

USE IN THE STOMACH comes from food which has fermented. Get rid of this badly digested matter as quickly as possible if you would avoid a bilious attack.

**SIMMONS  
RED  
LIVER REGULATOR**  
(THE POWDER FORM)

Is a cleansing and strengthening medicine. It is a liver tonic first of all—and the liver is always affected when the stomach goes wrong. It puts life in a torpid liver, helps digestion, sweetens the breath, clears the complexion of sallowness, relaxes the bowels and puts the body in fine, vigorous condition.

**SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. PRICE, LARGE PACKAGE, \$1.00.**  
Ask for the genuine with the Red Z on the label. If you cannot get it, write to us, we will send it by mail, postpaid. Simmons Liver Regulator is put up also in liquid form for those who prefer it. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Look for the Red Z label.

**J. H. ZEILIN & CO., PROPRIETORS, ST. LOUIS, MO.**

**ENORMOUS WASTE OF COAL**  
One Reason Why the Use of Oil as Fuel Would Be of High Economic Importance.

The United States is by all means the greatest coal producing country in the world. In 1850 the production of coal in the country amounted to 6,266,233 tons. Thirty years later it had risen to almost 64,000,000 tons. In another twenty years this industry had grown to over 240,000,000 tons. Ten years more passed and the production of coal in the United States by the census of 1910 was over 400,000,000 tons. For the year just past it is estimated at about 500,000,000 tons. But in the production of this coal the industrial experts inform us there is wasted 250,000,000 tons. In other words, the United States is using its coal supply at the rate of 750,000,000 tons a year, and this consumption is increasing, as shown above, at an enormous rate.

By the western sea and throughout the great southwest the production of coal is not of great direct interest. In this portion of the country petroleum largely takes the place of coal, and in the production of petroleum California leads all other states in America and indeed all the world. This is a new industry compared with coal. The statistics show that in 1898 the United States produced little more than 60,000,000 barrels of crude petroleum, forty-two gallons to the barrel. In 1910 the production of petroleum in the United States surpassed 182,000,000 barrels. At the present time in California the consumption of oil runs to about 225,000 barrels a day.

There is no such waste in the use of oil as that indicated above in coal. Indeed, the waste in the oil industry from beginning to end is a matter of comparative insignificance.

**Signs of Age.**

There are various ways of telling when a man is getting old. One of the surest ways by which he may know it himself is to find that young women address him as "sir." One "Yes, sir," will age a man by an indeterminate sentence of anywhere from one to five years. Then there is the mustache, which, if allowed to get out into the open, instead of being closely shaved, will show the sere and yellow, or rather gray. (This is not to be spelled "grey," but "gray.") Then, again, there are the wrinkles

which add themselves one to another in the forehead, but there is one sure way of telling of advancing years, which beats all of the others, as it never fails. When a man is seated between another man and a pretty girl and another passenger enters the car, if the man moves in order to make room for the newcomer and moves towards the man in the seat, thus allowing the new arrival to come between him and the pretty girl, instead of moving closer to her himself, he is really, truly getting old. And nobody will notice his advancing age any more quickly than the pretty girl.

**His Golden Text.**

A union Sunday school service was held in a St. Louis church a few months ago, and the superintendent had thought that in order to make the service more impressive it would be a good plan to have six-year-old Johnnie go to the rostrum and repeat the golden text of the morning. This Johnnie consented to do. The golden text was "I am the bread of life."

When it came time for Johnnie's part of the program he rose from his seat with calm assurance and walked boldly down the aisle to the rostrum. Once upon the rostrum, with the sea of faces confronting him, Johnnie's calm assurance suddenly left him. Things looked entirely different from the platform. He hesitated, standing first on one foot and then on the other. Finally in a shaking voice he shouted: "I am—a loaf—of bread!"

**Have You a Dream Pillow?**

The "dream" pillow may measure 15 by 10 inches and may be stuffed with elderdown or hair as it is liked, hard or soft. Carry it when you travel. Take two plain linen covers with hemstitched hems. A third cover of heavy satin, with a monogram embroidered in blue, is useful for a steamer chair.

Easy to pack is an automatic air cushion that, when inflated, is 9 by 16 inches. It is of cloth, with a silken finish and fits into a flat leather case, measuring 5 by 11 inches. Extra linen covers can be made to fit this pillow if it is to be used at night.

