VOL. VII. - NO I.

WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1905.

WHOLE NO. 313

DIRECTORY

Town Officers

Mayor B. F. Godwin ers-A. A.derson, N. S Peel, W. A. Ellison, J. D. Leggett, C. H.

Street Com Clerk-C. H. Godwin. Treasurer-N. S. Peel. Attorney-Wheeler Martin. Chief of Police-J. H. Page.

Lodges

Skewarkee Lodge, No. 90, A. F and A. M. Regular meeting every 2nd and 4th

Roanoke Camp, No. 107, Woo the World. Regular meeting every 2nd last Friday nights.

Church of the Advent

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

Methodist Courch

Rev. E. E. Rose, the Methodist Pa tor, has the following appointments tor, 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 even-ing at 7 o'clock, Holly Springs 3rd Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Vernon 1st Su'day evening at 3 o'clock; Hamilton 2nd Sunday, morning and night; Hassells 2nd Sunday at 5 o'clock. A cordial in-vitation to all to attend these services

Baptist Church

Threaching on the 1st. 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 a, m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayermeeting 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 II a. m. and 7:30 p. m., and at Riddick's Grov turday before every 1st Sunday at 11 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 Ho on the 4th Sunday at 3 p. m. Everybody cordially invited.

R. D. CARROLL, Pastor.

SKEWARKEE LODGE

No. 90, A. F. & A. M.

S. Brown, W. M.; W.C. Manning, S W.; Mc. G. Taylor, J. W.: T. W. Thom as, S. D.; A. F. Taylor, J.D; S. R. Biggs Secretary; C. D. Carstarphen, Treasurer A. E. Whitmore and T.C.Cook, Stewards

R. W. Clary, Tiler. STANDING COMMITTEES: CHARITY-S. S. Brown, W. C. Man

ning, Mc. G. Taylor. FINANCE-Jos. D. Biggs, W. H. Har

REFERENCE-W. H. Edwards, W. M. Green, F. K. Hodges. ASVLUM-H. W. Stubbs, W. H. Rol ertson, H. D. Cook. MARSHALL-I. H. Hatton

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S. ATWOOD NEWELL

LAWYER

Office up stairs in New Bank Bring, left hand side, top of steps. VILLIAMSTON N C.



THE NEWS-BEARER.

Old Piny Dart, round-faced and with ks like a frost-bitten apple. effeminate voice and as harmless a a dove, was the oracle, the news-bear er, in a New England rural neight

ettiest gossip, he loved to impart his information to others, and could be depended upon to tell all that was he called at any of the neighboring farm houses some one would be sure

"Well, Uncle Pliny, what's the

news?"
"Wal, I dunno as there's m anything with speakin of. I reckon you knew they've got another leetle one over to Hi Dabner's?"

"No! Have they?"
"Yaas; borned yistiday. It's their tenth; but Hi says the more the merrier. That's the right way to look at t. If there's room in the heart there'l be room in the house for all the leetle folks the good Lord sends one. Sam Moony's mother-in-law passed away

las' night."
"Did she?"
"Yes; went off easy as a glove at sixteen minnits after leven. Good ole woman! I reckon there'll be consid-dable of a fun'ran with so many kin on both sides o' the bouse. Elder Stotts is goin' to preach the sermon. Reckon he'll spread hisself, with her bein' the oldest member o' his church.

bein' the oldest member o' his church. He can't say nothin' but good of her. An' what pies she could make! Dear old soul! She's in Glory now, an some one else will have to make the pies at Sam's house. You know they had a bran' new pianny at Lem Thurber's house."

"Got it out o' the fo'teen hundred Lem got for his woodland, an' I reck-on they're some set up over it. Lotty Thurber is a born musicker anyhow. She can play one piece with one hand and another piece with the other hand an' sing a third chune all at one time. Music runs in the fam'ly. Lem kin play a reg'lar chune on a common coarse comb, an' Mis' Thurber kin play the gittar, an' Jim kin beat the band jerkin' music out of a fiddle, an' little Lucy kin play the banjo, an' the

hull fam'ly kin whistle like birds

null tam'ly kin whistle like birds. I tell you when they all git to goin' at once it's considerable of a concert." "I should think it would be." "Tis. Did you know that Andy Ricer got his wife a new black silk out of the damidge money he got for be in' run into and all but killed by the cars at that grade crossin'? I reckon his wife thinks it's true that things work together for good.' She allus wanted a nice black silk, an, I

reckon she never would of got it if the railroad hadn't helped her out. Hear about old Silas Thrale gittin' his ombstun? "Why, what do you mean?"
"Jess what I say. He's got him a
real harnsom stone an' had it enreal narnsom stone an' had it en-graved, all but the day of his takin' off, an' has had it set up up in the buryin'-ground. Said he wanted to make sure of havin' one an 'havin' what he wanted on it."

