

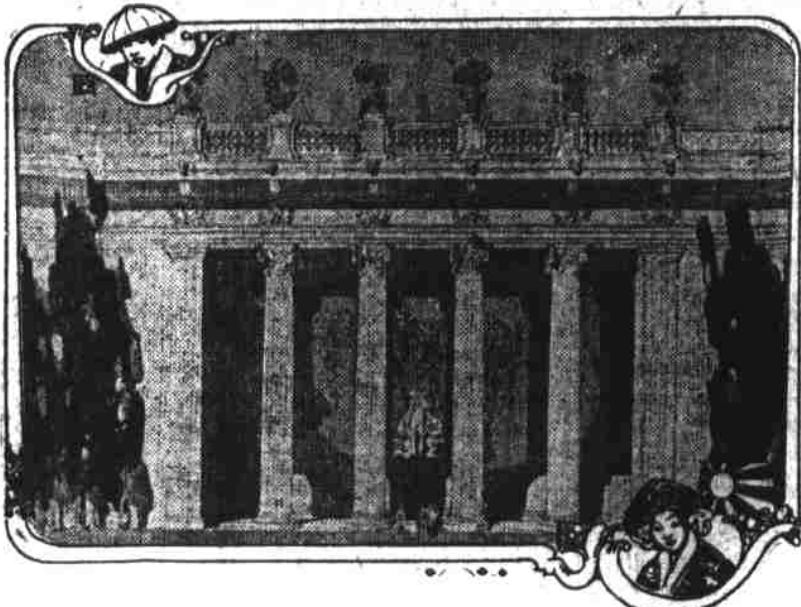
The Stomach Is the Target



Aim to make that strong—and digestion good—and you will keep well! No chain is stronger than its weakest link. No man is stronger than his stomach. With stomach disordered a train of diseases follow.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

Makes the stomach healthy, the liver active and the blood pure. Made from forest roots, and extracted without the use of alcohol. Sold in liquid form at \$1.00 per bottle for over 40 years, giving general satisfaction. If you prefer tablets as modified by E. V. Pierce, M. D., these can be had of medicine dealers or trial box by mail on receipt of 50c in stamps.



STUDY OF THE COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS, PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

To the west of the great Court of Honor at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition will come the Court of Four Seasons, one of the most elaborate and beautiful of the great interior courts that will lie between the huge exhibit palaces of the main group. The walls of the court will be partly formed by the palaces of Liberal Arts and Education and by the two great wings of the Palace of Agriculture and partly by the classic colonnades and peristyles that will connect these buildings. The Court of Four Seasons, in classic Italian architecture, is designed by Mr. Henry Bacon of New York, designer of the Lincoln Memorial. In harmony with the title of the court there will, in each of its four corners, be set groups of statuary symbolical of the seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. The sculpture will be set in niches screened by colonnades. Mural paintings, also suggestive of the seasons, will form the background for the setting. Mr. Jules Guertin, the noted artist, has charge of the color plan. The Court of Four Seasons will be 340 feet square.

Notice!

The Craven County Democratic Executive Committee met October 7 in the office of R. A. Nunn, secretary of the committee, at 12 o'clock, noon, in accordance with the rules prescribed by the State Democratic Executive Committee and the Democratic State Convention, for the purpose of selecting poll-holders for each of the Senatorial Candidates in the Senatorial primary to be held on the 5th day of November, 1912.

The following named Democratic voters were appointed as poll-holders for the primary election:

Maple Cypress: J. J. Dixon, J. W. Huff, M. F. Aldridge.

Vanceboro: N. B. Ipock, D. W. Coppedge, L. E. Ipock.

Truitt's: Cicero Gaskins, L. B. Caton, A. Barrington.

Ernuls: I. R. Whitford, Wm. Caton, A. E. Oglesby.

Bridgeton: E. J. Bayliss, S. C. Beeton, C. C. Bell.

Lee's Farm: E. R. Tolson, H. A. Marshall, V. A. Tolson.

Thurman: J. C. Thomas, Sr., M. L. Jacobs, J. A. Miller.

First Ward: A. H. Bangert, S. B. Parker, Edward Clark.

Second Ward: C. K. Hancock, L. E. Duffy, D. H. Brinson.

