

## LOCAL ITEMS

All notices published in this column, where revenue is to be derived, will be charged at the rate of 2 cents a line, (count six words to a line) each issue. Special rates will be made on long contracts.

The Missionary Baptist Union will be held next Sunday at Oak City.

Roy Garganus is suffering with fever at the residence of his father on Main street.

5 or 6 doses "GGG" will cure any case of Chills and Fever. Price 25c.

Carp have been on the market this week in abundance. The demand for them is fairly good.

Notice the changes in the ads of the Farmers & Merchants Bank and Frank F. Fagan, life insurance.

Read the ad of J. L. O'Quinn & Co. in these columns, and when in need of anything in their line send them your orders.

A boat load of melon was brought here from Chowan County Tuesday. They were of good flavor and sold at twenty-five cents each.

5 or 6 doses "GGG" will cure any case of Chills and Fever. Price 25c.

Dr. John D. Biggs is the possessor of a skin, which covered a pig eater, who lived and died in Griffins Township. The skin will be used for a buggy robe.

Elder Sylvester Hassell has returned from his annual outing on the beach at Nags Head and is much improved. During his absence Frank S. Hassell attended to his correspondence which is voluminous.

Good Engine and Boiler, mounted ready for use, for sale. Joshua L. Coltrain, R. F. D. 4, Williamston, N. C. 7 15

The Windsor Dramatic Club, which intended presenting "Leah, the Forsaken," could not make the date on Tuesday night. The cast numbers twenty-one and is under the management of Mrs. F. D. Winston.

LOST — Tan pocket book about five inches long between my home and Watts & Co. stores, \$35 in currency and J. L. Hassell & Co's note for \$500 made payable to R. N. Griffin. Finder will return same to R. N. Griffin and receive reward.

The weekly outing of the Cue Club was at the residence of M. W. Ballard Thursday. There were plenty of good things for the inner man and Mr. Ballard, who is an ideal host, contributed much to the comfort and pleasure of the entire party.

Mrs. C. W. Keith entertained at the Atlantic Hotel Monday evening in honor of Misses Ethel Skinner and Mary Shelburn, of Greenville. Quite a number were present and participated in the melon feast, which was greatly enjoyed by all. Progressive conversation, instrumental and vocal music were indulged in until a late hour, when all departed praising Mrs. Keith as a charming and delightful hostess.

The Loyal Sons and Daughters of the Disciple Church held their annual picnic Wednesday at Staton's mill. Quite a number went out on wagons and spent a most delightful day. C. A. Baker, who is a prominent member of the society, added greatly to the pleasure of the party by his thoughtful arrangement of all things good and necessary. The society has been recently organized and its members are very enthusiastic.

There is Strength

In Combinations, and the strongest possible combination is a good painter and

**DAVIS 100 PER CENT PURE PAINT**

This combination cannot be beaten. Why not try it?

For Sale by W. H. Williams, Williamston, N. C.

## PERSONAL BRIEFS

F. W. Hoyt returned from Beaufort Tuesday.

J. W. Watts, Jr., went to Ocean View Monday.

Rev. Mr. Gordon went to Greenville Wednesday.

J. L. Davenport, was here from Jamesville Tuesday.

Maurice Watts is at home after a visit to Ocean View.

Miss Blanche Mizell is visiting relatives in Smithfield.

The Misses Spruill, of Roper, are visiting friends here.

Augustus Harrison was here Wednesday from Palmyra.

Miss Louise Fowden returned from Robersonville Monday.

Miss Pennie Biggs went to Washington Thursday afternoon.

Misses Anna Beth and Susie Purvis were here last Wednesday.

George Howard Kent is visiting his father at Oyster Point, Va.

Miss Florence Hornthal, of Plymouth, is visiting relatives in town.

Miss Rosa Baker, of Hamilton, is the guest of Miss Emma Graham.

Mrs. Stewart Bailey and son, of Everett, visited in town this week.

Dr. J. S. Rhodes and John L. Hassell are in Atlantic City this week.

