

VISIT TO NIAGARA

B. H. Bulla, a former Randolph boy, who now lives in Pennsylvania, has recently made a trip to Niagara Falls. In a letter to home folks he gives the following account of his trip, which will be of interest to those who know him:

The clock has just struck ten p. m., but I want to write you before going to bed. I am sending you some post cards and folders, giving views of the Falls which I had the very great pleasure of seeing yesterday. I scribbled a little about my visit on the cards, while waiting for my train at Buffalo.

Even since coming to Bradford, I have been anxious to visit the Falls. Now I can say I have seen them and truthfully it was one great day in my life. As I take my pen here in my room tonight and look back on yesterday's scenes, I become religious in feeling, and am thankful to the ruler of Providence that I was privileged to see this great wonder of nature.

I would like very much to describe the contrast to you adequately, but, of course, I cannot. However, I will attempt to describe our visit to the "Cave of the Winds." I may exaggerate some for I want to describe my feelings as well as the actual conditions but I shall stick as nearly as possible to the truth. Nearly all the people here have been to the Falls, but on asking, I find that only a small per cent. have gone to the "Cave." The truth of the matter is, only a few have the nerve. One man told me today that he had been to the Falls at least a dozen times but had never been to the "Cave of the Winds," and furthermore he did not think he ever would. Now I am not writing this to make a hero of myself, I can't say that I am anxious to make the trip again, but I am glad I did make it once.

To make this trip requires a rubber suit. I walked into the dressing pavilion, asked for a suit, paid the fee, one dollar, went into a booth, pulled off every stitch of clothing, put on a heavy woolen undershirt, stockings and felt shoes, a pair of rubber pants, a rubber coat, and then told the guide I was ready. Four women, the guide, and I made up the party. The women had on pants just like mine and coats like the one I had only theirs were a little longer.

Down, down, down we went, round and round and round the old winding stairway, known as the Dibble stair way, built in 1827, until we reached an immense pile of loose stone and gravel which had crumbled and fallen from the perpendicular rock walls, nearly two hundred feet high, lining either side of Niagara river. Looking at the pictures I am sending, you will see the wandering pathway which leads from the foot of the stair way to the cave. Before entering the mist we stopped to look at that great volume of water as it took a leap of 167 feet, and with a thunder like roar, disappeared in the abyss below. As the water left the brink above it seemed to turn into foam or fine spray, white as the whitest snow. I do not exaggerate, I never before knew how white a thing could be or appear. I never expect to see anything as white this side of the "City above." I fell in love with the color (?) To me half the beauty and grandeur of the Falls is the "whiter than snow" appearance of the spray and mist. It was about noon, the sun was a little to our backs. It's rays coming from that direction threw a golden hue on portions of the Falls; rain bows displayed at our feet and the very fountains of my emotions were stirred. If there is a spot on earth that looks like the hill tops of the glory world, this is the spot. I could sing literally, "Golden sunbeams round me play." But I must hasten or we will not get to the cave tonight much less get out. Only a few steps further and we get our first shower bath. The air put in motion by the falling water, comes rushing down the small ravine over which we are crossing on a wooden foot bridge. My rubber hood is about to be blown off by the violent windstorm. I threw up my hands to tighten it when what seems to be a quart of water, cold as ice, went streaming down my sleeve. However, this first shower lasted only a few seconds and before we took the next one I saw to it that my hood was secure.

Leaving the bridge behind we came to a very large rock, called "The Rock of Ages." At first I took the name lightly, thinking that it was only natural to give each stopping place on the famous route to the "Cave of the Winds" some kind of a name. I even thought it was a little sacrilegious to have it so named. But standing there in the rock, for we really were in it, the pathway having been blasted out through it, and taking in the surroundings, and above all remembering the characteristics and redeeming works of its great namesake—the true Rock of Ages—I saw and felt the appropriateness of the name. Perhaps there is to be found nowhere a structure, natural or otherwise, put to such a severe test as is the "Rock of Ages" at Niagara Falls. For ages and ages

CLASS POEM

(Written by Miss Ruth McPherson and read at the class day exercises of the Asheboro graded school, last month.)

In the dim uncertain future,
When we are growing old,
Will we forget our schooldays
And the class of green and gold?

Or will those days be long remembered
For things we've done so kind and good?
May others follow our example
And do everything as they should!

Long we have labored and studied,
And in these years we've attained much
In all the subjects we've taken,
Arithmetic, Latin, Geometry and such.

