

LOCAL ITEMS

All notices published in this column, where revenue is to be derived, will be charged at the rate of 10 cents a line, (count six words to a line), each week. Special rate will be made on any contract.

—Have you read Bulletin No. 4?
—Keep your eye on Carolina and the game she is playing.

—Aint you going to the picture show tonight? Don't miss it.

—FOR SALE.—One milk cow.
—Apply to C. B. Harrison, Williamston, N. C.

Services by the Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal and Primitive Baptist pastors on Sunday.

—Today ushers in the stormy month of the year. If it surpasses February—then, it will be dreadful.

—Here's a tip—Carolina was ahead in the race at the last accounting. Don't tell anybody about it.

—Notice the bank statements this week and see how firm are the institutions which solicit your business.

Col. W. G. Lamb and Miss Mayo Lamb left Sunday for Baltimore, where they will spend several months.

—I have \$5,000 to loan on approved real estate security for term of one to three years. No loan for less than \$500.—S. A. Newell, Williamston, N. C.

—FOR SALE—King's Improved Cotton Seed. One of the best producers in the patch, making 40 per cent lint. Fine staple and matures early.—W. D. Jenkins, Route 3, Williamston, N. C.

—Over 10,000 lbs. of pork have been killed on the Biggs Farm owned by Manning & Godard, and still they have 35 porkers to salt away this season. A greasy report but a highly satisfactory one. They believe in living at home and boarding at the same place.

—Wheeler Martin, Jr., has formed a partnership with Col. Wheeler Martin and Burruos A. Critcher for the practice of law. Mr. Martin is a graduate of Wake Forest College and has recently received license to practice his profession. He has just reached his majority and has a promising future.

PERSONAL BRIEFS

J. G. Staton has been in Norfolk on business this week.

J. A. Getsinger, of Dardens, was here on business Monday.

F. U. Barnes has been out of town on business this week.

J. L. Croom, of Gold Point, was a pleasant visitor here Tuesday.

Mrs. John Speed, of Scotland Neck, is visiting Mrs. J. D. Biggs.

Mrs. Mack Harrell and little son, of Tarboro, are visiting here this week.

J. R. Ellison, of Suffolk, spent the week end here with his brother W. A. Ellison.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Lamb and children came down from Wilson Friday to visit relatives.

Miss Winifred Nicholson, of Washington, has been the guest of Mrs. A. S. Colfield for the past week.

Miss Carrie Alexander has been in Richmond this week. While away Mrs. J. J. Stroud filled her position at the Graded School.

No Roup

Pratts ROUP CURE

Guaranteed or Money Back

Cures when all else fails. 25c. 50c. \$1.00. Free Poultry Book and 1912 Almanac for the asking at

Anderson, Crawford & Co.
J. L. Hassell & Co.
C. D. Carstarphen & Co.
Harrison Bros.

Their Signal of Success

By Geoffrey Sharpe

Two pistol shots rang out in quick succession, and Clifton Wilbur, drawing his own gun, sprang to his feet. He waited a moment, listening for other shots, but none came, so raising his gun he fired two shots in answer to the signal—the woodsman's call for help.

The shots were replied to again, and getting a sense of the direction, Wilbur plunged into the thick growth that surrounded his new camp. The shots seemed to come from the direction of his old camp, and as he forced his way through the tangle of shrubs and vines, he wondered who had sent the call. A few guests still remained at the big hotel down by the springs, but it was unlikely they would be out at this time in the evening.

For more than a mile he made his way in a straight line, then he paused and fired twice. This time he was answered by only one shot, and he smiled to himself.

"Only a five-shot gun, and no extra cartridges. It must be one of the people from the hotel; a woman I'll bet. No man would pack a gun with only the cartridges in the chambers. Sounds pretty close."

He altered his direction slightly, and plunged on again. This time it was only a few minutes before he emerged upon a clearing, at the far end of which he discerned a little huddled figure.

"It is a woman," he exclaimed to himself, as he hurried forward. At this moment the clouds that had covered the moon broke, and, through a rift, the cold light streamed to touch with silver the rapidly reddening leaves and make more dense the velvety shadows.

As the woman struggled to her feet, Wilbur gave a cry of surprise. For the moment he imagined that he had seen a vision, but the next instant a musical voice had uttered his name.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Wilbur as he knelt beside the girl, who had sunk back with a little



"I Have Found It."

moan when her weight had come upon her feet. "I thought that you had gone back east by this time."

