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His Glorious Fourth

By Nellie Cravey Gillmore

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THE runaway gave vent to a succession of despairing gasps, whined faintly and slid to a faltering standstill.

Aldrich surveyed the darkening sky with uneasy eyes, transferring them tentatively to the unsuspecting pink profile just above his left shoulder.

Dolly glanced up, interrogating his sudden silence, and encountered a decidedly anxious glance in return.

"Well, what is it?" she asked, trying hard to make her tone sound commonplace.

"I hate like the mischief to tell you, Miss Templeton, but as near as I can figure we are about nine miles from human habitation and the gasoline tank— He paused dramatically.

"Oh, Jimmy!"

Dolly threw out her hands in a second of hysterical abandon. Then she laughed in a little way that seemed to cover up a sob.

"I have often walked twelve," she announced presently in a highly cheerful voice, notwithstanding that the color had deserted her cheeks.

"But it is almost 7 o'clock, and I'm afraid—"

"Oh, it will be quite midnight before we can make it, I suppose," she broke in, with a shrug.

"If I tag it, that's all," she said, "but as it is our only alternative I really don't see the sense of sitting here arguing."

Aldrich smiled and nodded. Fastening the brake, he sprang to the ground, and, going over to the other side, helped Dolly to alight.

For an instant they stood in the middle of the road facing each other.

"But what is to become of the machine?" she asked.

Aldrich dove into his pocket and brought forth a notebook and pencil.

"I'll tag it, that's all," he laughed, "trusting to the fates that it will not fall into hands piratical." He scribbled a line across one of the blanks and fastened it to the forward cushion.

Forty minutes of steady walking brought them a mile nearer home.

With an unconcealed sigh of weariness Dolly flung herself down on a prostrate log, and Aldrich slipped into a seat beside her.

His face indexed a variety of emotion. Hope, that had hitherto buoyed him above every difficulty, shriveled within him. She would never forgive this.

"Dolly," he began appealingly, "haven't you known I'd rather have lost my hand than—"

"She interrupted him with a little impatient gesture.

"Jimmy, please spare me. It's bad enough in all reason, but let us not add tragedy to a situation which is already melodramatic in the extreme."

Aldrich subsided under the snub, contemplating the toes of his boots in gloomy silence. Some minutes passed. The darkness yielded gradually to a splendor of gold light flung down from a cloudless sky by thousands of stars, and everywhere through the misty yellow innumerable dogwood blossoms shone solemnly like white crosses.

Suddenly Dolly started up and walked off down the road again, and the following gloomily.

"Miss Templeton," he began after a silence, "do you know why I asked you to come out with me this afternoon?"

"She did not reply at once. The tone more than the words caused the blood to scorch her cheeks for an instant.

"Why," she returned after a little, "to celebrate our independence, of course, just as every one else is doing."

"She gave him an inscrutable little glance from the tail of her eye.

"I wanted to ask you a question," he announced gravely.

"Please," she began, walking faster, "couldn't we discuss—"

"Don't distress yourself," he interposed bitterly. "Three times is"—he looked at her resentfully—"quite sufficient to show a fellow how many different sorts of a fool he can make of himself. It is solely in the interest of friendship I wish to speak now."

Dolly frankly admitted to herself that friendship was even less interesting than the other thing. She bit her lips as she demanded petulantly, "Well, what is your question?"

"The other day," he replied quickly, "I heard that you were going to be married; that you were going to marry a poor man, after all. Also that you had made the statement with your own lips. Is it true?" The last words were uttered hoarsely, almost as a charge.

Dolly's white lids flickered as she looked up into his eyes.

"It is quite true," she answered unhesitatingly, the crimson playing all over her face.

Aldrich stopped short and faced her, compelling her glance to meet his in a suddenly masterful manner.

"Why?" he demanded passionately,

Dolly shrank away from him; his vehemence half frightened her.

"Because," she said proudly, "I love him."

Aldrich was silent for a moment, but his silence was more tense than words. He came close to her, so close that his hot breath stirred the hair about her temples.

