TRYING HARD TO SAVE PRICE'S LIFE

Governor Tyler Has Not Acted on the Petition.

HIS RESPITE SOME TIME TO RUN.

The Condemned Man's Brother Has Secured the Signatures of Many of the Citizens of Prince Edward in Petition for Clemency.

Thomas W. Price, the condemned murderer of young Hall Carter, in Prince Edward county, is anxiously awaiting in the jail at Farmville the decision of Governor Tyler to the petition for the commutation of his sentence of capital punishment to eighteen years in the penitentiary.

Price was sentenced to hang on Wednesday, July 5th, and through the earnest efforts of Judge W. H. Mann, his counsel, who took a petition signed by a hundred or more citizens of Prince Edward county, to the Governor at his summer home at Radford about the first of July, he secured a respite for sixty days.

PETITIONS FOR PRICE.

Since that time Price's brother has secured the signatures of a large part of the voters of Prince Edward county asking for executive clemency for the aged prisoner.

It is understood that the officers of the court, the jury, and nearly all connected with the trial have joined in the request for commutation of his sentence.

On the other hand it is stated that a number of people in Price's neighborhood have written protests against any modification of Price's sentence.

NEW EVIDENCE.

Judge Mann is said to have discovered new evidence that was laid before the Governor in connection with the petitions in Price's behalf and the decision of the Governor was expected by the close of the past week.

Price was twice tried for the murder of Hall Carter and some of the scenes in court were quite pathetic, especially that of the appearance of Mrs. Price, many years the senior of her husband, though he is regarded an old man.

Mrs. Price is over eighty years of age.

HIS DOUBLE TRIAL.

The first trial of Price was by a jury secured in the county of Prince Edward, and for the second trial a jury was summoned from Lynchburg. The verdict both times was murder in the first degree.

The case created deep and wide spread interest in all the section around Farmville, and equally as deep interest is being taken in the final fate of the condemned man.

Governor Tyler has not given his decision in the matter and as the respite has yet a week or more to run he may not take up the question until near the close of the prisoner's days of grace.

THOMAS W. PRICE.

DOESN'T LIKE BUSHWHACKING.

A Soldier Writes Interestingly From the Philippines.

The following letter was written to a gentleman in this city by a private soldier in the United States Army now in the Philippine Islands. The letter is dated San Fernando, June 6th, and was received here a few days ago. It is given verbatim:

Dear Freind—Your letter of the 15th inst came to hand this A. M. and that I was not amongst the forgottons ones. A person on these Island's must wait a very long time for an answer almost 2 1-2 months and no don't you know that a letter or paper is a great and most generious gift to receive in camp. We arrived in the city of Manila on the 10th day of March 1899, and was quartered there until the 24th day, and then went to the firing line was in a battle on the 25th it was hot and lasted for 2 hours the natives stood their ground longer then any battel known so far on this Island we made a charge and killed many with the stock of our rifles snatching their guns and Boloes out of their hands.

I will tell you that it will be something I will never forget as long as I live not many people had the experience or narrow escapes I had to here sweet melodys of lead and steel all around me that sends many brave man to the great unknown. If they would come out into the open and fight this war would come to an end mighty quick and Old Glory would wave her presid colors on the highest building. But this bush wacking as they do would take the sand out of most any soldier's craw they will try and ambush 2 or 3 lonely soldiers that stray away from camp to get some fruit or fresh water and cut them to pieces or crawl into a tree with bolo fastened to a bamboo pole and try and split our head in two. And on out nost they crawl up as close as possible with a branch of a tree extended in the air a person not used to their tricks would think it was a bush there never thinking that it had a black Devel behind it to send a mouser or Remmington ledden pill through one so you see I have no pleasure worth while menthing about hunting black devils in the Phillipines you can well imagine what a set of most cowardly tretcherious outrageous set of devels we must be contented with while here. A person cannot call them human beings as they are half devil and Half man but their will come a time and that is fast approaching when all these devils will get down on their knees a prey to the boys in blue to spair their cowardly tretcherious miserables nves.