"We were going straight through," explained the girl, "but I coaxed nautie to stop over at the springs for a day. We got in this afternoon, and the moment we had dinner I came up here. I wanted to see you, Cliff. I wanted to see the old camp."

"I have moved it," explained the man. "After you left I could not bear to stay here, so I built a shack about a mile further up. I tore this one down."

"I was afraid that you had gone away," she murmured. "When I came up the old trail, and found no trace of the cabin, I sat down and cried. I was certain that you had gone away and that I should not see you again."

"Did you want to?" he asked gently. "You are right, Addie, in saying that you never could be a poor man's wife. It would have been well to have forgotten me. I am sorry that you did not go away when you found that the camp had been razed."

"Are you?" she asked directly. "I'm not, I'm glad that I sprained my ankle. I was trying to go when my foot twisted under me. I remembered you told me when I was in trouble in the mountains to fire two shots from my revolver and that anyone who heard it would know that it was a call for help. I have the little revolver you gave me. It brought you to me."

"To no good end," retorted the man, bitterly. "Why seek to reopen the old wound? You were quite decided, when you left, that our dream of love was but a dream, and that there could be no realization. Now you have come back to make me fight the fight all over again. Was it fair, dear, just because you wanted to see me again before you went back east?"

"It was fair," she answered steadily. "because I did not come through idle curiosity, Cliff. I came to tell you that it was all a mistake. I did not think that I could be happy with you in your cabin, sharing the luck of a prospector, and I knew that you would not share a home you had not earned."

"Now I know, Cliff, that I would rather live here—with you—than to go back home and live in luxury. I came to tell you that, Cliff."

"But you were right before," urged the man. "You may think that it would be fun to camp out and search for gold, but you have been born and bred in the purple, Addie. You don't know what it is to live on bread and bacon and to make the bread and cook the bacon yourself."

"I do, because you let me do it last summer," she reminded. "It is because I miss those dear old days that I have come back, Cliff. Don't you want me?"

"Want you?" he repeated tensely. "I thought that I had fought my fight and had won, but I haven't. There has not been a minute in the day, Addie, that I have not wanted you."

"Then we'll be married and live happy ever after," she cried contentedly. "Kiss me, Cliff, then bandage my ankle and get down to the hotel or auntie will be crazy about me."

Their lips met in a long caress. Since the early summer, when Addie Spence had stumbled across the prospector's cabin, he had loved the dainty little woman, but with the worldly wisdom of her class she had begged her release from the engagement, pleading that she never could be happy in the woods. Wilbur had ignored her plea that she had enough for two in her own right, and that her father's death would leave her a millionaire. He wanted to be the head of the house, and he could not take that position unless he was the breadwinner. Now she had come back to him in sweet surrender and he was supremely happy.

It took but a moment to bandage the sprained ankle, then he caught her up in his arms and strode down the well-marked trail that led to the village. The town had grown up about the hotel built for the benefit of those who sought the luxury of an expensive hotel even when they talked of communing with nature. Wilbur had little in common with the guests of the hotel, for he despised their love of luxury.

He kept away from the village as much as possible, but he had worn the trail when he and Addie used to stroll in the twilight, and plan the rosy future that should be theirs. When the practical side had thrust itself on the girl she had coaxed her aunt to take her further west that she might forget Wilbur. Now she had come back to make a confession of surrender, and Wilbur whistled happily as he made his way along. Addie was scarcely a burden to his arms, and he made good time until his foot struck a rounded stone and he went heavily to the earth.

He saved her from hurt by twisting as he fell but when he did not rise she called to him in alarm. He was digging the earth away with his hands and he did not seem to hear. Presently he arose and built a little fire of fat pine, and, with an exclamation of satisfaction, he turned toward the girl.

"I've found it," he cried, exultantly. "I thought that the vein would be found further up, but this is it. The rains have washed away the dirt and have left the outcrop showing. We'll be rich, Addie girl; as rich as your father. We can be married and live in the lap of luxury or in the heart of the woods, just as you prefer. Your two guns were not to call me to aid your distress; they were the signals of Dame Fortune, who had a wife and a gold mine to offer me. It was the signal of success, dear. We have won—together."

