

IN THE SOCIAL REALM

EVERYTHING THAT I MADE

Everything that I made I used to bring to you.
Was it a song, why, then 'twas a song to sing to you.
Was it a story, to you I was telling my story.
Ah, my dear, could you hear mid the bliss and the glory?
Did any one praise me, to you I said it all over.
My laughter for you—how we laughed in the days past recover!
My tears and my trouble were yours.
Did any one grieve me,
I carried it straight to the love that was sure to relieve me.

Oh, my dear, when aught happens to you I am turning,
Forgetting how far you have traveled this day from my yearning!
There is nobody now to tell things to, your house is so lonely,
And still I am forgetting and bringing my tale to you only.

The old days are over. How pleasant they were while they lasted!
The sands were pure gold that ran out ere we knew and were wasted.
—Katherine Tynan.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cox left yesterday for Norfolk where they will visit friends.

Miss Grace Hunter went to Reelsboro yesterday for a visit of several days with her parents.

Miss Goldie Wade, of Reelsboro, who has been visiting relatives in New Bern returned home yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Mattocks, of Maysville, returned home yesterday after a visit here of several days.

The Junior Auxiliary will have a candy-pulling at the Parish House on Saturday at 3:30. Home made candy for sale. Admission 10 cents. Everybody come.

The Social and Literary Meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of Centenary Methodist will be held in the church parlor on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

POPULAR YOUNG COUPLE WED.

Miss Mattie Allen and H. N. Bizzell were married Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Thrower, No. 193 1-2 George street. Rev. J. B. Phillips, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist church officiated at the ceremony.

MISS MAMIE GODLEY WEDS FRANK BRINSON.

Miss Mamie Godley and J. Frank Brinson, both of this city, were married Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed at the Tabernacle Baptist parsonage by Rev. J. B. Phillips and was witnessed only by a few invited friends and relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Brinson will make their home in New Bern.

POPULAR PAIR WED AT ELIZABETH CITY

MISS JULIA WOOD BECOMES BRIDE OF WM. F. SKINNER AT METHODIST CHURCH.

Elizabeth City, N. C., Nov. 20.—One of the most beautiful weddings of the season occurred tonight at 8 o'clock in the First Methodist church when Miss Julia Wood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. A. Wood, became the bride of William F. Skinner, one of Eastern North Carolina's most popular young business men.

The church was decorated in ferns, palms and white chrysanthemums with a background banked with green pine. The decorations were set off by a profusion of white tulle and hundreds of lighted candles.

Just before the bridal party entered the church Mrs. Mae Gurkin sang "Couldst Thou But Know." She was accompanied by Miss Beulah Fulmer on the organ and Urner Davis on the violin.

The bridesmaids and the groomsmen entered the church in pairs, as follows: Misses Eloise Robinson and Bessie McMullan and Messrs. Harry Sheep and Will Foreman; Misses Rosa Little and Richmond and Mattie Whitehurst and Messrs. Baxter Bell and Richard Dixon of Norfolk; Misses Maude Grice and Bessie Cahoon and Misses, W. P. Wood and John Harney; Miss Myrtle Rawlings of Asheville, first bridesmaid, and W. G. Gather, first groomsman. The bridesmaids were gowned in white brocaded charmeuse en train trimmed in lace and rhinestone. They

The first bridesmaid was gowned in pink charmeuse en train with lace tunic and trimmed in rhinestone. She carried an armful of white chrysanthemums. Miss Nellie Wood, a sister of the bride, who was maid of honor, was the next to enter. She was gowned in pink brocaded charmeuse en train, trimmed in lace and rhinestones. She carried pink Killarney roses.

The bride entered with her father, J. Q. A. Wood. She was gowned in white brocaded satin duchess, trimmed in real lace. She wore a diamond necklace, the gift of the groom, and a veil caught up with orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses and lilies of the valley.

The groom, accompanied by his best man, James C. Skinner of Henderson, entered through a side door and met the bride at an improvised chancel where Rev. C. A. Ashby, rector of the Episcopal church read the betrothal ceremony, after which Rev. J. C. Wooten, pastor of the First Methodist church, performed the ceremony at the altar. Miss Beulah Fulmer, assisted by Urner Davis on the violin, rendered the wedding music.

