

THE TIMES
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LETTER HEADS, NOTE HEADS, STATE-
MENTS, BILL HEADS, ENVEL-
OPES, TAGS, VISITING CARDS, WED-
DING INVITATIONS, ETC., ETC.
GOOD PRINTING ALWAYS PAYS

THE CONCORD TIMES.

John B. Sherrill, Editor and Owner.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XX.

CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1903.

NUMBER 28.

THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES

Landing Paper in This Section.

LARGE AND ESTABLISHED CIRCULATION

ESTABLISHED IN 1878.

If you have anything to sell, let
the people know it.



Mirth is an almost in-
fallible sign of good
health. A sick woman
may force a smile or at
times be moved to laugh-
ter. But when a woman
is babbling over with
mirth and merriment she
is surely a well woman.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has
made thousands of melancholy and mis-
erable women cheerful and happy by
curing the painful womanly diseases
which undermine a woman's health and
strength. It establishes regularity and
so does away with monthly misery. It
dries debilitating drains and so cures
the cause of much womanly weakness.
It heals inflammation and ulceration,
and cures the bearing-down pains,
which are such a source of suffering to
sick women.

"I take great pleasure in recommending Dr.
Pierce's Favorite Prescription for female weak-
ness," writes Mrs. Susannah Permenter,
of Paulsboro, N. J. "I was troubled
with bearing-down pains in my back and hips
for six years, and I wrote to Doctor Pierce for
advice. I tried his Favorite Prescription and
six bottles cured me of all my troubles, and
I thank Dr. Pierce for my health. Life is a
burden to any one without health. I have had
a great many of my friends about the great
medicine I took."

Accept no substitute for "Favorite
Prescription." There is nothing "just
as good."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical
Adviser, is sent free to all who send
stamps to pay expense of mailing only.
Send at once stamps for the paper
covered book, or 31 stamps for the
cloth bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce,
Buffalo, N. Y.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. H. C. HERRING, DENTIST.

is now on the ground floor of the Titaker
Building.

DR. W. C. HOUSTON

Surgeon Dentist.

L. T. HARTSELL,

Attorney-at-Law.

Drs. Lilly & Walker,

offer their professional services to the citi-
zens of Concord and surrounding country.
Calls promptly attended day or night.

W. J. MONTGOMERY, J. LEMOROWEL

MONTGOMERY & CROWELL,

Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law.

BRICK! BRICK!

BRICK!

A brick is a brick; yes, but with a differ-
ence in them. Good brick, good machinery,
up-to-date methods, in fact, a thousand de-
tails are a necessity to produce the best
brick. We have our plant fully equipped
for a capacity of 45,000,000 not only that, but
have a body of the finest river clay ever lo-
cated in this country. Our plant is on the
Catawba river near Fort Mill, S. C., and
shipping station, Grattan, S. C.

"A man is a man for a' that," but what a
difference in men. You require the best lum-
ber for your house; the best coal for your en-
gine; the best flour for your table. One does
not buy a common horse when he can get a
much better one for near the same price.
This is true about everything one needs.

In a building nothing is more essential
than good material. It adds to the safety
and wear, besides it will sell for more. Who
would not pay more for a building put up
out of first quality material than for one
thrown together out of common ordinary
brick.

Let Us Correspond With You.

Prompt Service in Shipments.

Charlotte Brick Company,

OFFICE WITH

S. S. MCINCH & COMPANY,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Dec. 18-3m.

Machinery for Sale.

One pair Platform Scales.

One 20 horse power Boiler.

One 40 horse power boiler.

One Cotton Press.

One 20 horse power Engine.

Two Cotton Gins.

One Saw Mill.

Lot of Shafting.

Apply to

MRS. M. L. GOODMAN,

or Z. A. MORRIS.

REV. SAM JONES WRITES ABOUT THE MARRIAGE TIE.

Atlanta Journal.

