

BOYS FIND EIGHTY DIAMONDS

Costly Gems Had Been Swept Out With the Rubbish When Jewelry Store Was Cleaned.

Philadelphia.—The discovery of diamonds in an ash barrel in front of Charles Kranich's jewelry store, 2466 Kensington avenue, raised a disturbance that suggested the scene of a "lucky strike" in the gold fields of Alaska.

Mrs. Kranich saw a number of boys struggling around the barrel, each endeavoring to dig his hands into the contents. These were joined presently by a dozen men, who also entered the strange scramble. Alarmed, Mrs. Kranich called her daughter, Mrs. Lloyd Brooks, and her sister-in-law, Miss Bessie Kranich, who learned that the men and boys were digging for gems in the ash barrel. Mrs. Kranich went into the street, and on looking closer discovered that the boys had found diamonds that her husband had procured for his Christmas stock.

Soon afterward the boys went into the store and asked Mrs. Kranich whether the crystals were valuable. She shrewdly replied that they were only cheap stones, but if they cared to go to the trouble of looking for more she would pay them a moderate reward for each one. The ruse was effective. One by one boys went to her and returned the stones, some of them not asking anything in return. Meanwhile the Eighteenth district police heard of the unusual occurrence, and Lieutenant Keith dispatched six policemen in civilian's clothes to endeavor to recover the diamonds. The result of this was that before night fifty-four of the missing stones had been found and returned to their owner; about twenty were still missing.

When Mr. Kranich learned of the incident he said that he and two young men were gathering up rubbish in the store in the morning, and it was into this that the diamonds must have accidentally dropped. Shortly before cleaning the store, he said, he had taken from his safe a leather case containing a number of diamonds, which, he said, he either examined or else showed to a customer. The stones were sorted, those of each kind being wrapped separately in tissue paper. Thus the diamonds were probably not noticeable and dropped into the rubbish that was being swept from the store and later dumped into the ash barrel.

PARTY WILL EXPLORE CAVE

Expect to Clean Up Mystery Placed About Wonderful Natural Curiosity.

Meeker, Colo.—An exploring party will soon leave Meeker in search of the "disappearing cave," somewhere up Flag Creek, about twenty miles from here. This cave, of legendary fame, while easily visible from the open plains several miles away, is enclosed on three sides by a dense growth of cedars about a mile in width, which only one white man penetrated.

This white man, years ago, made his way through the dense undergrowth that guards the entrance, and told a weird story of the trip. The cave, mammoth in proportions and wonderful in formation, he said, seems to have been used as an Indian rendezvous when the red men controlled this country. Relics and evidences of pre-historic man were visible on every hand, and numerous human bones were lying about. In one chamber an iron stake imbedded in the ground, surrounded by burnt ends of crumbling fagots, told a silent story of gruesome tragedies enacted there.

YALE OARSMAN TO BE ENVOY

Chung Mun Yew Appointed Minister of New Republic at Washington.

New York.—Chung Mun Yew, the old Yale coxswain, has been appointed minister of the Chinese Republic to the United States, according to a Shanghai dispatch to the Herald.

Chung entered Yale in 1883 after preliminary studies in the Hartford, Conn., public school, and made the crew in the freshman year, steering the Yale shell to victory against Harvard. He was elected to the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, the only one of his race to be so honored.

He was called back to China before completing his studies, but returned to this country some years later and acted as an interpreter at the legation in Washington when Dr. Wu Ting-fang was minister.

Previous reports have been to the effect that the post at Washington would be raised to an embassy and that Dr. Wu would be sent here as ambassador.

Prodigy at Eight.

London.—Barely eight years old, a boy named Solomon, son of a poor East end tailor, made his public debut in the Albert hall before an immense audience and proved himself a wonderful pianist.

It was only a few weeks ago that the boy was discovered, and he had never played on a grand piano before. So marvelous is his talent that a few days ago he played privately before the king and queen at Buckingham palace.

Land Office 100 Years Old.

Washington.—Commissioner of the General Land Office Fred Dennet is planning a celebration of the 100th anniversary of the establishment of the office. The first commissioner was appointed May 7, 1812.

WOES OF SAILORS

Grievances of British Tars Weakening the Navy.

Condition of Men on Lower Decks of More Importance Than Building New Ships—Reforms Are Demanded.

