

# THE HICKORY DEMOCRAT

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## Don't Fly Around

from place to place, homeless wanderers. Tie yourself down to earth and a comfortable home. On our plan it is easy to own a home. We should like you to come in and talk it over with us.

## FIRE INSURANCE.

Don't take the chance, better insure 'gainst fire and then you will feel comfortable.

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## OUR FLAG.

Its Origin and History Related by Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

The stars and stripes became the flag of the United States on June 14, 1777. On that day it was resolved by congress that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the Union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation.

The congressional enactment creating Old Glory said nothing concerning the particular form in which the stars should be grouped, and as the circle is the simplest of all figures the circular form naturally became the one in which the stars were arranged.

The national flag continued with thirteen stripes and thirteen stars until Jan. 13, 1795, when congress voted that "after May 1, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the Union be twenty stars, white, in a blue field."

Be it enacted that from and after the Fourth of July next the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white, and that the Union be twenty stars, white, in a blue field.

And that on the admission of a new state into the Union one star be added to the flag, and that such addition shall take place on the Fourth of July next succeeding each admission.

Certain members of congress in their patriotic ardor wanted a new stripe for each new state, but Mr. Windever, one of the members from New York, arose in his place and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I am heart and soul in favor of any proposition that will give us a big flag. We are going to be a big people, and we need a correspondingly big flag. But it must not be so big as to be a burden to us. At the rate the United States is now growing if a stripe were added for every new state admitted it would soon be impossible to find a mast or pole tall enough on which to hoist the flag."

Mr. Windever's speech settled the matter, and the limit was drawn at the thirteenth stripe.

The first time the stars and stripes was displayed in battle was at Fort Stanwix, now the city of Rome, Oneida county. Colonel Peter Gansevoort was in command of the fort, and, being surrounded by St. Leger and called upon to surrender, the gallant old colonel replied as follows:

"It is my determined resolution, with the forces under my command, to defend this fort to the last extremity in behalf of the United States, who placed me here to fight for it against all their enemies."

The first salute given by a foreign power to the stars and stripes was in Quiberon bay, on the coast of Brittany. Paul Jones in the Ranger was cruising in those parts and, coming up with a French admiral, saluted his flag.

The Frenchman returned the salute gun for gun.

Before that event it had been the usage of Europe to salute the flag of a republic with four guns less than were fired in saluting the flag of a crowned potentate, but Jones claimed that Old Glory was the peer of any flag afloat and that in saluting it must get as many guns as it gives to others.

"Glorious old flag! And of every American north, south, east and west the prayer is:

"Long may she wave!"—Rev. Thomas B. Gregory in New York American.

Mourning for the Deceased.  
Ian Maclaren told this story of grim humor in his lecture "Scottish Traits." A Scotch criminal condemned to death was visited by his counsel, who hoped to cheer him up just before the execution. After some words of cheer he said:

"Is there anything I can do for you?"  
"Thank you, there is one thing you can do for me before I am executed."

"What is that?"  
"I would ask you to go to my chest and fetch my Sabbath blacks."

"And what do you want with your Sabbath blacks?"  
"I wish to wear them as a mark of respect to the deceased."—Lyceumite and Talent.

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## Why He Was Anxious.

Buloz, the editor of the Revue des Deux Mondes, once had at his country house in Savoy a numerous company of literary people, one of whom was Victor Cherbuliez. Cherbuliez contributed regularly every other year a novel to the columns of the Revue, and a story of his was at that time running in the periodical. The guests had been out for a walk and had amused themselves with gathering mushrooms, which were cooked for dinner. As the company were sitting down, it occurred to one of the party that undoubtedly some of the people who had taken part in gathering the mushrooms knew nothing about them and that there might be poisonous fungi in the collection.

This reflection so affected the company that all the people present, with the exception of Cherbuliez, declined to partake of the dish. He alone attacked it with gusto.

Thereupon Buloz showed sudden and intense alarm.

"Cherbuliez! Cherbuliez! What are you about?" he exclaimed. "Remember that you haven't finished your story in the Revue!"

Greatly to his relief, the mushrooms turned out to be innocuous, and the story was finished.

## A GHOST STORY.

### The Spectral Horseman That Visits Wycollar Hall.

This ghost story is contributed by a correspondent of an English magazine: "Wycollar Hall, near Colne, was long the seat of the Cunliffes of Billington. They were noted persons in their time, but evil days came, and their ancestral estates passed out of their hands. In the days of the commonwealth their loyalty cost them dear, and ultimately they retired to Wycollar with a remnant only of their once extensive property. About 1819 the last of the family passed away, and the hall is now a mass of ruins. Little but the antique fireplace remains entire, and even the room alluded to in the following legend cannot now be identified. Tradition says that once every year a spectral horseman visits Wycollar Hall. He is attired in the costume of the early Stuart period, and the trappings of his horse are of a most uncouth description.