During all these years of labor,
Marriage and death have thinned our ranks;
But now, as our goal we have reached,
For the twelve that are left, let's give thanks.

What matter if eleven are girls
Since there's so much women can do?
In peace, politics and warfare,
She is always faithful and true.

Now as we appear before you,
We feel that we are the best you've seen.
And we wish you to look upon us
As the loyal class of fifteen.

Ere we leave these dear old halls,
Into this wide world to stray,
Let us herald loud our motto,
"Cape Diem," seize the day.

**COLERIDGE TO CELEBRATE
JULY 4**

Coleridge is to have a celebration July 3rd. Public speaking, two big ball games, races, and other amusements will be given.

We have now completed the best ball park that Randolph county has, and it is our intention to give two interesting ball games on the 3rd of July. You will not make a miss by coming to Coleridge to spend the day.

The Tramps Convention, a farce comedy, will be rendered the night of the 3rd by 17 boys.

Admission: reserved seats, 25 and 35 cents. Adults, 15 cents; children, 10 cents. Everybody invited.

Dr. C. I. Schofield, editor of the famous Scofield Reference Bible has written a series of six articles under the title of "Six Simple Studies in Prophecy" or "History Written in Advance." About the last of June these articles will begin to appear in the Sunday School Times, an every-week religious paper published at Philadelphia, Pa. A three week's free trial of the paper, including one or more of these articles, may be had upon request, as long as the supply lasts, if you mention the article wanted.

tons upon tons of water falling 167 feet have tried this rock, yet it remains unmoved and unshaken. Do we not say, "A wonderful illustration of the true Rock of Ages?"

Again we take up our journey. The mist is getting thicker, more water is coming down on our heads, the wind storm is increasing, and so great is the noise that my lady companion and I have to shout into each other's ears to be heard at all. Suddenly as though nature saw we needed a little respite before entering upon the worst section of our journey, we come to an opening. The mist blew away, the water ceased to come down on us, the sun came out to warm our heads, rainbows played at our feet again. Looking up we saw the crowd far above us watching our progress. Becoming warmed up from the chilling effects of our last deluge, tightening our hoods, and giving a final wave to our friends above, we turned and faced the snow-white, thick clouds of mist ahead of us. Soon I can see nothing but a bit of the hand rail and the pant legs of my lady friend. On we go. It gets worse, the wind, coming from every direction, has increased to a terrific hurricane. We must now be in the "Cave," but we cannot see and no one can tell us for the noise is that of a thousand thunders.

Now let me give you something. Just imagine yourself blinded by water thrown into your eyes, a windstorm raging so fiercely that you had to hold for dear life else you would be blown away. Pounds and pounds of water falling on your head and shoulders, a noise, I can safely say, many many times greater than the loudest thunder peal you ever heard, the pressure on all sides so great that you felt like every bone in you would be shattered—I say imagine all this if you can and you will get some idea of how I felt. For an eternal five minutes we felt our way through this place. Then quickly emerging we found ourselves in the beautiful sunlight once more, and I was glad.

PRACTICE WHAT WE PREACH

(Roy Cox.)

Even since the Gulflight, a ship flying the American flag at its mast-head, was sunk by a German submarine there has been naturally considerable discussion throughout this country, regarding the proper respect that should be shown to our flag by foreign nations. American patriotism is always stirred when some insult is offered to "Old Glory." Only last summer nineteen American sailors sacrificed their lives in a demonstration designed to make a revolutionary president of Mexico fire a salute to the flag. At the same time there were a dozen millions of men at home who would have done the same thing under the same circumstances. But how many American citizens show proper respect for the flag at home?

All over this country there are buildings over which the Stars and Stripes are wont to float. As a rule, however, no one can raise his eyes to these lofty flag poles and feel his breast expand with patriotic pride. There is a good reason why this is so. When one gazes upon the tattered and torn pieces of bunting flapping in the breeze, so faded and weather-beaten as to be almost unrecognizable, there is little response in the breast of the aforesaid person. Notice these flags wherever you may and unless they have recently been unfurled to the breeze they are frayed around the edges and showing the effects of the ravages of the weather.

The cause for this condition of these flags is simple. After the bright new piece of bunting is flung to the breezes it is forgotten. No matter how strong the cloth might be it cannot stand the ravages of the weather long. First it becomes frayed at the edges then slowly but surely flaps itself to shreds. During this process it naturally loses all color and becomes merely a dirty piece of rag.

Such neglect of the flag is not only disrespectful from the standpoint of patriotism, but it is also expensive. Flags cost money and it is throwing away money to let a flag stay out in the weather until it goes to pieces.