Third Ward: G. B. Waters, T. J. Mitchell, Fred Shipp.

Fourth Ward: F. W. Shriner, A. R. Willis, F. J. Weathersbee.

Bern: R. J. Disoway, Helen Huff, L. H. Banks.

Tyisdale's: W. H. Bray, C. W. Bray, J. T. Shute.

Gum Row: B. B. Scott, H. E. Scott, N. M. Arnold.

Fort Barnwell: Hugh Lane, B. B. Wooten, W. J. Cannon.

Dover: N. S. Richardson, L. H. Whitehead, J. S. Wooten.

Cove City: U. W. Daugherty, W. E. Jones, H. T. White.

Jasper: O. H. Perry, W. E. Ipock, W. D. Lancaster.

Beech Grove: J. T. House, G. T. Richardson, J. Ringold.

In some of the precincts representatives of the Senatorial Candidates did not suggest the name of a poll-holder and in such instances a good Democrat was chosen without regard for his preference as to the candidate.

The minutes of the meeting were read and approved.

Upon motion the meeting adjourned.

S. H. Lane, Chairman.
R. A. Nunn, Secretary.

DOWNWARD COURSE

Fast Being Realized by New Bern People

A little backache at first.

Daily increasing till the back is lame and weak.

Urinary disorders may quickly follow.

Dropsy and often Bright's disease.

This frequently is the downward course of kidney ills.

Don't take this course. New Bern residents should profit by the following experience.

Mrs. R. C. Jackson, 506 E. Lenoir St., Kingston, N. C., says: "I am pleased to say that Doan's Kidney Pills have been of great benefit to me. I was greatly annoyed by dull pains across the small of my back and I could not rest well. In the morning when I got up, I had but little strength or energy and I was often bothered by headaches and attacks of dizziness. Soon after I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills, I was entirely relieved and my health improved."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

(Advertisement)

Every sick husband should be obedient to his wife and in this the colonel sets a good example.

TO PROSPECTIVE PIANO PURCHASERS.

A call at Fuller's Music House before closing any deal will prove what we can do for you in the purchase of a piano.

Don't you think it a good idea to first see your home-man before buying a piano? We will give you a few points that you will feel proud of and it's free for the asking. Fuller's Music House.

When it comes to buying a piano for your home, it's a good idea to get all the points possible. We are in a position to give you a few that will open your eyes.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST WOULD YOU LIKE TOWN IN \$25 IN GOLD? If you will call at our store after having seen the special factory sales proposition offered by other houses, and the fact that you would get a piano at wholesale cost, and if our retail prices and actual construction are not better, Fuller's Music House will pay you \$25.

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE

ROMANCE OF THE PICNIC AND PEASLY

What Happened When the "Old Man" Went for an Outing.

BY LOUISE OLNEY.

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

The office was sorry for Peasly, but sorry in polite silence. Even the crass unthinkingness of youth does not tell a man that he is nearly past what is called "marrying time," that his shoulders begin to stoop from desk work, that his hair is thinning at the temples, that a boarding house is no home—finally, height of woe—that he has no "girl." The office would not have known just how to put it, either, so its silence was inarticulateness as well as courtesy. Not that Peasly noticed them particularly. If he thought of them at all it was that they were a giggly lot—if the boss happened to step out, and that sometimes he had to add a column of figures up twice because of their chatter.

This afternoon Harrington was leaning over the typist, and sharpening her pencils while she turned her fresh young face up to him and spoke of dancing somewhere. Then Norton and Miss Farley chinned in, and even Saunders relaxed from his managerial task and listened.

They planned a Saturday afternoon office force—"and friends"—picnic, and Peasly felt left out. Nobody thought of or included him. He bent his kind, rugged face over his work. What did he care? He had not been to a picnic for ages. He did not want to go now—but they might have asked him; he was human.

Then it happened—and Diana Farley spoke: "Mr. Peasly, you'll have to come along, too. You mump over your work. You'll dry up and blow away some day. Come on with the rest of us." The others almost gasped, covertly watching the girl. Was it one of her sudden jokes? He looked at her demure brown eyes and calm face.

"All right," he said. "I'll be glad to go." He had surprised himself—and the office.

An hour later Harrington on leaving the office stopped to whisper to Miss Farley as she pinned on her hat. "What made you ask him?"