**GOOD HEARTED.**

First Boy—Dese automobile guys never give a feller a ride.  
Second Boy—Oh, some of 'em do—if dey run over yer!—Life.

**PECULIAR BELIEF IN JAPAN**

Seems Strange to Our Western Ideas. Though There is Much That is Pathetic About It.

Among the Buddhists in Japan it is believed that the souls of children go after death to Suiko-ha-wara (the stony river-bed) and there they remain until they reach maturity under the care of Jisobonatsu, who is represented as a priest with a long cane in one hand and a ball in the other. He is said to stand in the center of the kawara, where he preaches to the children as they pile up stones, one for the salvation of their father, one for the mother, the third for brothers, the fourth for sisters and the fifth for their own salvation.

When night comes on and the wind blows hard a gigantic evil spirit appears and with a huge iron rod knocks down the heaps of stones which the children have made, and they are so frightened that they run to Jizo and hide themselves in the big sleeves of his kimono, which have a miraculous way of increasing in size according to the number of children who seek refuge. Then the evil spirit disappears and the children begin again the work of heaping up stones.

Passing through cemeteries in Japan one sees tombs that have the image of Jizo carved upon them, as the parents take that way of gaining the special favor of Jizo for their children, and one will see little piles of stones built up by the parents and brothers and sisters of the children with the hope of helping in the tedious work of the little ones in the kawara.—Christian Advocate.

**Maine's Greatest Crop.**

The total sale of the Aroostook potato crop of 1911 is estimated at between 14,000,000 and 15,000,000 bushels, leaving between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 bushels that were sent to the starch factories, used for seed and food purposes here in the country or lost. It is figured that for crops sold the average price was over \$2 a barrel.

This means that Aroostook received for the crop of potatoes which it raised in 1911 between \$1,650,000 and \$1,800,000. The exceptionally good year has encouraged the farmers, and their plans show that there will be no shrinkage of the acreage this season. It will not be increased, however, to any appreciable extent. Most of the Aroostook farmers believe that the time has come to stop increasing the acreage and to devote themselves to the problem of securing further increase of the yield an acre.

**The Male Boy.**

Governor Marshall of Indiana said the other day that he who demands special privileges of the government is a beggar. "Millionaire or not," said the governor to a reporter, afterward, "the man who holds out his hand for help begs. The fact is self-evident. It needs no proof. Even to state it seems superfluous—seems like the shout of young Benedick, who entered his club voicing: "Hurray! A young son! It's a boy!"

**Tales of GOTHAM and other CITIES**

**What Occurred When the Big Liner Pulled Out**



**NEW YORK.**—The last visitor had gone ashore from a big liner the other morning. The last cabin gangplank had been drawn in. Fussy little tugs were drawing tight on the hawsers preparatory to pulling the liner out of the pier. Sailormen were unlash the first cabin gangway, ready to haul her on board. The captain and his officers were on the bridge telegraphing to the engine room—

But the steamer did not sail on time. Through the hundreds on the pier, whose waving handkerchiefs and flags were bidding goodby to departing ones, a woman came, dashing like Sam White through a Harvard line-up. She was not to be denied, for she was a suffragette and she looked it.

In a trice she bounded onto the first cabin gangplank, nor would she budge. "My husband," she shrieked in accents wild, as the poets say. "My hus-

band," she repeated, "he has deserted me! he has deserted me!" "Well, who can blame the poor fellow?" demanded an irreverent back-seller, and was literally transfixed for his temerity.

The ship was five minutes late and she was a mail steamer, too. The woman would not budge from the gang-plank and the sailormen could not pull it in without dropping her into the North river. The steamer was getting later every minute.

"My husband," she shrieked "Where is he? He has deserted me! I won't sail without him!" "Well, go ashore and let us sail," ejaculated an exasperated sailorman.

The liner was now ten minutes late. Then he came through the crowd. He didn't seem to be making any undue effort to hurry. Perhaps he couldn't. He was a bespectacled little man, laden down with more bundles than a Baxter street peddler.

"My husband," she shrieked. "There he is. I thought he was deserting me."

"I am Gustav Atesh," was all he had time to tell a shipnews reporter before she dragged him up the first cabin gangway, and as the liner headed out into the stream she could be seen dragging him back toward the second cabin. The big vessel sailed fifteen minutes late.

