

Poultry Letter

Owing to the weather conditions, or some other reason, the poultry man's yearly visitors have not arrived as early this season and in so great numbers as they do some years. But we need not give them out because they will surely be here, and then it will take eternal vigilance to exterminate them. I think a preventive is better than a cure in this case, as well as in many others in the poultry yard. As successful pultry raising depends largely on the sanitary conditions of the surroundings of the fowls, it is very necessary at this season to see that everything is in apple pie order.

Now the first thing to be looked after is the sleeping quarters, as the fowls occupy that place about one-half of their time. A good way to give them a thorough cleaning is to remove all the perches, take a torch of lightwood and singe them off, also the inside of the house, destroying all pests and their eggs. This class of vermin torment the chicks at night and do not stay on them in the day. They collect in knot holes and cracks, and the easiest way to get rid of them is to use lime or boiling water. If the house has a dirt floor, scrape off the top and put in fresh dirt. One cleaning will not totally exterminate these pests, we must use something to prevent their return and increase. One good mixture to use for this purpose is a white wash composed of lime, salt, and enough carbolic acid to give it a good strong odor. Apply this thoroughly inside and out and also on the perches at least once a month through the summer. Another good preventive is an emulsion of strong soap suds made of homemade soap in proportion of about one gallon of kero-sene oil to twenty gallons of suds, with enough carbolic acid to give a strong smell. Apply this with a spray pump inside the house at least once a month.

After the houses are attended to, the premises must be cleaned thoroughly. Rake out from under the buildings and haul the trash out of the way. By this means we get rid of the disease germs, if there should be any hidden in the rubbish. Hoe or plow up all available ground and sow in something for them to eat and make shade, such as sunflowers which make excellent feed in the fall. As a barrel of lime is cheaper than the loss of a dozen or more chickens or a doctor's bill in the family, I would recommend a liberal use of it. Sprinkle it well around the yard, especially in the low damp places also a pint of it in the well occasionally is very beneficial in keeping the water pure. Put some under the buildings where the fowls are in the habit of standing or dusting themselves, as this will help to rid them of the gray louse, which causes the fowl to be poor in flesh and an easy prey to diseases. In my opinion the so called cholera and a great many other diseases are caused by vermin and unsanitary conditions.

Uncle Medoo.

"A dear little girl your daughter is / She always has something to say to me when I meet her."
"Oh, yes, she's not a bit proud. She speaks to everyone."—Sourire.

How often do you eat this food?

A short time ago there appeared in the columns of one of the prominent magazines an article on building brain and muscle by the proper selection of the foods you eat.

A good many people were surprised to find oatmeal placed at the top of the list of foods recommended; but if the article had appeared in an English or Scotch paper every reader would have expected to see first place given to good oatmeal.

As a matter of fact Great Britain and Europe come to us for tremendous quantities of Quaker Oats because it represents to them perfect food, being the richest in flavor and best in cleanliness and purity, of all oatmeals.

It is packed in regular size packages, and in hermetically sealed tins for hot climates.

Lydia's Legacy

A Parrot That First Brought Trouble, Then a Husband
By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Lydia Thorne read the letter three times before she fully understood its meaning. Couched in the heavy phraseology of a country lawyer, it announced that the widow of her uncle, Sidney Ransom, had died a short time ago, leaving to Lydia a legacy. The lawyer went on to state that, although Mrs. Ransom had never seen the niece of her husband, she had been greatly impressed by reports of her kind and amiable disposition, and so her loving care she left—her pet bird, a parrot.

To Lydia, who detested parrots as noisy, ungraceful creatures, this legacy fell as a calamity in her quiet, well ordered existence. She scarcely read the badly written postscript, which stated that the remainder of Mrs. Ransom's estate had gone to a favorite nephew of her own.

The parrot arrived in a crate. There was a tall perching stand for Polly in the crate with the cage, and the parrot was soon at home on the perch, a chain secured around one leg and fastened to the stand.

