

THE HICKORY DEMOCRAT

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He is Losing Time

that may cause the destruction of his property by fire that doesn't have his home or other property insured right away. The fire friend is not conventional in its calling time. "Any old time" suits him, but especially the dead of night, or the wee small hours of the mornings while you sleep. Let us insure your property right away.

Loans—We negotiate loans, interest at 6 per cent. the same paid to you semi annually. Real Estate—If you are thinking of buying, selling or renting it will be to your advantage to see us.

Hickory Insurance & Realty Co.,

J. A. LENTZ, W. A. HALL, M. H. GROVES,
President. Vice-President. Sec. Treas.
H. E. McCOMB, Ass't Mgr. Real Estate Dept.

The Patriot.

A Gun For Little John and Dynamite For the Baby.

This is my country's natal morn. My heart with rapture thrills. I've bought a gun for little John, the kind that sometimes kills.

And Susie has a pistol too. She'll burn herself, I fear. But what's the difference if 'I've bought a gun for little John.' she does? It's only once a year!

That I in patriotism lack it never shall be said. The baby has some crackers now that might blow off his head.

They're somewhat dangerous; they're filled with dynamite, I hear. But shoot them off, my darling child; 'tis only once a year.

I've heard that rockets have been known to put out children's eyes. Of course in every childish sport some danger lurking lies.

We'll have to take our chance of that—they mustn't stand too near. For we must celebrate the Fourth; 'tis only once a year.



"I'VE BOUGHT A GUN FOR LITTLE JOHN."



"THOUGH THE BABY'S BLOWN TO BITS."

So, though the baby's blown to bits and Johnny's lost his sight, though Susie's hair is all burnt off by time that 'tis night, I'll sing "My country, 'tis of thee," in accents loud and clear, for I have kept the glorious Fourth, which comes but once a year.

Flag Facts.

The flag of the United States was adopted by our national congress June 14, 1777.

The brilliant flag of Austria-Hungary was adopted March 6, 1869, and floats over 24,000,000 people.

The oldest flag in existence is that of Denmark, which dates from 1219.

The well known tricolor of France dates from the revolution of 1789.

The German flag was first unfurled in 1867 and floats over an empire of 52,000,000 people.

In compliment to William, prince of Orange, the great leader, the colors of the house of Orange were added by the sturdy people of the Netherlands at the end of their long bout with Spain, orange, white and blue, but nobody knows how during the centuries since the orange became changed to red.

Peter the Great, it is said, borrowed the idea of the Russian flag from the Dutch, among whom he learned shipbuilding. He simply turned the Dutch tricolor, red, white and blue, upside down.

The simple striping of the red and yellow in the flag of Spain was suggested by the arms of Aragon.

The white cross on the red field of the Swiss flag has a religious meaning. It was adopted as an appeal to heaven in 1339, when the stout Swiss fought and won one of their greatest battles.

The crescent, moon and stars were adopted by the Turks as their device on the capture of Constantinople by Mohammed II in 1453.

It has taken a thousand years to build up the great British empire of 386,000,000 people, of which the familiar flag of Great Britain is the symbol.

LEARNING TO SWIM.

The Fat Man Who Was a Model of Patience and Perseverance.

Persistence in undertaking is a laudable virtue, but it can be a bit overdone sometimes, as in a case described by Y. L. Molloy in "Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers." Mr. Molloy and his friends, longing for a good dive, went to a swimming school on an island in the Seine. They donned their rented costumes and were preparing for the plunge when a man with ropes came along and insisted on tying them about their waists. It was according to police regulations, and, although they made an indignant protest, they were obliged to submit.

While we were dressing, says Mr. Molloy, we asked the two swimming masters for an extra towel.

"Pardon," they replied, "we must attend to our monsieur."

Then we saw that there had come upon the platform a short and absurdly fat man dressed in bathing costume, swimming sandals and oiled cap. "Let's see him go in," said we. "What a splash he'll make!"

The swimming masters received the new arrival at the middle of the platform. There he balanced himself on his stomach on a wooden stump two feet high. The masters seized him by his hands and feet and with slow and deliberate movements made him strike out with the action of swimming. They kept this up for a quarter of an hour, and the perspiration rolled off him in great drops.

"He'll be awfully hot to go into the water after that," said I.

But he did not go into the water. The swimming lesson over, he moved to ward the dressing room, saying:

"I have done better today."

"Ah, yes," answered one of the masters. "Your progress is admirable."

The fat man beamed with complaisance and went in to dress.

I called the swimming masters aside and asked "our monsieur" practice often like that? He must have great perseverance."

