HAY AND BIS GREAT FIGHTER

Jake Billrain, Went Up Against an of the Proposition—mine & scale, or of the control rested in the Irlahman's Mys ms Bird-The Battle and Its Sudde

then for The Observer.

was in the good old days of long that Col. Isaac Sneed, the fared fisticult acrapper, made his
in Providence township. Col.
ed was one of the boys. He liked
vely time, and if he could not have
me way, he would another. Dull
ed did not suit him. If it was not
constant township fight. and tumble fight, it was a geneth, a cock main, a horse dog fight, or something of the he colonel was an energelic He never dwned a farm of but always rented good had isen. He never owned a farm of i own, but always rented good labd d made good crops. He knew how till the soil and manage negro laers. If a fellow were out hunder this for himself, his dog, his game iter, or any other sporting animal. need could entertain him. Al e muscular athletes, the pugilistic likes, the owners of game cocks, hting dogs or running horses met at Sneed's on off days for a big time, this story I shall recall the deils of the famous contest between il. Sneed's game "dominecker," Jake Killrain, and Mike O'Ryan's "foighti," Web-Footed Jerry.

MIKE O'RYAN, HIMSELF. Mike O'Ryan, the blooming Irish-an, was a unique character. It is ot known until this day how he got into Providence township, for he came in the night, and unattended. He ande friends from the very beginning, and affable and jolly at all times. was a handy chap. If a farmer needed tree," a painter, a carpenter, a brick-mason, or a shoe-maker, Mike was the man. It was Mike this and Mike that, He Dink at the wheel. If the girls nd boys had a dance. Mike played the addle, picked the banjo, and sang frish love ditties. The good house-wives of the neighborhood liked Mike. was an expert fruit cook, a cahimself, the hospitable, trustful of Providence did not worry out his mysterio:s past, or the sud-They did not care how often he had killed an English king or an Irish lord in the old country. COL SNEED'S GAME COCK.

Jake Killrain was the cock of the

two cocks fight to a finish with their regular beats to meet each other. There was no special reason why they should meet. Honor was not at stake

their barn yards, where food and drink him over the head with his heavy are plentiful, and droves of pretty heas wings. That made the game fellow are plentiful, and droves of pretty heas wings. That made the game fellow play and cackle, and hurry towards mad. He flew at his antagonist with ntter defiant crows and then do ha the the alm was accurate, he landed on the to the death he cannot but admire top of the drake's head. It was Jerry's their courage. It is a very care thing turn to be angry. He dropped back a hausen deigned no reply. that you see two men go out, of their step or two and prepared to meet Jake wey to meet and fight till death. Jake The chicken came with a rush, buil Killrain was a bundle of superb courto a dog, a hog, a man, or a cock. His brought him down and pounded him spurs were long and keen, and well-s t severely. It was at this stage of the in large, trim, muscular legs. He was game that the drake did a wonderful a splendid bird to look upon. His head stunt. He took a good hold on Jake's was sharp, eagle-pointed and red. He neck, rose and flew away as a hawk carried it erect and his bright, quick would have done with a bit of a bird. eye shone like a dismond. It was that It was all so quick that the engrossed ance: the calm, determined stare of what had happened. The big duck was courage - never-failing pluck - that soing toward the creek. The crowd

put him against anybody's bird." THE CHALLENGE ACCEPTED. The acceptance of Col. Sneed's chal-

lenge by Mike O'Ryan came like i whole country-side was surprised. It was the sensation of the hour. Everybody was asking: "And where did Mike O'Ryan get a chicken that can wallop Col. Sneed's fighting roostop?" All the answer that Mike gave was: "Niver ye mind. I'll be there at the proper tolme, and I'll harv foightin cock that'll sweep the dack word was put out and it trav led fast. It crossed out of Providence Pineville, Morning Star and Shatownships and, into Union county South Carolina. The crops had laid by and the farmers had noth. est man in the country. If he brought bird that could and would whip Jake Killrain the people stood ready to wor-saip him. The old ladies of the neigh-borhood were whispering around od defeat for Col. Sneed might stop head-long career toward the devilers were fixed on Mike, He was ing admired by every man, woman d child for his nerve. The boys hail solition to be just like him, When he ent to church on Sunday the rious immunicants turned to look him over, and that man, the man that

THE DAY AT HAND. ne and place were fixed: the irday in August and the big crowd begun to gather. Men far as twenty miles. The ere full of horses and mules, d to the bodies of the trees swinging limbs. While ere whinnying and the the people discursed yent. The mystery that the O'Ryan and his fowt

was a mighty man, the man that accepted Col. Sneed's challenge.

