

A Good Community.

Angier is one of the new towns on the Cape Fear and Northern Railway, and is located in a remarkably healthy section of Harnett County, about 25 miles Southeast from Raleigh.

There are number of live merchants in the town. The principal industry is the Cary Lumber Company which employs a number of people and is conducted in a business-like manner.

Mr. Jacob Williams is the father of the town, and is one of the most substantial citizens of Harnett. It would be difficult to find a cleverer lot of citizens than the population of Angier affords.

Death of Mr. Lees.

Mr. Thomas Lees, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, died at his home there in the early part of last week, after a brief illness of congestion of the lungs. He was more than fifty years old, and was by occupation a stationary engineer, having charge of the motive power of a large dye plant in that city, and he was considered a very careful and reliable man in that capacity.

Mr. F. W. Kohler, Superintendent of Melrose Knitting Mill in this city, married a daughter of Mr. Lees. Mrs. Kohler and her brother, Mr. Percy Lees, who has a position in the Melrose mill, attended the funeral. Mr. Lees returned Monday. Mrs. Kohler will stay with the family some ten or fifteen days longer.

Reckless Drivers.

There is in Raleigh today not less than half a dozen reckless carriage, delivery wagon and dray drivers, some white and some black, and unless the police suppress them, citizens will have to take the matter in their own hands. Only a day or two ago a gentleman chastised one of them for nearly driving over him on the street. They drive much faster than they should, pay no attention to pedestrians, and turn corners at a reckless speed.

Recently we saw several narrow escapes on Wilmington and Martin Streets. At the corner of Fayetteville and Martin Streets not long ago the driver of a carriage nearly ran into three ladies as he rapidly turned the corner, they failing to hear the carriage owing to the fact that several vehicles were passing at the same time. The driver apparently did not attempt to check the horses when he saw the ladies directly in front of the horses.

The police can hardly be ignorant of all this, for they are on the streets more than other people. It is high time that they give a firm warning to said drivers, and if that does not have the desired effect, then proceed to do their duty. It may be well for the Mayor, Police Justice and Chief of Police to have a little talk with the members of the force about this particular matter. The above applies to some automobile drivers, also.

Omissions of History.

Methuselah, being only a little over 400 and still in the vigor of young manhood, bethought himself of the duty of providing for his descendants, and made application for a policy of life insurance.

The medical director of the company coldly turned him down.

"What's the matter?" demanded Methuselah. "Don't you consider me a safe risk?"

"No, sir," replied the medical director. "The records show that your father only lived 365 years, and the probability is that you have some hereditary taint. We can't afford to take chances on you."

Methuselah said nothing. He merely went ahead and outlived the insurance company.—Chicago Tribune.

A Deer Story.

Brute instinct has formed the theme of many an article, and wonderful instances have been given of the exercise of almost human judgment by animals, but the following which came under our own observation, lays just a shade over anything we ever read: Last Sunday C. Sweeters and the writer were driving up the water canyon, and as we turned a bend we saw a doe and a young fawn drinking from the stone ditch. At our approach the animals were startled, and in attempting to turn and run, the fawn lost its balance and fell into the ditch. As many of our readers know, the water runs very swiftly and in great volume up there, and of course the fawn was carried down the stream. The mother deer seemed to lose all fear of us, and ran along the edge of the ditch trying to reach her offspring with her head.

Suddenly she ran ahead of the floating fawn for some little distance. She plunged into the ditch with her head down stream and her hindquarters toward the fawn, and braced her fore feet firmly in the crevices of the rocks to resist the rush of water. In a second the fawn was washed up on its mother's back, and it instinctively clasped her neck with its forelegs. The doe then sprang from the ditch with the fawn on her back. She lay down and the baby deer rolled to the ground in an utterly exhausted condition. Mr. Sweeters and I were now not more than thirty feet from the actors in this animal tragedy, but the mother, seemingly unconscious of our presence, licked and fondled her offspring for a few minutes until it rose to its feet, and the doe and fawn trotted off up the mountain side.

If there is anybody that doesn't believe Mr. Sweeters when he tells this story, let them come to us and we will vouch for it.—Banning Herald.

Science Brevities.

There has just died in Stockerau, Bavaria, at the age of twenty-eight years, a dwarf, Maria Schuman, who was at one time a celebrity, says La Nature. She "passed her whole life in the cradle where she slept her first sleep, twenty-eight years ago. Up to the day of her death, this strange creature preserved the height and general appearance of an infant of a few months, but wonderful to say, her intellect was normally developed and nothing could have been odder than to hear this tiny baby in the cradle talk like an adult, with much vivacity and intelligence! Maria was born in 1875, at Bridgittenan, near Vienna. Her parents were of normal development, and so were her brothers and sisters."—Translation made for the Literary Digest.

The Osman Stock Company will be at the Academy all next week. "Blue Grass" will be the opening play.

There is still an uneasy feeling in the Empire State that \$5,000 a vote will count for more at Albany than the splendors of Niagara.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SAVED BY DYNAMITE.

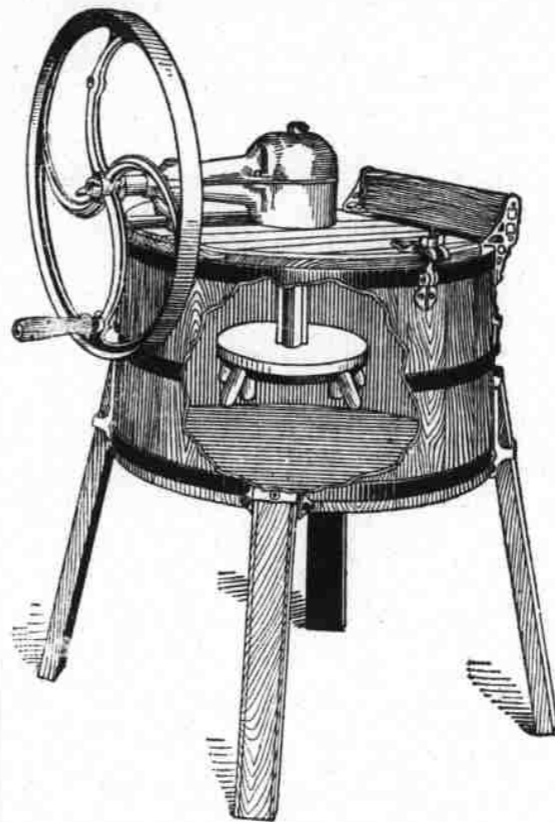
Sometimes a flaming city is saved by dynamiting a space that the fire can't cross. Sometimes a cough hangs on so long you feel as if nothing but dynamite could cure it. Z. T. Gray, of Calhoun, Ga., writes: "My wife had a very aggravated cough, which kept her awake nights. Two physicians could not help her, so she took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which eased her cough, gave her sleep, and finally cured her." Strictly scientific cure for Bronchitis and La Grippe. At all druggists; price 50 cents and \$1.00; guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

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