"On the evening of his visit the weather is always wild and tempestuous. There is no moon to light the lonely roads, and the residents of the district do not venture out of their cottages. When the wind howls loudest the horseman can be heard dashing up the road at full speed, and, after crossing the narrow bridge, he suddenly stops at the door of the hall. The rider then dismounts and makes his way up the broad oaken stairs into one of the rooms of the house. Dreadful screams, as from a woman, are then heard, which soon subside into groans. The horseman then makes his appearance at the door, at once mounts his steed and gallops off.

"His body can be seen through by those who may chance to be present; his horse appears to be wild with rage, and his nostrils stream with fire. The tradition is that one of the Cunliffes murdered his wife in that room and that the spectral horseman is the ghost of the murderer, who is doomed to pay an annual visit to the home of his victim. She is said to have predicted the extinction of the family, which, according to the story, has been literally fulfilled.

## THE CRITICS.

These Observers Were Wholly Personal in Their Judgments.

"The critical faculty is rare," said an editor and critic at a Philadelphia art club. "It must be impersonal. But most of us incline to be wholly personal in our criticism. The fact was brought home to me at one of the exhibitions at the Academy of Fine Arts."

"Passing from picture to picture, I overheard many criticisms. Thus a lady in a rich gown said:

"What a superb portrait of a young girl! It should certainly win the Carnegie prize. It is easy to see that the gown was made by Paquin."

"A fat, red nosed man in a fur lined overcoat halted before a picture entitled 'The Luncheon.'"

"This still life," he exclaimed, "is the most admirable I have ever seen. Terrapin, canvassack, champagne, lobster, even Perigord ple-ah, what a genius."

"In this historical painting," I heard an antiquary say, "the costumes are accurate in every detail. The painter is a second Raphael."

"That horse there," said a young polo player, "is exactly like my Podasokus. It's the best picture in the exhibition."

"An athlete uttered a cry of delight before a daub called 'The Gladiator.'"

"What shoulders! What arms!" he said. "I bet anything the jury gives this painting the highest award."

"And half the throng, departing, said: 'The picture in the last room is the best. No, we didn't see it—couldn't get to it, in fact—but it draws far and away the biggest crowd.'"

Mole Superstitions.  
According to tradition, if you have a mole on your chin you may expect to be wealthy, while if you have it under your arm it promises you wealth and honor as well. A mole on the ankle indicates courage. On the left temple a mole indicates that you will find friends among the great ones of the earth, but if it is placed on the right temple it warns you of coming distress. A mole on a man's knee means that he may expect to marry a rich woman. A mole on the neck promises wealth. If you have a mole on your nose you are going to be a great traveler. A mole on the throat indicates health and wealth.

Miles Darden, the Giant.  
Miles Darden, the giant, was born and raised in North Carolina. He was seven feet six inches high and in 1845 weighed 871 pounds. He was born in 1798 and died in Tennessee Jan. 23, 1857. Until 1853 he was able to go about his work in an active manner, but his weight increased so fast that after that year when he wanted to move about he had to be hauled in a two horse wagon. In 1839 it is chronicled that his coat was buttoned around three men, each weighing more than 200 pounds, who walked together in it down the streets in Lexington. At his death he is said to have weighed not less than 1,000 pounds. His coffin was 8 feet long, 35 inches deep, 32 inches across the breast, 18 inches across the head and 14 inches across the feet. These measurements were taken at the time and are matters of historical record.

An Exception.  
Little Ethel—Mr. Rich, we're not all made of dust, are we? Mr. Rich (benignly)—Yes, my dear. Little Ethel (triumphantly)—Oh, well, you aren't, (cup papa says you sprung from nothing.—Punch.

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## Eight Points of the Law.

A correspondent signing himself "So-and-so" overheard some men—"evidently lawyers," he says—talking over a case recently when some such expression as this reached his ears:

"Well, he couldn't help winning. He had the eight points of the law in his favor."

Ever since he heard this "So-and-so" has been wondering what were the eight points referred to, and he asks me if I can enlighten him on the subject.

The eight points of the law, "So-and-so," are these: First, a good cause; second, a good purse; third, an honest and skillful solicitor; fourth, good evidence; fifth, able counsel; sixth, an upright judge; seventh, an intelligent jury; eighth, good luck.

It is well understood in forensic circles that if you have all these in your favor you stand a sporting chance of winning your case. But, on the other hand, of course you may lose.—London Standard.

## Bonaparte as a Deadhead.

Frederic Febvre publishes in the Paris Gaulois an interesting document preserved in the archives of the Theatre Francais. It runs as follows: "Pass the citizen Bonaparte to this evening's performance of 'Manlius.'—Talmia."