"Perseverance! He has worked like this for five years, and he has never been in the water!"

"To the casual onlooker there was nothing to choose between the two leaders when they were beginning the last quarter of a mile. Right from the crack of the pistol they were running almost stride for stride with the low, graceful, easy action of the real long distance runner."

"Neither had called into use the reserve power which must be utilized in the final sprint for victory when they turned into the stretch for the final lap. Then one of them slightly turned his head to see where the third man was."

"That man is beaten," was the thought which occurred to me at once, and it proved true, as always, for when the dash for the finish began he allowed his rival to get a lead of five yards before going after him in earnest pursuit.

"From that point to the finish there was no perceptible difference in the speed of the men, but the man who had turned his head to make sure that he would get second place, instead of bending every energy to win, of course lapsed where his thoughts placed him."—New York Sun.

The Gun Barrels Grew.

In the early days in the northwest, when the Hudson Bay company laid the foundations of great fortunes by trade with the savages and a gun paid for as many beaver skins as would reach to the muzzle of it, the skins packed fat and the gun held upright, it was alleged that the barrel of the weapon grew and grew with each successive year until the Indian, after he had bought it with the peltry, had to borrow a file and cut off a foot of useless metal.



The Fourth of July Girl.

This glorious Independence day stands memorable in history—A date that hints the mingled play of sequence and of mystery!

'Twas Hawthorne's birthday, eighteen and four. His myriad Anglo-Saxon debtors acclaim from many a distant shore The graceful "Marble Faun" of letters.

And Garibaldi, too, was born On this day back in eighteen and seven. He brought our own free Union leaven.

We broke the ground for our canal—The Erie! De Witt Clinton planned it—On July Fourth at Rome, and all The world of eighteen and sixteen scanned it.

A decade more, see Adams dead. The elder John, our second president, And Monticello's pall is laid On Jefferson, her laureled resident.

Monroe, whose doctrine statesmen quote, In eighteen and thirty-one was stricken. He died on July Fourth, you note, Whose words our nation's pulses quicken.

Texas annexed in forty-five—Again the mystic date is fateful—And parties long will strive and strive To settle if the gain is grateful.

Vicksburg surrendered, sixty-four. The river key to upland regions. Grant's triumph rings from shore to shore, Our flag above his conquering legions.

St. Louis' mighty bridge of steel In seventy-four is opened proudly—A giant bond, our poets feel, 'Twixt east and west, applauded loudly.

In ninety-four—again this date—With Yankee energy to lead 'em And bound to test the will of fate, Hawaiians make their strike for freedom.

In ninety-eight the Fourth is cheered, Applause for Schley and Sampson mixing. Spain's navy smashed, as it appeared The day before, beyond all fixing.

This glorious Independence day stands memorable in history—A date that hints the mingled play of sequence and of mystery! —Brooklyn Eagle.

Risky Revenge.

Gaganini, the wonderful violinist, had a narrow escape at Ferrara from a violent death. Enraged by some hissing from the pit, he resolved to avenge the insult, and at the close of his programme informed the audience that he would imitate the language of various animals. After having rendered the notes of different birds, the mewling of a cat, and the barking of a dog, he advanced to the footlights, and, saying, "This is for those who hiss!" imitated the baying of an ass. At this the occupants of the pit rose, rushed on to the stage and would probably have killed their calumniator had he not hastily retreated.

Tommy Spoke.

Minister—If any one present can show cause why this couple should not become man and wife, let him speak now or forever hold his peace. Tommy—I kin, mister. He thinks anny's only twenty-five, and she's forty.

Economy may be the road to wealth, but nine-tenths of those who are compelled to travel it never reach the goal. —Chicago News.

NO NEED OF SUFFERING FROM RHEUMATISM.

It is a mistake to allow any one to suffer from rheumatism as the pain can always be relieved and in most cases a cure effected by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. The relief from pain which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. It makes sleep and rest possible. Even in cases of long standing this liniment should be used on account of the relief which it affords. Do not be discouraged until you have given it a trial. For sale by W. S. Martin & Co.

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.

For good job printing call phone 37.

Jack Langdon's Celebration.

A Story of Russia, Grand Dukes, Bombs and Fireworks.

By GERALD BRENNAN.

"I don't care if he is a grand duke, he has spoiled my Fourth of July!"

And Jack Langdon shook his small brown fist after the retreating carriage of his excellency the governor of O.