Certain rules regarding the treatment of flags have been laid down by the United States government. One of these rules is that the flag shall be hoisted every morning at sunup and lowered every evening at sunset. This rule is observed at army posts and on some Federal buildings, but not much on other public buildings. Of course it is not expected that managers of public buildings should go as far as that, but they could have some regular employee a part of whose duty should be to see that the flag was properly cared for. This would not only be patriotic, but also economical.

While our patriotism is stirred when some foreign nation is disrespectful to the flag, and our righteous wrath begins to vent itself, we should remember that we do not regard the flag at home with that deference that is due the emblem of the sacred rights of the American people. It is for us, then, as citizens of the greatest nation in the world to practice at home what we preach to Germany and Mexico, and to any other nation that may conduct itself in the same manner as Germany is doing and as Mexico has done.

Mr. M. H. LASSITER

Mr. M. H. Lassiter died Sunday, June 6, after an illness of several days. He had been in feeble health for several months, but was able to look after his farm work till a few days before he died.

He will be missed in his home and by his neighbors. He was always ready to go to the aid of an unfortunate friend. The poor never went from his door empty handed. He always thought of others before he thought of himself. He leaves a wife, nine children, and a host of friends to mourn their loss.

Interment took place Monday at 2 o'clock, Science Hill church, of which he was a faithful member.—Correspondent.

**WINSTON-SALEM MAN
SAVED FROM DEATH**

J. E. Erwin Says Wonderful Remedy Brought Him Astonishing Relief.

J. E. Erwin, of Winston-Salem, N. C., was for a long time the victim of serious disorders of the stomach. He tried all kinds of treatments and had many doctors.

One day he took a dose of Mayr's Wonderful Remedy and was astonished at the results. The help he sought had come. He wrote:

"I am satisfied through personal use of the life-saving powers of your Wonderful Remedy. You have saved my life. I could have lived but a few weeks more. I had it not been for your Remedy. I am enclosing a list of friend sufferers who need some of your remedy."

Mayr's Wonderful Remedy gives permanent results for stomach, liver and intestinal ailments. Eat as much and whatever you like. No more distress after eating, pressure of gas in the stomach and around the heart. Get one bottle of your druggist now and try it on an absolute guarantee—if not satisfactory money will be returned.

RESIGNATION OF MR. BRYAN

The country has an unprecedented sensation this week in the departure of William J. Bryan, Secretary of State, from the Cabinet of President Wilson. Those who know Mr. Bryan best will be at no loss to understand his position. He is a profound believer in the doctrines of conciliation that are embodied in his chain of peace treaties—that international differences should be submitted to arbitration, and that delay in action is a healer of differences. The events in the great and unhappy war drama have seemed to sidetrack for the time being Mr. Bryan's doctrines, but they have not become unimportant in the large perspective. He will be longest remembered because of broad foundations which he has helped to lay, and to which the world will grow. He has stood by his convictions at the expense of his place in President Wilson's Cabinet, and the thinking people of the United States will respect him for it. He has been consistent with himself.

No less consistent is the President of the United States and no less thoughtful in a trying time. The two men do not differ in their purpose to serve the highest interest of this country and of the world. They disagree on a line of immediate action. Mr. Wilson, slow moving, but firm in his march, has reached the conclusion that the United States must insist that its rights under international law be respected. To this point the communications between the two governments had led up. The country has seen this and will stand behind the President, as it will do now. He made his demand of Germany with full consideration of the scope and possibilities of the document. He has followed the logic of the situation thus created, and would make the United States the defender of the legal rights and privileges of neutrals.

Thus the executive and his secretary of state came to the parting of the ways. The one desires peace as much as the other. In view of the fact that all the world is a spectator, it is unfortunate that this break should have been reached. It will be held to reveal a division in the councils of this government, though none in the continuity of its leadership, for the President sits at the head of the table. It has been apparent for some time that President Wilson has taken a controlling hand in the conduct of our foreign affairs. His is the responsibility, and he has assumed it at this time, believing the firm straightforward way to be the one best calculated to achieve results important not only to this country but to humanity.—Editorial in Springfield Republican.