This shows, of course, that the Emperor Napoleon when he was only a lieutenant of artillery was very glad of "orders" for the theater. M. Febvre adds a story which he heard from Talmia's son to the effect that the future ruler of France used to lie in wait for the tragedian in the galleries of the Palais Royal and that the tragedian used often to whisper to his companion: "I see Bonaparte coming, and I'm afraid he'll ask me for seats."

## The Olympic Games.

In 776 B. C. the Eleians engraved the name of their countryman Corebus as victor in the foot race, and thenceforward we have an almost unbroken list of victors in each Olympiad, or fourth recurrent year, for nearly twelve centuries. The games survived even the extinction of Greek liberty and were finally abolished by the Christian Emperor Theodosius in the tenth year of his reign.—New York American.

## The Absinth Tippler.

The symptoms of the effects of the liquor in the case of the absinth tippler commence with muscular quiverings and decrease of physical strength. The hair begins to drop out, the face assumes a melancholy aspect, and he becomes emaciated, wrinkled and sallow. Lesion of the brain follows, horrible dreams and delusions haunt the victim, and gradually paralysis overtakes him and leads him to the grave.

## Early Croziers.

The earliest mention of the use of a crozier is of one carried by Aitalus, archbishop of Reims, who died A. D. 933. An ancient Saxon or Norman font in Winchester cathedral has a very old representation of a bishop with a crozier, probably the earliest example to be found in England. A crozier of rude shape is cut on the tomb of Bartholomew, bishop of Exeter from 1161 to 1184.

## A Wasted Sermon.

A good deacon was once meandering along the docks on Sunday, and, noticing a crowd of boys fishing, he commenced to reprove them for breaking the Sabbath. In the middle of his harangue he stopped suddenly to ejaculate, "Look out, bub, you've got a bite!" to a small boy whose attention had been distracted from his line. Human nature was too strong for him.—St. James' Gazette.

## Where It Belongs.

"Excuse me," said the playwright to his friend who was hissing the piece "do you think it is good form to hiss my show when I gave you the ticket that admitted you?"

"Certainly," resentfully replied the friend. "If I'd bought a ticket, I would have contented myself by going outside and swearing at myself."—Success Magazine.

## Vienna Barbers.

The Barbers and Wigmakers' union in Vienna is very stringent in its examination before it will admit any new members to the society. Only fully competent persons are allowed to practice and to prove their capabilities must first show that they thoroughly understand the disinfection of razors, brushes, etc., used in their craft and also how to keep the razors sharp and use them to the best advantage.

## An Awkward Comment.

In the vicinity of Germantown there lived a worthy old Quaker lady and her son John, who were once called upon to entertain a number of ladies at dinner during quarterly meeting. As John began to carve the broiled chicken he entered upon a flowery speech of welcome, but in the midst of his flattering utterances his mother, who was somewhat deaf, piped up from the other end of the table: "You needn't be praising of 'em up, John. I'm afraid they're a lot of tough old hens, every one of 'em."—Cleveland Leader.

A modern race horse is a mere speed machine. Highly strung, overtrained, devoid of real staying power, he is useless for any practical purpose. He is coddled, shrouded and nursed till every atom of resistance to untoward conditions is taken out of him.—Cuttia Englishman.

## It is Good Eyes.

It is a curious fact that the loss of any one of the five senses is atoned for to a considerable extent by a pronounced increase in the efficiency of the other senses. The result is sometimes astonishing.

A man who had lost the sight of both eyes trained his hearing until he could tell by the sound of his footsteps on the sidewalks as he made his way about town whether he was in the middle of the walk or at one side whether he was walking past a brick or a frame house or a fence or open ground.

He knew in what part of the town he was not only by his memory or sense of general direction, but by the difference in the "tones" of his footsteps, and he walked about freely, seldom running into anything or anybody.

Some one in his presence once called in question his total blindness.

"Which eye do you think I can see with?" he asked the skeptic.

"The left one, of course," was the reply. "I can see that the right one is blind."

In reply the blind man merely opened his penknife and tapped the left eye with the little blade.

It was a glass eye.

## How His Place Was Filled.

A well known divine whose theological discourses draw crowded houses in all the principal cities accepted an invitation to lecture in a small provincial town, but discovered afterward that he had a prior engagement on the same date. He accordingly apologized and offered to make good any loss the society might incur through his delinquency.

A few days later he received a letter from the secretary assuring him that no harm was done and inclosing a handbill which the divine is never tired of reading to his amused friends.

"As the Rev. Mr. — is unable to give his advertised lecture on 'Conscience,'" announced the bill, "four members of the B— minstrel troupe have kindly volunteered to perform instead a screamingly laughable farce entitled —. Any person who has bought a ticket for the other entertainment may have it transferred to this on payment of sixpence extra."—London Tatler.