"Once you refused me," he broke out savagely, "twice—three times! And I was a poor man."

Dolly flared up.

"Your inference is more than flattering," she remarked, her eyes snapping.

"Your love would have been my strongest incentive toward success," he went on, ignoring her comment altogether. "I never intended that you should share a life of poverty. I had meant to work night and day, day and night, to give you everything that other women have."

She looked at him curiously, and a warm light sprang to her eyes, but she said nothing, and for several minutes they walked on in silence.

"I did not refuse you because you were poor," she observed presently, "and even had I done so it would have been more for your own sake than mine, Jimmy. One's ideas, however, become revolutionized sometimes," she added in a lower tone.

Suddenly, less than a quarter of a mile away, a thin streak of light shot skyward, then another and another, till the clouds were lurid with sparks and opalescent shafts of fire. The indistinct music of a band mingled vaguely with distant shouts of laughter, interspersed with fusillades of cannon crackers.

Dolly grabbed Aldrich's arm and pulled him to an abrupt standstill.

"Jimmy, the picnic!"

Dolly almost collapsed with joy. Aldrich breathed a mixture of relief and annoyance. "It looks that way," he said. He studied her a second with grave brows. "You tired of my company even sooner than I thought you would," he muttered jealously.

Dolly made no reply, but stooped carelessly and broke a spray of golden-rod nodding by the roadside and commenced to strip off the blossoms with a little preoccupied air.

Aldrich appeared to be pondering something. His next words came precipitately:

"I didn't tell you of my good luck, did I?" he asked.

"No," she said. Something in his manner caused her heart to sink unaccountably.

He turned to look into her eyes as he pursued with what unconcern he could muster:

"I'm going away. I've at last received that appointment, and it is now only a question of time before I shall begin to climb rapidly. Besides, it's best all around, I think."

"Going away!" Dolly stopped stock still. Her lips framed the words dully, the color fled from her cheeks, and the whole world looked drab. "When?" she continued after a pause, her face turned away.

"The sooner the better. Right off—tomorrow perhaps."

"Jimmy!"

He started and looked at her with eager eyes, the blood pulsing swiftly all through his veins.

"Don't go," she said, her voice choking in a little swift sob.

He placed himself in front of her and his hands on her shoulders.

"But you are going to be married," he insisted, "and it is no place for me. I— I couldn't endure it."

"But it is the only place for you. I want you to be there—at my wedding."

If you refuse, I shall not get married at all, so there!"

Aldrich caught her hands and held them in a determined grip. The wild hope that throbbled suddenly in his heart made him for the moment almost rough.

"You can't play with me a moment longer," he breathed turbulently. "Who is this man?"

"The man—I—love."

"Who is he?" he repeated savagely.

"Don't! He is hurting my hands terribly, and—"

"Well?"

"Perhaps he doesn't know yet that I've accepted him. He has asked me only three times, and the last time I refused him. I—"

"Dolly, will you marry me?"

A flash of the old coquetry dominated her eyes for the second.

"But it is Independence day, Jimmy. If you should ask me tomorrow may-be—"

"I shall never ask you again. This is your last chance. We are almost at the picnic grounds. And now I happen to recall that there is a little church around the corner from here. Shall we go to the picnic and celebrate or to the church?"

Dolly turned suddenly and held out both hands.