We are stationed at present about 60 mi from Manila marching all the way taking every town on our march the onley battle worth mething was at the town called San Louie we kill many and had a very small loss on our side and at another place they ambushed us but we let them know that uncle sam's Boys knowed how to use the krag Rifles and they went like so many ant's for the mountains this happened along the Rio Grande River. The town we are stationed at the present time was very beatiful before the war the way things looked but now the large buildians are in ruin cause by some shell exploding when we took the town. We have no purticular kick comming about quarters as we are bunking in the vacent houses or shacks as we call them on the march we slept on any thing but most generaly on the most convenient or softest side of so called mothers earth with nothing to protect us from the heavy duw but the far bone sky the best way I find out is to take everything as it comes and not kick and a soldier will always succeed through life.

I am in the best of health at the present time but I presume there will be terrible lot of sickness when the rainy season sets in we espility being in the field but them that is in the city of Manila will not feel the effects as much as they are some what protected from the rain and are in comfortiable quarters. We are exposed most all the time to rain and these terrible mosquitos and reptiles there is a reptile most annowing that crawls all over one at night we call them lizerts but their original names I do not know they arrivage in sizes from 4 to 6 feet long they are Harmless but if angered and bitten by one a person is going to pass his checks in as ther bite is deathly poison so you see I must endure a great many things in this country, but after a march of 20 or 30 miles we are glad to lay down any old place to rest our weary Bones.

Mybe you will think I am riting a book and as my penmenship is none of the best I must say that it is a very inconvenient place I am writing this I will try and explain more about this tropicals country in my next letter if you wish me to do so.

MRS. HOLLADAY'S MEMORY.

The North Carolina Society D. A. R. Adopts Resolutions.

The North Carolina Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, of which the late Mrs. A. Q. Holladay was Vice-Regent, has adopted resolutions setting forth its sorrow at her death, and commenting upon those qualities for which she was so beloved and esteemed.

The resolutions are signed by Mrs. Spier Whitaker, Regent; Mrs. F. H. Cameron, secretary; Mrs. Sherwood Higgs, treasurer; Miss Mary Hilliard Hinton, registrar; Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, librarian; Miss Marion Haywood, and Miss Martha H. Haywood.

Mr. Clayton Interred.

The funeral of Mr. Geo. E. Clayton, who died at his residense, 509 west Marshall street on July 20, 1899 at 9:15 o'clock A. M., took place at Clay-Street M. E. church, of which he was a member, Friday at 6 P. M.

The following were the pall-bearers: Messrs. John Ayres, C. T. Sims, R. H. Hawes, Edward Taylor, H. Worth, F. Wood, D. F. Landrum, E. Bennett, and J. B. Clipstine.

The deceased was born in Brunswick county, April 29, 1846, and was a son of the late Edward Clayton, of that county. He had been a resident of this city nearly nine years.

He is survived by a wife and five children, four sons and a daughter. His brother is R. D. Clayton, of this city.

He was a Christian, beloved by all who knew him, and he died in peace.

THE LIVER.

This organ has a deal to perform, and in its efforts to do its work properly, gives us a great deal of trouble, pain and anxiety. When the liver fails to properly perform its functions disease begins to show itself in many symptoms—as sick headache, dizziness, pain in the back and sides, biliousness, fever, chills, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc., etc. Don't try any temporary palliatives, thus postponing a cure but assist the liver right away to throw off all obstructions and to a proper performance of its work. This can be done easily with Dr. David's Liver Pills. They act well, pleasant and harmless. They can be given to a child, as well as to grown people. Dr. David's Liver Pills are harmless and very efficient, and where they are once tried they become the household rdemedy.

Hamburg Steak, 8 Cents,
MONROE MARKET, 401 west Grace.

IF YOU HAVE CHILLS

and wish a pleasant, speedy and certain cure, get a bottle of Dr. David's Chill Tonic and take it by directions. It is guaranteed to cure or your money will be refunded. Dr. David's Chill Tonic not only cures chills, but it tones up the whole system, and is the best tonic to use after fever and wasting disease. Is pleasant to the taste as lemon syrup.

NO HEALTH WITH IMPURE BLOOD

Dr. David's Iodo-Ferrated Sarsaparilla, cures syphilis, scrofula, cancer, goitre, and all blood and skin diseases. If you suffer with any of the above symptoms and will be cured without endangering any other healthy portion of your system, take Dr. David's Iodo-Ferrated Sarsaparilla, the greatest blood purifier, not only of the nineteenth century, but of all centuries.