Jack Langdon's father was one of the growing number of Americans who have taken up business in Russia. He owned the iron works of V. and was respected both by foreigners and natives throughout the province governed by the Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovitch. Relying on this respect and the favor with which the authorities regarded him, Mr. Langdon had ventured to waylay the grand duke on one of his morning drives for the purpose of asking certain privileges. The reply of the governor was polite, but none the less decided. He said: "You ask, my dear M. Langdon, that your son be permitted to celebrate your national holiday, the Fourth of July, by the letting off of certain explosives. I regret to have to inform you that such methods of jubilation, while common in America, could not be allowed in Russia. Firecrackers and bombs are too closely related."

"But, surely," protested Mr. Langdon, "a tiny demonstration in honor of the birth of a friendly nation!"

The grand duke raised his hand deprecatingly.

"I cannot help it," he said, "but such is the law. Your son will have to forego his cannon crackers, I fear, this Fourth of July."

And then, signaling to his outriders, the governor drove on, leaving Mr. Langdon rather annoyed and little Jack very angry indeed.

"I think it's a shame," soliloquized Jack, stalking moodily away, "and if ever I get to be president of the United States I'll remember this to Russia."

Despite his father's remonstrances Jack refused to be consoled. It was his first Fourth away from home, and he yearned with a mighty yearning for the "bang-bang" of the patriotically exploded cracker. And the more he thought it over the more he hated the Russian government in general and the province of V. in particular.

Brooding over his rebuff, Jack sauntered along the roadway until he encountered the familiar teleque driven by Uncle Petronchka, a neighboring peasant, with whom he had picked up some sort of acquaintance. To Jack's surprise, Uncle Petronchka did not seem so friendly as usual. In fact, the old farmer acknowledged the boy's salute only by a gruff inclination of his head and shook his mare's rein to urge her to a faster pace.

"Hello!" exclaimed Jack. "What can be the matter with Uncle Petronchka? This is not fair day at V., so he cannot have taken too much vodka. I have done nothing to offend him, and I can't understand why he should act like this. Hello, Uncle Petronchka! What has happened to make you so grumpy?"

But Petronchka, answering only by a grunt, whipped up his shaggy mare, and the teleque disappeared round a corner.

Jack's curiosity was aroused, and for the nonce he forgot all about the governor's refusal at his petition. At this point the road took a sort of long loop so as to touch at a certain neighboring village, so that it was possible for Jack by cutting sharply across country to come out ahead of Petronchka's lumbering farm wagon two versts farther on. Across country went Jack, skimming the borders of the forest and encountering nothing being until he once more leaped into the hard, white roadway on the opposite side of the loop.

"This is a great joke on Uncle Petronchka!" he cried. "How the old fellow will cross himself and wonder to see me here before him!"

Then it occurred to Jack to give the teleque driver a surprise, and, stepping into a little wood of pine and birch, he crouched down in the grass to await Petronchka's coming.

But the first wayfarer to pass along the quiet road came from the opposite direction—that in which Moscow lay. Peering out of his hiding place, Jack Langdon saw that these travelers were three in number, that they journeyed afoot and that each carried upon his back a heavy pack.

"This is the grove, Anton," said one of them as they came near the place

where Jack lay. "I remember the trees. Let us set down our packs and wait for the peasant."

"Let them down lightly," cautioned another as he deposited his burden with extraordinary care on the soft, grassy bank. "Anything like a jar might send us all to the blessed land above!"

"Where there are no cars and no governor generals," added the third, with a little laugh. Then all three set down their packs and sat cautiously beside them.

"The peasant is late," said the last speaker after a pause. "I hope, Michael Dimitrovitch, that you have not scared him away."

"On the contrary," said the man addressed, "I think I have scared him hither. I told him frankly that unless he came the band would cut his throat as he slept."

"You did not let him suspect what the packs contain, I hope?" asked the one called Anton.

"Certainly not. He thinks we are simply smuggling rare Swiss clocks into V. The packs loaded into his teleque, he will return to the farmhouse. Tomorrow he has a license to haul a load of vegetables from the market garden of this Yankee mill owner, Langdon, into this city. He will carry his packs under his vegetables and deposit them unsuspected in the care of our good friend Feodor Michaelovitch, the tavern keeper. Once in Feodor's hands the rest is easy."

Michael Dimitrovitch slapped his knee joyously.

"Aha!" he said. "It is easy indeed—down the cellar stairs of Feodor's inn and thence through the mine to the palace vaults. Ho, ho! It will be a sad day for the grand duke, the Fourth of July. Those three little boxes of dynamite will blow the record chamber into atoms. All the incriminating documents will be destroyed—those documents which the grand duke has spent so many years gathering together. Perhaps even his excellency himself and a few of his officers may—But let us hope for the best!"

