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New Bern, N. C. July 25, 1912.

Wilson and His Books.

"O that mine enemy would write a book!" Governor Wilson's enemies surely have it on him. He has not only written one book, he has written several books. And his political enemies are searching them from cover to cover to find expressions of his on which they can assail him.

One of the phrases that they have stumbled over and which they are exploiting to the utmost is "Men of the meaner sort from the South of Europe," which he used in some of his historical writings.

Of course an effort is being made to inflame the minds of all foreigners against Mr. Wilson on account of this utterance. A Hungarian editor called on him recently and told him that thousands of Hungarians considered him their enemy and were withholding their support until they could learn more about his views on immigration.

We are not sorry that Governor Wilson has written so many books. He has enriched the literature of the nation particularly the literature of government and political economy and the absence of the books that he has written would be keenly felt by all who use and derive satisfaction and inspiration from a well stocked literature.

And we predict that no great harm to the Governor's Presidential aspirations will come from the separation of stray sentences of his writings from their context and the placing of wrong constructions on them. Such unjust and unreasonable criticism will fall of its own weight.

Besides, the Governor seems to be something of an adept in the art of explaining. In short, he is a politician in the sense that being a politician is to be tactful. He didn't let the Hungarian editor go away unappeased. Instead, he told him that he would be indeed an ignorant person if he were not well aware of the vast service done by the Hungarians in Europe for the cause of European freedom.

"I believe in the reasonable restriction of immigration, but not in any restrictions which will exclude from the country, honest industrious men who are seeking what America has always offered, an asylum for those who seek a free field. The whole question is a very difficult one, but I think it can be solved with justice and generosity."

Welcome the Newspaper Folk! Mr. J. Leon Williams, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, has in the Journal this morning an earnest appeal to the public-spirited citizens of New Bern to go to Morehead City tomorrow and accompany the Press Association on their trip to New Bern.

the Socialists have been saying for years. Why doesn't the Colonel line up with them?

Because of the absence of sufficient members to carry on public business, the House of Representatives was forced to adjourn Tuesday and it was the second time in a week that a recess had to be taken for that reason. Absent members were either at their homes or rusticated at summer resorts, and they getting seventy-five hundred per cent. Wanted some Congressmen who will stay on the job.

Greensboro carried a hundred and thirty thousand dollar bond issue for improvements Tuesday by a practically unanimous vote. You don't catch the Gate City lagging behind in the march of progress. It is an exemplar of civic enterprise and energy. Almost any city in the State can get some pointers by watching Greensboro.

MORE ATTENTION TO FARMER

Memphis Commercial Appeal Sees Necessity of Devoting More Time to Agricultural Interests.

"We would be glad if all our senators and all our congressmen would attend farmers' meetings. They would then make better senators and better congressmen. They would learn that the development of the south depends more upon a good agricultural department at Washington; upon the dissemination of information about fertilizing lands, than upon the Philippine question or the free and unlimited coinage of silver."

"This man is not a farmer in the strict sense of the word—indeed, he is a banker, but he recognizes the fact that the civilization, the development, the progress and the happiness of this people, and the people of the whole world depends upon the soil."

"In the south we are rapidly destroying the fertility of our land. We can make the fertile more fertile. We can do this by study; by getting knowledge and by following scientific principles in agriculture."

"It is a magnificent business, this thing of farming, when we farm right, and as soon as the southern farmers, all of them, farm right, this will be the richest agricultural region in the world."

"And, by the way, the Commercial Appeal intends to devote hereafter more time and attention and space to successful farming, to public education, to good roads, and to home improvement than to politics."

The above sentences are taken from recent editorials in the Memphis Commercial Appeal. Such expressions from such a great daily means much to this section of country. When all our great dailies, weekly papers, teachers, senators, congressmen, preachers and other leaders fully realize the fact that the wealth of the farmer is at the basis of all general prosperity and that it enriches as it goes by creating a demand for the labor of workers in all occupations, and impress our people with the dignity and importance of agriculture, the south will soon be the richest section of the world.

Consider This. I want to church in worship and I found it truth; I took it home with me, I took it to my office, it was with me whenever I went, and in all that work I was not afraid. I was not ashamed. The Commercial Appeal.



CHAPTER XX.