Watermelons on Ice,
MONROE MARKET, 401 west Grace.

THE TEACHERS BECOME PUPILS.

Some Reflections Which the Roanoke School of Methods Brings.

ONE WAY TO SPEND A VACATION.

The Conscientious Instructor Will Never Let Her Powers Lie Dormant and After All There Are Many Worst Ways of Resting.

ROANOKE, VA., July 19.—Special.—Not long ago a pupil in a New York school chose for the subject of her graduating essay, "Humor a Necessity in the Teacher." I was struck with this subject and on reflection I arrived at the conclusion that that girl was right, for verily to become a first-class teacher, a teacher in the truest sense of the word, one must possess in a degree—and the greater the degree the better—the sense of humor together with the power of getting all the pleasure possible out of life.

A HAPPY CLASS.

A popular writer says: "It is a sad mistake to take things seriously, especially for women." Taking this for granted, let us supose that all teachers have this way of looking at the world—making the most of life, getting the very best out of every circumstance which Providence throws in the way. Then if this be true (which of course in reality it is not in every case), teachers are as a rule a happy class of people. Especially are they so when once cut off from all responsibility, when far removed from their schools and their little charges who but reflect the teacher in every word and act.

TEACHERS ONLY KNOW.

Who but a teacher knows what it is to stand in a stifling school room day after day for perhaps nine long, weary months teaching, talking and smiling. Rain or shine, sick or well, happy or unhappy, she must be on hand. No matter how human she may be, how much she longs to throw off some of her dignity, to flirt, to dance, to do anything rather than to be good—oh, so good that all her pupils think that she has attained to sanctification. How many teachers, when hemmed in by four square walls and surrounded by a score or more of innocent little aggravating beings, have cried out: "Oh hypocrite, cease thy work," and longed like Sampson of old to grasp the pillars and level to the ground the prison that held them, and soar upward, upward, like eagles until only the vast and infinite heavens could hold their souls. Who knows but a teacher what it is to have a last day of school—

"Oh! gift of God, a perfect day,
Whereon must no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me
Not to be doing, but to be."

Teachers know what it is, and as the warm days come on apace, their hearts turn to that which is restful, and cool and calm.

Fain would they say to themselves:

"Let us rest ourselves a bit,
Worry! Wave your hand to it.
Kiss your finger-tips and smile
It farewell a little while."

BID CARE FAREWELL.

Pity it is that they can't always do this—bid farewell to worry for a whole, long restful summer, and like the lotus eaters dream the whole vacation away in some sylvan nook. They, some of them, feel lazy, sentimental and poetical, and indulge with Eugene Field in a delightful little spell of melancholy and sing:

"I look in the brook and see a face—
Heigh-ho, but the years go by!
The rushes are dead in the old-time place,
And the willows I knew when a child was I,
And the brook it seemeth to say,
As ever it stealeth on its way—
Solemnly now, and not in play!
Oh, come with me
To the slumbrous sea
That is gray with the peace of the evening sky!
Heigh-ho, but the years go by—
I would to God that a child were I."

It is pleasant to sit by a stream and imagine you see reflected in its placid waters the face of some friend or departed loved one. But a wide-awake, energetic, teacher is too restless, too eager for something new, something higher and better and broader and nobler than to let her intellectual powers lie dormant all vacation. To such a teacher come the question, "How can I best spend my holidays?"

ORDER REVERSED.

The answer has suggested itself to some of them, and they say, "Let us be children again. Let us go to school and not teach but be taught." In obedience to this voice of the mind six hundred teachers, not only of the State of Virginia, but representatives of eight other States besides, have come to Roanoke. Some have come directly from the crowded school room, weary and worn; others "From out the country places cool and clear
They flash into the maze of city streets."

Some of these teachers have not had so much as a whiff of the breath of a locomotive half a dozen times in so many months; others are rejoicing in the mountain air and cool, delightful nights which is so great a contrast to the hot, stifling air of the eastern towns and cities from which they hail. What a philosopher is Ella Wheeler Wilcox when she says:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."
Never was there truer saying.

VIRGINIA HOME LEAVING.

Let us imagine a few things for a little while and see what comes of it:

It is early morning.