London.—First Lord of the Admiralty Winston Churchill is never long out of hot water. This time he has roused the indignation of the radical extremists of his own party because the reduction on the naval estimates for the current year did not go far enough in the direction of retrenchment to please them.

Whereas the "Little Englanders," as they are called, hoped that a saving of at least \$5,000,000 would be effected, Churchill only found it possible to reduce the naval estimates by just over \$1,500,000. But if he has not pleased some of his own parliamentary supporters, Winston Churchill has been subjected to little but friendly criticism by the opposition, who are bent on accelerating the building program rather than retarding it.

While there has been the usual amount of talk about new ships and armaments, not much attention has been paid to the factor without which England's vaunted navy is useless—the man behind the gun. From time to time it has been whispered that there is considerable unrest in the lower deck rating, where, says Lionel Yexley, one of the service critics, many grievances exist, which, unless rectified, will one day shock John Bull out of his complacency.

As the jackies are forbidden by their terms of service to form a trade union, the general public knows little about their wrongs, and half an hour's talk with some of the men at a naval station is required to show that it is high time some reforms were introduced on the lower deck.

All the trouble has arisen through the conversion of the warship from a stately sailing vessel into a floating gunnery platform. Much of the work and discipline necessary to the early form of fighting ship has been retained on the latest types, where cleanliness is still the fetish. Most of the unrest is undoubtedly due to the way punishment is meted out for minor offenses entirely void of criminality. All the disciplinary regulations, Lionel Yexley points out, were framed "when the seaman's main duty was to pull on ropes and to punish him if he did not get from one to another quick enough, but you cannot drive men to shoot straight with modern ordnance.

"The state employs the sailor during the day at work which calls for the full use of cultivated intelligence, and then it will take him and stand him in a dark corner for two hours each night because he did not have his cap on straight or dared to wear a waist belt to keep his trousers up."

Another of the seaman's grievances relates to the decreased chance of promotion owing to the increase in the number of stokers in the personnel. The leading seaman complains that he has less chance than ever of becoming a petty officer. Increased pay is also another demand of the lower deck. An experienced able seaman, if married, is expected to support a home on just under \$3 a week; less the cost of his uniform.

THRILLING RIDE ON AUTO

Leaping for Life as Machine Suddenly Starts, Autoist Survives Two Smash-Ups.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Taken off his guard by the rush of an automobile which he had just finished cranking and with no other alternative than to climb upon the hood of the car as it started running amuck on Pacific avenue, John Worthington, proprietor of the Hotel Worthington, Pacific and Missouri avenues, had a thrilling experience within a short distance of that hostelry.

Mr. Worthington had brought his car to a halt outside a garage located near his hotel, and after chatting for a few minutes with a friend, alighted for the purpose of cranking up the auto for a spin about the city, overlooking the fact that the gear of the car had been "left in." He turned the crank for the purpose of starting the engine. The next moment the car, started from the high speed, lurched forward, almost sweeping Mr. Worthington from his feet. He clutched wildly for the hood and as the car gained speed he climbed partly up the front axle.

The machine finally hit a lamp post and its victim was taken to the hospital.

Boy Has 24 Fingers.

Bilbao, Spain.—A woman called at the hospital here, bringing her son, who has enormous hands and twelve fingers on each. The most curious part of the case is that all her sons possess similar hands. One has twenty-one fingers, another twenty-three and the other five children twenty-four fingers each. All are living and enjoying good health. Many doctors are studying these cases.

The Grind

Fletcher, resplendent in white flannels, deposited an armful of books on a wicker table, and, dropping upon a swinging couch on the shadiest side of the porch, lighted with elaborate carelessness a conspicuously new calabash.

"Why, Fletcher?" exclaimed his mother. "Do you smoke?"

"Now, mater, please don't agitate yourself about a little innocent tobacco," replied Fletcher. "A fellow that's got to grind the way I have must have some consolation. You know I've got trig and French both to make up this vacation. Old Prof. Hatch has got it in for me on that trig exam and you know if I don't pass I can't be in any college athletics. I suppose instead of coming up here with you people I ought to have stayed in town with a tutor."

"Oh, no, dear, I think you'll be able to study very well here. I was hoping, too, that you'd feel like working on the place some this summer. You know we haven't a man now and your father thought you'd like to keep the grass cut and help Ted and me with the garden."