In his arms Katherine moved with a stifled moan of weariness, a gasp, and then a stifling of her body which told him that she was now wide awake and mistress of her wits, in full comprehension of her position.

"Katherine—

"What is it?"

"The Echo—Appleyard, I think—I'm sure. He'll be here in just a few minutes—ten or fifteen; and you must help me show the light."

"Help me up," she said in a dejected voice.

He rose and took her hands, lifting her to her feet. With one thought upward in both minds, they turned toward the sea.

Off to the northwest the red port and white masthead lights of the catboat were slipping briskly shoreward—the green no longer visible—standing in for the beach where the longboat lay.

A groan escaped Coast.

"Oh, the devil!" he said beneath his breath, exasperated; and aloud, half-frantically: "Hurry! He's taking the other light for my signal. Here—"

With agonizing slowness the minutely sped, and still the boat held on directly for the beach below the Cold Lairs. Then abruptly the watcher by the longboat awakened to its approach, apparently for the first time, and sounded the alarm by firing a shot from his revolver.

Immediately, at the pistol shot, the Echo swerved sharply off to the west, her red side light disappeared; and for a full minute held on so before she swung smartly on her heel and showed first the green and then the red, bearing straight as an arrow for the end of the sand spit.

On the island, at the same, the results of the report (which, when the catboat came about, was followed by four others in brisk succession) were no less marked. Down the wind from the bungalow floated a wild chorus of shouts and calls. In its vicinity half a dozen twinkling lights studded the darkness on the uplands, springing to life as if by magic, and were whirled hither and thither like so many will-o'-the-wisps, suggesting a stupid, half-distracted ferment of conflicting advice, argument and will among the smugglers.

Presently, however, some sort of order was evidently evolved; the lights converged to a common center and bore swiftly down toward the beach.

Coast put down the lantern on the swelling, rounded summit of a small dune, and took the steamer rug from Katherine, mechanically folding it as she divided troubled attention between the sailing boat and the distant rabble—now streaming headlong down through the Cold Lairs and shouting as they came.

"No more need for this," he said, referring to the rug; "the light won't tell them anything they don't know, now. But . . . His perturbed, voice trailed off irresolutely as he stood, a frowning glance directed down the beach.

Katherine was quick to catch the note of worry in his tone. "What is it?"

"I think I'll have to . . ."

"Of course," she answered listlessly. "Look here, Blackstock!" At Coast's sharp and rigid address, the man quailed abruptly, and apparently coming to a realization of the spectacle he was making of himself, got slowly and shamefacedly to his feet. "If we agree to take you off the island, you know what it means? I'll turn you over to the police, first place we stop."

"I don't care," Blackstock asserted sullenly. "I don't care a damn. I'll go anywhere, do anything—go to the chair, if I have to—work out my life in the pen—anything but stay here and go mad. I've been a spy; I know, but for the love of God don't leave me to die like a dog."

"What does it mean?"

"I don't know," he said—"means like a pack of starving wolves. No matter; it can't concern us in two minutes."

The Echo had drawn near enough for the noise of the motor to be perceptible; she was moving under power, but her sails were still furled, hanging in stiff and clumsy folds in the lary-jacks. He could even see the tender trailing astern, and make out a single figure at the wheel.

Then the latter bobbed down out of sight for an instant, and the purring of the engine was abrupt. There followed the splash of the anchor, and the little vessel brought up quickly, swinging wide to face the wind.

With a warning cry Katherine stepped quickly away from Coast and swung round, whipping out her small but effective pearl-handled revolver. "Stop!" she cried in a vibrant voice. "Halt, or I'll fire!"

Coast, as prompt to take alarm, had instinctively initiated her action. Wheeling, weapon poised, he discovered the shadowed shape of a man running toward them—or, rather, staggering, for he seemed badly wounded—leaping and reeling through the undulations of the low, formless dunes, whose soft and yielding substance had deadened the sound of his approach until he was almost upon the two.

At Katherine's call he flung up one hand as if to signify a peaceful intent, but came on at unabated speed. "Don't shoot!" he pleaded hoarsely. "I'm unarmed—"

Both knew that voice too well. The woman's figure straightened to rigidity. "Stop!" she repeated, imperatively, inflexible. "Stop, Douglas, or—"

Coast threw out a hand and deflected the muzzle of her weapon. "Don't," he said aside; "if it comes to that, let me attend to him!"