The scene is an old fashioned country home in one of the counties of middle Virginia. All of the family are at the gate to say goodbye to one of the house-hold a daughter who according to custom is going away, this time for a few weeks recreation or study in a summer school. Affectionate goodbyes are said, advice, admonitions, fun, laughter a few sighs, kisses, perhaps a tear, a second goodbyes all around and she is off. It is a bright lovely summer day. The eight miles drive to the station is one of exhilaration. First, there are long vistas through cool, shady woods, then a river, an old mill, another stream, corn-fields and farm-houses. Pedestrians and wagoners by twos and threes and singly. Now and then a familiar face is seen, and once a fresh, rosy cheeked, green-looking young farmer, driving a wagon, calls out in passing "Howdy!" "What's the matter?" asks the teacher of her brother, who seems much amused. "That is a new acquaintance of mine. Do you think you could, with your elocutionary talent, imitate that tone?" She thinks not, but the freshness of that boy will remain a pleasant memory.

TWO PO' PLACES.

Once at the station—of course, an hour too early—there is nothing to be done but walk around, buy a fan, chat with the depot agent, and sit down and wait. A crowd of loungers outside are killing time by listening to an old negro who is saying, "'Tain't but two po' places on dis road and dat's Tuggle's Tank and Hard Squeeze."

"What's the matter with this place?" says the teacher's brother to the teacher.

"The train's coming," some one says. Traps are gathered up. Hurried goodbyes are said, and the teacher is on a pilgrimage, a kind with which she is only two familiar.

She is one of the fun-loving teachers, but alas! there are some days when there is no fun.

An uneventful journey of perhaps a hundred or more miles, and the destination is reached.

EQUAL TO RICHMOND.

Roanoke is a much-scattered city, as every one knows, who has ever been here—"The Magic City" as it is called—but one in which a blind man would not need a guide when once he had traversed its streets.

Everybody is polite, obliging and hospitable—so hospitable, indeed, that an East Virginian is at once reminded of Richmond. A cosmopolitan city some people say, though perhaps not so much so as some of our Eastern towns. During the month the School of Methods is the principal diversion, both for the teachers and the town. Now as ever, the teacher's sense of humor serves a good purpose, and many are the funny little incidents and episodes too trivial to mention, which serve to furnish the required amount of nonsense, which is one of the necessary ingredients of a teacher's make-up. For instance, it is a real pleasure to see a man stand on the corner and remark within hearing of the teachers themselves that "it is a pity that there is not a single pretty girl among the six hundred visiting teachers," and the like. As a rule, however, there are compliments galore, and from all sides come assurances that the School of Methods is the greatest innovation that Roanoke has known since "the boom."

A MONTH OF PLEASURE.

The month has been characterized by every pleasure which the people of Roanoke individually and collectively could devise to entertain "the strangers within her gates." And, on the other hand, the School of Methods has done much to entertain the city. Roanoke is remarkable for the great number and beauty of its churches, and the ministers of the city have greatly encouraged the school by their presence and their attention to those who are attending.

Among the attractions furnished by the school at the Academy of Music have been lectures by such noted people as General Gordon; Dr. White, of Ohio; Professor and Mrs. Southwick, of Boston; Dr. Kent, of the University of Virginia, and others.

Nothing has been more enjoyed than the two entertainments given by Richmond's inimitable humorist, Polk Miller, last week. Both nights he had a crowded house and delighted audiences.

PLENTY OF FUN.

Under the auspices of the school, there have been trolley rides to all of the suburban towns, and an excursion to the Natural Bridge, a trip which needs no description.

There are many pleasant resorts and places of interest in and around the city, among them being Mill Mountain, from whose heights can be had a view of the entire city, and the surrounding county, a scene of beauty, indeed. Nothing more inspires one with lofty thoughts than to go to the "everlasting hills," and there above the living, moving masses of God's other creatures, look down and feel that in one sense of the word, at least, he is above the ordinary world and its din and strife and confusion. Then it is only the softened, mellowed sounds of the world and its music that reaches one's ears.

At the foot of this mountain is a wonderful spring, from which flows a stream of water of such volume as to form a beautiful lake—so clear that like most mountain streams, in it can be seen fish of many sizes and varieties swimming many feet below. What a beautiful and delightful place is Crystal Springs, there are many to testify.

