guess the joke's on us, Bill."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Way to do Things.

If there is that in your nature which demands the best and will take nothing less, and you do not demoralize this standard by the habit of deterioration in everything you do you will achieve distinction in some line if you have the persistence and determination to follow your ideal. But if you are satisfied with the cheap and shoddy, the blotched and slovenly, if you are not particular about quality in your work, or in your environment, or in your personal habits, then you must expect to take second place, to fall back into the rear of the procession. People who have accomplished work worth while have had very high sense of the way to do things. They have not been content with mediocrity. They have not confined themselves to the beaten tracks; they have never been satisfied to do things just as others do them, but always a little better. They always push things that come to their hands a little higher up a little further on. It is this higher up, this little further on, that counts in the quality of life's work. It is the constant effort to be first-class in everything one attempts that conquers the heights of excellence.—Success.

Salt From Utah's Lake.

The Great Salt Lake as a salt producer has always been a theme that enlists interest. Edwin C. Eckel, of the Geological Survey, has passed some time there in the study of the industry. He finds that salt manufacture from the waters of the lake began with the arrival of the Mormon's in 1847. The only salt harvested at first was that obtained from the evaporation in summer of the water in little lagoons, or natural basins, along the shore of the lake. About the year 1869 dams were built to hold large quantities of water in low places for evaporation. These ponds were flooded in the spring and the salt deposited in the summer by solar evaporation was gathered into pits along the banks and carried over from one year to another. About this time the chlorination process for the reduction of silver ores was discovered, and the demand for milling salt increased very rapidly. The output reached a total of 50,000 tons in 1890, whereas not more than 500 or 1,000 tons were gathered in 1848. At present Utah ranks sixth among the States as a salt producer, so far as quantity is concerned. The fifth in the value of the product. The production has increased from 96,760 barrels in 1880 to 417,501 barrels in 1902.

Mistaken Identity.

I hear no sound. Can it be that she is not here? As I came into the hall I did not hear the rustle of a skirt. But the maid said she was downstairs. Why does she not come out to greet me. I will enter the drawing room. Ah, the light is quite dim. Now I can see better, as my eyes grow accustomed to the light. What is that on the couch? It is she. Sh! She sleeps. I will walk over and look at her.

How beautiful she is! Her cheeks are slightly flushed. Her hair! Heaven! I never knew she had such hair before. She must have dropped down there and fallen asleep. Shall I awaken her?

I always knew that she was a pretty girl, but somehow I never realized how beautiful she was before. My heart is going like a trip hammer. We are alone. I must kiss her. I cannot help myself. Now I am leaning over—closer, closer. It is wrong of me. Well I will answer for it if it is. There is no time to argue. I love her and I must have that kiss. There! I did it. It was the finest kiss I ever took. I faint with bliss. She still sleeps. Thank heaven I can take another. Here goes! On her lips this time. How soundly she sleeps! That last one was a hummer! It should surely have waked her. Can anything be wrong. Once more! And again! And again! What! Not awake yet. "Darling, speak to me! It is I Jack. Why did you sleep so soundly?" "Oh, Jack, I was not asleep, and I didn't know it was—you."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Never judge a dogs bite by his bark. Lots of men after telling the truth try to lie out of it. There is always hope for the fool who minds his own business. It is easier to make a new quarrel than it is to patch up an old one. Many a man who thinks he thinks has a wife who does all his thinking. A man may not be too old to learn but he may be too old to realize it. It's the most difficult thing in the world to forget what you want to forget. If a man is no earthly good he is always asserting that he's as good as anybody.

Stated the facts.

The Editor of an Indiana paper became tired of being called a liar so he announced that he would tell the truth in the future. The first issue thereafter contained the followings:

"John Bonin, the laziest merchant in town, made a trip to Bellville yesterday. "John Coyle, our groceryman, is doing a poor business. His store is dirty, and noxiously odoriferous. How can he expect to do much? "Rev. Styx preached last Saturday on 'charity.' The sermon was punk. "Dave Sonkey died at his home in this place. The doctor gave it out as heart failure. The fact is he was drunk and whiskey is what killed him. "Married. Miss Silvia Rhodes and James Conhan, last Saturday evening at the Baptist parsonage. The bride is a very ordinary town girl who doesn't know any more than a jack-rabbit about cooking, and never helped her mother three days in her life. She is not a beauty by any means, and has a gait like a fat duck. The groom is well known as an up to date loafer. He's been living off the old folks all his life and don't amount to shucks. They will have a hard life. The paper had no sooner reached the public than a committee was sent to him bearing a petition asking him to continue in the good old way, and stated that they believed him to be a truthful and honest man.—Burlington Ns.

Do not doubt that the self-made man will be a good thing—if he ever gets himself finished. Subscriber—Say why don't you publish society intelligence in your paper? Village Editor—Society intelligence? Why, I never heard of such a thing—Chicago News.

Had Her Picked Out—Whistler, Gimme a gold ring. Jeweler—Filled? Whistler—Naw, empty, I'll have it filled to suit myself.—Cleveland Leader.

Ways of a Thieving Dog. John Huyck, a well known citizen of Sioux Falls, is the owner of a bird dog which has a mania for stealing, and, so far as the range of the articles stolen is concerned, the dog holds the canine record for thefts. The animal was raised from a puppy by Huyck. His degeneracy commenced to manifest itself some time ago, when members of the family would find upon the porch of the Huyck domicile such things as rubbers, shoes, pieces of rope and the like. Finally hammocks and pillows were added to the collection. In fact, everything of a portable nature that could be carried by the dog found its way to the Huyck home. As these things were taken from the residents of the immediate neighborhood, it was not a difficult matter to restore the accumulations to the rightful owners. But the limit was reached the other day when the dog brought up to the back door a kettle containing a pot roast, which was steaming hot. It is supposed the kettle was placed outdoors so the meat could cool off, and that the dog, attracted by the scent of meat was drawn to the spot. After proceeding to investigate, the dog evidently found the meat too hot to remove from the kettle, so decided to carry off kettle as well as its contents. The owner of the kettle could not be located, and rather than run the risk of further trouble the owner of the dog decided to send the animal into the country for a time, in hope that it can be broken of the stealing proclivities. The dog is smart, is a good ranger and hunter, and is valuable, excepting for his habit of stealing everything he can carry.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Mr. J. T. HIBSON, Danvers, N. C., says: "Any one suffering from Constipation, Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Headaches, Rheumatism and all manner of Blood Diseases would do well to take Bliss Native Herbs."

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