The other two nihilists laughed in chorus as their companion boasted of the coming destruction of the grand duke's record room, wherein so many manuscripts dangerous to the existence of their brotherhood were stored. As for Jack Langdon, young as he was, he could not help but understand the nature of the plot which had unraveled itself before him, and he shuddered involuntarily as he glanced at the three heavy packs, which he now knew to contain dynamite. All his bitter resentment against the grand duke was now forgotten, and, burrowing deeper into the deep grass, he waited developments, while pondering with all his might over some means of preventing the threatened outrage.

Presently along the road came the rumble of Uncle Petronchka's teleque. Jack saw the three conspirators lift up their packs and go to meet the old peasant.

The peasant's boxes were loaded onto the wagon, and he saw money exchange hands, and then Uncle Petronchka drove off toward his farm, while the three men passed the little wood once more, walking at a quick pace toward the north. Hardly were they out of sight than a Jack spring to his feet and set off along the road in the wake of Uncle Petronchka.

Late that night a score of police surrounded the farmhouse of the old farmer, dragged him out of bed and captured the packs of dynamite. Dragged by torchlight to the steps of a carriage near by, Petronchka was horrified to perceive therein the Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovitch seated beside his little acquaintance, Jack Langdon. When he learned that what he thought were packages of smuggled clocks really contained deadly explosives, Petronchka broke down utterly and told the whole story, giving descriptions of the three conspirators, which afterward led to their capture, and completely verifying the account conveyed to the grand duke by little Jack Langdon.

Jack had saddled his own pony and ridden at full gallop into V., where he found the governor at a brilliant banquet. The news of that Petronchka's house was surrounded, the dynamite captured and the state records saved.

"And now, my little hero," said the governor when all was over, "what rewards can I confer upon you for your great service to Russia?"

Jack thought a moment and then answered, "First, I should like poor old Petronchka to get off, and, second, I want leave to explode firecrackers on the Fourth of July."

With an amused smile, the grand duke wrote the following order and handed it to the petitioner:

For the reason that Ivan Ivanovitch Langdon has placed the empire under an obligation it is hereby ordained—

First.—That the prisoner, Petronchka, be remanded indefinitely in the custody of the said Ivan Ivanovitch.

Second.—That the said Ivan Ivanovitch be permitted on the 4th day of July next ensuing to explode firecrackers and squibs in such quantities as he thinks fit in honor of his native country; and,

Third.—That the municipality of V. be ordered to supply the said Ivan Ivanovitch with one ton of the very best firecrackers which its merchants can import across the frontier at the expense of the government.

Given under my hand and seal. ALEXIS ALEXANDROVITCH, Governor.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

There are many flags in many lands. And there are flags of every hue, But there's no flag, however grand, Like our own red, white and blue.

—Boston Traveler.

A Fourth of July Game.

The new Fourth of July game of "abbreviated states" calls forth lively competition. A prize is given for the first correct list of the following questions:

What state reminds you of a great rainfall? Ark.

What state can be often multiplied? Tenn.

What state commences the domestic week? Wash.

What state is mightier than the sword? Penn.

What state is always sure of itself? Kan.

What state has a medical degree? Md.

What state is a chronic invalid? Ill.

What state is a maiden? Miss.

What state suggests a sheltered spot? Del.

What state is a woman's name? Minn.—Washington Star.

The Chesapeake a Flour Mill.

The Chesapeake's final fate was a curious one. She was taken to England and in 1820 was sold to one John Prior, a miller of Wickham, for old timber. Prior tore down his old flour mill and built another one out of the Chesapeake's timbers, many of which still contained solid shot from the Shannon's guns.

No Troublers Wanted.

If you want a prosperous town where people can come who are disposed to make homes, then do away with and bury from sight all jealousy and spite work, move for common prosperity and mutual benefit. Wake up, rub your eyes, roll up your sleeves and go to work. Do not work with fear and trembling, but take for granted that blood will tell. Leave results to themselves, borrow no trouble, but unite to make it the biggest kind of a town. "Go to work."

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

The merchant, banker and other business men who do not advertise cannot be counted among the progressive citizens of a community. They do not prosper and cannot hope to complete with their advertising neighbors.

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.

Subscribe for the Democrat; only \$1.00 a year.



PETRONCHKA WASHORRIFIED TO PERCEIVE THEIN THE GRAND DUKE.



EACH CARRIED UPON THIS BACK A HEAVY PACK.