This is January 1st, Anno Domini,
nineteen hundred and three. This is a
record day, the beginning of a new
year, a historic day because of the reso-
lutions which are formed and the pur-
poses fixed on nobler and better things.
How many things we have quit today,
and how many things we are going to
do tomorrow, and so forth and so on,
will ever make January 1st a memora-
ble day.

But yesterday was a great day with
me and my wife and somebody else.
A prettier day I never saw, an ideal
day it was, an ideal evening came on
as the sun told us goodnight and the
new moon appeared on the scene. It
was the culmination of days of prepara-
tion in our home for the wedding of
daughter Laura with Mr. David Flour-
noy, of Paducah, Ky. When something
is going to happen I kind of like to see
preparation for it. There were many
things connected with daughter's wed-
ding that brought up the memories of
35 years ago when I stood at the altar
with her mother, when I esteemed as
pretty as a rose. When the minister
said in conclusion then, "in the name
of the triune God I pronounce you
man and wife," and our love and lives,
like mingling dew-drops on a rose,
has since then been to both of us a
constant inspiration and conscious
strength. There was much said last
night about the beauty of the bride,
but let me say, I never have and I
never shall see a prettier woman than
my wife. I have looked in her face af-
ter weeks of watching by her bedside
in her sickness, or when she had been
watching by the bedside of one of our
children for weeks in their sickness,
when other eyes could have seen per-
haps that every trace of beauty was
gone—the pale cheeks, the blue veins
marking their way down from fore-
head to chin, the sunken eyes, sallow
complexion; but as I looked upon her
as she sat beside a sick one in our
home, care-worn and pale, to me she
looked a thousand times more beau-
tiful than she did a blooming girl stand-
ing by my side at the marital altar. I
have said it, and stick to it, "I like my
wife." I have told her many a time
that in all my rounds and travels it
was precious few women that ever I
met that I liked better than I did my
wife. It is one thing to marry and an-
other to be married. These latter day
marriage licenses with divorce coupons
attached are the devil's way-bills to
hell. To be an old maid is not to be
the most charming thing in all the
world. An old bachelor is a very un-
charming thing.

Paul said: "It is better to marry
than to burn." I do not suppose he
meant that I who did not marry
burned, but the man or woman who
has never enjoyed the bliss of real
married life can never develop the
best rounded character, but an old
maid's life or an old bachelor's life
is a thousand times more preferable
than a mismatched pair. Oh, the
scandals, the heartaches, the regrets,
that come out of a life like that. How
many heartaches, mothers and fathers
and friends have suffered because of
mismatched pairs among their children
and those they love. Divorces these
days are as common as pig tracks, and
so much the worse for society. Vienna,
now in the throes of public scandal,
enough to startle the world. Fre-
quently we are started in America by
social scandals enough to disgrace the
nation, but where "married" means
"mated ones," there is no more holy,
divine relation, in all the world, and
in the radius of a home like this are
made and matured the grandest char-
acters the world has ever known.

The test of love is sacrifice. In other
words, selfishness and love cannot live
beneath the same roof. It is the self-
dedicatory love—the groom who gives
himself to the bride and the bride who
gives herself to the groom in self-
dedicatory love will never disgrace home
and friends with divorce scandals and
marital rackets. A man who marries
a woman is all right; but the mistake
was made in the beginning. A man never
turns to a dog, it is first a pup and
then a dog. If the woman who marries
a man is all right she is not all right
yet; she has sense enough to see it.
Lucky chance has saved a many a fel-
low more than his own good judgment
in choosing. Solomon said: "It is
better to dwell on the house-top when
the wind and storms and rains blow on
you than to be within the house with a
brawling woman," but a woman don't
brawl until her husband beg us to
sing, and with the spirit and with the
understanding:

"I would not live always, I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
the way."