"What did he have on it?"

"Oh, a long string o' stuff settin' off is virtues that nobody ever knowed efore that he had. If that ain't vanity croppin' out on a tombstun I dun-no what is. Got his wife's age all she's mad as a wet hen about it, for she's been passin' for a good five years younger than that stun says she is. Kind o' funny to see a stun set up an' nobody under it. I'd feel kind is. Kind o' funny to see a stun set up an' nobody under it. I'd feel kind o' creepy ev'ry time I saw it, if it was mine. Old Tom Manson has got his pension raised from ten to twelve dollars a month, an' Andy Carneggy ain't in it with old Tom jest now. You'd think to hear him talk that him an' Rock'feller was about on a level. I'm giad he's got it. Them that's fit and bled for their country has a right I'm guad ness got it. 'Them that's fit and bled for their country has a right to be cared for in their old age. It wouldn't sprise me none if Tom got married ag'in on his extry two dollars a month. Hens layin' much now?"

"Very little." "So it is with ours. Dratted things llus git lazy when eggs go up in Drury come out tryin' to make hens lay?"

"No, how was it?"

"Well, her hens wa'n't layin' to suit her, an' she got some new kind o' stuff to mix in with their feed, an' you know her eyesight is dreadful poor, an' she got hold of a package of new-fangled rat pizen, stid of the egg-producin' stuff, an' fed a hull package of it to her hens. They laid all right. Still layin', I reckon, an' they won't git up. I happened over there soon after it happened, an' Mis' Drury was yankin' the feathers off the hens, with her teeth set an' breathin' hard. You her teeth set an' breathin' hard. You know she's purty pep'ry in temper, an' she vowed that if she ever come across the man that invented that pizen she'd manage somehow to give him a dose of it. She's got sixteem hundred dollars in the bank an' her place all her own, so she ain't no call to worry over the loss of a few hems; still it was tryin' to lose 'em in that way. Said it spited her so to think of how good some o' them nice plump hens would of eat. Her old Domineck rooster got a dose too, and turned uphis toes along with the hens he'd er teeth set an' breathin' hard. You his toes along with the hens he'd lorded it over so long. Mis' Drury said she'd had that rooster so long that she felt like a mother to him. Too had!"—Sunday Magazine.

TALE OF THE KITTENS

Saved Their Own and the Fireman's Life by a Timely Cry. Roberts, the fireman, who had been sent into the alley during the great fire in elevator A, suddenly leaned for-ward, listening.

Yes, above the roaring of the flame here was a faint sound of crying.
"By Jove! there's something alive in here!" said Roberts.
He groped his way through the

Then be laughed a little, as he put his hand behind a barrel and drew out four cunning little balls of fur, each one squealing with all its might. Finaily the distracted mother came out. Such a pretty little Maltese mother cat! "The babies will be glad of this,"

up in his mackintosh.

Then in the alley just where he had been standing a minute before there came a great burst of flame and a downpour of shingles from the burning

berts, as he rolled the family

"Well, kits." said Roberts, "you'v aved my life, I reckon." He ran back. The door was locked, but stout blows made it give. When he opened it smoke and flame poured in so blindly that he started back and shut the door again.

"Looks as if we were in a trap," he muttered. But then there came from the alley window a shout of "Roberts!" So he ran that way and shouted back. Then came a great swish of water, and so presently he climbed over the smoking hot shingles to safety.

a his friends saw the black singed figure, they greeted him with a

migary snow.

He walked to the buggy where the chief stood issuing orders through his megaphone. He said: "Well, Roberts, glad to see you safe. We thought you were gone when that roof shower

"Yes, chief, I saved some lives," said loberts, laughing, and he unrolled his The chief laughed, too, as the dis

acted family came into view.
"Five life medals for you, Roberts," "Forty-five, I think, chief," said Rob

erts; "nine lives apiece, you know."
"Your kids will decorate you, all
right," said the chief, going back to When the Roberts babies found the

itten family next morning they imped and screamed with delight. "Who gave them to you, daddy?"

asked the eldest girl.

"They saved my life, and I saved theirs, in the elevator fire last night," said Roberts. aid Roberts.

"O, goody, daddy!" said the boy.

"Next time save a dog, too."

"And a doll," said the girl.

"Hold on!" said Roberts, laughing.

"It isn't always such a Santa Clau as this, by any means."—Philelphia Inquirer.



