

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Fannie C. Brooks, deceased, late of Craven County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased, to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 27th day of June, 1914, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

NATHAN C. BROOKS
Administrator.
Bridgeton, N. C.
This 26th day of June, 1913.

I HAVED MOVED MY HORSE SHOING SHOP

From Baptist Church Alley to 93 South Front street in the building with Pat Trenwith, where I have larger quarters and better facilities to do your work. If in need of first-class work give us a trial.

JOHN I. SMITH.
93 S. Front street. Horse shoeing.

Electric Bitters

Made a New Man of Him.
"I was suffering from pain in my stomach, head and back," writes H. T. Alston, Raleigh, N. C., "and my liver and kidneys did not work right, but four bottles of Electric Bitters made me feel like a new man."
PRICE 50 CTS. AT ALL DRUG STORES.

LODGE DIRECTORY

ATHENIA LODGE No. 8, K. of P.—Meets every Tuesday 8 p. m., over Gas Co.'s office, Middle St., J. R. Whitehead C. C., J. H. Smith, K. of R. and S. Visiting brothers are assured of a chevalier's welcome.

CRAVEN LODGE No. 1, KNIGHTS OF HARMONY—Meets second and fourth Wednesday nights at 7:30 o'clock in each month at Knights of Harmony hall, corner Broad and Hancock street J. K. Willie, President; R. J. Disoway, Secretary; Geo. Moulton Financial Secretary.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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SIMMONS AND WARD
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS
AT LAW
NEW BERN, N. C.
Office Rooms 401-2-3 Elks Building
Practice in the counties of Craven, Duplin, Jones, Lenoir, Onslow, Carteret, Pamlico and Wake, in the Supreme and Federal Courts, and where ever services are desired.

R. A. NUNN
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Practice in the counties of Craven, Carteret, Pamlico Jones and Onslow and in the State Supreme and Federal Courts.
Office No. 50 Craven Street.
Telephone No. 97. New Bern, N. C.

ICE
Made From Pure Distilled Filtered Water.
New Bern Ice Co.
19-21-23 Griffith St.
PHONE 23

HARDWARE
AND
Building Material
Paints, Oils AND Varnishes
American Field Fence
E. W. SMALLWOOD.

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of Andrew W. McDaniel, deceased, late of Craven county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at New Bern, N. C., on or before the 25th day of June, 1914, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

Julia A. McDaniel, Administratrix
of Andrew W. McDaniel, deceased.
This 25th day of June, 1913.

R. F. D. and Star Mail Routes For the District.

The following with a request for publication has been received by the Journal from Representative John M. Faison.

As the present administration is disposed to give R. F. D. or star mail routes and change present routes when needed, I shall be glad to supply blank forms for such routes or changes to those who have not proper and convenient mail facilities.

Look over your sections, and wherever it is possible to get a new R. F. D. or star route, write me for this blank petition, fill it out, and return it to me I shall be glad to get you the best mail service possible.

With best wishes
Yours most truly,
Jno. M. Faison.

A few PHILADELPHIA lawn mowers left, price reduced 10 per cent.
—J. S. Basnight Hardware Co.,
67 S. Front Street. 'Phone 99.

The North Carolina COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND MECHANICAL ARTS.
The State's Industrial College.
Equips men for successful lives in Agriculture, Horticulture, Stock Raising, Dairying, Poultry Work, Veterinary Medicine; in Civil Electrical and Mechanical Engineering; in Chemistry and Dyeing; in Cotton Manufacturing. Four year courses. Two and One year courses. 53 teachers, 669 students; 23 buildings; Modern Equipment. County Superintendents hold entrance examinations at all county seats July 10. Write for complete Catalogue to
E. B. OWEN, Registrar,
West Raleigh, N. C.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Annie M. Barrow deceased, late of Craven county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at New Bern, N. C., on or before the 30th day of June, 1914, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 30th day of June, 1913.
Dennis Barrow, Administrator of Annie M. Barrow, Deceased.

Southern Railway
PREMIER CARRIER OF THE SOUTH
Direct Lines to all Points North, South, East & West
Low round-trip fares to Western North Carolina, "the Land of the Sky."

Also to California points, and all principal resorts.
Convenient schedules, electrically lighted coaches, complete dining car service.
If you're contemplating a trip to any point, before completing arrangements for same, it will be wise for you to consult a representative of the Southern Railway, or write the undersigned, who will gladly and courteously furnish you with all information as to your best and quickest schedule and most comfortable in which to make the trip.
H. F. CARY, Gen. Pass. Agent
Washington, D. C.
J. O. JONES, Travelling Pass. Agent
Raleigh, N. C.