We have not spent much of today in
rosate resolutions and fixing determi-
nation, but we have been busy adjust-
ing home to its normal conditions, and
thinking and praying about the girl
that is absent now from the home
circle, but her cheery voice and bright
smiles, as the train moved off last night

amid the whistling of the engine and the dazzling electric lights which adorned the same—those cheery words and bright eyes linger with us today, and cheer us amid the fact that we mis- er so much. A telegram received from her today en route saying: "All well and nappy on the way." Had the effect of cheering us amid our thoughts. But, after all, we started in yesterday with seven children, and we have eight today. So, really, we have not lost a daughter, but found a son, with whom we are well pleased.

Yours truly,
SAM P. JONES.

A Burglar's Adventure.

The burglar had entered the house as
quietly as possible, but his shoes were
not padded and they made some noise.
He had just reached the door of the bed-
room, when he heard someone moving
in the bed as if about to get up, and he
paused. The sound of a woman's voice
floated to his ears.

"If you don't take off your boots
when you come into this house," it
said, "there's likely to be trouble, and
a whole lot of it. Here it's been rain-
ing for three hours, and you dare to
tramp over my carpets, with your wet
and muddy boots on. Go down stairs
and take them off this minute."

He went down stairs without a word,
but he didn't take off his boots. In-
stead he went straight out into the
night again, and his fellow-burglar,
who was waiting for him, saw tears
glisten in his eyes. "I can't rob that
house," he said in feeling tones. "It
reminds me of home."

"Chumps to Let Cuba Go."

"We acted like the greatest set of
chumps the world has ever known when
we let that island go," said the Hon.
Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta
Constitution, last week in speaking of
Cuba. Mr. Howell accompanied by his
wife, had just returned from Havana.
It was Mr. Howell's first visit to Cuba
in eight years and he was
surprised at the changes that have been
wrought.

"We let a great opportunity slip,"
said Mr. Howell, "when we gave that
island up. The Teller amendment was
a great mistake. No one can visit Cuba
to-day without seeing its immense pos-
sibilities. In letting it go we simply
acted as superlative chumps."
"Havana to-day is the cleanest city in
the world, I believe. I never saw any-
thing like it. Miles and miles of street
just as clean as one's front yard. They
have not had a case of yellow fever
there in eighteen months. The people
showing the ability to govern them-
selves. The country is free from debt
and has \$2,500,000 in the treasury. The
Government has been established in
the island only since last May. I re-
member. Of course, the American
occupation started the improvements.
"I still think the island will be ulti-
mately annexed to the United States,
but no one can say when it will come.
I believe now this will result from the
Americanization of the island. Ameri-
can money is the recognized stand there
now, and Americans are invading the
island in every field."

To See Into Ocean Depths.

KIEL, Jan. 16.—The naval authorities
here are making preparation to test
Signor Pinos's hydroscop, by means of
which, it is said, human eyesight is
enabled to penetrate the sea to an
incredible depth and for an enormous
radius.

A naval official who witnessed an ex-
periment with the hydroscop in the
Mediterranean says that the instrument
can be operated from the deck of a
ship, making visible cables, torpedoes,
etc. It is said that the invention ought
to nullify the dangerous character of
submarine boats. The inventor is an
Italian.

A Marvellous Invention.

Wonders never cease. A machine has
been invented that will cut paste and
hang wall paper. The field of inventions
and discoveries seems to be unlimited.
Notable among great discoveries is
Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption.
It has done a world of good for
weak lungs and saved many a life.
Thousands have used it and conquered
Grip, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Con-
sumption. Their general verdict is:
"It's the best and most reliable medi-
cine for throat and lung troubles. Every
50c and \$1.00 bottle is guaranteed by
P. B. Fetzler druggist. Trail bottles free.

Truth.

The religion that does not teach a
man to strive to pay all his honest
debts will not bring him reward in the
next world. Of all things that the
Bible teaches, none receives more stress
than that a man should be thoroughly
honest.

Every Bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Warranted.