Lydia found her new companion the source of much amusement for several days. He learned to call her by name, and at times it almost seemed as if she had a human companion in her lonely life.

Her house was situated at the end of the long village street, and few came to her save when there was dressmaking to be done, but Stillwater was near a large city and most of the women bought their clothes in the ready made shops, so Lydia did not have much to do.

It was the spring of the year, and Lydia worked much in her garden. Many times Polly sat near on his perch, shrilly defiant of the wild birds that hovered curiously about him.

Lydia was digging among her pansy plants one morning, transplanting the little green shoots from one bed to another.

"You're growing old, old, old!" shrieked Polly, with sudden vindictiveness and a dreary foreboding in his tone that startled his new mistress.

She turned wistful brown eyes in his direction. Lydia Thorne was no longer young, but she still retained a certain sweet youthfulness of expression, and her brown hair showed not one thread of gray. Perhaps it was because her heart would never grow old, for at thirty-eight Lydia was younger than many women at eighteen. She never thought of her age, but now, when Polly repeated himself in a sudden fury of words, she felt that they must be true.

"You're growing old, old, old as the everlasting hills. Never mind, Lyddy shall marry Stephen, and then everything will be all right. Oh, gee!" Polly made a savage peck at a saucy blue jay who had ventured close to his perch and sent the bandit bird screaming to the top of a tall elm tree.

Polly scratched his ear reflectively. "Poor old Stephen!"

Lydia was interested. "Who is Stephen?" she asked.

"Stephen's a fool. He must marry Lyddy. Then everything will be all right," cackled the bird.

"What nonsense!" cried Lydia indignantly. "What does the bird mean?" She wondered often after that, for Polly seemed to find great comfort in speaking of the unknown Stephen, and, through Polly, Lydia learned that Stephen was a good boy and a credit to his family and if he would only go and see Lyddy he would at once fall in love and marry her.

Then one day came a letter from a cousin in another village inviting Lydia to come and spend a week with her, and, having heard of Polly's arrival, she extended permission for Lydia to bring her legacy.

This Lydia was loath to do, for the parrot's cage was heavy and most unwieldy and she did not really care enough for the bird to carry it about the country. Nevertheless none of her neighbors seemed willing to undertake its care, so one bright morning found Lydia and Polly speeding cityward in the railroad train.

The parrot proved a diverting companion, and it seemed as if they had scarcely started before the train drew into the noisy station where she had to change cars.

Lydia was walking through the long building, carrying the heavy cage, in her already tired arms, when Polly set up a violent outcry.

"Stephen! Stephen! Oh, Stephen, wait for Lyddy!" he shrieked frantically.

A man crossing diagonally in front of them paused and looked curiously at the parrot.

"That's a good boy, Stephen, marry Lyddy—and everything will be all right. Such a handsome Polly!" The bird was fluttering to and fro, and Lydia found difficulty in holding the cage upright.

The stranger approached and lifted his hat. "I am sure Polly is an old friend of mine," he said courteously. "He recognizes me, and—"

Tired Lydia flashed indignance upon him. "Sir!" she said coldly.

The man turned away with reddened

ing cheeks. He had a nice face, Lydia admitted to herself, but she had been brought up to beware of fascinating strangers, and this individual was the nearest approach to a fascinating stranger Lydia had ever chanced to meet. Polly added tumult to confusion.

"Stephen! Stephen! Be a good boy—marry Lyddy and everything will be all right!" he screamed.

Lydia was almost hysterical as the stranger paused again and thrust a finger between the wires of the cage. Polly clung to the finger, crooning softly. With a sudden movement Lydia thrust the cage in the man's arms.

"Take him, if you want him! I'm sure I don't!" And then, unheeding his sharp exclamation of surprise, she darted away in the hurrying crowd. She was quite breathless when she reached the home of the cousin that afternoon and found it difficult to explain the absence of Polly.