A UNIQUE FEATURE.

One unique feature of the School of Methods this year is the organization of the State Teachers' League, headed by one of the most progressive of our progressive educators, Professor Dudley R. Cowles, of Hampton. It is in this League we hope there lie, while as yet undeveloped, blessings untold for both pupils and teachers of this and coming generations.

One of the pleasantest features has been the gathering together of the old pupils of certain schools of the State, among them being those of the State Normal School, of Farmville, which was held at Hotel Roanoke.

And now as the month draws to a close, and the teachers who have had such pleasant intercourse since the school began, again turn their faces homeward, carrying with them nobler thoughts, higher aspirations and greater zeal in their professions, all with one accord would thank the progressive, indefatigable and patient managers, Professors Glass and Jenkins, and the able faculty for all they have done towards the improvement and elevation of the teachers' vocation, and their appreciation to the people of Roanoke for a very pleasant month. If the school is wanted here again next year, its unparalleled success this summer will perhaps warrant its return, for a more pleasant location cannot be imagined unless it be our own beloved Richmond.

White A Sugar, 5c. a pound; try our 50c. Tea, it's extra fine, at S. Ullman's Son.

Try our Orange Creamery Butter, 15c. pound, it's extra fine, at S. Ullman's Son.

Quart Mason's Jars, 40c. a dozen; Half-Gallon Mason's Jars, 50c. a dozen, at S. Ullman's Son.

Freezing Salt, 10c. peck; Borax, 5c. package; Bird Seed, 5c. a box, at S. Ullman's Son.

Special—Laundry Soap, 16 bars for 25c.; 9 pounds Lump Starch for 25c..

1-pound cans Canned Beef, 11c.; Potted Ham and Tongue, 4c. can, at S. Ullman's Son.

2 boxes Pearline for 5c.; 2-Hoop Buckets, 8c.; Washboards, 5c., at S. Ullman's Son.

Fresh Bologna Sausage (daily), 7c. pound; Boneless Hams, 10c. a pound, at S. Ullman's Son.

Best Hams, something fine, 12c. a pound; Breakfast Bacon, 8c. a pound, at S. Ullman's Sons.

Corn Starch, 1-pound package, 4c.; Preserving Jars, 8c. a gallon, at S. Ullman's Son.

Ivory Starch, 4c. a package; Ammonia, 5c. a bottle; Large Lemons, 12c. a dozen, at S. Ullman's Son.

Arbuckle's and Lion Coffee, 10c 1-pound paper; our 40c. Tea is fine, try it, at S. Ullman's Son.

Scrub and Blacking Brushes, 5c.; Cotton Clothes-Lines, 5c. at S. Ullman's Son.

Rye Whiskey, $1.25 gallon; 4-year-old Rye Whiskey, $2 a gallon, at S. Ullman's Son.

Best Virginia Claret Wine, 50c. a gallon; Pure Syrup, 20c. gallon, at S. Ullman's Son.

Sweet Catawba and Blackberry Wine, 40c. gallon; Good Syrups, 15c., at
S. ULLMAN'S SON,
Up-Town Store, 506 east Marshall, New and Old 'Phone, 34;
Down-Town Stores, 1820-1822 east Main, Old 'Phone, 316; New 'Phone, 509;
Manchester Stores, 1212-1214 Hull street; New 'Phone, 1678.

EXCURSION TO WASHINGTON.

Don't forget that August 7th, Thompson, Michie & Adams goes to Washington with their annual excursion, $2.50 round trip—two days.

A PROMINENT CITIZEN WRITES

Dear Sirs,—About a year ago, having arranged to go on a hunting trip, I found myself unable to raise my arm, having an attack of Rheumatism. I went into your store and asked if you could help me out, as I did not want to be disappointed. You sold me a bottle of your "Dixie Nerve and Bone Liniment," which I used freely, rubbing vigorously with it that night, and I was most agreeably surprsed when getting up the next morning to find the Rheumatism entirely cured and my arm perfectly well. I am glad to say I have had no return of Rheumatism since.

I told the above to a friend suffering the same way, and he tried your "Dixie Nerve and Bone Liniment," and was as speedily cured.

