

Caesar's Vengeance

"Ah warns you, nigger, ef Ah catch you foolin' 'roun' dat gal any mob, Ah gwine to kill you."

Caesar White paused and gazed at the smaller negro as some tranquil ox might regard a calf that had strayed into its pasture.

The negroes were toiling in the turpentine settlement under the burning rays of the Carolina sun. They sweated and panted as they filled the barrels and rolled the crude rosin up the incline of planks to the roof of the distillery where shone the great lid of the copper still.

Caesar White was a good natured giant in the main, or had been until Jefferson Grant, the quadroon dude, sauntered into the camp with his collar and cuffs, and hair that shone with coconut oil. Then trouble arose for Mandy, the superintendent's cook, had succumbed to his fascinations.

Jefferson Grant sniffed disdainfully and resumed his labors. Every week day, except on Mondays, the distillation went on, the crude rosin, dumped into the great still, hissing and bubbling furiously within, though to the watcher on the distillery roof there was no symptom of the commotion of the fluid inside the boiler, where a half ton of rosin simmered like molten steel.

To Caesar White, unimaginative in all other respects, the process possessed a fascination. He had pictured his rival flung into the cauldron by the force of his mighty arms. One instant's agony—and flesh, bones, clothing, all traces of the quadroon would be utterly dissolved in that fiery flow.

It was a little incident that precipitated his determination. A Sunday call, a scornful word from Mandy, the sight of a little figure skulking through the pine trees behind the girl's hut—and Caesar White, was in the forest alone, rolling upon the ground and biting his clenched fists in a paroxysm of jealousy until the blood flowed.

Next day the two men were alone on the distillery roof. The quadroon, under Caesar's direction, was polishing the copper lid of the still, which had been raised from its position by their united efforts for this work. Deep in the gloom under them Caesar fancied he could see the gleam of the molten mass, placid as still water, but deadly as boiling lava. As Jefferson turned he stretched out his foot lazily. The quadroon tripped and fell; one push, an oath and a scream and a splash far below. Then the giant hastened away.

Shriek upon shriek pursued him. The quadroon wail hard in dying. Fear drove out the foreman's anger. Those shrieks pursued him as he hurried toward his quarters. Shriek upon shriek; and now, peering in-dreadful terror through his half-opened door, Caesar saw negroes running from all parts toward the still, from which issued those never-ending cries. Would the man never die? Could he live even one moment in that fearful torture? The giant trembled. He cast about him to fly. Where? Anywhere. Beads of perspiration sprang to his brow and the manhood went out from his weak limbs. He had thought to accomplish his deed unseen and unsuspected; and still those fearful cries resounded through the pine trees. He sank down inert and helpless on the dry ground.

But, mingling with the cries, came sounds of laughter. Caesar looked up aghast. From the great still, surrounded by a derisive crowd, a dripping figure emerged and staggered across the camp. Merciful heaven! it was the quadroon, woe-begone, from head to foot one slimy mass of dripping, viscid rosin. And in front of the crowd that danced and jeered and shouted was Mandy, pointing a derisive finger at this cross stripped of his plumage, this humbled dude, her love converted into harsh and bitter mockery.

And suddenly balm came to Caesar's soul. A happy smile irradiated the black's features. He chuckled and slapped his thighs.

"Lawd be praised! Lawd be praised!" he shouted fervently. "I done clean forgot that we don't light no fire under de still on Mondays."

Bird Has Become Real Pet.

"Some persons hold that a bird cannot be domesticated like a toy dog, but I know a Washington woman who has one that seems almost human in its intelligence," said a visitor from the capital. "The bird is a little green and yellow canary and was purchased for a small sum at an ordinary bird shop. But it has become extraordinarily attached to its owner."

"At night the bird sleeps in a little nest in its owner's pillow and wakens her in the morning by kissing her on the lips. Then during the day it will perch on her shoulder and take naps there, often kissing her. It will follow her about like a dog. The canary is never put in a cage except when its owner is leaving the house, and on one occasion I know of from observation the woman was going out, but the bird when put in its cage actually moaned piteously and its owner refused to leave it. The woman, by the way, has a great fondness for dumb creatures, and the bird seems to recognize and return that feeling."

Scared.
Kicker—They say a lion is as much afraid of a man as a man is of a lion.
Snicker—If that's the case there would be an awful panic if I started out to hunt one.