Little Poll Punker Was a great thunker A very great thunker Life held for her naught But thinking and thought

The Princess and Her Donkeys A cart and pair of Sardinian donkeys elong to Princess Yolanda of Italy. cole turnout is the prettiest thinge, the donkeys, tiny, fat little fellows, being snow white, without a mark or hair of blemish, while the cart is also white and has an immaculate white canopy. When the two little daughters of King Victor are in it, with their immense white embroidery mets, they form a striking pic ture, especially when they have Yo-landa's pet dog, with his long, white hair between them, only his assertive little face, with its bright, black eyes, showing in the midst of the billows o showing in the midst of the billows of their frills. Yolanda, who is over two years and a half old, drives the gentle donkeys and does it very well, but is usually rendered violently indignant by the groom insisting on walking be-side the pretty cartload; and it is ab-surd to see her, when arguments and anger have failed, try to whip up her steeds and out-distance him; but the steeds and out-distance him; but the little white whip in her hands is like a caress on their backs, and only has the effect of causing them to turn their heads and look at her, perhaps expect-ing a lump of sugar. Yolanda's great ambition now is in add. and it will not be long before she will be allowed to do so.—Golden Days.

Usual Side Won Victory, Ethel-What makes you so naughty,

there's a good angel and a bad angel, each fightin' for me, and I expect the bad angel's licked the other one.—Grit.

Bills—"That beggar is one of the sest-known men in the town."
Wills—"Yes; he keeps in touch with verybody."

THE SINGING SPRING

Several miles southwest of Shoshon Falls, Idaho, and near the Rock Rivel Indian reservation, there is what the Indians call the "Singing Spring." This spring is a very peculiar affair. Thou-sands of gallons of water, pure and cold as ice, gush from its mouth daily; and sounds not unlike those of a har constantly come from the falling was er. The music is sweet indeed; now low and soft as a fairy lullaby, now loud and tremulous as the last notes of some great orchestri. This spring is sacred to the Indians, from one of whom I succeeded in securing the legend which makes it so.

This is what Newtgalah told me as

This is what Ne-o-ta-lah told me a we sat on a rock at the spring's edge:
"It was so many great suns ago that
Mee-tee-tse came to gladden his fath-

"And Mee-tee-tse was a very go boy. Whether he was free to tease the skulking dogs or bound to his cradie-board, the child was always happy. He smiled at the songs of the birds and he cooed with delight at the mournfu sighs of the Traveling Moon.
"So it was said of the little boy the

he was to become great and powerful among his people. Early his father placed the bow and arrow in his hands, as early Mee-tee-tse was made wise i the art of casting an unerring spear At twelve great suns he was the ido of his people. He had already begu to read the speaking rocks. From then he learned the history of the making o the land and the water. The speaking rocks told him of the first man who came in a big canoe, and that there we sent out from the big canoe a dove t search for land. This dove Mee-tee-ts read, was as white as the spotless cap of the mountains. Woe to the hunte who should bring down a white dove prophesied Mee-tee-tse.

There came murmurs of jealor from some of the medicine men.

"Returning hunters always carried the choicest game to Mee-tee-tse; the finest skins and the prettiest plumag were his portion.
"A council of the chiefs decided

"A council of the chiefs decided to make him the wise man of the tribe, for he seemed able to read every omen and his advice was always found good But on the very day when he was to have been invested with this high offic an enemy brought down a white down with his arrow. Then the enemy carried the dead bird secretly to the teenee of Mee-tee-tse, and there those wh came to lead the young wise man to th feast found it. "'The bird of peace is slain!' h

ried.. 'Woe, woe!'
"The sky became dark; awful wind beat down the teepees; the grass was torn from its roots; the cattle were killed by immense rocks which the voice of the clouds cast down the mountains. The people, terror strick en, invoked the aid of the medicine men, who only shook their heads and

pointed accusingly at Mee-tee-tse, who stood silent in a niche in the rocks. "Soon came a calm. The sun shone very brilliantly and gave out an awfu heat. A water famine came. The corn withered and died; the game flew to the shade of the forests. The earth grew hot and no breath of wind came to relieve the suffering.