Ask us for prices on best Anthracite, Splint and Steam Coal before placing your order for winter supplies. New 'Phone, 272. WARNER MOORE.

HIS EXPERIENCE WITH MORPHINE

Horrible Tortures of a Victim Who is Now Recovering.

BEGAN AFTER AN ACCIDENT.

Which Caused Unendurable Agony Soon Overmasters the Will—Lengths to Which Devotees of the Drug Will Go to Secure It.

"My advice to everyone who uses, or thinks of using morphine, is to let the stuff alone, if he does not wish to go through the most horrible experiences, mentally, morally, and physically."

This is what W. Irving Creery, who is now recovering from the terrible habit, has to say to the world, through The Times.

Creery's story is one which would arouse the sympathy of ane one, and is one that opens up many questions as to the propriety of the unrestricted sale and use of such drugs as morphine. He has had a terrible, bitter experience, and in the hope that by telling it others might be warned of the danger, he consented to talk for The Times.

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

Creery is now thirty-nine years of age and is a Richmond man by birth.

He was for a long time employed by the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad. On the night of April 12, 1882, he was flagging on a freight train, and while in the yard at Coal Valley, W. Va., was knocked down by a flat-car, which was being backed down a siding. He says the number of the car—4468—is as indelibly impressed on his memory as his own name.

The accident was one of the most singular in railroad history.

Creery was standing between the track and was knocked down by the car. He fell across the track and a wheel ran

W. IRVING CREERY.

against his hip, scotching it in some strange manner, and Creery was shoved over the rails for ninety feet, before his cries were heard. The train was on a siding and the rails were badly splintered, so that his clothing was torn to shreds, and he received ghastly wounds across the body at the hips.

The hip-bone on the right side was crushed. All the splinters that could be found were removed.

Creery was unable to turn over for seventy-two days, and was unable to work for fifteen months. He says the Chesapeake and Ohio officials did everything possible for him and have treated him kindly always.

He is a valiant defender of that railroad when any one speaks against it, and says the kindness shown to him will always be a pleasant memory.

UNENDURABLE AGONY.

Creery says he returned to work in the latter part of 1883 and continued until 1885. Then four splinters of bones in his leg and hips began to work their way out, causing bad ulcers.

He had also contracted rheumatism, and the two together caused unendurable agony. To secure relief he resorted to morphine, which he used hypodermically.

The bones, in the course of about five months, worked themselves out, and then he found, to his horror, that he had contracted a habit which was more powerful than his own will. He says:

"I was a morphine fiend."

He then continued work in the car-service department of the C. and O. until September, 1897, when he went to Indianapolis. Before leaving Richmond Creery says he bought 275 grains of morphine from one druggist. He only remained West a short time and returned to Richmond. He made desperate efforts to throw off the habit, once or twice going into the country, where the drug could not be secured, but morphine was the master.

From this on the struggle grew more and more hopeless, and Creery did things which he says he knows nothing of. One night last summer, he stole thirty-three bottles of morphine from B. E. Shore & Co., and was arrested.

The case was one which aroused much sympathy, and A. B. Guigon, Esq., defended him as a matter of charity. His plea was not for acquittal, but that his client might be sent to jail and there be treated for the morphine habit.

He was successful, and Creery says to-day, that while he feels the humiliation of his position, it was really the best thing that could have happened to him that he was sent to jail, for it undoubtedly saved his life and enabled him to come out of the most terrible thraldom man can endure.

He will be free October 11th, and says he intends to get work here, if possible, and live down his past.

A FAITHFUL WIFE.

Creery is a married man, but has no children. He speaks in the most affectionate terms of his wife and the manner in which she has stood by him and visited him during his incarceration.

Creery is allowed the liberty of the corridors and yard.

Speaking of his experience with morphine, Creery says when he first began its use he used one-fourth of a grain—always hypodermically. He had never been addicted to the use of intoxicants, nor even to tobacco, and his system readily responded to the drug.

He usually remained under its influence for from twelve to fifteen hours. At first it produced languor and made him feel helpless, but after a time the effects were reversed, and he felt stupid unless under its influence. Toward the last he thinks he often used as much as twenty-five grains a day, sometimes taking three grains at a time.

PHYSICAL EFFECTS.