Being Firm With Reggie

"Be firm, that's my motto," said the occupant of a section in the Pullman car to her neighbor across the aisle. "I always say that if parents—mothers particularly—would be consistently firm, there would be very little trouble in bringing up children."

"Now, Reggie darling, don't eat any more banana. You've had two already and you know they don't agree with you."

"No, dear, not even one more. You know when mother says 'No' she means it. As I was saying, one must be firm—gently firm. It's the only way. Oh, Reggie, have you peeled that banana. Mother is surprised at you."

"Oh, to have it ready to eat later. How quaint children are, aren't they? Very well, dear, but don't smear it around on things. Now, just look, Reggie, you've got it on my traveling bag. There, lay it down at once. I say at once! Mercy, don't put it on my veil! What would daddy say if he knew you put your banana on mother's nice veil? You musn't be so careless, Reggie darling. Now, be a good boy, sit still and look out of the window."

"I believe that most persons don't give enough thought to the rearing of children. Parenthood should be studied even more carefully than any of the learned professions. We should realize that the little budding souls and bodies are given to us to train and nurture and we should aspire in—"

"Now, Reggie, don't you know mother said you must not eat any more banana? Why, mother is dreadfully surprised at you."

"Well, since you've had a bite you may finish that half of the banana—but not any more, dear; it might make you ill."

"I think it wise to be very careful of a child's diet. I often think that if mothers were more particular when children are little there wouldn't be so many dyspeptics in the world. I don't believe in allowing children to eat indiscriminately and between meals all the time. I am always firm about that. Now, Reggie, put that banana down. I said you could have only half of it and you know very well, darling, that I mean what I say."

"Just one tiny bite more? Very well, then, but now, dear, put it down. Oh, Reggie, take it off that book, quick! How could you lay it on such a beautiful book? What would daddy say if he knew you had just about spoiled that pretty binding? It looked like new before you did that and I meant to take it to your Aunt Ella. Now I'll have to stop downtown on our way to her house and buy some other present for her. You must be more thoughtful, dear."

"I believe in teaching children to be thoughtful and considerate while they are young. Water? Oh, I wouldn't drink any now, darling. It isn't good for you to drink so much water and my traveling cup is down in the bottom of my suitcase—it's really too much trouble to get it. Look out of the window and see those pretty cows."

"I never use the public drinking cups on any train. I really think it a dangerous thing to do. One can't be too exacting in matters of hygiene. If parents paid more attention to hygiene there would be fewer weaklings in the world. Well, of course, if you're so dreadfully thirsty, Reggie, you can get some water. He probably needs it, although he drank a glassful only a little while ago. I have a theory that children crave what their systems demand."

"Why, Reggie, did you drink out of that public glass? You should have reminded mother to get out our own cup. It was naughty of you to be so careless. There's no telling what microbes there were on that glass, but I hope you won't suffer any dreadful consequences. Dear me, a mother's life has to be one of eternal vigilance, doesn't it? I often wonder if Reggie will ever appreciate all my ceaseless worry and never ending care for him. I fear children rarely realize all the sacrifices a mother makes for them."

"Why, Reggie, are you at that banana again? Well, I never saw such a boy! You know I told you that you had all you ought to have, and you know mother always means what she says. Too much banana isn't good for a little boy like you."

"Well, yes, I suppose as long as there's only one little bite left. Now, go and wash your fingers. It's really a relief to have that banana gone, although nearly everything in our seats is stuck up with it."

"Don't you think that bananas are very healthful? I have always found them so. I have to be extremely firm with Reggie about the fruits he eats. Of course, if I thought bananas weren't wholesome I shouldn't let him have them."

Glad Relief.

"Thank heaven, those bills are got rid of," said Bilkins, fervently, as he tore up a bundle of statements of accounts dated October 1.

"All paid, eh?" said Mrs. Bilkins.
"Oh, no," said Bilkins. "The duplicates dated November 1 have come in, and I don't have to keep these any longer."—Harper's Weekly.

The foolish man, being in proportion to his folly full of himself, and swallowed up in conceit, will seldom take any counsel but his own.—Balguy.

SHE WAS THE CAUSE.



Hewitt—I am a ruined man.
Jewett—Does your wife know it?
Hewitt—No, she doesn't yet realize what she has done.