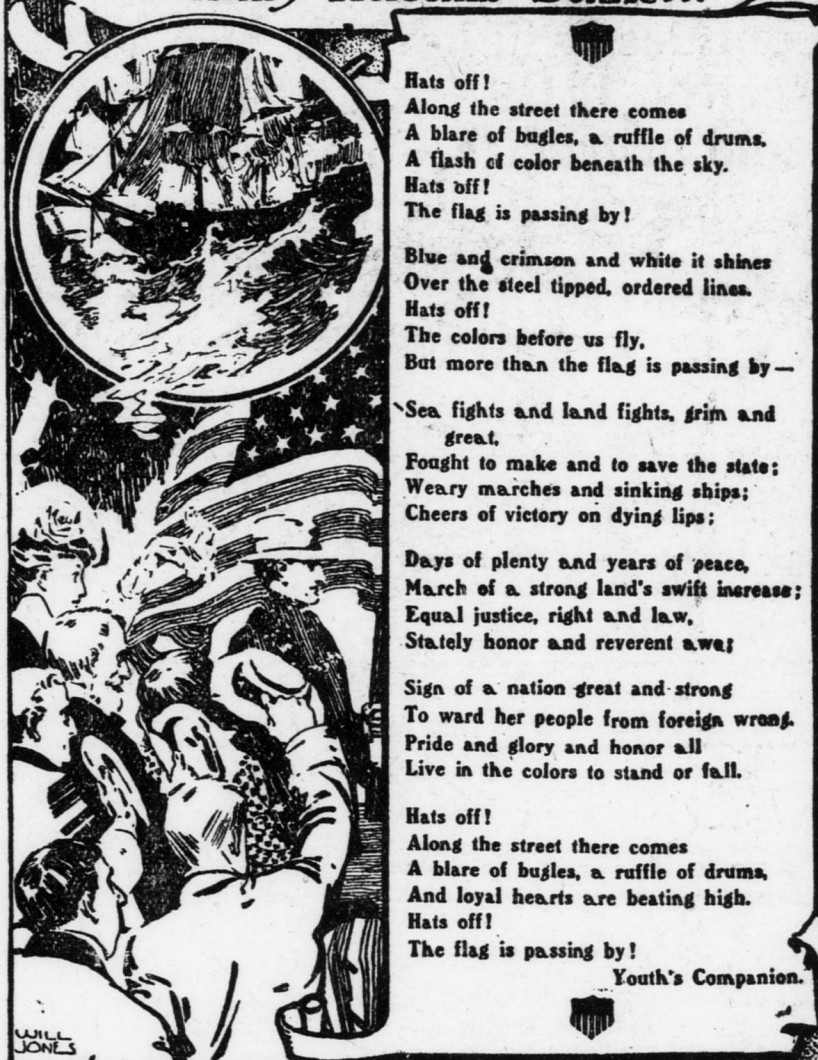
"To the church," she said softly. "I am tired of independence anyway."

Mrs. S. Joyce, Claremont, N. H. writes: About a year ago I bought two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy. It cured me of a severe case of kidney trouble of several years standing. It certainly is a grand, good medicine, and I heartily recommend it."

Said by W. S. Martin.

Some miles farther north-west, we pass the gap in the Blue Ridge through which James river makes its way toward Lynchburg and Richmond. Still farther we pass from the water-shed of the James to that of the Shenandoah. We are now in Augusta County, where the noble John Lewis with

When The Flag Is Passing By



Hats off! Along the street there comes A blaze of bugles, a ruffle of drums. A flash of color beneath the sky. Hats off! The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines Over the steel tipped, ordered lines. Hats off! The colors before us fly. But more than the flag is passing by—

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great, Fought to make and to save the state: Wreath marches and sinking ships; Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace, March of a strong land's swift increase; Equal justice, right and law, Stately honor and reverent awe;

Sign of a nation great and strong To ward her people from foreign wrong. Pride and glory and honor all Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off! Along the street there comes A blaze of bugles, a ruffle of drums. And loyal hearts are beating high. Hats off! The flag is passing by!

Youth's Companion.

If You Want to See All Your Friends, Come to Hickory July 4th.

Letter from Virginia.

Correspondent to the Democrat.

May the 29th your correspondent left Conover to see something of friends in the northern part of Virginia, known as the valley of the Shenandoah. The evening before I had the pleasure of seeing the Rev. A. L. Crouse of Charlottesville, Va, who preached for us at Conover on Ascension Day.

Passing north from Barber Junction to Roanoke, the country is of no special interest. Near the State line a number of crates of spring cabbage were put on our train. The smoke of battle was all gone from Winston, as were Kitchener and Craig. At Roanoke we changed cars, and got some glimpses of the upper valley of the Roanoke river.