. He had to stand to the rac and early he was at the right Jake Killrain had crowed till hoarse. He seemed to know mething interesting was going en. Hundreds of people had by his cage to see him. He oppen. Hundreds of people had by his cage to see him. He in fine feather and looked every the fighting cock.

D'RYAN NOT IN SIGHT. The grove was full of all sorts of iks but Mike O'Ryan had not shown by He had been out of the commu-ty for several days. The most loval friends of Col. Speed were saying that the Irishman had fluked, but Mike had be present at the appointed time. At

10:15 he was still absent. The crowd was looking everywhere for him. Ten minutes before the time was up came galloping over the hill, on Beck, his roan mule, from towards
Matthews, carrying a sack on his
shoulder. An outburst of applause
creeted him. It was: "Hurrah for
Mike O'Ryan und his fighting bird." This made the Sneed men rell: "Come on with your beast; Jake Kilirain will knock the filling out of him."

By this time the whole hillside was

alive with a human mass. Above unroar the shrill cry of Jake could be heard, asserting: "I can whip any rock in the land."

O'Hyan was literally dragged from his mule by admirers and backers. All sorts of questions were put to him. He was asked: "Mike, have you got your cock?" "What kind of a beast is he?" "Can he do old Jake?" "We're bet ing "Fetch him out. The time is most up."

In the midst of this bustle Mike was cool, calm and deliberate. He smoked his pipe, smiled and told the boys that they might stake on Webfoote i Jerry. His mule tied, he started for the battle field with the tow sack across his back. 'It is He would not show his bird to any one, but the bulk in the bottom of the bag was encouraging. The followers of Mike were hollering three cheers for their hero and singing: "We'll hang Jakey Kilirain on a sour apple tree," Sneed was already on the shoulder and crowed. He was in the

pink of condition. As the Irishman approached, the officer of the day shouled: "Cear the way and let Mr. O'Ryan pass. Come this way, Mr. O'Ryan, here is the place." Mike did not seem to be in any hurry. He sauntered along with tor he was an expert that a good kraut his sack, and no one, parring minser. Hable meat handler, and a good kraut his sack, and no one, parring minser. Hable meat handler, and a good kraut his sack, and no one, parring minser. Indicate the his sack, and no one, parring minser. In the head of the his sack, and no one, parring minser. In the his sack, and no one, parring minser. In the his sack, and no one, parring minser. In the his sack, and no one, parring minser. In the his sack, and no one, parring minser. In the his sack, and no one, parring minser. In the his sack, and no one, parring minser. In the his sack, and no one, parring minser. In the his sack, and no one, parring minser. In the his sack, and no one, parring minser. his sack, and no one, barring himself. knew what the bag contained, for all saw. He's sleep. Wake him up." But Mike said nothing. He appeared to be perfectly satisfied with himself and his "bo-ird,"

The two men faced-each other the clean plot of land encircled by ropes. Col. Sneed held Jake and rubbed him down. Mike put his gick on the grouns caught the bottom and made ready to empty out his fighter.

are owner, he would a challenge the whole sworld of cocks. He would challenge the whole world of cocks. He would and charmed. The friends of large and charmed to the crowd, but he spread to the crowd, but the purt and yelled: "Jake, the year and and yelled: "Jake, the year and the purt and yelled: "Jake, they say you will not fight," the cock woull come, flying and chattering to his success, garment the condest, garment the condest, garment creature on earth. He said: "He's all roight. All hill the sold against the founder, perch himself there and protections." For a mohent Jake is fearless and daring the single of the situation he is fearless and daring the single of the situation he is fearless and daring the single of the situation he is fearless and daring to a large of the situation he is fearless and daring the situation he is seen that the situation he is fearless and daring the situation he is fearless and daring the situation he is fearless and that the situation he is seen to be seen the surface. The firm of the cross the step forward Junion some some hinds of the furnace. The firm of the furnace and the furnace which had been the furnace where the furnace and the furnace where the furnace and the furnace where the furnace and the furnace where the furnace men or plucky bull dogs will fight fowls but not ducks. It was evident but the from the very start that Jerry knew chicken goes forth from his own what he was doing. He dodged beaugame chicken goes forth from his own what he was doing. He dodged beau-dung hill, ull alone, to meet and defy tifully and let Jake pass over his head. bartering enemy. I have seen The chicken's spurs would come totwo cocks fight to a finish with their gether above the dwok's back every