"I left him behind," she said evasively, and with this explanation Mrs. Brent had to be content.

During the next few days Lydia wondered what had become of her parrot. She was ashamed of her impatience toward the stranger and thought somewhat ruefully that Aunt Susan Ransom would have considered her a shrew rather than a kind and amiable person had the good lady seen her ill temper on the day of her journey.

The second evening after her arrival as they sat at tea Mrs. Brent broke the silence that had fallen between them:

"Queer, wasn't it, that Susan Ransom should have left everything to Stephen when he don't need the money and just left you that parrot to take care of? Never saw Susan in your life, did you?"

"No," said Lydia, "but I used to write to Uncle Ransom, and then after he died I kept up a correspondence with Aunt Susan. I quite liked her too. She used to write about the parrot, but I never dreamed she would leave it to me. I never liked parrots much."

"I guess you could have used some money," remarked Mrs. Brent, stirring her tea thoughtfully. "Stephen don't need any more'n he's got."

"Is Stephen the nephew?" faltered Lydia, with very pink cheeks. She was thinking of Polly's allusions to "Stephen."

"Of course—Stephen Wood. Queer you never knew his name. Susan thought a sight of him and nagged him day and night because he never got married. He's doing real well in the city—he's in the coal business and is making money hand over fist."

"Have you ever seen him?" asked Lydia in a queer voice.

"Land, yes! Good looking too. Tall and lean, with clean shaved face and bright blue eyes—colors up like a girl when he's embarrassed. He always seemed to think a lot of that parrot. I visited there once, you know. I should think he'd have wanted it. I'm disappointed you didn't bring it, Lyddy. They say it's a very clever bird. I shall be in Stillwater before long, and I'll see him then."

Lydia was doubtful whether Mrs. Brent would ever see the parrot again, although Mr. Wood might return the bird to her if he knew where she might be found, for now she knew it was Stephen Wood who had stopped and spoken to her that day in the railway station.

After all, the visit did not turn out to be as enjoyable as Lydia had anticipated.

The little house seemed very lonely when Lydia returned to Stillwater. May had come, and with it the smell of apple blossoms and young clover Lydia leaned over the gate and watched the golden cloud of dust that preceded the rumbling stage. The evening train was in, and presently, after the stage had carried the mail to the postoffice, she would throw a shawl about her shoulders and go down after her newspaper and letters.

The stage rolled past. The driver waved his whip at her, and her gaze followed the vehicle down the long street into the village. She did not hear footsteps approaching from the opposite direction, and as she turned her head Polly's familiar voice broke harshly on the still air:

"Here we are, sir! Well, well! Be a good boy, Stephen, and marry Lyddy!" Polly's voice died away in an indignant squawk as a strong hand reached in the cage and chastised him.

It was Stephen Wood bringing Polly home.

"Mrs. Brent told me you had returned home, and so I have brought the bird back to you, Miss Thorne. I am sure you must have thought me impatient that day in the station. Of course you did not know me, but I recognized Polly's voice and should have made myself known to you at once."

"I was very rude to you," said Lydia gratefully as she opened the gate to admit him, "but I was very tired, and I was a little tired of Polly just then, and it all happened so suddenly. You understand?"

"Of course I understand. Polly is tiresome most of the time, but he has many good qualities. If he had not recognized me that day I would not have the pleasure of returning him to you," said Mr. Wood.

They sat down on the steps, and the man looked admiringly at Lydia, pink and glowing and sweet as one of the apple blossoms overhead.

"Be a good boy, Stephen, and marry Lyddy, and everything will be all right," shrieked Polly suddenly, and there was such a note of prophecy in his rancous voice that Lydia's brown eyes fell before Stephen's steady blue ones, and this time Polly went unbuked.

Time and Trouble

Can be saved by coming to our store.

Our assortments are complete, and our prices always the lowest.

We have the goods you need in all of the lines included in our stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Laces, Ribbons, Silks, Embroideries, All-over Nets, Ladies' Neckwear, Oxfords, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Men's, Boy's and Children's Clothing.