Forty-one miles for eighty cents and we stopped for the night at a station called Natural Bridge.

A nice man, who is a railroad contractor, stayed at the same house, Mrs. Clarke's. He lives in Baltimore, and stopped for the Natural Bridge. A colony of negroes live on a body of hilly land here, are sober and industrious, bearing a good name. How much better for all concerned is this plan than crowding about the towns and public works.

The Natural Bridge is two and a half miles from the station.

This is one of the natural curiosities of this region. It is a bridge of limestone rock, where a bridge is needed, crossed by a country road. Cedar river takes its rocky way eastward, and passing through a hill in a deep defile where the perpendicular rock walls are 200 feet high, it is spanned by the bridge. Every one wants to see where young George Washington climbed up the wall, just under the bridge, and carved his initials some twenty feet above the water. Of interest, too, is the American Eagle, wings, head, tail, on the under surface of the bridge.

Some miles farther north-west, we pass the gap in the Blue Ridge through which James river makes its way toward Lynchburg and Richmond. Still farther we pass from the water-shed of the James to that of the Shenandoah. We are now in Augusta County, where the noble John Lewis with

his equally noble wife and sons made their home in early days.

So brave and so successful were they in contesting for life and property and home with Indians, and later with King George's troops, that General Washington said that with a banner in Rock Fish Gap and a few men from the Valley like the Lewis's, liberty would be sure.

Like our part of North Carolina this part of Virginia was settled by both Scotch Irish and Germans.

Soon after arriving at Waynesboro, I attended the funeral of neighbor George Tried, a Confederate veteran and very successful farmer, in his 74th year.

Mr. Tried was a bugler in the cavalry, Company E, first regiment, Capt. Thos. W. McClung. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart was their first colonel, and later their general. Mr. Tried was a valued soldier. Six of his surviving comrades, of his company, served as pall-bearers.

This is a land of limestone and good water, of wheat and hay.

Sturdy industry has always dominated the people. The largest and finest hay crop in the history of the valley was harvested last year. Land is not easily bought, and the average price is about \$70 to \$75 per acre. There is a fair prospect for fruit and for crops this year.

Before leaving Catawba, I learned that our county school board have provided for a summer school for teachers. I hope all who expect to teach, in public schools of the county will attend.

The success and the use of the enterprise will depend in a large measure on the interest in it manifested by the teachers.

J. S. K.

BORN IN IOWA.

Our family were all born and raised in Iowa, and have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy (made at Des. Moines) for years. We know how good it is from long experience in the use of it. In fact, when in El Paso, Texas the writer's life was saved by the prompt use of this remedy. We are now engaged in the mercantile business at Narcoossee Fla., and have introduced the remedy here. It has proven very successful and is constantly growing in favor.—Ennis Bros. This remedy is for sale by W. S. Martin & Co.

Subscribe for the Democrat.

Consistent.

A gentleman from Mr. Moses Harshaw's county tells The Dispatch man that the Republicans wanted him to run for congress, but Mose said nay; he once stumped the district and hollered 'Cleveland panic,' and charged it all up to the Democratic party when the hard times came; and he wasn't going out to the people and try to dodge this Republican panic, for it was a Republican panic, and Recsevelt caused it.

Now if Mr. Cannon were nominated, said Mr. Harshaw. then he could go out and make preachments with a good face.

Mr. Harshaw is, to say the least, consistent about panics.—Lexington Dispatch.

Nature has provided the Stomach with certain natural fluids know as the digestive juices and it is through these juices that the food we eat is acted upon in such a way as to produce the rich red blood that flows through the veins of our body and thereby makes us strong, healthy and robust, and it is the weakening of these digestive juices that destroys health. It is our own fault if we destroy our own health and yet it is so easy for any one to put the stomach out of order. When you need to take something take it promptly but take something you know is reliable—something like Kodol For Dyspepsia and Indigestion. Kodol is pleasant to take it is reliable and is guaranteed to give relief. It is sold by C. M. Shuford & W. S. Martin.

Discharged for Not Obeying Orders.