t. Honor was not at stake. rooster. Jerry was laying for him and the right opportunity came by and saw the hat, the sky, and the trees in a forced them or. The one by After knocking off the wire edge. It was the bold defiant spirit of their blood that forced them on. The one by. After knocking off the wire edge had heard the threatening, challenging Jake began to go slower. That was in face lingered a remnant of a smile from to meet him. His blood boiled and run to meet him. His blood boiled and salied about a little and dought Jake but faces buried in their hands, sitting or faces buried in the shanty. hould meet. Honor was not at stake, rooster. Jerry was laying for him will watch two game roosters, all of their hand accord, quit had kicked him in the breast and beat they were shricking with hand kicked him in the breast and beat they were shricking with hand accord. other, bulting now and then to more vim than ever, and, that time,

was ever ready to give battle ruse to strike the duck fastened him stood there was what made creatures wheeled about and hurried after him. quiver. Col. Sneed mads the following The voice of Mike was heard above the tonast: "Jake Killrain can lick any turnait. He said: "And it's all over feithered benst in this township. I'll now. That's one of Jerry's tricks." He'll drown old Jake in the creek." And he did. When the boys got to the creek Jerry was catching audpoles. He had sunk the body of his recent ene-

> Long after Mike left the community his secret came out. He had imported Jerry from Ireland for that fight. The drake was a noted scrapper. Col. Sneed never recovered from that defeat The suddenness and strange-If there be any who do not believe this yarn let them read the tales of

Baron Munchausen. H. E. C. B. Diphtheria Not Epidemic at Red Springs To the Editor of The Observer:

Your paper of the 21st has a special mmunication from Maxton, stating to do. The coning contest was all that there is an epidemic of diphtheria talk. Mike O'Ryan was the big-in the town of Red Springs. In justice to this town I wish to deny

the truth of this statement. Running through a period of some weeks we have had five cases. No new cases for were whispering around about a week. For a town the size of emselves, declaring that a Maxton, five cases might possibly be feat for Col. Sneed might stop construed as an epidemic; but not for a growing town of the size of Red Respectfully, Red Springs, July 23.

> Bead Remained in Her Head 17 Years. Gastonia News.

Seventeen years ago, when Mrs. W playing with some beads and in some way got a glass head about the size of unn's Knob, mear Six Mile hour was 10:30 in the gave her no trouble and it was the bead gave her no trouble and it was the bead to have come out. Last week she gave a violent snege and felt something come into her nostril. It was taken out and there was the bead that had gotten in there when she was a child. The bead gave her no pain when it came out and it is strange to know how the bead stayed there so long without giving trouble.

OTTENHAUSEN'S COUP.

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Ottenhausen was the new chemist. His
hair was long and his collars were of the
turned-down variety. He read Goethe and
played the violin. He had seen life in
German universities and at many other

German universities and at many other places.

The evening that he arrived at the fornace to take his position as official analyzer of eres and limestone he found the household of the superintendent in a dight state of excitement. Mrs. James Huat, the wire of the knoad-shouldered young man who conducted the affairs of Laird's furnace for the Mingo Coal and Iron Company, said; "You have just come in time for the nouse party to morrow evening. You must, not forget that to morrow afternoon you are to ride up to the charcoal burner's place on the Mill. Three young women friends of mine from Columbus are going to be there to spend the day. I told them about you, and they are just dying to meet you. Your fame has traveled before you.

Ottenhausen said that he, would be charmed. He bestowed his belongings in the little room back of the company's office which was to be his temporary home. When the festivities were over he was to take up his abode in "Eagle's Nest." as the house was called where dwelt the superintendent and his wife. Laird's Furnace was not an inviting place. Eagle's Nest the colonial mansion.

dwelt the superintendent and his wife.