See our lines of Ladies' and Children's Hats, Baby Caps before placing your orders elsewhere. We can please you in both style and price.

Harrison Bros. & Company

Notice

Having qualified as Executors upon the Estate of Arista Bryan, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against said Estate to present them to the undersigned for payment on or before the 24th day of March 1911, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment.

This the 24th day of March, 1910.
M. T. LAWRENCE,
JUSTUS EVERETT,
Executors.

Notice

North Carolina—Martin County, In the Superior Court.

Silas Williams vs Pleas Williams.

The defendant above named will take notice that an action as entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Martin County for divorce, and said defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear at the term of Superior Court of said County to be held on the second Monday after the first Monday in June, 1910. It being the twentieth day of said month, at the Court House in said County, in Williamston, N. C., and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

This April 20th, 1910.
J. A. HOBBS,
Clerk, Superior Court.

Trustee's Sale

By virtue of authority of a Deed of Trust executed to me by Ellis Malone and wife Penny Malone on the 25th day of January, 1907, and duly recorded in the Register's office in Martin County in Book PPP, Page 50, to secure the payment of a certain bond bearing even date therewith, and the stipulations in said Deed of Trust not having been complied with, I shall expose at public auction, for cash, on Monday the 16th day of May, 1910, at 12 o'clock M. at Court Door in Martin County, the following property:

Beginning at R. S. Rogerson's line on the North and running to the Mill Pond, thence East to Jesse Rawl's line, thence South to W. E. Taylor's line, and known as a share of the W. D. Harrison land drawn by Penny Taylor, containing 12 acres more or less.

This the 13th day of April, 1910.

G. W. HARDISON, Trustee.

Trustee's Sale

By virtue of authority of a Deed of Trust executed to me by Augustus Lloyd on the 8th day of January, 1900, and duly recorded in the Register's office in Martin County in Book CCC, Page 381, to secure the payment of a certain bond bearing even date therewith, and the stipulations in said Deed of Trust not having been complied with, I shall expose at public auction, for cash, on Monday the 6th day of June, 1910, at 12 o'clock M., at the Court House door in Martin County, the following property:

Being in Popular Point Township on Roanoke River, beginning at the — Gut on Roanoke River, running up the gut 12 poles; thence to the mouth of Spring Branch; thence along the Popular road to the head; thence along the Popular road Thomas Slade's line to the public road leading from Williamston to Hamilton; thence a westerly course along said road to the dividing line between M. B. Ballard and Perry Bazemore; thence along said Ballard and Bazemore's dividing line a northerly course to their corner, a popular on the edge of the high land; thence westerly along Downing's Patent line to Henry Slade's and Warren Andrews' corner, a red oak on the high land; thence a direct course opposite the mouth of Black Gut, six poles below on Roanoke River; thence down Roanoke

River to the beginning, containing one hundred and twenty-five (125) acres more or less.

This April 26th, 1910.
M. B. BAZEMORE, Trustee.

Election Notice

There will be an Election held in the Town of Williamston, N. C., at the Mayor's Office, on Tuesday, the 7th day of June, 1910, for the purpose of ascertaining the wishes of the people upon a Bond Issue of Ten Thousand Dollars for the installment of an Electric Light Plant, and the levying of a Special Tax, not to exceed fifteen cents on the one hundred dollars worth of property, either real or personal, and forty-five cents on the poll.

By order of the Board of Commissioners of said Town, this the 2nd day May 1910.

B. F. GODWIN, Mayor,
C. H. GODWIN, Sec'y.

Election Notice

For the purpose of holding a special election in the Town of Williamston, N. C., on the 7th day of June, 1910, to vote upon a Ten Thousand Dollar Bond Issue for the installment of an Electric Light Plant and the levying of a tax, the following named persons have been appointed Registrar and Judges of said Election, to-wit:

B. F. Godwin, Registrar; J. E. Pope, Judge; Theo. Hassell, Judge.
By order of the Board of Commissioners of said Town.

This the 2nd day of May, 1910.
B. F. GODWIN, Mayor,
C. H. GODWIN, Sec'y.