We guarantee every bottle Cham-
berlain's Cough Remedy and will refund
the money to anyone who is not satis-
fied after using two thirds of the contents.
This is the best remedy in the world
for the gripe, coughs, colds, croup and
whooping cough and is pleasant and
safe to take. It prevents any tenden-
cy of a cold to result in pneumonia—M.
L. Yarrh, druggist.

Domestic Troubles.

It is exceptional to find a family where
there are no domestic ruptures occasion-
ally, but these can be lessened by hav-
ing Dr. King's New Life Pills around.
Much trouble they save by their great
work in the stomach and liver troubles.
They not only relieve you, but cure. 25c.
At Fetzler's drug store.

BILL ABP'S LETTERS.

Atlanta Constitution.

The record is broken. Out of twenty-
one grand children the first marriage
was celebrated yesterday. A grand-
daughter has found a mate and gone
off with him. That is all right. It is
according to nature and there is noth-
ing to cry about when the young folk
have chosen wisely and well. There is
no goodlier sight in all nature than to
see a good looking, healthy young man,
who is making an honest living, stand-
ing up at the altar with a sweet, good-
tempered, affectionate, industrious girl
and the parents on both sides approv-
ing the match. Marriage is a very seri-
ous business, and my observation has
been that those made among the well-
to-do common people are generally
happier than those made in cities
among the families of the rich. Chil-
dren raised to work and wait on them-
selves make better husbands and better
wives than those raised in luxury. It
is mighty hard for a man to please his
wife and keep her in good humor if
she has been petted by her parents and
never knew a want and had no useful
work to do. She soon takes the enqui-
ry on the connivings or the "don't know
what I want" and must go back to ma.
A young girl who never cleaned up her
own room or made any of her own
clothes or helped to nurse her mother's
baby did nothing but dress and visit
and go to the theater will never
make a good wife. This wife and
mother business is hard work. The
mother of six, eight or ten children has
seen sights. She knows what care is
and anxiety and sleepless nights and
one of these butterfly women can't
stand it. One child will dry her up
and two will about finish her and if it
was not for contented milk the children
would perish to death like the calves in
Florida, where the cows don't give
enough milk to color the coffee and they
have to raise the calves on the bottle.

But our grandchildren are all of good,
healthy working stock. We have raised
ten of our own and the Lord has blessed
them in form and feature and old
Agur's prayer has saved them from
poverty and riches. I have worked and
so has my wife and our children work
and have held their own and are now
helping us in our old age. I won't say
what I have done all of these fifty-three
years of married life, but my wife had
made over a thousand little garments
with her own hands before ever a sewing
machine was brought to our town and
she found time to keep me in
plaited bosom shirts besides. I bought
the first machine that came—A Grover
& Baker, for \$125. The next, a Wheeler
& Wilson, for \$100, and so on down
and now we have a Home and Farm
for \$20, which is the best we ever had.
It is worth mentioning that Howe,
the first inventor, could not get his ma-
chine introduced in this country for
ten years and had it patented in Eng-
land and all the use they had for it
there was to stitch the soles on to boots
and shoes.

Yes, our pretty grand-daughter has
mated and married and gone. Julia
Smith is now Mrs. Julian Smith—not
much change in her name was there—
only added the little letter "n". We
gave him a cordial welcome into our
family, for we have heard nothing but
good concerning him and commend
our grand-child to the good people of
Solna and the good state of Alabama,
which is our own Georgia's daughter.
There may they rest and "live long and
prosper."

"I am still sick. As the lawyers say,
"I live to languish, and languishing
do," but I am on the upgrade and my
swollen extremities are reducing their
compass and my wife says it will soon
be time to plant sweet peas and
trim up her rose bushes. Two months
from yesterday will be the fifty-fourth
anniversary of our wedding and the
children and grand children have prom-
ised to gather at the paternal mansion
and rejoice together over the Lord's
goodness unto us.

But I must stop now, for it tires me
to write. My daughter who helps me
in teaching school and I get tired bend-
ing over to my work. I feel like saying
with Byron:

"What's writ is writ,
Would it were worthier—but my visions fit
Less palpably before me and the glow
That in my spirit dwelt
Is guttering faint and low."