Stop, Look, Read and Listen

Those 10 acre farms on Neuse Road are going fast, but not all sold yet. Also I can offer special inducements and easy terms on two saw mill plants with timber sufficient for several years cutting, and a large number of good farms in Craven and adjoining counties.

J. T. H. Moore
148 Middle St.
New Bern, N. C.

Jean Richepin's Flight From a Life of Drudgery to Fame.
The story of how Jean Richepin came to adopt a literary career is picturesque. For some time he had picked up a precarious livelihood by doing "odd jobs," including such prosaic occupations as that of bootblack and casual porter on the Quai Marsailles. One day he was engaged by a gentleman to carry to the railway station a heavy trunk. Arrived at the station, there was an instant mutual recognition. They were old college chums.
"What are you doing here?" asked his friend.
"Carrying your trunk, I believe," said Jean.
"Why do you do this?"
"Because I must."
"Where do you live?"
"Come and see," replied Richepin.
The future dramatist took his friend to his dwelling—a miserable room in an attic in the poorest quarter of the town. Upon the table lay scattered heaps of manuscripts—Jean's incursions in the realms of poetry when the more prosaic duties of the day were over. Looking through them, his friend was astounded at their quality.
"Why do you carry trunks and blacken boots when you can do work like this?" he asked. Richepin had never given the matter a thought. He had never deemed these products of idle hours worthy of publication. Published they were, however, in a very few weeks and created an immense sensation. From that moment Jean Richepin never looked back.—Westminster Gazette.

SPLIT ON A TOOTHBRUSH.
Their Points of View Couldn't Agree—Hence the Clash.
When the tall girl found the mistress of the six room flat washing dishes she asked what had happened to Mary.
"Mary has left," said the housekeeper. "I insulted her yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, and at 11 she packed her trunk and skipped."
"We had a row over toothbrushes. Mary exhibited an unparalleled interest in toothbrushes. Every brush she came to was taken up and turned over and over and commented on admiringly or the reverse."
"Finally she came to mine. I could see at once that she liked it."
"Whose is this?" she asked.
"Mine," I said.
"She poured out a glass of water and dipped the brush in."
"Oh, well," she said, "I won't be afraid to use it, then."
"For a moment I stood there literally stupefied, but soon I saw that prompt action was necessary, and I caught Mary's arm in a painful grasp."
"Put it down this instant," I commanded. "Put it down."
"Mary drew back and withered me out of the corner of her eye."
"Dear me," she said, "how touchy some folks are! I never work for touchy folks."
"And so we parted. She seemed unable to get my point of view on toothbrush etiquette, and I seemed unable to get hers, so we thought it best to sever our relations."—New York Times.

Wren's Bomb For St. Paul's.
St. Paul's—old St. Paul's—once knew the effect of a bomb that actually exploded. After the great fire it was at first thought that the ruins might be repaired, but too much damage having been done it was decided to pull the fabric down—a task in which many lives were lost. To put an end to the tedious work Wren hit upon the idea of inclosing eighteen pounds of gunpowder in a wooden box and exploding it under the central tower. The result was to lift the arches some nine inches, so that the ruins "suddenly jumping down made a great heap of ruin in the place without scattering." The architect proudly boasted that his powder box had lifted 3,000 tons and saved the labor of 1,000 men.—London Graphic.

"Celestial" as Applied to China.
Every one knows the epithet "Celestial" applied to China, but few know its origin. According to a very old legend, Tibet is a fragment of a planet, once peopled by a yellow race, which in some way became detached and fell on the earth. The dazed inhabitants of the fragment were uninjured and cold and hungry, they made their way toward China, which they peopled. This origin of the Chinese race led to their calling themselves "Celestials," and it is for this reason that the emperor calls himself Son of Heaven. Such, at least, is the legend.—Toronto Globe.

Grandma's Old Friend.
An old lady laughed immoderately at a story told at a dinner in Chicago. The story teller looked at her inquiringly.
"Oh," she gasped, "it's a great favorite of mine. The first time I heard it I laughed so hard I almost kicked the footboard off my crib!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Her Strong Hint.
"Miss Pinkie, how do you like my new hat?"
"I like it ever so much better, Mr. Smykins, when you are holding it in your hand."—Chicago Tribune.

Put Down Trouble.
Willie—My father put down a disturbance last night.
Billie—Is that right?
"Yes. He ate a Welsh rabbit."—Yonkers Statesman.

The need of charity is always the result of evil produced by men's greed.—Tom L. Johnson.