Miss Hannah Vic Fowden is visiting the Misses Purvis near Hamilton.

Mrs. C. L. Ellington returned Tuesday from Norfolk and Ocean View.

Mrs. James Perry and children returned from Roanoke Rapids Tuesday.

Mrs. Little and children, of Pictolus, are the guests of Mrs. W. E. Warren.

Mrs. Hannah Ray and daughter, Delha, went to Norfolk Wednesday for a visit.

Miss Will Sherer, of Blacksburg, S. C., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Louis G. Harrison.

Misses Mary Shelburn and Ethel Skinner, of Greenville, are the guests of Mrs. J. W. Watts.

Miss Hattie Burroughs and sister, Mrs. Outterbridge, of Scotland Neck, were in town Thursday.

H. H. Pope, Ed James, Robert Grimes and Jack Biggs, of Robersonville, were in town Wednesday.

Misses Carrie and Mildred Alexander, of Elizabeth City, are the guests of Mrs. C. D. Carstarphen.

Mrs. L. B. Harrison and children, accompanied by Mrs. L. C. Harrison, spent Thursday in Tarboro.

W. J. and Mrs. Hodges with Master William and Mrs. C. W. Keith, went to Ocean View Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Simpson left Wednesday for Beaufort and Morehead, where they will spend several weeks.

## Play from Windsor

The date decided upon for the play from Windsor "Leah, the Forsaken," is Wednesday night, August 10th. Nothing more need be said by way of advertisement, than that it is under the expert management of Mrs. Francis D. Winston and is to be given for the benefit of our graded school.

## Choice

Cut Flowers

Write, phone or wire

J. L. O'Quinn & Co. RALEIGH, N. C.

Your wants as they are headquarters for everything in the Florist's line. Phone 149

## Mr. Stroke

A Boating Story In Which There is a Mystery.

By KINGSBURY WELCH.

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We were sitting in a room above where the boats were kept, in easy chairs, all university men, talking about boating incidents, oarsmen and the paraphernalia for rowing. The air was thick with tobacco smoke, principally from pipes, the students' favorite. We had met to talk over preparations for the coming season, which was soon to begin. Having finished that subject, we dropped, as I have said, into general chat on aquatic subjects and from this into stories of feats that had been performed at contests on the water in days gone by. A college, being a constantly changing community, is not a good place for handing down legends, but occasionally a graduate will return to tell of some episode that happened in his day and was at the time the talk of the institution.

We had with us on this occasion a man who had dropped in unannounced, remarking that he was a graduate of the college of ten years' standing and had in his day been a member of the university crew. He must have been graduated very young, for he looked scarcely thirty. A cast or some imperfection in his eye gave him an uncanny look, and from the moment of his appearance he was a damper on our spirits.

"These old men," whispered Tomkins, a sophomore, to me, "who were in college before the flood are a nuisance. They're always trying to feel that they are in their teens again, and they only succeed in making us feel as old as they are."

"Did you ever pull in a regatta?" I asked the alumnus.

"Yes," was the reply. "I pulled in one."

"What year was that?" I inquired.

"It's not a pleasant subject to talk about; we lost the race."

"To what did you attribute the fallure?" asked one of our number.

"There is always a reason for every beating a crew gets. One time it is the stroke, another the training, another the cockswain."

"I was the cause of the failure on that occasion," replied the stranger.

Never were words spoken in a more melancholy tone. There was not a man in the party who did not take his pipe out of his mouth, fix his eyes on the speaker and feel a cold chill pass over him. The stranger continued:

"We had been beaten by our great rival in two successive seasons, and for this regatta had made every preparation, taken every precaution to secure a triumph. We had the best coach the country afforded, a new boat made on the most approved model, our system of training was perfect and our practice constant. The betting began at 3 to 2 on our crew, and before the race was on there were no takers at 2 to 1."

"The day of the race was beautiful not a cloud in the sky; just enough breeze with plenty of ozone in it for invigoration. When the hour for the race came the temperature was quite hot enough to lumber our joints and muscles."