"I would, mater, if I hadn't the con-founded work to do, but after I've cultivated my French verbs I won't have much time to cultivate the garden. Nest-ee-pas, ma chere mere? I wish you'd keep the kids off this end of the porch. I've got to have quiet for study."

"What's that you're at work on now, Fletcher?"

"Oh, this? Well, it's just a novel, that a fellow lent me. Everybody's talking about it, but it's no good. I was just glancing through it to see how it comes out. Sorry I can't be more sociable, mater. I'd like to bicker with you, but trig and French are the paramount issues this year. I've got to get a little pep into myself and make good. What time's lunch?"

"One o'clock."

The mother moved softly away and quietly gave instructions to her younger children, who looked at their college brother curiously and rather grudgingly left the porch. In a few minutes Ted, the next oldest to Fletcher, crossed the lawn with a pall of whitewash.

"Say, Fletcher," he shouted, "come along and help me mark the tennis court."

There was no answer from the swinging couch.

"Fletcher, aren't you going to help me with this dope?"

"No, I'm not. I've got to grind and I wish you'd stop yelling. I can hardly hear myself think."

"Oh, pawdon me, Mr. Sophomore," returned Ted, still loudly, but with expiring humility. "I really forgot to whom I was speaking."

"Oh, go on," ordered Fletcher. Then he shook his head at his little sister, who appeared in her bathing suit and asked him to give her a swimming lesson.

"Can't, Dot. Haven't time for anything but quick dips this summer. Now run away and let me work. Oh, bring me a match, will you, Dot. This pipe's gone out."

When the calabash was once more lighted and quiet again reigned, Fletcher resumed his novel. "There's no use trying to study until I find out whether the English guy gets the girl," he murmured.

An hour later his mother came out of the house tying a motor veil over her hat. "I'm sorry to interrupt you, Fletcher," she said, "but I thought maybe you'd like to drive me into the village to do the marketing."

"In that old 1909 ice wagon? No, thank you, mater, dear. Let Ted take you. I'm just getting a good start on my trip formulas. Ted's lucky not to have any studying to do. He's got plenty of time to drive you anywhere."

"Yes, of course, I only thought maybe you'd like going out in the car."

"There's no joy riding for me this vacation. Let's see, now—one plus tangent equals secant squared."

For almost ten minutes Fletcher repeated this formula aloud and he was still murmuring it when the sight of a tall girl in a middy blouse, coming through the gate carrying a tennis racket, brought him to his feet with a bound.

"Why, Helen, how do you do? I didn't know you had come to the lake yet," he cried as he ran toward her. "Mighty glad you've got your racket. We'll have a set or two and a swim before lunch. I want to show you my Lawford stroke. Say, Helen, it's great, your being here. Now there'll be something doing."

Pains of Moving Day.

What a dislocation of comfort is implied in that word moving! Such a heap of little nasty things, after you think all is got into the cart; old dredging boxes, worn-out trunks, galipots, vials, things that it is impossible the most necessitous person can ever want, but which women, who preside on these occasions, will not leave behind, if it was to serve your soul; they'd keep the cart ten minutes to stow in dirty pipes and broken matches, to show their economy. They can find nothing you want for many days after you go into your new lodgings. You must comb your hair with your fingers, wash your face without soap, go about in dirty gaiters.—Charles Lamb.

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For Register of Deeds

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Register of Deeds of Martin County, and ask my friends and fellow Democrats to give me their support, which I assure them will be appreciated. And if elected I promise to fill the office to the best of my ability and to render to each and every one the proper courtesy due them.

Respectfully,
D. J. MEERS.

Notice

Having qualified as Administrator upon the Estate of Susan Jones 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 31st day of March 1913, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment. This 23rd day of March, 1912.
W. T. HYMAN, Adm.

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HIS HIGHEST RECOMMENDATION
S. A. Davis, 627 Washington St., Concordville, Ind., is in his 85th year. He writes us: "I have lately suffered much from my kidneys and bladder. I had severe backaches and my kidney action was too frequent, causing me to lose much sleep at night, and in my bladder there was constant pain. I took Foley Kidney Pills for some time, and am now free of all trouble and again able to be up and around. Foley Kidney Pills have my highest recommendation."

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