Curious History of the Jog in Our Northern Boundary Line.
How did the United States come to get that small corner of land which juts out from the extreme northern boundary of Minnesota? History of that little "nose" which sticks out into Canada from Minnesota and which constitutes the northernmost point of the United States is very interesting.
Under the treaty of 1783 the boundary between the United States and British possessions was fixed. A certain point on the Lake of the Woods was mutually agreed to as one starting point, this being considered the headwaters of the St. Lawrence river and great lakes system.
At that time it was not known whether this point was north or south of the forty-ninth parallel, but it was known to be close to it. The understanding was that from that point the boundary should go north or south to the forty-ninth parallel, as the case might be.
Later and more accurate surveys showed that point was about twenty-five miles north of the forty-ninth parallel, and so at this place the boundary makes a jog above that line.
Uncle Sam thus has a little piece of territory of about a hundred square miles in extent north of the general boundary. And the joke of it is that any one has to go by water in order to reach this little piece of territory unless he wants to go through Canada.—Pittsburgh Courier.

LOVE SWAYS THE ARTIST.
His Work Shows the Glorifying Power of the Grand Passion.
"How Wagner must have loved when he wrote that!" exclaimed old King William of Prussia when he heard "Tristan und Isolde" for the first time. We know now through the publication of Wagner's love letters and other biographical and autobiographical material that he was in love with Mathilde Wesendonck when he composed the opera. This passion was warp and woof of that immortal music drama, the greatness of which compelled Wagner all the rest of his life to hold himself up to his highest level of production.
Frank Harris has pretty definitely proved that Shakespeare wrote "Antony and Cleopatra" under the influence of a tragical and hopeless love for Mary Fitton. It has been declared by a great critic that "Antony and Cleopatra" has in it every shred of Shakespeare's vitalizing power and that as tragedy it marks the zenith of his achievement. If it is indeed Mary Fitton who is in it she possesses a monument more glorious than any memorial of stone ever raised to a potentate, a saint or a god.
Not every man who lives by art is a Shakespeare or a Wagner, but every artist, great or small, is subject to the same principle of the animating and glorifying power of love.—Joseph Edgar Chamberlain in New York Mail.

Mental Medicine.
"Imagination," says a doctor, "must always be reckoned with in medicine—sometimes as a friend, sometimes as a foe. I know a doctor who treated an old woman for typhoid, and on each visit he took her temperature by holding a thermometer under her tongue. One day when she had nearly recovered the doctor did not bother to take her temperature, and he had hardly got 100 yards from the house when her son called him back.
"Mother is worse," said the man.
"Come back at once."
"The doctor returned. On his entry into the sickroom the old woman looked up at him with angry and reproachful eyes.
"Doctor," she said, "why didn't you give me the figger under me tongue today? That always done me more good than all the rest of your trash."—New York Tribune.

Sharpening a Pencil.
An expert manual training man talked with the writer about so simple a thing as sharpening a lead pencil. In the first place, he says, the knife should not be oversharp, but should be a little dull, as if too sharp it will cut quickly through the wood and cut away the lead. Then, again, he says, it is best to hold the pencil in the left hand with the end to be sharpened pointing away from you and to cut away with a pushing cut rather than toward you with a drawing cut, as then the point of the pencil is rested against the side of the thumb and is sharpened by a draw cut stroke of the knife blade.—Scientific American.

Told by London's Bishop.
The bishop of London told the following story to illustrate the difficulty sometimes met with by missionaries among the working class.
"A curate goes to a house," he said, "and knocks timidly at the door. He hears a voice shout, 'Who's there, Sally?' and Sally replies, 'Please mother, it is 'religion.'"
"It requires a little bit of tact for a man to do what he ought to do when he is ushered in as 'religion' on wash day."—London Standard.

At the Theater.
"What! You can't see anything! Didn't you bring your opera glass with you?"
"Yes, but I can't see it."
"Why?"
"Because I forgot my rings."—London Telegraph.

Sounds Better.
"It's all in the way you word it."
"What do you mean?"
"A thing seems much more desirable if it's popular priced that if it's cheap."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Unchanged.
"That's just like Jim," said the widow, wearily, after a flapping curtain had knocked over the urn in which all that was mortal of her cremated husband had been placed and spread its contents on the floor. "Always dropping his ashes everywhere!"—Harper's Weekly.