"Blackstock!" he cried curtly. "Stand where you are!"

At this the man pulled up at a distance of a few feet, within the radius of lantern light. "Steady!" he begged between gasps. "I've . . . beaten 'em out . . . Plenty of time . . ."

"What's your game now?" demanded Coast coldly, his attention distracted by the comforting sound of dipping oars and squealing rowlocks behind him.

"Game!" The man's eyes caught a curious glint of light from the lantern as they shifted swiftly, glancing sidelong. "Shame!" he iterated in broken and hollow tones. "I'm in no shape for games now! For God's sake don't be hard on me. I've come to give myself up—to surrender."

His announcement fell like a thunderclap. Momentarily Coast discredited his sense of hearing. "Surrender?" he muttered, incredulous. "You?" He cast a quick, cautious look round. There was no one else within the limits of his vision—not a figure nor a moving shadow. His gaze returned to the huge, quaking shape before them: Blackstock in a panic, his plump face turned a pasty, unwholesome shade and largely bloated with dull, burning red, eyes like knots showing too much white and rolling restlessly, loose mouth a-quiver, hands shaking, breath coming and going with a sound resembling the exhaust of a skipping motor. "The devil!" said Coast to himself; and aloud in accents hard and unrelenting: "You'd best explain . . ."

With a sudden movement, the woman touched his arm. "Don't trust him, Garrett!" she exclaimed. "You don't know him—don't, don't trust him!"

"I've no intention—" Coast began, incoherently they were treated to the inconspicuous spectacle of Blackstock on his knees, humbling himself first to the woman, then to the man he had wronged, fat, mottled, trembling hands imploring them. "No!" he prayed, cowering pitifully. "Don't say I! Have a little pity! My God! don't you know I'm dying? Don't leave me here to die like a dog, in the name of mercy!"

"Dying . . ." Coast repeated, while Katherine bent forward, peering steadily into the man's face. "What do you mean by 'dying'?"

"Don't you understand—can't you see?" The plump, spotted hands fumbled at his throat; for the first time Coast remarked that it was bandaged, and began to comprehend what frightful fear was bringing the man to his feet. "That damn dog," Blackstock breathed convulsively—"he's done for me, if I don't get help—medical help—quick. He's torn my throat to tatters," he whispered; "I'm poisoned, poisoned! If you leave me here, I'll go mad and die mad—hydrophobic! Good God, have pity!"

He broke down completely for a moment or two, sobbing and gibbering and wringing his hands. It was plain that he was badly frightened, and not without reason.

Coast glanced at Katherine; she wore a face of doubt mirroring his own perplexity, but when she caught his eye upon her, responded with a nod and a shrug.

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single-mindedly of an exceptionally intelligent and inquisitive magpie.

Coast dropped a hand affectionately on his shoulder. "Thank heaven, you're here at last," he said. "And here's your prisoner—take him in the name of the law and for the sake of peace. He's been badly bitten first by a dog and then by fright, and he wants to give himself up and be sent to a hospital."

"Oh, that's it, eh? I heard a bit of the confab while rowing in, and it listened uncommonly interesting; but I couldn't figure out what was at the bottom of it all. Well, well, Mr. Blackstock!" The little man rubbed his hands. "I'm glad to come up with you. This is more fun than a goat for sure. Come!" He jerked his perky little head toward the tender. "Jump in, and I'll carry you to market."

A sullen look replaced the terror that had masked Blackstock's face. He sighed and with a brief, uncertain nod, apparently directed at Coast, collected himself and trudged heavily toward the boat, entering which he squatted silently in the stern.

Appleyard's eyes sought Coast's. The younger man lifted his shoulders, disclaiming honor or responsibility. "When the devil was sick," he quoted in disgust, lowering his tone. "Keep an eye on him."

"Well, rawther," Appleyard drawled. "But he won't try any monkeyshines aboard the Echo—or I never saw a man afraid of his sins before."

Madam, he added, turning with a curious little courtesy to the woman, "If you'll step in"—his glance traveled past her down the beach—"we'll beat that pack to the mainland, I see," he said, "they're launching a longboat. What kind of a yarn explains that, please?"