**Wife Turns at Last and Beats Tiny Spouse**

**CHICAGO.**—Peter Lombard of 517 South Halsted street weighs about 125 pounds. His wife weighs 200, and is about four inches taller than her husband. In spite of these discrepancies, Lombard beat her whenever he took the notion—and the notion struck him frequently in the last three years—according to her testimony before Municipal Judge Caverly the other day.

The night before, she said, he came home in fighting mood again. Mrs. Lombard objected to taking a beating, but her husband insisted she was looking at the subject in a wrong light. Then she lost her patience, picked up an iron pot from the kitchen stove and whaled him over the head with it. The argument was effective. Lombard appeared in court with his head bandaged.

Big Mrs. Lombard took the witness stand and explained what happened to little Mr. Lombard. "We were married about four years ago," she said. "A year later my husband decided he wouldn't work any longer. So he retired. The fact that he hadn't any money didn't seem to bother him, but I worried about it. I got hungry occasionally. "So I went to work, and have supported him and myself for three years. He didn't do anything; once



in awhile he would ask me for money, and when I didn't have it he would proceed to beat me. I never fought back.

"But last night I lost my temper. He came home and demanded money. I had none. Then he struck me. I picked up that iron pot, and just gave him a good smack over the head with it. He seemed surprised."

Judge Caverly looked Lombard over and smiled. "You look like a man who has been tamed," he said. "I don't think you'll beat your wife again. Take him home, Mrs. Lombard, and the next time he starts a massacre, you know about what to do. And don't you ever come before me again, Lombard, on a charge of wife beating. If you do, I'll have to take care of you."

Lombard and his wife departed arm-in-arm, their domestic troubles—like Lombard's head—apparently patched up.

Never call a man a liar unless you have a strong right arm with which to back it up if necessary.

H. F. GARY, G. P. A.,  
Washington, D. C.  
J. O. JONES, T. P. A.,  
Raleigh, N. C.

**PANAMA, JAMAICA AND CUBA. The Evangeline will Make Eight Trips Through the Tropics.**

The Atlantic Coast Line announces that in connection with its splendid through Pullman service to Key West, The Peninsular and Occidental Steamship Company will operate eight personally conducted tours with the new steel twin-screw steamship "Evangeline" from that point to Colon, Panama Canal Zone, Kingston, Jamaica, and Havana, Cuba.

The "Evangeline" is a brand new and modern, up-to-date ship in every particular. She is 364 feet long, 46 foot beam, has 5,650 tons register, 262 staterooms, equipped throughout with electric lights and fans, and has a speed of eighteen knots.

This splendid ship will leave Key West in the morning on arrival of the Atlantic Coast Line—Florida East Coast "Over-Sea" train from the North, on January 7 and 21, February 4 and 18, March 4 and 18, and April 1 and 15, sailing direct to Colon, where a stop of two days will be made, which will give passengers ample opportunity to inspect the Panama Canal, the greatest piece of engineering or other construction work known to mankind. Or quaint and tropical Jamaica may be explored, and will be fully enjoyed. The "Evangeline" will sail thence to Havana to discharge passengers desiring to stop there, and the tickets will be good to return to Key West on any of the every-week day sailings of the regular line.

The tour will consume eleven days, and the rate for the entire trip, including meals and berth at sea and in port, will be \$110. Tickets will permit stopovers so that a longer stop can be made at Colon, Kingston or Havana, for passengers desiring to do so.

Sailing dates, itineraries and information regarding reservations, connections, etc., may be obtained from Atlantic Coast Line representatives, or by addressing T. C. WHITE, the General Passenger Agent of that line, at Wilmington, N. C.

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MARK A. CALDWELL.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY**

Direct Line to All Points North, South, East and West—Very Low Round Trip Rates to All Principal Resorts.

Through Pullman to Atlanta leaves Raleigh 4:05 p. m., arrives Atlanta 6:35 p. m., making close connection for and arriving Montgomery following day after leaving Raleigh at 11 a. m.; Mobile 4:12 p. m.; New Orleans 8:30 p. m.; Birmingham 12:15 noon; Memphis 8:05 p. m.; Kansas City 11:20 a. m., second day, and connecting for all their points. This car also makes close connection at Salisbury for St. Louis and other western points.

Through Pullman to Washington leaves Raleigh 6:50 a. m., arrives at Washington 8:55 a. m., Baltimore 10:02 a. m., Philadelphia 12:23 noon, New York 2:31 p. m. This car makes close connection at Washington for Pittsburg, Chicago and all points north and west, and at Greensboro for through tourist sleeper for California points and for all Florida points.