OLEY KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ENLARGED KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

Notice of Sale

Under and by virtue of power of sale contained in a mortgage from James H. Peel and wife, Victorius Peel, to the undersigned William A. Peel and wife Mary B. Peel, dated March the 3d, 1903, and recorded in the Registers Office of Martin County, North Carolina, in Book WWW, page 120, the undersigned will on the 23d day of March, 1912, at public auction, for cash, before the court house door in Martin County, sell the following described real estate, to-wit:

Bounded by James H. Peel on the North, on the West by Tom Hodges, on the North and East by Samuel Perry, on the East by Thomas Woolard, on the South by Samuel Perry, containing 100 acres, more or less.

This Feb. 19, 1912.
WILLIAM A. PEEL and MARY B. PEEL, Mortgagees.

Notice

Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Martin County made in the special proceedings entitled J. B. Speller, Administrator of A. W. Rodgers vs. Salamander Rogers, T. Cherry and wife, Caladonia Cherry, the undersigned commissioner, Will on Monday, the 4th day of March, 1912, at 12 o'clock at the Court house door in Williamston, N. C. offer sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following described tracts of land:

1st Tract: Beginning at the N. E. Corner of A. W. Rodgers land and about 70 yds back from the road running a line parallel with said road and along Henry Rodgers and Bob Simmons' back line, 126 yds; thence Mrs. Short's said line, a West direction 70 yds; thence back to parallel line, thence back a parallel line with the first mentioned, 126 yds, said A. W. Rodgers line; thence along his line to the beginning, containing 13 1/2 acres, more or less.

2nd Tract: Adjoining Bob Simmons' and others and commencing on the point of Simmons' and Rogers' land and running thence South, 35 rods to Mrs. Short's corner; thence west 35 yds to a point in Miles Rogers' line; thence a parallel line with the first line to the beginning.

Both of these tracts are sold subject to the Dower Right of the widow of A. W. Rodgers, deceased.

This the 3d day of Feb. 1912.
B. A. CRITCHER, Com.

ROYSTER FERTILIZER

HITS THE SPOT EVERY TIME

F. S. R.

The explanation is simple; they are made with the greatest care and every ingredient has to pass the test of our own laboratories; there's no hit or miss about Royster Fertilizers.

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Choice roses, carnations, vallis, violets and wedding outfits in the latest styles

Floral offerings artistically arranged at short notice

When in need of pot plants, rose bushes, evergreens, shrubbery, hedge plants and shade trees, mail telegraph or telegraph your order to

J. L. O'Quinn & Co.

Phone 140. Raleigh, N. C.

Trustee's Sale

By virtue of authority of a Deed of Trust executed to me by William D. Lilley and wife, Ruth Lilley, on the 15th day of December, 1910, and duly recorded in the Register's office in Martin County in Book ZZZ page 113, 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 Friday the 22nd day of March 1912, at 12 o'clock M., at the Court House door in Martin County, the following property:

A certain tract of land on which the said William D. Lilley now lives adjoining the lands of J. L. Taylor, Alonzo F. Taylor, Eli Rawls and others containing seventy-six (76) acres, more or less, and fully described in Deed from John Peel to said William D. Lilley duly recorded in Book UU, pages 385, 386 and 387 Martin County Registry.

Williamston, N. C., Feb. 21, 1912.

JAS. S. RHODES, Trustee.

Notice! Land Sale

By virtue of authority contained in a deed of trust executed to me by A. R. Corey on the 15th day of Aug. 1907, and recorded in the Register of Deeds office of Martin county in Book PPP page 572, and the conditions of the said deed of trust not having been complied with, I shall on Monday, the 11th day of March 1912, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, at the court house door in Williamston, N. C., the following described land:

Lying in Griffins township, adjoining the lands of William D. Corey and D. R. Hardison. Beginning at the mouth of a ditch, in William D. Corey's line, thence along the various courses of said ditch to a White oak in D. R. Hardison's line, thence along D. R. Hardison's line to W. R. Corey's corner, thence along said Corey's line to the beginning. Containing 25 acres, more or less.

Time of sale, Mch. 11, 1912 at 12 o'clock. Place of sale, Court house door. This Feb. 8th, 1912.

S. A. NEWELL, Trustee.

NOTICE!



WE WILL sell to the highest bidder for cash, at the stables of the Martin Live Stock Company on Saturday March 2nd, 1912, at 2 o'clock p. m., the French Coach Stallion

ECHO, together with all items now due or to become due to the Martin County Breeders

Association. This is a rare opportunity to buy a first class high bred horse. Remember the day.

MARTIN COUNTY
BREEDERS ASSOCIATION
Williamston, N. C.

JNO. D. SIMPSON, Sec'y

WHEELER MARTIN, Pres.