"When hunger came to the people

and with it the sneaking coyotes from the hills, which preyed upon the chil dren, it was decided that Mee-tee-tse must die to appease the Great Spirit's 'For,' said the medicine men, 'did

he not kill the bird of peace and plen-ty, of which he himself first told us?' lee-tee-tse was gone. To put his to death they must first find him. So they waited. Darkness came; another day; another night. Mee-tee-tse's fathday; another night. er skulked here and there, constantly leaping heart that the father heard from afar the screech of an owl, which he knew to be his boy's signal of ap-proach. Others, too, heard the sound Angrily men and women followed the noise, but when they found the object of their search they fell at his feet, for he came with many ponies laden with

rs of water and haunches of deer In search of water, he had fallen ex hausted near the mouth of a cave. cool draught of air came from the hole and gave him strength to drag himself forward into the cave. After some tim he found himself again out in the light but now the air was fresh, the groun was cool. Near by he heard a sound sweeter than the song of any bird. He was drawn to it. A spring; Waters gushed from it in abundance, and as the lad stooped to quench his thirst and bathe his fevered brow he found that from the depths of the life giving

pool came the sweet song.
"Yonder lies the parched valley of death, which has never known rain since Mee-tee-tse's days, ages and ages ago. Here is the singing spring, ju ing his people out of suffering and

The Game of Hockey. Hockey is an old-fashioned game*but it is getting a new and increasing pop-ularity of late. In Scotland it has been played for years under the name of shinny or shinty, and in Ireland it was long known as hurley. Today it is played not only in this country and in England, but in Holland, France and Switzerland. In England an ordinary Switzerland. In England an ordinary cricket ball painted white is used in playing the game, which requires a ground 100 by 50 yards. There are eleven players on each side, the object of the game being to drive the ball over to the opponents side. For this purpose long wooden sticks, curved at the end are employed.

purpose long wooden a

FISHING WITH HUGE NETS.

Large Enough to Stretch Across a

In the hold of an average fishing vessel there will be twine enough to make a floating wall of mesh stretching through a mile of sea. In addition to the net proper there are thousand of yards of rope and thin lines which serve to hold the net in position and to act as cables for hauling it in. All this material seems to be thrown helterskelter into the hold; but to the trained eye of the fisherman everything is clear and in order and they can pick out the right ends in daylight or dark and get the great thing over without the least trouble.

As soon as the vessel is ready to

drop her net one of the men hands up the end of a heavy cable from the pile. This is run through a tackle blo tached to a boom on a mast and then all hands (or in some vessels a small donkey engine) haul away. True and smooth the net rises foot by foot and the men who stand in the hold to clear any possible tangle rarely have to do more than shake a few folds loose now and then.

As fast as the net appears on de it is passed over into the sea, where it immediately assumes its proper verti cal position, because its lower weighted with lead sinkers, while its upper edge is buoyed up or floated by wooden buoys. As the net is paid out the vessel slowly forges ahead, thus stretching it along in a straight line

The great net is not in one piece, consists of a number of nets, each 100 feet long, which are fastened together. Thus a vessel can fish with a net of any desirable length. When fishing for herring the North Sea fishing ver sels and many of our own gill net fishermen often fasten so many nets together that at last when they are all out the meshes stretch through

When the end of the net is reached the vessel lowers all her sails except the one on the stern, which is kept up to steady her, and then she hangs of to the net.

In stretching a net the fishermen, who know in what direction the fish move, have aimed to set the net sc that it will form a wall running straight across the course of the swimming schools. Consequently the fish swimming into the net, and as it is of very fine, dark twine they cann see it, especially at night. So they but into it and get their heads into the meshes. As soon as they feel the twine they try frantically to back out, but the moment they try to do it the twin minutes holds them fast.

When the net is drawn in it is like a great band of silver. Sometimes, if the haul is good, almost every mesh will have a fish fast in it.

Of all the strange lands in this wor derful world of ours, one of the very strangest is Tibet, that country of Central Asia about which so little. I known. Your geography will tell you that it has a rigorous climate, owing to its great elevation, and that this same elevation makes the country difficult of The laws of the country, forbid travel and exploration, and the people are very hostile to foreigners, so altogether it is not surprising that the Tibetans have gone on living the same kind of life for centuries, all shut in by themselves. Much of the country is abandoned to wild animals and occupied by wandering tribes. It is said that no other country of equal extent in the old world can lay claim to such a unique and remarkable variety of wild animals. Perhaps the great elevation of the Tibetan plateau may have something to do with this, as it re quires special adaptations on the part of its animals. There are also lowlands which have entirely different groups of

One of the most typical animals of the plateau is the yak or Tibetan bisor This is one of the finest members of the ox tribe, specially adapted for cold climate by the mass of long, shag ey hair on the tail and under part. Although domesticated yaks are black and white, the wild ra wholly black. In spite of the fact tha the yak is known as the grunting ox appears that only the domesticate breed grunts. The same area is th home of the kiang, or Tibetan wild ass handsome red and white animal with a large head and small ears, which ap pears to be somewhat intermediate be tween the horse and the true wild

Eastern Tibet is also the home of bear which in color somewhat resem bles the great panda. The bear is re-garded by the natives with fear as the primitive speechless man and it is nev er molested. Among the deer found in Tibet is a small tufted animal with a plum-colored coat, relieved with white There is also a handsome and known as the Lassa stag or Thorold's deer.