A curious aspect of the case is that Mr. Bryan has had to bear the brunt of pro-German criticism. Thus a correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung wrote some months ago: "President Wilson is less to be held responsible for a certain healthy uneasiness which shows itself in many measures, than Secretary Bryan. The latter has already done things on former occasions which his chief disavowed later." This representation of Mr. Bryan as the malevolent force perverting this country from what Germans consider proper neutrality is only to be equaled in absurdity by the denunciation of President Wilson by some British Tories secretly pro-German. Both men, however their courses have diverged, have been alike in sincerity of their desire for a strict neutrality. Germans in their franker moments admit that they are not good at politics; their grotesque misunderstanding of Mr. Bryan should be a hint that they have equally misunderstood the ideals and temper of the administration.—Springfield Republican.

A WORD FOR MR. CRANFORD

N. C. Cranford, who recently resigned his position as road superintendent over the chain gang, is thanking all who showed him kindness while he was in the county. He has returned to Randolph county, where he expects to farm and take care of an aged father and mother. He has done this at a sacrifice, but his good deed shines out the more clearly on this account. Mr. Cranford is a thorough-going fellow in whatever he does. He told one of his friends here of a hard struggle that he went through while building the Albemarle to Badin road, to make a man of himself morally. The fact that he ceased to be profane, and did away with all profanity and card playing on the gang, is indicative of the man's changed life. Some of the men under him almost worshipped him. Recently a negro, whose time was out, refused to leave the camp because he found life worth while with Mr. Cranford. A white man, whose term on the gang expired before the superintendent resigned, determined to remain with his boss, and is now helping Cranford farm.—Albemarle Enterprise.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Thomas B. Parks.

Whereas, the Supreme Architect of the Universe has been pleased to remove by death from our midst our beloved friend and brother, Thomas B. Parks, and

Whereas, we, the members of Marietta Lodge No. 444 A. F. & A. M., desire to express our appreciation of his life and our grief at his departure,

Be it resolved:
That we deeply deplore the loss of this loyal and devoted member of our Lodge at Ramseur who has been such a faithful supporter of the principles of Masonry and who brought joy and good cheer to so many of our members with whom he associated.

That we commend his example of loyalty and true devotion to our order to surviving members and friends.

That we extend to the members of his bereaved family our deepest sympathy. May our kind Heavenly Father comfort and protect each one of them.

That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our Lodge; that a copy be sent to Brother Parks' family, one to each of our county papers and one to the Orphan's Friend.

I. F. CRAVEN,
J. M. WHITEHEAD,
T. E. WEST,
Committee.

**A Doctor's Prescription for Cough—
An Effective Cough Treatment**

One-fourth to one teaspoonful of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken as needed, will soothe and check Coughs, Colds, and the more dangerous Bronchial and Lung Ailments. You can't afford to take the risk of serious illness, when so cheap and simple a remedy as Dr. King's New Discovery is obtainable. Go to your druggist today, get a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, start the treatment at once. You will be gratified for the relief and cure obtained.

**Coleridge Defeats Ramseur's Second
Nine**

Coleridge defeated the Ramseur boys Saturday June 5th. The game was the best one that has been played here during the season. Both sides worked hard during the entire game. The Coleridge boys are taking interest in base ball this season and we hope to make a good record this season. We are to have our park finished inside of a weeks time, and when finished it will be the best in Randolph county.

The score—
Ramseur, 8.
Coleridge, 9.
Batteries for Ramseur, Kivett and Reece; for Coleridge, Scotten and Steut.

Home runs, Cheek and Marley.
Home runs off Kivett two, off Scotten none.

Constipation Cured Overnight

A small dose of Po-Do-Lax tonight and you enjoy a full, free, easy bowel movement in the morning. No griping, for Po-Do-Lax is Podophyllin (May Apple) with the gripe. Po-Do-Lax corrects the cause of Constipation by arousing the liver, increasing the flow of bile. Bile is Nature's antiseptic in the bowels. With proper amount of bile, digestion in bowels is perfect. No gas, no fermentation, no Constipation. Don't be sick, nervous, irritable. Get a bottle of Po-Do-Lax from your druggist now and cure your Constipation overnight.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTIONS

The various township Sunday school conventions will be held as follows:
Brower township, at Mt. Olivet, third Sunday in June.
Franklinville, at Bethany M. P. church, fourth Sunday in June.

New Hope township, at Hillsboro, fourth Sunday in June.

Level Cross, first Sunday in July.
Richland township, at Maple Springs, second Sunday in July.

Columbia, at White's Chapel, third Sunday in July.

Coleridge, at Holly Springs, third Sunday in July.

Tabernacle, at Mt. Pleasant, Saturday before fourth Sunday in July.

Grant, at Spoon's Chapel, fourth Sunday in July.

Concord, at Tabor, fourth Sunday in July.

New Market, at Cedar Square, first Sunday in August.