Legends of an Elusive Warrior of the Twelfth Century.
The famous if somewhat phantom personage Prester John, who for two or three centuries occupied so prominent a place in the historic annals of Europe and in the minds of Europeans, was, from the most reliable accounts, a Christian conqueror of enormous power and great splendor, who combined the character of priest and king and ruled over vast dominions in the orient in the middle ages. He had, it was related, established a powerful empire either in Asia or Africa, and wonderful stories were told of his victories, his riches and his power.
His mode of warfare, which was unique and entirely effective, indicates an intimate acquaintance with explosives and combustibles. He possessed an army of life sized copper soldiers mounted on brazen horses, which were charged with explosive materials, projectiles and poisonous gas. This formidable array was marshaled to the front and spat forth its deadly fumes and dangerous projectiles with horrid effectiveness, making havoc in the ranks of the enemy.
The first mention of this extraordinary man, who appears and disappears from historic annals at long intervals, occurs in the Chronicles of Otto, Bishop of Friesengen, who narrates Prester John's conquest of the Persians at Egbatana, in the extreme orient, in the year 1145.—Boston Herald.

CREATING NEW STATES.
Work That Congress May Do, but Once Done, Cannot Undo.
Several times it has been proposed to make two states out of the state of New York. In fact, resolutions have been introduced in the state legislature once or twice, but have died in committee. The purpose has been to include all of the present state south of Westchester county in a new state to be called (in one instance) the state of Manhattan. North of the Bronx district the name of New York was still to be retained. The surrounding islands of the south—all those of Long Island sound, Long Island complete and all of the counties comprising New York city—were to be embraced within the new state of Manhattan.
The creation of a new state confers a right that cannot later be abrogated and in this respect is unique in the establishment of political areas. After the people of the district in question have decided by vote that the carrying out of a new state is desired, congress passes upon the application. Up to this point congress is supreme. Once, however, congress agrees to the new state creation and the new state becomes an established fact, then no power of the republic can undo what has been done by legislative act. No repeal can revoke the privileges of a law adding sovereign state.—New York Sun.

Ball a Girls' Game.
Of all the games ball seems to be peculiarly a girl's game throughout the ages. The Roman girls used to strike balls with the palm of the hand to keep them bouncing, or would fling them against the wall to drive them back on the return or would pass the ball from hand to hand in the ring or in a row. The ball of the olden times was much like the one now in use. It was soft or hard, as occasion demanded; it was plain with painted or embroidered cloth; it was a hollow large ball or a small light sphere. The German poets make frequent allusion to ball as a girl's game. It was described as a first sport of summer. One writer observes, "When I saw the girls on the street playing ball then came to our ears the song of birds."
The game was a favorite one with youths and maids, who would contend for the ball, that the one who gained it might throw it to the one loved best.—Kansas City Times.

An Artist at Six.
Among painters the prodigy of prodigies was Sir Thomas Lawrence. One of his earliest pictures, it is said, was produced in 1775, quite early enough for the lovely cherub who painted it was then six years old. He was getting on in life, tottering on the verge of twelve, when the quality crowded his studio at Bath. The fates were kind to the infant prodigy when they made his father landlord of the Black Bull, Bevises, the inn where fashionable men and women called for rest and refreshment on their way to the waters. At the Black Bull the prodigy made his first acquaintance with the great world which flattered him in after life and which he flattered on canvas.—St. James' Gazette.

A Pertinent Query.
The drummer had been bragging about his achievements for a goodly time, and finally the meek little man in the corner piped up.
"Excuse me," he said, "but perhaps you can tell me why you gentlemen are called drummers?"
"Well, why shouldn't we be so called? We drum up trade, don't we?" was the retort.
"I know," said the meek little man, "but the drum is not a wind instrument."—Harper's.

Our Business Local columns bring results, try them!

Good YOU
— cheer you, make you feel fine all day.
PEPSI-Cola
is as full of refreshment as the morning dew.
In Bottles At Fountains
5c

FOR SALE.

- 1 House and lot, Spring street.
- 2 houses and lots, Bridgeton.
- 1 house and lot, Pollock street.
- 1 house and lot, Metcalf street.
- 1 house and lot, Crescent street.
- 2 houses and lots, Queen street.
- 1 house and lot, George street.
- 3 houses and lots, Gaston street.
- 1 house and lot, Duffy tower.
- 6 houses and lots, B street.
- 4 houses and lots, New street.
- 1 house and lot, East Front street.
- 2 houses and lots, Change street.
- 1 building on South Front street.
- G. Daniels stables.
- 4 lots in Elmview.
- 9 lots on Broad street.
- 4 lots, Riverside.
- 5 lots, George street.
- 2 lots, Bridgeton.
- 15 lots, Pembroke.

I am also agent for lots in Ghent. If you want a nice new home buy also in Ghent and build one. I also have 3 large farms, small farm, good soil, also about 60,000 acres of good timbered land. If you are interested in buying or selling land see me.

M. W. FODRIE,
Real Estate Agent.
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Solid Through Train, including Parlor Car, between Goldsboro, Asheville and Waynesville via Raleigh, Greensboro, Salisbury. Other convenient through Car Arrangements.
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