Creery says the popular idea that morphine eaters rest well is erroneous, as the dug produces all kinds of physical and mental disorders. Insomnia is frequently experienced and often terrible dreams disturb the sleep.

During the waking hours melancholia and hysteria may alternate within a short time.

The victim who is without morphine is in a terrible condition, and will resort to every conceivable device to obtain the stuff. He will not hesitate, Creery says, to lie and steal, and scruples at nothing to secure the little tablets.

He had noticed two peculiarities of the morphine victim. One was that the victim will never admit to any person that he is addicted to the habit, denying it most vehemently, unless caught injecting it. The other was the ingenuity in hiding the drug. Creery says while a normal man is searching for the morphine, the victim will find a dozen ways of secreting it. As an illustration, he says, when he was taken to the jail he was examined thoroughly for concealed morphine, but that he succeeded in carrying in two phials and a syringe.

The syringe was taken from him later, and he gave up the morphine.

Creery says when he came to the jail he weighed 140 pounds. His present weight is 175, and he never had better health and appetite than at present. He says under no circumstances could any one ever give him morphine again, and he expects to do all in his power to acquaint others with the horrors and dangers of the habit.

Newsboys' Matinee.

Manager Leath has arranged to tender the newsboys of this city and Manchester a complimentary matinee at the Auditorium on the afternoon of Wednesday, August 2d, at 2:30 o'clock. Tickets of admission will be furnished the newspapers, who will give them to the boys on the day previous to the matinee.

EAST END NEWS.

A Citizen Thrown by His Horse—Personals and Briefs.

A painful accident occurred Friday on the Government road, when Mr. Parker, a well-known citizen, was thrown by his horse and his leg broken. He is improving under the care of Dr. Barksdale.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Floyd Reames are at Virginia Beach.

Rev. J. T. Boutten and family are at Buckroe Beach, where they will remain three weeks.

Mr. Thomas H. Weimer and family, accompanied by a party of friends, are renting at Buckroe Beach. Among those in the party are Messrs. Arthur Nelsen, Harry C. Seal, Bernard Marlowe and Miss Matilda Nelsen.

The family of Rev. B. Cabell Hening has gone to spend the summer in King and Queen county, Va., at the old residence of Colonel Fleet. Mr. Hening has decided to fill his pulpit every Sunday (morning and night) this summer and will only be away during the week. He will fill his pulpit at the Fulton Baptist church to-day, morning and night, taking as his subjects—Morning: "Hearing Ears." Evening: "Saving Knowledge."

Mr. William Garber is spending his vacation at Virginia Beach.

The Fulton Democratic Club held a rousing meeting at Donahue's Hall on Wednesday night. Ten candidates of the legislature spoke. Nearly every one stated he was in favor of Senator Martin and Judge Witt. The club adjourned to meet next Tuesday night at the same hall.

Mr. W. E. Turner, with his friend, Mr. D. Johnson, left yesterday for Albemarle county.

Mr. Ollie Goode, son of Mr. William Goode, is very ill with malarial fever at his father's residence, on Louisiana street.

Mr. J. M. Bryant, superintendent of the National Cemetery, is quite sick.

Mr. W. C. Lamb, private secretary to Congressman Lamb, is at the seashore.

Mrs. John Grady, of Louisiana street, is recovering from a recent illness.

Miss Jessis Tindale left Friday for the Blue Ridge mountains.

Mrs. Pearl Myers is at Virginia Beach.

Mrs. Rosa Pease and daughter, of Berkely, are visiting friends in Fulton.

Miss Mary McCauli is visiting in Middlesex county.

Miss Pocahontas Parrish, with her friend, Miss Annie Coghill, is visiting Staten Island, N. Y.

Mrs. T. L. Rice and children are visiting at Nag's Head, N. C.

Captain Frank Thompson and children are visiting in North Carolina.

Mr. Arthur Phillips, of Cincinnati, is the guest of his uncle, Mr. H. H. Pollard, on Fulton Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Battaille left yesterday for Rapidan, Va. They expect to be gone several months.

Mr. M. A. Throckmorton, of Anderson, O., is visiting his brother, Mr. P. E. Throckmorton.

Hamburg Steak, 8 Cents.
MONROE MARKET, 401 west Grace.