Well, the little pamphlet of General
H. R. Jackson's great speech and part
of Dave Webster's at Capon Springs is
now ready. Send to my friend, Ed.
Holland, Atlanta, Ga., and get it. It
will be postpaid for 25 cents. My last
book is about ready. Send to Mr. C. P.
Bryd, printer and publisher, Atlanta,
Ga., and get that, postpaid, for \$1.25.
My wife says the first two chapters
would be worth the money if I hadn't
told some stories on her.

BILL ABP.

Atlanta Constitution.

The Constitution has received from
Mr. John Wilber Jenkins, of Balti-
more, but who is a North Carolinian,
his projected programme for compul-
sory education in the south by local
option. The gist of his plan is that
southern states legislatures shall pass
local option laws under which, upon
application of one-fifth of the registered
voters, an election may be held in any
school district to determine whether
compulsory education shall prevail in
said district.

Mr. Jenkins is a progressive south-
erner who, with many thousands of his
countrymen, is zealously affected to
see the large percentage of illiteracy in
this section speedily diminished and
finally obliterated from our records.
Taking his idea from the success which
his followed the local option method of
dealing with fence laws and liquor laws
in the southern states, he is convinced
that much can be accomplished for the
gradual extension of general education
by the application of compulsory school
attendance law by local option. It has
judgement there are hundreds of school
districts in nearly all the southern states
that would, under such legislative per-
mission, at once establish compulsory
education.

In urging his idea Mr. Jenkins deals
very frankly with the objection to the
general education of the negro by com-
pulsion, but assumes that the school
districts will be delimited according to
the division of the races and that each
school district will set for itself—white
districts for the white school and black
districts for the black schools. And if
that assumption he is clearly wrong
and upon that failure of fact his scheme
at once falls to pieces.

The school districts in most of the
states are units in territory and admin-
istration and the same electoral vote
that would set up compulsory attend-
ance by the white children would set
it up for the colored children. School
funds are administered by the same
county school commissioners and by the
laws of the land they must make no
such discrimination in their use as the
Jenkins plan contemplates.

In deed the only way has local op-
tion plan can get a showing is legisla-
tion that will allow districts or counties
to impose local taxes and compulsory
attendance so that the parents of all
children in the jurisdiction, white and
black, shall pay the cost of such ex-
tended school facilities. Mr. Jenkins
could revise his plan on that basis and
come with it again.

An Investment in Good Roads.
Baltimore Sun.

Mecklenburg county, North Caro-
lina, in which Charlotte is the principal
city, has long been held up as a
model by advocates of road improve-
ment. That county has for many
years been laying excellent macadam
roads that the makers believe will last
for generations.

EDUCATION BY LOCAL OPTION.

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ment. That county has for many
years been laying excellent macadam
roads that the makers believe will last
for generations.

A recent statement of Superintendent
of Roads S. T. Howe shows that 118
miles of these macadam roads have
been constructed and are now in use.
The saving to the farmer in transport-
ation has been great, as he can send
his produce to market in any kind of
weather, his teams draw several times
the loads they could over the old dirt
roads, and there are so few breakdowns
that the cost of repairs has been greatly
reduced. Farm property along these
roads has largely increased in value,
and the farming sections are more pro-
sperous.

The roads are made by convict labor,
the county using the latest improved
roadmaking machinery—crushers and
rollers. Rock found near the road is
utilized, and trained men superintend
the work.

Bonds were issued to pay for this
work, and the cost has been consider-
able, but that it is regarded as a paying
investment is shown by the fact that
preparations are being made to macadam-
ize more than 100 miles more, so
that all the principal roads in the
county may be joined in a complete
system.

An Argument Against Distilleries.
News and Observer.