Immediately after the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the home of the bride in West Main street, where a reception was tendered by Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. A. Wood.

PASS CURRENCY BILL

Country's Need of Such a Measure is Great.

As It Stands, Its Provisions Will Do Much to Prevent Such Financial Panics as Have Been Experienced in the Past.

The prediction that the administration currency bill would pass the house, though with important amendments, seems likely to be fulfilled. It is now in order to propose, though with somewhat less confidence, that the bill will pass the senate, and that no amendments will take away its original feature of a federation of reserve banks, empowered to issue emergency currency against secured commercial paper, and under immediate control of government at Washington.

The crying need for some such bill overpowers objections to it. The Aldrich-Vreeland currency act expires by limitation June 30, 1914. On that date, unless this administration bill passes, the country goes back to the system prevailing in the Roosevelt panic of 1907, when practically every bank in the United States suspended specie payment—a system under which the prosperity of the country is at the mercy of any clique of Wall street gamblers.

Confronted by such a choice, the most opinionated senator is likely to pause before taking the stand that no currency legislation shall pass which does not satisfy him at every point. No one pretends that the administration currency bill is a perfect measure. No wise man believes it can be made such by any amendments offered at this session. It can be perfected only by trial. But no candid man doubts that the bill as it stands is a long step toward the goal. It provides a safe emergency currency, it prevents panics like that which devastated the country six years ago, it will encourage the use of the nation's money in industry rather than in speculation.

A bill embodying these qualities should pass and will pass.

HAIR ADDS MUCH TO BEAUTY

That is, if It is Kept in Proper Condition, Which is an Easy Thing to Do.

A good picture surrounded by an ugly frame loses more than half its beauty. A beautiful face beneath lifeless hair loses its attraction. Therefore, it is most important to spend a little time each day in caring for the crown of glory.

Even though a face cannot boast of carved features, it can be improved if topped with long, luxuriant hair. The hair will get into an undesirable state if left to itself. Beautiful hair is comparatively rare, and this is the case because women do not devote enough time to its care.

To keep the hair in good condition it needs air, light, and exercise. The latter can be given by means of vigorous brushing. Select a good brush for this purpose; pay more attention to the bristles than to the back. The bristles should not be stiff enough to scratch the scalp, but they should be firm enough to stimulate the circulation of the blood through the scalp.

To get the best results from brushing, divide the hair into strands, and then brush each section separately. It is important that the brush be kept clean. This is easy enough. Add a teaspoonful of ammonia to a quart of water and so place the brush in the solution that the back will not be affected.

TO GET RID OF MOSQUITOES
You can sleep, fish, hunt or attend to any work without being worried by the biting or stinging of mosquitoes, sand-flies, gnats or other insects by applying to the face, ears and hands, DR. PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL. 3c.

THEY MIXED HIM UP

By HARRY VAN AMBERG

"This is a case, gentlemen of the jury," said the judge after hitting off the end of a plug of tobacco, "what the prisoner took the law into his own hands by shootin' Tom Murphy in a friendly game o' draw, Bill Jones, tell the jury why yo' done it."
"We was havin' a fair game," said the prisoner, "as I supposed. That was four dollars in the pot. I showed a pair o' queens on tens. Tom showed a full o' queens on sevens. Now, I'll leave it to the jury whether any pack o' cards they ever see had five queens in it."

"Do yo' rest yo' case thar?" asked the judge.
"I does," replied the prisoner.
"Jim Brown," said the judge, "I appointed yo' the persecutin' attorney in this case, and now I would like to know what yo' got to say agin that honorable and manly statement."

"There is two sides to every question, yo' honah—the side of the prisoner and the side ag'in the prisoner. Now, the side ag'in the prisoner is this—"

"Have I got to listen to the other side?" asked the judge.
"Certainly, yo' honah."
"I'd rather not do that."

"Cause I got my mind made up that the killin' o' Tom Murphy was justifiable homicide. If I listen to the other side I won't know whether I stand on my head or my heels."

"It's the duty o' the court," replied Mr. Brown, "to listen to evidence on both sides. How yo' goin' to decide on questions o' law without knowin' what yo' air talkin' about?"

"Yo' kin go on," said the judge reluctantly.

"Bill Jones," began the prosecutor, "says that thar was two queens in his own hand and three in Tom Murphy's hand. How do we know, yo' honah, but that Tom held three good queens and the prisoner one from another pack?"