S. ULLMAN'S SON

The Prudent Housewife

takes advantage of the fruit season when it is plentiful and cheap and does up her jellies, preserves and canned goods. She is always sure of getting here the very best and purest Spices, Sugar, White Wine, Vinegar, Spirits and Lemons for this purpose, that will insure her fruits against spoiling. Our prices are the lowest.

White A Sugar, 5c pound.
Large Irish Potatoes, 20c peck.
Try our Old Country Cider Vinegar, 20c gallon—guaranteed to keep pickles.
Try our Orange County Creamery Butter, 15c lb. It's fine.
1 lb can Corned Beef, 11c.
Borax, 5c package.
¼ lb box Pure Mixed Spices, 5c;
Bird Seed, 5c box.
Lunch Tongue, 25c—large cans.
New North Carolina Cut Herrings, 9c do en.
2-Hoop Buckets, 8c.
Washboard, 5c.
Shoe Polish, in all colors, 5c.
Medium Lamp Chimneys, 4c.
Large Lamp Chimneys, 4c.
Preserving Jars, all sizes, 8c. gal.
1½ pounds Old Government Roasted Coffee for 25c.
Green Java Coffee, 15c. pound.
Bread Soda, 3 pounds for 5c.
Early June Peas, 8c. can.
Try our Mountain Roll Butter at 15c. pound. It's fine.
Our Cream Cheese at 12½c. pound is delicious.
Mrs. Johnson's Home-Made Sweet Mixed Pickles, 15c. qt., or 50c. gal.
4-Year-Old Rye Whiskey, $2 gal.
Large, juicy Lemons, 12c. dozen.
Mixed Cakes, with icing, 7c. lb.

American Refined Granulated Sugar, 5½c. lb.
Try our Snowflake Patent Family Flour, $4 barrel, or 25c. bag. Its fine.
Pure old Country Cider Vinegar, 20c. gallon. Guaranteed to keep pickles.
2 lbs. rolls of Mountain Butter for 25c, fresh daily.
Brooms cheap. 2 string Brooms, 9c; 3 string, 12c; 4 string, 15c; 5 string, 25c.
The best Flour in the world is our Silver King—$4.35 barrel, or 28c. bag.
Boneless Ham, 10c. lb.
New North Carolina Clipped Herrings, 9c. dozen.
Uneda Biscuits—this is a fine cracker. Try it. Only 5c. pkge.
Arbuckle's Ariosa Coffee, 10c. lb.
Our 40c. Tea is as good as you pay 60c. for elsewhere.
Potted Ham and Tongue, 4c. can.
Freezing Salt, 10c. peck.
½ lb cans Chipped Beef, 10c.
1 lb. cans Chipped Beef, 20c.
Best Virginia Claret Wine, 50c. gallon. Fine summer drink.
We are selling a regular One Dollar Tea for 50c. Best that can be had on the market. Try it.
1-pound box Bird Seed, 5c.

S. Ullman's Son Headquarters for Best Quality at Low Prices.

THIS WEEK.

Down Town Stores,
1820-22 E. Main St.
Old Phone, 316; New Phone, 509
OUR NEW STORES IN MANCHESTER,
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Quick Service

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Up Town Store,
506 E. Marshall St.
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Our Complete New Price List mailed on application.

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FIREMAN'S FUND OF CALIFORNIA.
N. Y. UNDERWRITERS AGENCY.
PHILADELPHIA UNDERWRITERS.
NIAGARA FIRE OF NEW YORK.
ST. PAUL FIRE & MARINE OF MINN.
UNITED FIRE OF BALTIMORE.
INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA, OF PHILA.

Aggregate Assets of Companies Represented, over $250,000,000.
Value of Bonds Deposited in Virginia, over $500,000.

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LOWEST RATES. CAREFULLY DRAWN CONTRACTS. ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Misfit Shoes Less Than Cost.

We have on hand about 100 pairs of Men's Shoes which we made to order from $4 to $9 we will sell at half price.

$9 Shoes now	$4.50
$8 Shoes now	$4.00
$7 Shoes now	$3.50
$6 Shoes now	$3.00
$5 Shoes now	$2.50
$4 Shoes now	$2.00
Men's Shoes Half Soled, sewed	75c
Ladies' Shoes Half Soled, sewed	50c
Rubber Heels put on any Shoe	50c

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