"The scene along the river banks was entrancing. The bright colors of the girls' dresses and parasols made a perfect flower garden, while on the river boats bearing both girls and boys were shooting back and forth like water sprites."

"When we went out on the floating platform to get into the boat there was a mighty cheer from our backers that I can bear to this day. Babcock was No. 1, Ayer 2, Cameron 3, Bosworth 4, Willmarth 5, Frost 6, Mayo 7."

"Singular," remarked one of us, "that you should remember their names so well."

"I shall never forget them."

"You left out the stroke," I said.

"I was the stroke."

Why it was that none of us could muster pluck to ask the man his name I don't know. We all wished to know it, but not a man chirped.

"We stepped into the boat," continued the stranger, "stripped to the waist. Eight good men with not a pound of fat on any of us and in all other respects in perfect condition. I had for months been absorbed in what had now come. For it my studies had been neglected, and I would have to 'bone' all summer to make up 'conditions.' But I cared nothing for that. My whole soul was merged in the idea of beating our opponents."

"We pulled into position, the shout was fired, and we made a good start, on the first trial, our boat half a length behind over the line. But we made this up within a minute and were soon half a length ahead. I heard none of the wild cheers. I saw neither the boat, the water nor the shore dotted with waving handkerchiefs. I was conscious only of the mighty effort I was making to get the boat over the course. Once only I saw drops of water tossed into the air when the oar blade of one of our opponents struck the surface instead of sinking to its proper depth. I would not have been conscious of this had it not been that such splashing would retard the other boat."

"We gained steadily, turning the stroke boat—it was that kind of a course—two lengths ahead. As we began to pull back down the course, feeling sure of winning, I was con-

scious of the wild cheering and waving. It may be that we all somewhat relaxed at this time. At any rate, our opponents, having turned the stroke boat behind us, made a spurt and overhauled us. Then down again we got to work and had gained three lengths—quite enough considering there was but a quarter of a mile remaining—to give us the race, when"—

The narrator stopped, a pallor came over his face, and he gasped. Several of us started toward him, but he waved us back.

"Something in me gave way. I fell over into the arms of No. 7. Our competitors shot by us and won the race."

I have never experienced such a depressing, not to say thrilling, sensation as when the narrative ended. While the narrator was describing the race it seemed as if I could see the boats dashing onward and hear the cheering. When he spoke of the disaster somehow my imagination pictured blood spouting from his mouth and nose. Not a man among us, but appeared to be similarly shocked.

"Come," said one of our number. "let's adjourn to the — and get some supper."

"Agreed!" cried the rest, glad to break the spell and enger for something to brace us after listening to the weird narrative.

We went out into the darkness, the stranger with us. When we reached the — some one asked, "Where's Mr. — Mr. Stroke?"

"Don't know," replied one behind. "I thought he was ahead with you fellows."

Every one thought he was with some one else.

Mr. Stroke, as we called him, had evidently taken advantage of the darkness to steal away unobserved. We were quite relieved at his doing so. The effect of his story was, to say the least, depressing, and we were glad to get rid of him. We ordered some supper and while waiting for it talked about him, wondering who he could have been and what race it was that he had lost for his crew. Since he had not given us his name, we did not feel that we possessed sufficient data upon which to make inquiries.

As the season advanced we forgot all about Mr. Stroke and his story. I was much interested in the coming regatta and the preparations for it, though I was not a member of the university crew. Our college had been doing bad work at boating for a long period. In ten years I think we had beaten our principal adversary but twice. This year we hoped for and expected better things. All went well till the day of the race, when one of the crew fell suddenly ill and could not row. Unfortunately all the available material had been utilized. There were substitutes galore, but the man who had dropped out was one of the two most important men of the crew. To put any one in his place would be to surely lose the race.

A few minutes before the crews went out to the water I asked about the substitute and was told that a freshman was to row. I could not learn how or why he had been chosen, but, wishing to have a look at him, I went down on to the float. The men were getting into the boat. The substitute's face was familiar to me, but I could not tell where I had seen him. Then suddenly it rushed upon me that he was the man we had called Mr. Stroke.