Laird's Furnace was not an inviting place. Engle's Nest, the colonial mansion on the heights, with its gleaming white pillars and its setting of green lawn, was the only redeeming feature. Down in the valley was the great furnace, from which issued a cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night. Grouped around it were the lean-to shanties and the story-and-a-balf cottages where dwelt the furand a half cottages where awelt the furmace hands and the miners of iron ore. "Not a garden of the Lord," remarke Otenhausen, as he stood at the door of his literatory the afternoon after his ar-rival, "but it night he worse." "Am you the new chemist, boss?" came a voice close to the young German's el-

Ottenhausen turned, and saw a portly negro who held a bridle, to the end of which was attached as sorry a looking mule as he had ever seen. "Missus Hunt Gun sent this dule fon you to ride to the charcoal-burner's shanty, sah." said the negro. "He am

saddled. But I den t know the road," interposed Ottenhausen. "Doan t you fret verself, boss," replied

the chon groom. "Jackson he know the Ottenhausen left the mule tied to the hitching post and went to his quarters in the office pullding. He dug up from the bottom of his steamer trunk riding breeches, a coat and a pair of remarkably variabled boots. He had served in the German cavalry and the boots were a relic of days which were gone. He was a commanding figure as he walked but of the office that September afternoon. The men in the cast house, who with great sledges were breaking up the barely cooled pig iron, stopped to look at the

tall figure in unusual garb.
"One of the dudes from Columbus, suppose," growled Cornwall Jlm. as h swung a warm oar upon the little tram car, "We poor devils have to grub in the dirt so that the super and his fine lady can ave on the fat of the land and bid a lot of city folk to come down here and enjoy themselves." "Well." muttered Jim Johnson, of the

beaten hut

Jackson, the most stubbern of all mules, had always been ridden by but one road, and that one was to the right The moment he felt the twitch upon the bridle he turned squarely around, and girl with dark hair and blue eyes her feet and advanced toward Otten

"I hope you are not hurt," she said. "I hope you are not nurt, she said." Then she abruptly turned away, grasped a subling, and laughed until the echo and poured along the channel of sand, could be heard down the glen. Ottenhausen deigned no reply. He gathered up his battered hat, through which Jackson had put one of his hoofs, and strody son had put one of his hoofs, and strody angrily down the path by which he had angrily down the path by which he had come. Nearly a quarter of a mile and the saw that disreputable mule cantering atoming occasionally Nearly a quarter of a mile ahead slowiy clong and stopping occasionally came where there had been light, to crop the herbage by the way. With men shoveled and over the tracer, flushed face, nattered headgear, and iron, "fut off the blast! Slow the elothing all awry, the new chemist tramped two niles along the stony and dusty toad, and an nour later reached the office of Laha's Furnace. James Hunt, apperimendent, looked at Ottenhausen at Standian with blacket in obeying him.

old beast, but I was too late."

"You will present my compliments to Mrs. Hunt," said Ottenhausen,—"and say to her that, on account of circumstances over which I had no control, I cannot

ome this evening. No amount of persuasion could induce No amourt of persuasan could induce the chemist to change his mind.

"Well." said the superintendent at length. "If you won't come up to the able task. The young women were sent back to the house, would you mind looking after tee 11 o'clock cast to-night? I don't mind telling you that in the "Now, men," said Ottenhausen, "we're with them." after supper, and in the gathering dusk walked leisure; toward the furnace. He heard the whirr of the wheels. He stended aside, and a light buckboard rattled past. The bell of the furnace was lowered at the moment, and by the light of the burning gas from the tall tower Ottenhausen saw that the occupants of the wagon were Mrs. Hunt and her charges. The wife of the superlicendent had gone to the little station to meet some of her guests who had arrived by train. Ottenhausen had stepped back in the shadow of a rall fence, and the work, said Ottenhausen. "Il stay here until the new gang comes then we'll see what's to be done the sound of a rall fence, and the we'll see what's to be done the shadow of a rall fence, and the we'll see what's to be done the sound of the shadow of a rall fence, and the we'll see what's to be done the sound of the shadow of a rall fence, and the seems of the shadow of a rall fence, and the seems of the mass of iron which soon broke away the mass of iron which the shadow of the furnace. he young women did not recognize

alous?" said one of the girls.
"I don't use?" came another voice, and it had the same slivery tone as that of the girl who had asked about that of the girl who had asked about the young chemist's welfare that afternoon. "I suppose he'll think that I'm awful, but I couldn't help laughing. He's rather handsome, too, isn't he?"