Coast recounted with exceptional brevity the wrecking of the schooner, at the same time stepping into the boat and placing himself at the oars, on the middle seat. Katherine sat forward, behind him, and Appleyard, pushing off, scrambled aft and dropped down beside Blackstock, who sulkily moved to one side to make room for him.

"Look lively, Mr. Coast," he little man advised pleasantly. "We really haven't got a minute to spare—those chaps are laying to their oars as if they really wanted to escape acquaintance with us. Or perhaps," he suggested with a look askance at Blackstock, "my cheerful prisoner can account for this apparent mad anxiety of theirs to bid their dis—, I mean extinguished leader a farew—"

Blackstock, fumbling nervously at his bandaged throat, made no answer. Coast, bending all his strength to the oars, drove the dory swiftly toward the Echo.

"Blackstock," said Appleyard, ironic, "what you got in that neat little bag between your feet? The conventional pyjamas and toothbrush, what?"

"The tormented man at his side grumbled something inarticulate.

"Did I understand you to imply it's none of my business? How extraordinarily rude, Mr. Blackstock! Besides being untrue—quite a naughty bit. In addition to which it's uncalled for; I know."

"You know?" Blackstock turned to him with a scowl.

"Sure. I can put two and a millstone together and make a hole in a ladder just as easy as take a silk purse out of a sow's ear. It wouldn't be you, Mr. Blackstock," Appleyard continued without giving his victim time to analyze this astonishing statement—"if that wouldn't be you if you didn't try to hand your friends the double-cross. That bag's stuffed with loot—the best part of the truck they were running this trip—jewelry, for a dollar. And that's why, you see, they're so infatuated with the idea of shaking your hand and wringing your neck before you get away; they've just discovered your perfidy. But don't you fret. Here we are and long before they can drive that sea-bog this far we'll be sailing merrily away."

With this assurance Appleyard rose, catching the Echo's side as Coast slipped his oars and the dory glided smoothly alongside the larger vessel. "Steady on!" he said. "Coast, you first, and give a hand to Mrs. Blackstock. Now, you"—to Blackstock, when Coast had helped Katherine into the cockpit—"and step lively! Your companions in crime are a bit too close for comfort."

Coast, it is suggested that Mrs. Blackstock step below until we get under way; there's apt to be a bit of shooting, I'm afraid, if we don't look sharp."

Katherine sought Coast's eyes; he nodded a grave affirmation into hers. "Only a few moments," he said, offering her his hand. "Without a word she accepted it and let herself down into the dark interior of the cabin."

"Now, Coast, the anchor—lively!" Coast straightened up, hastily. Blackstock was in his way, standing in the corner of the cockpit between the cabin-trunk and the coaming, while Appleyard was hurriedly taking up the engine-pit hatch. So the younger man stepped unobtrusively to starboard across the center-board trunk into the very arms of calamity.

What followed fell like a bolt from the blue and passed with its rapidity. Appleyard stood to port with his back to Blackstock, in the act of putting the hatch aside. Coast on the seaward side was on the point of lifting himself to the top of the cabin, with intent to go forward and cast off the anchor. There was crossing his mind the veriest hint of a suspicion that the blackness in the shadow of the unfurled canvas, above the cabin, was more dense and tangible than it should be, when this shadow, seeming by with a single movement, rose above him like a cloud, towering as huge and terrifying, its black human bulk

In these days of high cost of living, a medicine that gets a man up out of bed and able to work in a few days is a valuable and welcome remedy. John Heals, Michigan Bar, Cal., to J. H. Heals and blends tropic, was recommended to him, unable to turn without help.

Commenced using John Heals and blends tropic, was recommended to him, unable to turn without help.

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A WOMAN'S WISDOM.

The worried mother wakes up to hear her baby's heavy breathing—a little cough—perhaps the croup or whooping cough. She does not want to send for the doctor when perhaps the trouble does not amount to much. Finally she thinks of that medical book her father gave her, The Common Sense Medical Adviser, by R. W. Pierce, M. D. She says "just the thing to find out what is the matter with the little dear." Two millions households in this country own one—and it's to be had for only 31c. in stamps—1,000 pages in splendid cloth binding. A good family adviser in any emergency. It is for either sex. This is what many women write Dr. Pierce—in respect to his "Favorite Prescription," a remedy which has made thousands of melancholy and miserable women cheerful and happy, by curing the painful womanly diseases which undermine a woman's health and strength.



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