"I tote yo' so, Mr. Brown," remarked the judge impatiently. "Yo' gone and mixed me all up. What have yo' got to say agin that argymt, Bill Jones?"

"I have to give yo' honah a fact that hasn't been mentioned. As soon as Tom see that I had two queens he let one o' his'n drap."

"Thar, now, Mr. Brown," put in the judge, "I got it all straightened out. Don't yo' go mix me up agin."

"Bill Jones," asked the prosecuting attorney, "whar did the game and the shootin' take place?"

"In the Antlers astoon across the street."

"When?"

"This mornin'."

"At what table?"

"The one behind the fur end o' the bar."

"What queen was drapped?"

"The queen o' diamonds."

"Yo' honah," turning to the judge, "will yo' please send ovah to see if that queen is still lyin' on the floor?"

"Jim Coyne, yo' go ovah, and if yo' kin find the cyard bring it into court."

There was a hum of conversation while the messenger was gone. Coyne returned and handed a card to the judge, who looked at it with perplexity.

"Jim Brown," he said angrily, "I tote yo' yo' bettah leave t'other side o' this case alone. Yo' got it mixed up w'ose 'n evah. This yere cyard isn't the queen o' diamonds. It's the queen o' spades."

"I kin make it all plain to yo' honah if yo'll listen to me. I ain't a-goin' to argy high toned so's the jury can't understand, but plain. Bill Jones has been a cyard sharp for twenty yers or mo'. Is it likely that he couldn't tell the queen o' spades from the queen o' diamonds?"

"Yo' bet he could," from the judge.

"Then isn't it plain to yo' honah and the jury that Bill Jones has convicted himself o' perjury?"

"Reckon he has!" exclaimed the judge.

"What yo' got to say agin that argymt, Bill Jones?"

"I got this, yo' honah. Isn't it just as bad cheatin' to drap a queen o' spades as a queen o' diamonds?"

"Reckon," said the judge, blown in the opposite direction, "yo' done right."

"Yo' honah," put in the prosecuting attorney, "I hold in my hand the pack of cyards the two were playin' with when the killin' come off. Now, if the queen yo' have belongs to this pack, Tom Murphy, who drapped that queen was innocent o' cheatin'. wasn't he?"

"Of co'se."

The cards were compared and were of the same backs.

"Mr. Brown," said the judge, "when air yo' goin' to git through this case? The funder yo' go the mo' yo' mix us up."

"Yo' honah," cried the prisoner, "I got jist one mo' thing to say. Tom Murphy drapped a cyard with 34 in the pot. Isn't that enough to show cheatin'?"

"Yes."

"Then I want to know what yo' keepin' up this trial fo'. The persecutin' attorney got yo' so mixed up yo' don't know whar yo' stand. I reckon yo' better dismiss the case."

"The opinion o' the court is that the killin' was justifiable, because either one o' t'other o' 'em was monkeyin' with the cyards. In these cases in this yere country the man that gits first drap has the law with him. Sich bein' in mo' about it, seein' I mought hang an innocent man."

The case for the jury is a simple one. Paris addressed a request, such as only a French jury could make, to the chancellor. To begin the tediousness of the long examinations and pleadings the jurors asked that above the seats of the judges, on the walls of the room, should be placed a copy of Prudhon's great painting, "Justice Pursuing Crime." This picture was painted a century ago to ornament the hall of the court of assize. After Napoleon, under the restoration, the picture was considered too dramatic and was replaced by a crucifix. When the republic, an enemy of religious emblems, came, the crucifix was ordered away and in its place was nothing but tinted wall paper. The keeper of the meals did not refuse the request of the jurors and placed before them the painting which, it is hoped, may happily inspire them to do justice.

Why He Was Boycotted.

All the policemen in this city are in a state of uneasiness and no wonder; only the gods know whose head is to be lopped off next. Patrolman Peace had felt for some time that everything was not as it should be. His popularity had obviously waned and his companions rather avoided him. His captain noticed it and called the patrolman into his office. "Peace," he said, "is there anything in your life with which I am unacquainted?" The patrolman shuffled and smiled sheepishly. "Don't be foolish," said the officer. "We can't have mysteries here. What is all this boycotting about?" "Well," said Peace in a hoarse whisper, "I'm clarinet in a band. It's not an easy job—and one night the boys heard me."—London Answers.