On last Wednesday evening C. T. Morrison sold to D. M. Burke a half interest in "Wonderland" one of his moving picture theaters, after the trade was consummated Mr. Morrison requested two employees, Messrs Hicks and Gordon Setzer, to instruct Mr. Burke as to operating the mechanical department, in which department these men were employed, this, these young men, refused to do. Upon this information Mr. Morrison dismissed them on the grounds of not obeying orders. In doing this Mr. Morrison did his duty and nothing more.

Stomach troubles are very common in the summer time and you should not only be very careful about what you eat just now but more than that you should be careful not to slow your stomach to become disordered and when the stomach goes wrong take Kodol. This is the best known preparation that is offered to the people to day for dyspepsia or indigestion or any stomach trouble. Kodol digests all foods. It is sold by W. S. Martin & C. M. Shuford.

Importance of Public Roads.

There is no problem today of such importance as the public roads. For popularity the politician has advocated railroad legislation, and he has worked the people up to the point that the reduction of freight rates by the transportation companies is now foremost in the minds of the farmers in general, when as a matter of fact, the adoption of no legislation will relieve, or materially benefit the farmers in general. The fact is ten times the tonnage is hauled over the railroads. Statistics show that it costs 1 cent per ton per mile to haul by dirt road. The public roads are the farmers own lines of transportation and to them, in their deplorable condition he pays a revenue that is appalling, three fourths of which could be eliminated if the road overseers and others would do their full duty.—J.M. ALLRED, in Lenoir Topic.

FOR A SPRAINED ANKLE.

As usual treated a sprained ankle will disable the injured person for a month or more but by applying Chamberlain's Liniment and observing the directions with each bottle faithfully, a cure may be effected in many cases in less than one week's time. This liniment is a most remarkable preparation Try it for a sprain or bruise, or when laid up with chronic or muscular rheumatism, and you are certain to be delighted with the prompt relief which it affords. For sale by W. S. Martin & Co.

List of Marshals.

The following Marshals have been chosen for the 4th of July celebration in Hickory.

Hickory.—J. H. Aiken, Perce Mouser, E. G. Suttlemyre, W. H. Shuford, Roy Abernethy, Russell Robinson, F. A. Abernethy, Edgar Abernethy, A. L. Shuford, H. H. Little, C. T. Morrison, T. L. Henkel, W. I. Caldwell, Dr. Wolfe, M. H. Groves, J. M. Ramsay, J. A. Moretz, F. B. Ingold, Bruce Rockett, F. O. Elliott, Terry Shell, A. T. Wood, N. W. Clarke, Robt. Grimes, Dr. J. H. Shuford, B. B. Blackwelder, Raymond Hefner, Murphy Rockett, R. C. Hutton, J. W. Ballew, Z. B. Buchanan.

Newton.—Ralph Corpening, Frank Garvin, R. B. Knox, Geo. Moore, D. J. Carpenter, Sum Wilfong, W. A. Rhyne, D. M. Boyd, Zeb Yount, Dr. Everhart, Perry Rowe, J. H. Yount.

Catawba.—A. H. Williams, T. J. Long, C. G. Rufty. Statesville.—D. J. Craig, P. A. Bryant, H. L. McCall, Will Bristol, Lake Steels, Grier Miller, Frank Curleton.

Lenoir.—H. M. Kent, Edmond Jones, Gaiter Hall Jr, Tom Newland, L. P. Henkel, J. C. Seagle.

Granite Falls.—J. R. Williams, John Hoke, J. M. Alred, Dr. Corpening.

Lincolnton.—T. J. Smith, Harry Reid, R. S. Reinhardt, E. C. Baker, Dr. Wright.

Morganton.—W. A. Leslie, A. M. Kistler, S. R. Collett, Manley McDowell.

Shelby.—Charlie Daygett, Max Gardner, Evans McBrayer.

Hudson.—John Lingle, H. B. Lingle, John Sigmon.

Bridgewater.—Walker Lyerly, G. S. Abernethy.

Henry River.—A. N. Adderholdt.