There is one medicine that every family should be provided with and especially during the summer months, viz. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed. It costs but a quarter. Can you afford to be without it? For sale by All Dealers.

RIGHT BACK AT HIM



Mr. Fuller Booze—Your nose is red because you lace too tight.
Mrs. Fuller Booze—Your nose is red because you get too tight.

The uniform success that has attended the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has made it a favorite everywhere. It can always be depended upon. For sale by All Dealers.

MEAN AN.



Dentist (engaging boy)—You seem to be a likely looking boy. How are your teeth?
Boy—Fine. You kin look fer yerself.

Dentist—Then you won't do. I want a boy who will take part of his wages in dental work.

Whooping cough is not dangerous when the cough is kept loose and expectoration easy by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It has been used in many epidemics of this disease with perfect success. For sale by All Dealers.

HE LEFT.



Henpeck—Caught a burglar in my house last night.
Hyson—Get rid of him all right?
Henpeck—Oh, yes, threatened to call my wife if he didn't leave at once.

Spring Days

Are pleasant for Driving if you have THE BUGGY and THE GIRL. We have THE BUGGY with the famous TON-DON AXLE and the other attractions can be had. Our axles wear better than any other and form an attractive part of our vehicles.

Then there is the AUTOMATIC BALL BEARING AXLE to suit those wanting something different but strong and easy.

Our REPAIRING department is unexcelled and we build anything that you desire in the vehicle line.

Also please look over our line of Harness before making a purchase. Our painter, Mr. Frank Parker, is unexcelled, he will finish any gear in any style you desire. All work guaranteed.

Good Roads will call for handsome vehicles and now is your time to put in your order before the rush comes.

Yours to please.

The Martin County Buggy Co.

Asa T. Crawford & W. L. Stalls, Managers
Williamston, North Carolina

Report of the Condition of the Farmers and Merchants Bank

Williamston, N. C., at the close of business June 7, 1911

RESOURCES:	
Loans and Discounts	\$170,822.31
Overdrafts	2,505.48
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	10,500.00
Due from banks and bankers	11,060.78
Silver coin, including all minor coin currency	1,613.78
	\$196,502.35

LIABILITIES:	
Capital Stock	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund	8,000.00
Undivided profits less current expenses and taxes paid	2,633.16
Notes and bills rediscounted	1,270.56
Bills payable	30,000.00
Time certificates deposits	57,299.16
Deposits subject to check	72,196.54
Cashier's check outstanding	102.93
	\$196,502.35

State of North Carolina, County of Martin, ss.
I, Frank P. Fagan, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
Frank P. Fagan, Cashier.
Correct—Attest: John D. Biggs, A. Hassell, W. H. Crawford, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 14 day of June, 1911.
Asa T. Crawford, Notary Public.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Bank of Oak City

Oak City, N. C., at the close of business June 7, 1911

RESOURCES:	
Loans and discounts	\$ 5,596.28
Overdrafts	721.24
Banking house fur, and fix't's less expenses	280.59
Due from banks and bankers	11,567.72
Gold Coins	5.00
Silver coin, including all minor coin currency and cash items	779.03
Total	\$ 18,349.86

LIABILITIES:	
Capital stock	\$ 5,000.00
Time certificates of deposit	4,856.52
Deposit subject to check	8,372.12
Cashier's checks outstanding	121.22
Total	\$ 18,349.86

State of North Carolina, County of Martin, ss.
I, B. M. Worsley, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
B. M. WORSLEY, Cashier.
Correct—Attest: H. S. Everett, H. K. Harrell, J. C. Ross, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13 day of June, 1911.
N. M. WORSLEY, J. P.

TOBACCO FLUES

Have Woolard to make your FLUES and You will have the BEST

CARTS AND WAGONS

MADE TO ORDER

Wollards Combined Harrow and Cultivator

J. L. WOOLARD

WILLIAMSTON, N. C.

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THE Pleasures We Find in Printing are Few, But Nevertheless Genuine

OUR Greatest Pleasure is Keeping Our Work up to the Standard. When We Do This We not Only Please our Ourselves But Our Patrons Also

IF You Appreciate Original Designs, Perfect Press Work and the Highest Class Stock—We Can Please You

Manning & Hassell