

"MR. FLIPP."

A Series of Pen Pictures
Washington County's
Past and Present.

PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY.

A General Write-up of People and Property—Things
Seen and Heard by this Writer and Told in his
Own Language.

Mr. EDITOR:—I stand where you left me last week, on the bridge at "Conaby." As I look at this iron structure with its concrete foundation then at the broad straight road-way that leads up to it, my mind reverts to a night when I was a boy. The heavy rains had swollen this stream until it came up to the bridge and in its mighty maddening rush had taken the bridge away. A traveller, H. H. Page of Edenton, came this way and in the darkness drove into the creek and he, horse and buggy were washed down with the angry tide. Mr. Page managed to catch a limb in passing, where he held on and yelled for help. Mr. Frank Ayers, living near by, went to his rescue and saved him, but the horse drowned. The old crooked road-way has been straightened and the bridge so fixed, that no matter if the water rises even above it, it will stand and the stranger may pass in safety. As I stand on this bridge I can hear across the River Farm, not a mile away, the panting engines of the gas boats that ply up and the Roanoke river, yet I am told that this creek winds in and out among the trees until its waters flow seventeen miles before it finally empties into that river. Much might be written about this little stream, how, during the civil strife the rebels crossed over its dark waters at midnight on pontoons and surprised the well fortified town of Plymouth at sunrise, how for years from its silent depths has been taken all manner of fish, especially in the spring time about Easter when "herring is up." Its a fact that they have forced themselves up this stream in such numbers that at the road going over to Jim Hamilton's the people bailed them up in baskets by the cart load. It has been and is yet the happy and profitable hunting grounds for trappers, to say nothing of the vast wealth in pine, cypress and juniper timber that has been floated to market on its dark waters. So much for old Conaby Creek and I am off down the road. First I see Frank Johnston's Farm (which came to him as did the Register of Deeds office, by inheritance). Mr. Johnston has several hundred acres of good land, the old residence is being repaired, new barns have just been erected over there among the oaks, hundreds of cattle in the pasture lands beyond lift their heads as a passing train rushes on, the Norfolk Southern Railway splits this farm in half, which is a pity. Mr. Johnston's son Bob, having been educated for a farmer is doing some scientific farming and stock raising while his dad does the whistling and puts up the price. In his profitable, practical and scientific farming, Bob is assisted by Mr. Milton Craddock, whose good wife looks after the pigs, milch cows and chickens, no small or unprofitable part of the business. I only stop here to eat a pear and an apple and see that everybody is busy.

Opposite this farm is quite a number of colored citizens who live in their own comfortable

homes with small farms: viz—S. S. Bennett, Joe Rhodes, Mack Holly and others while here and there Mr. Johnston has built good comfortable tenant homes.

Before leaving friend Johnston's estate it may be well to give your readers a look at his herd of cattle, which is only a recent experiment on this farm, but Mr. Johnston is well pleased with the result. He finds cattle raising both interesting and profitable. He has a farm the part of which is well adapted to stock and by proper care in a few years he will have one of the best stock farms in this part of the state.

The next place I strike is Mr. P. W. Brinkley's farm, a part of the Woodlawn tract, that in the hands of shiftless tenants for years had gone down. Mr. Brinkley, since buying this property, has spent considerable money in ditching, fencing and improving the soil. His tenant, Bob Thomas, is no ordinary nigger, he seems to take a pride in his work and while nothing special can be said of this farm at present, if it keeps up the present rate of improvement in soil Mr. Brinkley will have one of the best farms in that section. He has built a barn and stock-house the past year and if nothing happens he will build a respectable residence there in the near future.

Leaving Mr. Brinkley's farm to the right I look across the way to "Woodlawn," the pretty country home of Joe H. Ange. In a day's journey one could hardly find a more lovely place. Setting back from the highway about 200 feet we can see a large two-story residence with 204 ft., of broad piazza around it, here in the center of a ten acre grove of giant oaks, this pretty home presents an inviting scene in warm days, while the broad well kept walk-way to the outer gate seems to bid the traveler walk in. To the left and in the rear we see the massive barns, stock-houses and ginney. While to the left we find the henney, where well-fed flocks of high-bred chickens, geese and other fowls add to the beauty of the surroundings. To the right where the lawn slopes away to the flat land, where the shades of the swaying oaks meet the shadow of the pines, is a plot of pasture lands, bordered on the east by an artificial drain-way which furnishes an abundance of water for the stock as it passes on and is lost in the silent denseness of old Conaby Swamp.

As we stand and view this country home in its entirety we exclaim, What a picture! Possibly there is no place in this section where the camera could catch a greater variety of stock than on this Woodlawn pasture; horses, mules, cattle, sheep, hogs, goats—not the old scrub kind, but the thoroughbreds. Think of this farmer listing for taxation hogs at \$35 and cattle at \$75 and \$100. That shows the kind of stock he keeps. Is it any wonder that "Woodlawn" with its broad acres that sold just a few years ago for \$5,000 is today worth \$20,000. Joe Ange has helped Nature and circumstances to make this advance possible and to make him a rich man.

Barn and raised on a farm, he has made farming his business and profession. That profession and business to which the world to-day is looking for its very existence. As a farmer there is nothing short about Joe Ange, except his teeth, and he wore them off chewing tobacco, but the shortage was made good by gold fillings and crowns. He probably has more gold in his mouth than any man in the State, certainly more than I have in my pocket.

NOTICE.

Washington County, Superior Court.
James E. Adams,

Pittsburg Land & Lumber Company
The defendant, Pittsburg Land and Lumber Co. will take notice that a summons and warrant of attachment has issued against it from this court returnable to said Court Oct. 20, 1913. Said action is to recover the sum of \$4161.20 and interest thereon from . . . day of May 1913 due by note same having been afterwards reduced to judgment in the Federal Court in Pennsylvania.

Said defendant will take notice that it is required to appear at the Court House in Plymouth, Washington County, N. C. at a term of Superior Court to be there held the 7th Monday after the 1st Monday in September 1913 and then and there answer or demur to complaint filed in said action.

Said defendant will further take notice that in this said action as mentioned above a warrant of attachment has been issued from this said Court to the Sheriffs of Washington and Tyrrell Counties, N. C. against all of its property, real and personal, and debts due said defendant corporation and that said warrant of attachment is returnable at time and place mentioned above for return of summons mentioned herein.

The nature of plaintiffs demand is to recover \$4161.20 and interest and cost due by said judgment mentioned above. Witness my hand and seal,
This September 23rd 1913,
C. V. W. Ausbon,

9-26 Clerk Superior Court

No. 666

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