The average country distillery is the
loafing place of the most worthless
characters of the surrounding country.
There are more crimes committed near
the still-houses and by reason of the in-
fluence of the stills than anybody sup-
poses. The tend to debauch the morals
of the men, destroy the young, and
stand as agencies for corrupting the
morale of the community in which
they are located. Here is a new and
strong argument for their abolition,
taken from the Newton Enterprise:

"Monday afternoon at Frank Smith's
distillery, two miles east of Newton,
Rufe Yount, colored, was shot by Noah
Rankin, colored. Yount is a half-
witted, inoffensive negro, and there
seems to be no way of accounting for
the dastardly deed except that it was
the reckless dare-devil work of a drunk-
en negro."

There are hundreds of such argu-
ments which will be potent to se-
cure the passage of a law abolishing
all distilleries in the rural districts.

A HUMAN AND A CANINE BOUND.

Essexville News-Letter.

Siلاس Lowe lived back in a small
mountain cove, not far from the beau-
tiful French Broad river. But the
beauty of this far-famed valley and
river had not entered into his life,
neither had the invigorating influence
of mountain climate affected his char-
acter. He did not represent that unlet-
tered, non-progressive class, who live
hid away in the coves. Siلاس was an
old character. He never did anything,
or said anything, that made the world
better or wiser. And yet, he was an
object of interest, because of the man-
ner of man he was.

The little cabin that sheltered him-
self and family, sheltered also his
flock of sheep during the severe
winter weather. This resulted not
from a tenderness for the brute crea-
tion, but because some form of pro-
tection was necessary. And why ex-
pend energy and effort to provide an
other place, when their presence in
the house was not in the least un-
pleasant or distasteful to him? This
man seldom went far from home. He
was never seen in the village, four
miles away, except on election day.
But he always marched promptly, and
generally early in the day, to the polls.
And, it is said, never failed to vote for
Abraham Lincoln.

But the thing that made Siلاس Lowe
most widely known and that entitled
him to a place in the Hall of Infamy
was the incarceration of his dog. The
cur that loafed about his master's in-
elegant home and lounged upon the
old dirt hearth, one day in a fit of anger,
fell upon and killed one of the chick-
ens before the eyes of Mrs. Lowe and
her only daughter. This unfortunate
fowl was one of the pets—a dearly be-
loved hen that roosted in the rear cor-
ner of the cabin, and was obedient to
every call of the owners. When the
friendly and obedient pet had died
such a horrible death, the wrath of the
family was at white heat. It was no
mountain snow storm. The tempera-
ture suggested hail, thunder, lightning
and terrific hurricane.

The dog was captured and tried.
Siلاس was judge, Mrs. Lowe and daugh-
ter were witnesses. These testified em-
phatically, yet truthfully against the
poor cur. The evidence showed that
the hen was guilty of theft, having
stolen part of the canine's dinner, and
that in a fit of anger the deed had
been done. This saved the defendant
from the death penalty. The judge
sentenced him to seven years' im-
prisonment.

An old corn crib, no longer used, if
it had ever been, was converted into a
prison. And here in close confinement
that cur served the full term, living all
the while upon very simple and meagre
fare. It would be a long story if we
were to recount the tale of the long,
monotonous days and dreary
nights of this lone prisoner. Let it not
be done.

I passed the place in the sixth year
of the memorable seven. There ap-
peared to be a tone in the barking of
the dog that suggested sorrow. This,
however, may have been imaginary on
my part. But the knowledge of this
odd incident in the history of a fam-
ily, clothed the place with interest to
me. So much so, that the appearance
of the cabin, amid the bushes and
weeds at the foot of the mountain with
a narrow path leading thereto, and of
the corn crib with its prisoner, have
become a part of the furnishings of
memory.

Did the dog ever get out? He was
released at the end of the time, but
died soon thereafter. The changed
habits of life, or an overplus of joy,
may have hastened his death. Where
is Siلاس Lowe, whose claim to distinc-
tion rests upon how he treated his dog?
I cannot tell