The girl gave him an amused look from her deep eyes. "The romance of it—and of him," she said.

Harrington went his way with a shrug. Diana Farley was always a little beyond him—Nora was more his sort—bloomier and understandable and young. Diana must have been twenty-seven and had a wise little look that



"I Couldn't Leave the Office."

somehow made Harrington uncomfortably doubtful concerning his own wisdom, beauty and desirability.

Saturday, despite its reputation for rain, came off fair. A laughing dozen people, all young but Peasly, basket-laden, laughing and chatting, took a suburban car and made for a picnic ground near a small, tree-begirt lake. They were all in pairs, and before Diana Farley knew it, Peasly had charge of her. The others had assigned him to her as her due punishment, but she was apparently taking it as a joy. Harrington, literal creature, thought "romance" meant nothing but falling in love, and being but twenty-one himself, thought that thirty-five had no heart.

Robert Peasly shone that day. He renewed his youth. His very shoulders seemed to straighten, his eye was bluer and brighter, his kindly, rugged face alive with interest. He was everywhere at once, amusing, interesting, a self the office had hitherto not suspected. He made coffee over a campfire, and told stories that sent everybody into a laugh. What had happened to old soberities? They glanced inquiringly at each other.

When the sun set the men were calling him "old man," and other good-fellowship turns, Nora was trying to flirt with him tentatively, but Diana was demure and quiet as always. It was after the moon began to sail up, like a great white bubble, that the pairing off began again. It was a mile to the car line, and they all set off on the walk, stragglingly, for who

can hurry on a summer evening? It was then that Robert Peasly and Diana fell behind, according to his will and plan.

It was then that something really happened. It took the girl off her guard, and left her speechless, and a little white, for she was tender of heart, and would not have hurt a fly. "So you asked me—for the romance of it—and of me?"

She had not a word to say but he searched the sincere face turned bravely to his look in the bright moonlight, and found only truth and kindness there.

"Do you know what the romance of me is?"

She shook her head and faltered out, "It is romance to discover a new person—a new friend, to find the things that are hidden in people. I meant nothing—but kindness—pleasure to myself and you, and the rest! You know that! You were always at the desk, but silent. I knew you could not be unlike other people—I knew you were really interesting—and you are."

"You—have found me, certainly," he interrupted; "you were bound to do that, you couldn't have helped yourself. But do you know what you have found? You couldn't even guess at the romance of it!" He stopped a moment, and made her sit beside him on a fallen tree. The summer breeze rustled the leaves, a night-bird whistled and the moon shone. Diana was very still—she had long known that which she dared not admit to herself. She waited for him.

"Well," he said, "I am your punishment for the day—I am at least discerning—and you take to it like a sportsman. You meant to be kind to an office-ridden wretch who might have been free six months ago—but for you."

"What do you mean?" she asked, seeing that he waited for a question.

"I mean that it is not easy to leave an office where you have been for ten years, when you like everybody, and your work has made a rut in your brain. I don't know how to use it."

"Use your brain—use what?"

"Use—money." His simple words left her unenlightened, but he went on. "I don't know how to use—leisure. And I couldn't leave the office—while you were in it. I never showed you how I felt about you, did I? I had pride enough not to do that, especially when the boss—and you—when he intended to ask you to marry him."

She flushed. "Are you utterly crazy?" she asked. "You must know—that I never could think of—Mr. Hartley—he—"

Robert Peasly began to talk. "I think I can put the case plainly, Diana. In short, six months ago a relative left me a lot of money and a home. It should have been mine as an orphan child, but I was cheated out of it. I have lived a drudge's life. The relative was a woman, and because she was what she was, I have hated women. That was until two years ago when you came to Hartley's. I loved you—I loved you, but I knew nothing about love, nor how to tell you, and I knew you could not love me. I made myself content with seeing you every day. I have done utterly romantic things. Can you believe that I have picked up withered flowers you have worn and followed you home and passed your house at night, wondering which window was yours for all the world like a boy in a story? Did you know?"

She shook her head.

"And when this money came I had hope for a day or two. Then—I happened to overhear what wasn't meant for me—I knew how the boss—"

"He wouldn't dare to love me—I—the tears came, and as she turned to him he put an arm about her. It came very easy and naturally. He found that love-making does not have to be learned, and drew her close to him and held her there.