Had a freshman been smart enough to sell us all out as a graduate of ten years' standing with a marvelous story of which he was the central figure?

I took a position where I could see the race all the way and had with me a powerful fieldglass. Our crew took the lead almost immediately after the start. I noticed when the crew got into the boat the substitute took the place of No. 6. All through the race I could see that, while he did not appear to be making a herculean effort, he was doing splendid work. Our crew kept the lead they had taken, gradually but slowly drawing away from their competitors. From a length it grew to two lengths, then three lengths, and at the finish the race was won by five and a half lengths.

Never had we been beaten by such odds. I questioned the crew as to how it happened, for our adversaries had made better time than ever before, and was told that it was all on account of the substitute. Every time he put his oar in the water the boat seemed to move forward whether the rest of the crew exerted themselves or not.

I became interested in the freshman substitute. Determined to find out more about him, I made inquiries. But it was at the close of the term, with the summer vacation ahead, and I discovered nothing. Returning in the autumn, I looked for him among the sophomores. He was not to be found. Some said he had not returned to college. The singular feature of the case was that I couldn't learn his name. I went to the man who was responsible for his acceptance on the crew and found him disposed to hush the matter up. He admitted to me that the proceeding had been irregular, that the substitute had come to him at the last minute, begged hard to be accepted and promised to win the race if allowed to pull. My informant said that he had acted hastily, taking the man's own representation that he was in college. Of course where there are several thousand undergraduates one is not expected to know them all.

It now occurred to me to examine the college record of the man we had dubbed Mr. Stroke. I went to the registrar and made inquiries about the race in which he had figured. The records mentioned the names of the crew he had given, his own being Champlin.

"That race," said my informant, "was lost by Champlin's breaking a blood vessel and dying in the boat."

# The Best Book

A man can have in his pocket, the Bible alone excepted, is a bank book. The plot is absorbing and the reader's interest increases at the rate of four per cent. Call at our bank today and get next. The check system is suited to all kinds of business and will assist you in holding onto the dollars. You can be saving and not be a miser. Economy encourages all the better elements of manhood. It is easy to economize with your money in a bank where you do not see it. If it jingles in your pocket there is a temptation to spend it. We will harness it up and put it to work earning interest for you. It is possible you have never felt the absolute necessity of having a bank account. You might drift along and prosper without one, but it is much easier to forge to the front in a financial way if you have one of our neat little bank books in your pocket. Do you know of a single prosperous man who does not carry one? You are glad to follow the example of the wise and prudent men in other respects, why not this? Call today, make a small deposit as a starter and you will step a little higher as you go home to your family with a bank book in your pocket. Try it just once.

## Farmers & Merchants Bank

WILLIAMSTON, N. C.

JOHN D. BIGGS, President

FRANK F. FAGAN, Cashier

C. D. CARSTARPHEN, Vice President

L. H. HARRISON, Asst. Cashier

# Notice!

A Convention of the Republicans of Martin County is hereby called to meet at the Court House in Williamston, N. C., on Tuesday, August 2, 1910 at 12 o'clock M., for the purpose of selecting delegates to the State, Congressional, Judicial and Senatorial Conventions and transacting such other business as may come before it. The Republican voters of the County will assemble at their respective polling places on Monday, August 1, 1910, at 12 o'clock M. and send delegates to said Convention.

By order of the Republican Executive Committee of Martin County, July 16, 1910.

C. C. FAGAN, Secretary.

WHEELER MARTIN, Chairman.

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We'll put the facts before you just once. They are convincing. They have to do with net cost of policies. Union Central policies cost less than any others.

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FRANK F. FAGAN, LOCAL AGENT, WILLIAMSTON, N. C.

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## East Carolina Teachers' Training School

A state school organized and maintained for one definite purpose:—Training young women for teaching. The regular session opens Tuesday, September 13, 1910.

For catalogue and information, address

Robt. H. Wright, President, Greenville, N. C.