He of the Rad Ox group of anarchasts and several of the ringleaders disappeared to the following morning. Others were discharged. I dairly Furnace and James Hunt once

Ottenransen went to the office and en-tered his little bed-room. He took from his trunk two revolvers. They had served him well in Toxas, They were not weap-ons of the Siver-plated and pearl-han-dled variety. The barrels were blund-black, and the caliber was forty-four. you over his nead." W. HARRINGTON.

black, and the caliber was forty-four. The chemist slipped a revolver into each pocket of his serge coat, lighted another cigar, and returned to the cast house with the air of a man who was taking an aiternoon walk in Fifth avenue. He surveyed the furnace from top to bottom. The filters were breaking up ore and lime stone and pitching it into barrows. The pig-bed men had just finished imprinting the form of woolen models for the cast. the form of woo len models for the cast, but both their suggestions are open Ottenhausen's eye fell upon a mass of to question. The old Lion of Whitehall dark cipder lying in the sand hole, bub-

'About twenty .ninutes," growled the inder-suapper.

cinder-snapper.
Ottenhausen gave the man a quick glance, and looked again at the cinder.
"You're lying," he said.
He seized the whistle rope and there followed three sharp blasts, the signal for

of tenhausen went nearer, the furnace and made a quick examination. A thin cloud of steam was rising. It came from behind in iron jacket, seeping through a joint. The water pipes of one of the tuyeres had been cut. To Ottenhausen that meant that the water which cooled the nozzle of the tuyere through which the hot air of the blast was forced, was escating into the furnace. Ottenhausen knew a furnace as a child knows its alphabet. He saw that the end of the tuyere was being clogged with metal, and that it would only be a question of half that it would only be a question of haif an hour before the hearth would be filled with a solid mass of chilled iron, unless the contents of the great grueible un out and the leaking of the water was

Ottenhauser, saw the men move closer together. He stood there in scorehing heat. His brain was in a whirl. He feit the thumping of his heart. His thumbs were in the armholes of his waisteau. His face gave no sign of the riot of thoughts it, his brain. He backed against thoughts it, his brain. He backed against a pile of iron, and with a quick move ment drew the revolvers from his coat tickets and leveled them at the group of men. Then he said, and his words were quick and sharp as the blows of a triphammet: "I'll kill the first men who dischers orders. Iron those clubs and that

wouldn't shoot.

There came a crackling sound, and the man jumped clear of the sand, holding one hand to a bleeding ear.

"Anybody else care to call me?" said Ottenhausen, as he swung two shiny

weapons again toward the crowd.

The furnace keeper opened the vent and a smoking stream of siag flowed forth. A single blast of the whistle and the filler lowered the bell. A pillar of flam-ing gas showed thirty sulen faces and one face caim and determined.
"Open the iron notch, you

iron notch, you renown snapped Ottenhausen, men by as many pokes of a revolver bar

Two men, bare to the waist, hammered with heavy sledges until steel bars were slowly forced into the hard clay which A scaled the lower gate of the furnace. The searthen stopper became a glowing shell.

The inen drew back. The third man stepped to the side plane of the stopper became a glowing shell. ped to one side, plunged an iron bar into the furnace's mouth and gave it a quies turn. A fiery flood issued from the noten

case house was illuminated by a which grew fainter and fainter, Darkn

8 Standing with his back to a mass of 'von 6. Ottenhausen saw the form of James perintendent, looked at Ottenhausen as moment, smote the big dosk before hun, and burst into a roar of laughter.

"I see no cause for merriment," said Ottenhausen, with a look in his eyes which caused the big superintendent to roop short.

"Excuse me old man," replied Hunt.

"Excuse me old man," replied Hunt. "but I can't help it. I started to warn you when I saw you setting off on that old beast, but I was too late."

"You will present my compliments to Mrs. Hunt," said Ottenhausen, "and say to her that, on account of circumstances over which I had no control. I cannot of Ottenhausen to the house party at Eagle's Nest in an uproar. Hunt started for the scene, and his guests followed him.