An Able Assistant.

The small son of a clergyman who was noted for his tiresome sermon overheard two friends of his father saying how dry they were, and how hard it was to keep awake during them. The following Sunday, while the minister was preaching, he was as tounded to see his son throwing peb-bles at the congregation from the gal-lery. The clergyman frowned angrily at him, when the boy piped out in a clear treble voice:

"It's all right, pop. You go on preach ing: I'm keeping them awake."-Harper's Weekly. Thirty-seven rabbits which had

been inoculated with the typhoid bac illus have been stolen from the bac teriological institute at Saarbruck

MORE HASTE-I FOR SPEED

Guilty Maurice Solved the Problem in the Answer Above

"I wish I could live on the farm al-ways, grandpa," said Maurice. "I think farm work is fun. What are you going to do today, grapdpa?"
"Drop corn down in

"Oh, can I help you?" "You may drop it in the small patch back of the barn. You'll be tired of it

when you have got that done. Run and get one of Aunt Mary's apro the corn." A few moments later, arrayed in a

calleo apron, Maurice appeared in the grain house and grandpa filled his apron with corn. "Remember, just seven kernels in each hill, Maurice," called grandpa, as he went into the next meadow. He counted the kernels with gree

are and let them drop slowly th his fingers. How pretty the yellow corn looked in the brown earth! But soon it grew warm. He looked to see how many hills he had filled.

Only two rows and a half, and ther He decided that there was no use in really counting the kernels. It took too long, and he could guess at it just as well. Soon the apron was empty, but

there were still three rows. He ran to grandpa for more corn "More corn! Why, Maurice, how's is? I gave you enough to fill that patch. Are you sure you put only seven kernels in each hill?" "I didn't count," faltered Maurice. patch.

Grandpa said nothing, but walke through the field and looked into the sixteen and in a third twenty kernels. "Why Maurice!" he said

"I'll pick out the extra ones if you want me to," said Maurice, reluctantly, for his arms were aching "Well, perhaps it will make you mot

thoughtful next time," replied grand At noontime when Maurice started wearily for the house, grandpa said in merry tones, "Well, little man, have you decided that it's true?'

"What's true, grandpa?"
"Oh, that's my riddle, Maurice, and the answer is a proverb. Do you know t, Maurice?"

Maurice thought and Maurice flushe and then Maurice looked straight at "I'm pretty sure I do know it, now,

"Aunt Sally" is a game that can be played by any number of persons; she herself is a block of wood made in the shape of an old colored woman's head, and painted black. She is placed on the top of a pole set in the ground, and her head is decorated with a frilled

and do not forget Aunt Sally's pipe. In

Dear Old Aunt Sally. fact, you may stick several pipes in her mouth, and also in her ears, if yo

wish, for that is part of the game NoneZaBut Best Companies Represented The players stand off about twenty feet, and throw sti inches to feet feet in length, trying to break the pipes. Each player throws in turn, and each side pipe broken scores one point, each front pipe two points.

Some Queer Expressions There is a queer expresion in Nev England—indeed, there are a many—but this is a fishing one. any one catches a big trout or any kind of a game fish he is apt to cry out:
"Look! I have a 'he-one'!" This really
means an old fish or a big one; a whopper, so to speak. Any Yankee boy who brings in a "he-one" is sure to be a subject of envy among the other boys.

Another odd expresison-but this is not a New England one—is, "Do not be a jumping cat." This means, have mind of your own; do not try to be with the others just so as to have com-pany. Do not go from one side of a question to the other without reason. Be brave enough to stand your ground even if you are all alone; never be a "jumping cat;" but, on the other hand, do not be a mule, either. You all know what that means; indeed, just be your own true self, and you will be a good sort of a person if-you are good. that makes me think of something Stevenson once wrote: "There is only one person in the world for me to make good, and that is myself." It is a pretbig contract, but if we begin early and keep at it all our lives, ten chances to one we will do a good piece of work not only for ourselves, but for all the

General G. W. Mindil, United States appraiser of diamonds that come into ew York, declares that they have advanced 50 per cent. in value in ten years, and that the increase will con

Don't try to induce a man to do that which he doesn't want to do; he won't do it, and will hate you besides.

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