"Forgive me," he said, "but it's heaven to me—"

"What—do you—think it is to me—you foolish, foolish—"

She lifted her head and pushing him away sprang up and stood lightly before him holding her hands clasped like a happy child. "I think," she said "that I have been as good at keeping a—romance to myself as you are. I think we are both stupid—especially you. Can't you guess my romance?" He rose and reached for her, but she evaded him.

"Tell me," he pleaded. "I dare not guess! The guess would be to please myself, Diana."

"That might not be—far wrong—"

"Diana—do you—care?" She came to him willingly enough this time, but not for long. She jumped up and pulled him with her.

"We musn't miss that car."

He wondered why they musn't. He did not care about the car, but a woman always has her reasons. He meekly accepted her decision—for this occasion.

Gold Coins Show Wear.

Are the gold coins of the United States to circulate until their denominations are effaced? Out west, where many of them are in the banks and in the pockets of the people, the shrunken coins are never presented to the sub-treasuries for redemption, because, unlike the silver coins, they cannot be redeemed at their face value. Below the "limit of tolerance" permitting a loss in weight of one-half of one per cent the treasury deducts four cents a grain. The worn coins maintain their parity of value only by consent of individuals passing and receiving them.—New York Times.

Disipation That Kills.

Eating too much rooves more on courage than any other form of disipation, and probably kills more people.—Athenian Globe.

MRS. LARAMORE TELLS TROUBLES

Lady in Goodwater Describes Her Distressing Experience and Tells How She Was Finally Relieved.

Goodwater, Mo.—"Ever since I was a little girl," says Mrs. Riley Laramore, "I was a great sufferer from dyspepsia. I suffered misery after eating, and had terrible heartburn."

"I thought I had to suffer this way as long as I lived, but when I began to take Theford's Black-Draught, in small doses, every night, the heartburn was all gone in a few days, and I could eat without distress."

"I took two small packages in all, and although that was some time ago, the dyspepsia has not returned."

"I speak a good word for Theford's Black-Draught whenever I have the opportunity."

"If eating causes distress, we urge you to try Theford's Black-Draught. It cleanses the system, helps the stomach to digest its food, regulates the bowels, and stimulates the liver."

It acts gently and is without bad after-effects. Try it. Price 25c.

HA, O JOHN, WHAT IS THE TROUBLE NOW?

Why haven't you heard the latest? They brought old man economy down last night in an automobile and he is telling some strange stories. He was hung up on the fence for weeks watching the sheep feeding in the pastures, watching the wool grow, watching the shears clipping it off and went to the factory and watched every process until he was able to purchase the best line of foreign and domestic wools that has ever been his good fortune to do, and his correct fall fashions are now ready, prices lower than the lowest. He is again stopping with.

R. SAWYER.

MERCHANT TAILOR,

51 South Front St., New Bern, N. C., and is thanking the public for their liberal patronage in the past season and do earnestly solicit a continuance of same.

He remains,

Yours most respectfully,
LATEST ECONOMY.

Do you want your suits thoroughly cleaned and made to look as new

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and try our antiseptic process on your fall and winter suit. We can reclaim many garments you cast aside as passe. Altering and repairing a specialty.

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O. H. SALE.

Unless previously called for and all charges paid or otherwise disposed of, the Southern Express Company will sell a large number of unclaimed shipments at public auction to the highest bidder, at the office of the company in New Bern, N. C., on Thursday, Oct. 24, 1912, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m.

Z. V. TAYLOR, Agent.

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66 BROAD ST. Phone 735

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E. B. Elliott, representing J. E. Latham, is in the market for cotton. All parties having cotton to sell will do well to see him before selling.

E. B. ELLIOTT,

6 Craven St. Phone 745

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We have just received a new shipment of the Beautiful

Mayer Make Coat Suits the best fitters in America. Call early before they are picked over.

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Department Store - Elks' Temple.

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By patronizing its service you not only get your insurance at the minimum cost consistent with absolute safety, but help to build up your own State. Its investments are distributed throughout the United States, with more than one-third of a million dollars invested in North Carolina.

If interested ask for the Company's detailed 62d Annual Statement.

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