"Only a "ittle copleasantness," remark-

ed Ottenhausen to the superinten "We're getting along all right now." James Bont being an altogether dis-creet person, stood back and permitted

midst of all this gayety I am a little getting things in shape again. Suppose a bit worried. There is something queer couple if you take out that tuyere. There was almost a cheerful alacrity in There was almost a cheerful alacrity in the way in which the men now obeyed. The furnace needs watching. We've got a pretty tough gang here. Don't take any nonsense from them."

Ottenhausen said he would not have the least objection. He lighted a cigar after supper, and in the gathering dusk walked leisurery toward the furnace, way the mass of iron which and pains. Only 25c at Burwell &

e young women did not recognize appeared upon the scene. 'you won't at-m, ways he a chemist. As for me, I rather "Did you ever see anything so ridic-think I have something to explain. The president of the company was down here and saw the whole business. Confound

house parties, any way."
He of the Red Ox group of anarchists awful, but I couldn't help laughling. He strater handsome, too, isn't he?"

Ottenhausen, walking toward the furnace and James Hunt once more held the reins. As for Ottenhausen, link that he had done anything fing to a sopling; her laughling face was framed in dark halr.

"It was ludicrous," he mused. "I dish't think it was very funnny at the time. I begin to wish that I had stuck it out and gone to the party anyway."

His reverie was suddenly cut short. He haard a whizzing scund close to his ear; something hard struck the ground with in a few inches of his feet and sent bits of cinder flying. He stooped, looked down and saw a piece of iron ore as bits ist. He glaused around him. The night gang had just come on.

"According to the theory of project."

"According to the theory of project who have the company. He owns a go Coal and Iron Company. He owns a Hall, President, Atlanta, Ga.

bandsome house in the West End which puts Eagle's Next to shame. There provides over that household a blue-eyed woman. Three minutes later the man felt a hand upon his shoulder.

"What do you mean?" demanded Ottenhausen. "Trying to kill me, were you? If I we've certain that you threw that from ore. If break every bons in your body.

"I float go to do it." protested the Ipp officer. "It fell off."

Ottenhausen glared at the man for a moment and then turned on his heel. "It won't be healthy for you if anything of the kind happens again," remarked the young chemist as he went away.

The top filler grimed as he saw the head of Ottenhausen disappear. "It won't be healthy for you, either, my pretty, before you get through with to-night," he muttered.

Ottenlausen went to the office and entered his little hed-room. He took from you over his nead."

Ottenlausen went to the office and entered his little hed-room. He took from you over his nead."

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Ottenlausen went to the office and entered his little hed-room. He took from you over his nead."

Deland winch puts Eagle's Next to shame. There grise we will an anniversary the other day it really doesn't matter how long they be were hered as anniversary the other day it really doesn't matter how long they be were hered as anniversary the other day it really doesn't matter how long they be were his head as anniversary the other day it really doesn't matter how house in the want. There were yous file over that household a blue-eyed woman with a matter day had on the gray doesn't matter how house in the hause. There were yous his found in treally doesn't matter how house in the hause over that household a blue-eyed woman with a matter day it really doesn't matter house house in the hause of the other day it really doesn't matter house was had found as anniversary the other day it really doesn't matter house was had found as anniversary the other day it really doesn't matter house he

THE OLD LION OF WHITEHALL

Henry Watterson's Paper on Cassius M Clay and on Kentucky.

Louisville Courier-Journal. Some one said the other day of Gen. Cassius Marcellus Clay: "Of course he's crazy, but it would not be safe for anybody to tell him so." The words sound smart enough for an epigram; but both their suggestions are open lied low now; he is a menace no longer ling and sputtering.
"How long has this been drawn off?" to friend or foe; hardly a terror; but as the admiring relict of the prizefighter, undefeated save by death, observed, as he took a last fond look upon the cold features of the defunct, 'He was a hoss in his day!'