One Thing He Couldn't Do.

The bartender grasped the man next the stove by the shoulder and shook him until he was awake. "Here, Zeph," he told him, "yo'd better go out and get some fresh air. It'll do you good." Zeph merely granted drunkenly and huddled back in his chair. The bartender tried it again, with like result. "You won't get out, won't you?" he roared angrily. Seizing the unfortunate Zeph by the collar and the seat of the trousers, he escorted him forcibly to the alley. "Get out there in the air and brace up," was his parting advice. "Y' kin put me out if y' like, but"—Zeph straightened up with drunken dignity—"ye can't make me take no air, darn ye!"—Everybody's Magazine.

English Royal Jewels.

King George, says a London dispatch, has a great idea of his responsibility in regard to the jewels at the various royal palaces, and from time to time has them recatalogued and revalued. Those at Buckingham palace were recently assessed and declared to be worth \$16,500,000. It is said that there is scarcely an object in the whole collection with which the king is not familiar. New measures of safety have been adopted and it would now be impossible for the cleverest burglar in Europe to make an entrance without attracting attention. An electric alarm was recently added. The police guard around the palace has also been increased.

Found Snake in Engine Room.

A traveling showman at Columbia, S. C., gave it out that an 18-foot boa constrictor belonging to his show had escaped; but, as the reptile was not found, the story was put down as an advertising dodge. The other morning, however, when the porter of an office building went down into the basement to fire up, he saw what looked like a log lying beside the furnace. While he stood wondering how it could have got there, the "log" moved. Then he made his way up stairs in a hurry, and shouted that the boa had been found. Fortunately, it was half torpid, so it was captured by a dozen men and put in a large box for shipment to its owner.

Warned of Coming Death.

The story of the Lyttleton ghost is one of the best of English family legends. Thomas Lord Lyttleton dreamed one night that a bird flew into his room, which changed into a woman in white, and bade him prepare to die. "I hope not soon," he said; "not in two months." "Yes, in three days," replied the specter. He told of the dream at breakfast next morning (Thursday, November 25, 1778). On Saturday he was in excellent health, and thought he would "blink the ghost." A few minutes before midnight on that day, just as he was undressing, he fell back dead.

Convicts on the Farm.

A great reform in the penal system of New Jersey will begin to operate next month when the first 50 convicts will be transferred from the state prison at Trenton to the prison farm in Cumberland county. The tract of 1,000 acres owned by the state will eventually be a busy scene, with hundreds of prisoners earning their keep in agricultural labor. It is a genuine reformatory measure, for country life and the consciousness of being helpful producers will better both their physique and their self-respect.—Newark Evening Star.

How Parchment Got Its Name.

The Greeks of Pergamus are said to have first prepared parchment from the skins of the goat or sheep. They were cured, deprived of all fat, thinned uniformly by the knife, dyed or whitened and finally rubbed down with pumice stone to a smooth and even surface. Called pergamenum from the city of its origin, the new material became parchment in archaic French and parchment in the English tongue.—National Magazine.

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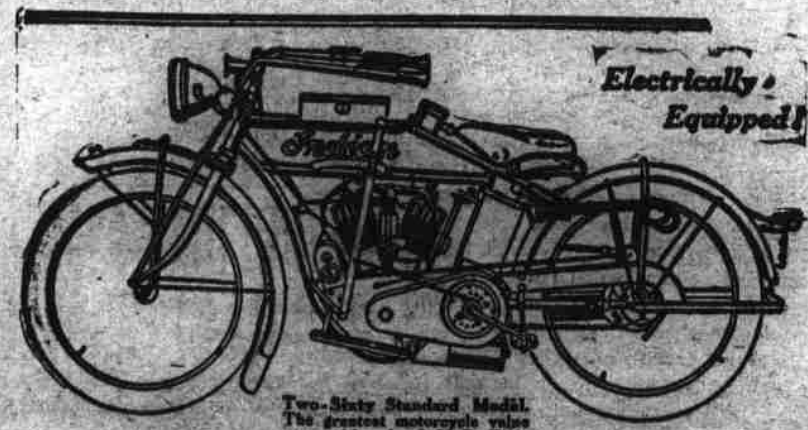
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