LADY WANTED

To introduce our very complete Spring line of beautiful wool suitings, wash fabrics, fancy waistings, silks, etc., hdkfs, laces and p. ticotts. All up to date N. Y. City Patterns. Finest line on the market. Dealing direct with the mills you will find our prices low. If others can make \$10.00 to \$30.00 weekly you can also. Samples and full instructions in neat sample case, shipped express prepaid. No money required. Exclusive territory. Write for particulars. Be first to apply.

STANDARD DRESS GOODS CO.,
Dept. F. I. Binghamton, N. Y.

Macnair's Chicken Powder is

Death to Hawks—Life to Chickens and Turkeys

Cock of the walk "HAWK" The Barn Yard Robber

I take Macnair's Chicken Powder and feed my children with it too. Look at me and observe the Hawk Cock-a-doodle-oo.

Trade Mark

MACNAIR'S CHICKEN POWDER

Kills Hawks, Crows, Owls and Minks.

Best remedy for Cholera, Gapes, Roup, Limber Neck, Indigestion and Leg Weakness. Keeps them free from Vermin, thereby causing them to produce an abundance of eggs.

Price 25 and 50 Cents.

Manufactured only by

W. H. MACNAIR, Tarboro, N. C.

Sample package 25 cents. For sale by S. R. Biggs Drug Co.

Certificate of Dissolution

To All to Whom These Presents May Come—Greeting:

Whereas, It appears to my satisfaction, by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution thereof by the unanimous consent of all the stockholders, deposited in my office, that the Williamston Academy Company, a corporation of this State, whose principal office is situated on Main Street, in the town of Williamston, County of Martin, State of North Carolina (J. W. Anderson being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process may be served), has complied with the requirements of Chapter 21, Revisal of 1905, entitled "Corporations," preliminary to the issuing of this Certificate of Dissolution:

Now, Therefore, I, J. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of State of the State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said did, on the 14th day of April, 1910, file in my office a duly executed and attested consent in writing to the dissolution of said corporation, executed by all the stockholders thereof, which said consent and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file in my said office as provided by law.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at Raleigh, this 14th day of April, A. D. 1910.

J. BRYAN GRIMES,
Secretary of State

Sand Ridge Poultry Farm.

Eggs for hatching from the following breeds: S. C. Brown Leghorn, Banded Plymouth Rocks, S. C. White Wyandots, \$1 per sitting of 15. White Holland turkey eggs \$2 per 10. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Address,

J. B. MCGOWAN
R. F. D. 3 Williamston N. C.

Notice

Having qualified as Administrator upon the Estate of S. G. Burroughs, deceased, Notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against said Estate to present them to the undersigned for payment on or before the 5th day of May, 1911, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment. This 5th day of May, 1910.

E. O. BURROUGHS, Adm.

Certificate of Dissolution

To All to Whom These Presents May Concern—Greeting:

Whereas, It appears to my satisfaction, by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution thereof by the unanimous consent of all the stockholders, deposited in my office, that the Martin County Timber Co., a corporation of this State, whose principal office is situated in the town of Jamesville, County of Martin, State of North Carolina (Robert White being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process may be served), has complied with the requirements of Chapter 21, Revisal of 1905, entitled "Corporations," preliminary to the issuing of this Certificate of Dissolution:

Now, Therefore, I, J. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of State of the State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said corporation did, on the 29 day of April, 1910, file in my office a duly executed and attested consent in writing to the dissolution of said corporation, executed by all the stockholders thereof, which said consent and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file in my said office as provided by law.

In testimony thereof I have hereto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at Raleigh, this 29 day of April, A. D., 1910.

J. BRYAN GRIMES,
Secretary of State