All schools are urged to send delegates to these conventions. Interesting programs are being arranged and it is earnestly desired that those interested in Sunday school work come to these conventions and help to make them a success and plan for larger and better schools.

**RANDOLPH COUNTY SUNDAY
SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.**

A TINY COW

S. H. Kindley has some what of a curiosity in the shape of a little cow. It was fifteen months old the 6th of May and was only thirty-nine inches high at time of birth of calf which was April 28th. This is something out of the ordinary and a number of people have been to see for themselves. If anyone does not believe the above, let them go and see, too. The calf is small accordingly and is doing fine.—The Davidsonian.



Wonderfully
refreshing.
Delightfully
stimulating.
Crown Bottling Works
Asheboro, N.C.

Here. There. Everywhere.
At Fountains 5¢ or Bottled

MARRIAGES

Mr. Robert Berbert, of Pocahontas, Va., and Miss Freda Stern, of Greensboro, were married at the home of the bride's sister-in-law, Mrs. David Stern, in Greensboro, by Rabbi Friedlander, one day last week.

In the Friends church, in Greensboro, one day last week, by Rev. Joseph H. Peele, Mr. Daniel H. Brown, of Woodland, and Miss Christine Frazier.

In Wesley Memorial church, High Point, June 9, Dr. Glenn Alexander Laszby, of Statesville, and Miss Aileen Corelli Pitts, of High Point, by Dr. G. T. Rowe.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McFarland, in High Point, June 10, Mr. Lee Roy Wrenn and Miss Florence M. McFarland, by Rev. Dr. Fleming, pastor of the First Christian church of High Point.

MORTGAGE SALE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed executed by W. C. Thayer of Randolph county, to I. J. Fuller of Randolph county, on the 3rd day of July, 1908, and registered in the office of Register of Deeds of Randolph county, in Book No. 126, Page 241, default having been made in the payment of the bond thereof, the undersigned will sell to the highest bidder at public auction for cash at the court house door in Asheboro, N. C., on the 10TH DAY OF JULY, 1915 at 12 o'clock noon, the following property:

One-fourth interest in a certain piece of land lying and being in Randolph county, stated aforesaid, Tabernacle township, and described and defined as follows, to-wit:

Known as the Thayer mill tract, beginning at a red elm on the north end of mill dam; thence south 14 degrees east 6 chains and 26 links to a stone; thence south 49 1/2 degrees west 11 chains and 32 links to a stone; thence north 9 chains and 46 links to a stone; thence north 70 1/2 degrees east 9 chains and 65 links to a stone; thence up the race on a degraded line 10 chains and 46 links to the beginning, containing 17 1/2-100 acres more or less.

Terms of sale: Cash.
This the 8th day of June, 1915.
I. J. FULLER, Mortgagee.
D. C. MACRAE, Attorney.

NOTICE OF LAND SALE

By virtue of the powers vested in the undersigned by decree rendered in the special proceeding entitled "Ella T. Smith et al vs. John Troy et al." in the Superior Court of Randolph County, I will sell on

SATURDAY, THE 10TH OF JULY 1915, at 12 o'clock M., on the premises below described, the following lands situated in Randolph county, North Carolina, bounded as follows, to-wit: That certain tract of land known as the home place of the late A. L. Troy, containing 106.633 acres, more or less, the same being particularly bounded as described in the petition filed in said proceeding and in plat of survey made by C. S. Trogon, surveyor, filed in the office of the Clerk of said county to which reference is hereby made. Terms of sale: One-third cash, balance upon a credit of six months, approved security to be given for deferred payments, same to bear interest from day of sale, title retained until all purchase money is paid.
This June 7, 1915.
J. F. PICKET, Commissioner.

NOTICE OF LAND SALE

By virtue of the powers vested in the undersigned by decree rendered in the Superior Court of Randolph county in the special proceeding entitled "John W. Morgan vs. B. F. Morgan et al" I will sell at public auction at the court house door in Asheboro, N. C., on Saturday, the

10TH DAY OF JULY, 1915, at 12 o'clock M., the following lands situated in said county and in North Carolina, bounded as follows, to-wit: That certain tract of land known as the Benjamin Rush lands, the same being particularly bounded and described in the petition filed in said proceeding, containing 700 acres, more or less, boundaries to be read on day of sale.

Terms of sale: One-third cash, balance upon a credit of six months, approved security to be given for deferred payments, the same to bear interest from day of sale.
This June 7, 1915.
W. C. HAMMOND, Commissioner.