Through parlor car for Asheville leaves Goldsboro at 6:15 a. m.; Raleigh 8:35 a. m., arrives Asheville at 7:40 p. m., making close connection with the Carolina Special and arriving Cincinnati 10 a. m. following day after leaving Raleigh, with close connection for all points north and northwest.

Pullman for Winston-Salem leaves Raleigh 2:30 a. m., arriving Greensboro 6:30 a. m., making close connection at Greensboro for all points north, south, east and west. This car is handled on train No. 111 leaving Goldsboro at 10:45 p. m.

H. F. GARY, G. P. A.,  
Washington, D. C.  
J. O. JONES, T. P. A.,  
Raleigh, N. C.

**MORTGAGE SALE OF LAND.**

As empowered by a mortgage executed by Asa Ipock and wife to Geo. T. Winfield which is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Craven County, N. C., in Book No. 182 on page 139, to which refer. The said mortgage pursuant to the power contained in said mortgage will sell the land described therein at public outcry to the highest bidder at the Court House in said County, for cash on the 30th day of November at 12 o'clock m. Said land is all the land which was conveyed by Luther W. Thomas and Lorena his wife to Asa Ipock, by deed which is recorded in said records in Book 166 on page 59.

Said land is situated in No. 2 Township, Craven County, and adjoins the land of Dr. F. Duffy the Levi B Ipock-land, and is on Fork Swamp being the same on which the said mortgagors reside.

This Oct. 28th, 1912.  
GEO. T. WINFIELD,  
Mortgagee.

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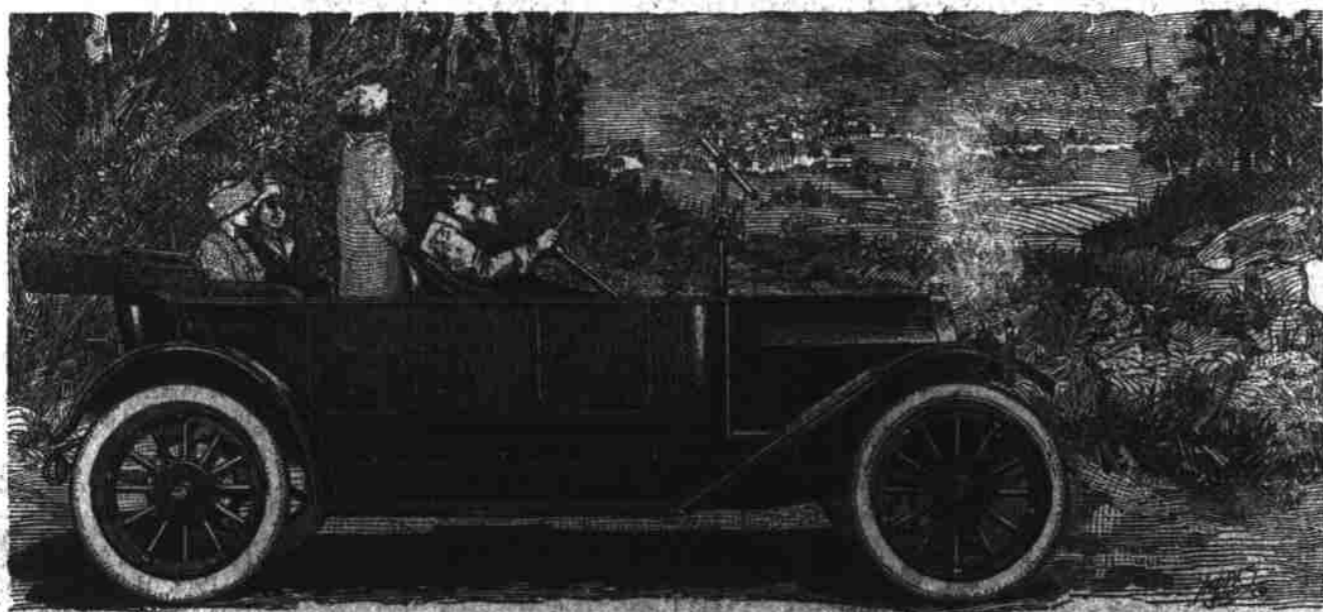
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