Henry.—A. N. Sain. Charlotte.—Geo. B. Hiss. Taylorsville.—Ed Hedrick, Alf Payne.

Hiddenite.—J. F. Moore. Drexel.—Frank Huffman, H. G. Alexander.

Oxford Ford.—C. E. Smith. Valdeese.—Fred Mytre, Peter Tron.

Connelly Springs.—B. B. Abernethy, J. E. Coulter.

Old Fort.—P. H. Mashburn. Claremont.—Geo. Setzer.

Conover.—James Bolch. Rhodnis.—W. S. Taylor. Gastonia.—Tom Craig.

Mortimer.—S. T. Jackson. Reidsville.—J. C. Morrison.

Marion.—R. F. Burton, Earnest House.

Greensboro.—R. J. Mebane, A. A. Shuford Jr, Chief Marshal.

Tired mothers worn out by the peevish cross baby have found Cascaweet a boon and a blessing. Cascaweet is for babies and children and is especially good for the ill so common in hot weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs Sold by C. M. Shuford & W. S. Martin.

Big Celebration at Hickory.

The city of Hickory extends a cordial invitation to the citizens of Statesville and surrounding country to come and join the people of Hickory in celebrating the Fourth of July in grand style. Ample preparations are being made to entertain a crowd of 50,000.

Imported shows will be there with startling features; high-divers will be presented to the crowd with their marvelous feats.

Great aggregations of novel features will be presented to the crowds throughout the whole day. Let everybody go.—Evening Mascott.

Tying her bonnet under her chin, She tied her raven ringlets in: Then to the store she went with glee, For Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. E. B. Menzies

About Federal Buildings.

Upon the enactment of a law authorizing the acquisition of a site for a Federal building, the Treasury Department invites, through a local paper, proposals for the sale or donation of a suitable corner. This advertisement gives such information as to the dimensions of the site and the general requirements as will enable intelligent preparation of proposals.

The offers are opened in Washington at the time stated in the advertisement, and as soon thereafter as practicable an agent of the Department is sent to make a personal examination of the proposed locations and such others as he deems desirable.

Upon this report, together with representations in writing from other sources, the Department selects the site and, if the property is to be acquired by purchase, accepts the offer of the successful bidder, subject to the conditions stated in the advertisement and the Attorney-General's approval of the title.

Whenever the Department is unable to purchase an acceptable site at a reasonable price, or where acceptable title can not be secured by voluntary conveyance, a selection is made and the title acquired by condemnation proceedings, in which the price to be paid, is judicially determined.

The buildings (if any) on the site should be reserved by the vendor, to be removed upon notice after payment for the land has been made. Generally, notice to move is not given until the construction of the Federal building is about to begin, if the vendor is willing, pending such removal, to pay a reasonable ground rent.

Plans for public buildings are taken up in the order in which the titles to the sites therefore are vested in the United States, and the contracts for their construction are let at as early a date as practicable.

ACT QUICKLY.

Delay Has Been Dangerous in Hickory.

Do the right thing at the right time. Act quickly in times of danger.

Backache is kidney danger. Doan's Kidney Pills act quickly.

Cure all distressing, dangerous kidney ills. Plenty of evidence to prove this.

G. W. Pennell, Fireman, living on Cotton Mill Road, Lenoir, N. C., says: "I suffered for some time from a soreness and dull aching across the small of my back. The kidneys were very much disordered from headaches and felt a noticeable lack of energy. I decided to try Doan's Kidney Pills, procured a box and began using them according to directions. The pains soon disappeared, and it was not long before my kidneys became strong and gave me no trouble whatever. I feel much better and my health has improved so wonderfully that I earnestly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills as a reliable kidney remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Election Returns to Be Canvassed on the 18th.

The exact vote in the late prohibition election will not be known until after the 18th. The State Board of Elections meets on that day to canvass the returns and declare the result. When the board completes its work Gov. Glenn will issue a proclamation declaring the result.

The majority for prohibition is believed to be 43,442. The official count will probably make but slight changes in the figures.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Watson