Aye, and what a day had the wonderful monagenarian, who still tarries casting. From the cast house and the fill-ing floor thirty men shambled toward the hearth of the furnace. There was a look of evil in their eyes. Some of them held their hands behind their backs. Ottenhausen went nearers the furnace priority in the production of herees,

those living before their time, in advance of their generation and their day. Here was one living long after; one of Barbarossa's men left out in the final muster; one of Clan-na-Gael of Richard Yea-and-Nay, strangely omitted from the roster displayed in that queer old cathedral of Meaux; chevalier of Arthur and the Table Round; a paladin of Charlemagne and the Middle Ages. These last two centuries he could have existed nowhere ise on the face of the globe than in Kentucky; for Kentucky time out mind has been the home of all that s nobly barbaric-the last refuge of the battle-axe in human nature and

many aspects, the sobriquet of "the dark and bloody ground." The outbreaks of violence in othe parts of the country are as frequent and as flagrant as they are with us There is as much outlawry on the other side of the Ohio river as on this. Yesterday Illinois furnished the horrid example, to-day it is Indiana. To morrow, it may be-which of the selfrighteous States from Rhode Island to Delaware that are so handy in the matter of the casting of stones? At least in Kentucky we order these

destiny-justly earning, and that in

things differently, and Cassius Marcelhas Clay led the procession three-scoreous, intolerant; the armed apostle of the gospel of freedom and force; the arrogant belligerant minister of the lowly and the poor; his word on his tongue, his knife and his gun in his belt, his life in his hand-such was Cassius Marcellus Clay from 1836 to

When Lincoln came in, the old lion stood at the front. He was a handsome, distinguished man in appearance. But even as a high diplomatist and subsequently as a soldier, he lackd moderation and self-restraint. His character, spirit and method belonged to foudal times. He was by no means without ability and culture. Man to man, he was away above the average. His fallure to improve the oppor-

tunity which had come to him through such strenuous events, and and been so long coming, was ascribable to his inability to adjust himself to any fixed ondition imposing any kind of disripline, particularly any kind of subordination: Mr. Lincoln regarded him with alternate admiration and amazement; but he soon discovered that he could not trust him with responsibility requiring either delicacy of touch or self-effacement.

We live in canny times, in times of opulence and peace; that is to say, we think we do-and the world, we fancy, adjusting itself to the changed conditions. Certainly men of the kind who live to shoot and who shoot to kil!-as distinguished from the criminal classes, admittedly inconvenient as neighbors and visiting acquaintances-are, happily, becoming fewer and fewer. Their final going will not be the occa-

sion of very much regret. Yet no one of us can withhold a certain admiration of the spirit which has burned within the bosom of this old Lion of Whitehall, even as we are bound to confess a certain irresistible awe in his majestic presence. Who shall fathom the depths of that overpowering personality, that bottomest abyss of transcendent Quixotism?

"For years fate was after me continand pains. Only 25c a Dunn Co.'s Drug Store.

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LOSING WEIGHT If so then your system is out of balance, and there is a flaw somewhere in your constitution. and a possibility that you are losing health, too. The falling off in weight may be slight, but it makes a wonderful change in one's looks and feelings, and unless the building up process is begun in time. vitality and strength are soon gone and health quickly follows. If you are losing weight there is

a cause for it. Your blood is deteriorating and becoming too poor to properly nourish the body, and it must be purified and enriched before lost weight is regained. It requires something more than an ordinary tonic to build up a feeble constitution, for unless the poisons and germs that are lurking in the blood are destroyed, they will further impoverish the blood and weaken the system, and you continue to lose weight. In S. S. S. will be found purifying and tonic properties combined. It

not only builds up weak constitutions, but searches out and destroys germs and poisons of every description and cleanses the system of all impurities, thus laying the foundation for a healthy, steady increase in weight

and future good health. Food may be bountiful and the appetite good, but still the system weakens and we remain poor in flesh and tearless; conceiving himself an and turned into rich, pure blood. the good it did me. My health is now perfect, and I believe if everyemissary of heaven; god-like, yet like S. S. S. re-inforces the Stomach and aids the digestion and assimilation of occasionally, they would enjoy life food, and there is a rapid up-building as I am doing. W. L. WINSTON. of health and strength. S. S. S. acts

promptly and beneficially upon the nervous system, strengthens and tones it up, and relieves the strain by producing sound, refreshing sleep. You can find no tonic so invigorating as S. S., and being composed exclusively of roots and herbs its use is attended with no bad effects. Old people will find that it braces them up, improves the circulation of the blood, and

stimulates all the bodily organs, and persons of delicate constitutions can take S. S. S. with safety, as it does not derange the Stomach like the strong mineral remedies, but acts gently and without any shock to the system. Those whose feelings tell them they are not

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