## When Explosives Explode.

A popular notion that explosives will "go off" by any simple method is wrong. Many of the most powerful explosives imaginable may be kicked about, may be set on fire or may be shot out of a gun, and unless the proper agency for exploding them is employed they will not "go off" and will do no damage. The reason for this may be explained by an illustration. Consider a grateful of coal. There is there enough of what we may call explosive energy to throw a 1,000 pound weight through a foot of solid steel—if only it could be liberated. But there can be no explosion without oxygen, and the coal in the grate will not burn faster than the supply of oxygen in the air which reaches it will permit. If the coal could be furnished all at once with enough air to cause its complete burning, it would explode with as great violence as if it were so much dynamite.—St. Nicholas.

## The Sun of the Blind.

I have not touched the outline of a star nor the glory of the moon, but I believe that God has set two lights in my mind, the greater to rule by day and the lesser by night, and by them I know that I am able to navigate my life bark, as certain of reaching the haven as he who steers by the North star. Perhaps my sun shines not as yours. The colors that glorify my world, the blue of the sky, the green of the fields, may not correspond exactly with those you delight in, but they are none the less color to me. The sun does not shine for my physical eyes, nor does the lightning flash, nor do the trees turn green in the spring. But they have not therefore ceased to exist any more than the landscape is annihilated when you turn your back on it.—Helen Keller in Century.

## Harmless Joke.

Place a spool of cotton in the inside pocket of your coat and, having threaded a needle with the beginning of the cotton, pass the needle through the front of the coat, unthread the needle and leave about two inches of the cotton hanging as if it were only a stray piece. The first person you meet will be sure to pick it off you, and his astonishment when he finds there is no end to it will give plenty of innocent fun.

## An Ancient Jest.

A gentleman having lent a Guinea, for two or three days, to a person whose promises he had not kept, Faith in, was very much surprised to find he very punctually kept his word with him; the same gentleman being sometime after desirous of borrowing the like sum, No, said the other, you have deceived me once, and I am resolved you shall not do it a second time.—Joe Miller's Jest Book, 1739.

## Washington's Estate.

When he died Washington possessed, including the land brought him by his wife and the Mount Vernon estate, more than 74,000 acres. And this did not include his city property. He was indeed a landlord on a large scale. Besides the lands he held personally Washington was partner in various land companies, though none of these appear to have survived the Revolution.

## One Sided.

"Does he enjoy funny stories?"  
"Yes; when he tells them."—Houston Post.

Bryan will not take the stump. A cruel and unusual punishment.

## Teachers in the Graded School for the Coming Year.

The orps of teachers in the graded school has been filled, and their work assigned them. The teachers' names and their grades are given.

Misses Ada Schenck 1st Grade.  
Ava Harris 2nd grade, Annie Duke 3rd grade, E'na Hill 4th grade, Louise Dixon 5th grade, Ava Gum 6th grade, Lela Miller 7th grade

## HIGH SCHOOL.

Miss Wrenn Harris, History and Latin. Mr. A. P. Whisenhunt, Mathematics. Supt. Chas. M. Staley, English and Science

The schools will open August 31st, in order that the fall term may end before the Christmas holidays. The school fund is sufficient to run the schools only eight months. Several changes are in contemplation which will add to the efficiency of the schools.

## Superior Court.

The Catawba Superior Court convened Monday at Newton with Judge Fred Moore of Asheville presiding. The following men were drawn as grand Jurors

O. D. Murray, forman: John Abernethy, W. A. Reinhart, Frank Saunders, J. P. Cornelius, G. E. Bumgarner, James M. Crouse, Ed. C. Smith, J. P. Cloninger, G. M. Hildebrand, H. F. Gordon, J. W. Mouser, A. G. Bumgarner, Bruce Yount, W. A. Setzer, J. P. Ritchey, James Rink, H. P. Robinson.

Some twenty five cases were disposed of including many fines and several sentenced to the penitentiary. There was a large attendance of Hickory attorneys.

The Socialist-Labor Party has nominated a man for president who now is in the Penitentiary. If we could only lock them all up for a while,

The negro League is going to support Bryan. They are 700,000 "strong."

Mount Aetna and Tom Lawson are both in eruption. It is rather unusual for Aetna.

## She Conquered the Germans.

In the Franco-German war the French hospital at Vendome was in charge of Mme. Coralie Cahen, one of the most noted nurses of the time. There, aided by two nurses and seven Christian Sisters of Mercy, she received thousands of French and German soldiers. When the Prussians occupied Vendome they wished to hold the hospital and plant on it the German flag. But, warned of the enemy's intentions, Mme. Cahen early one January morning visited the Prussian general, who, surrounded by his staff, was about to seize the building.

"Sir," she exclaimed, "we have received your wounded and nursed them as though they were our own. We will continue to do so, but we will remain in a French hospital. We will not have it converted into a German hospital."

"Madame," was the reply, "we are masters."

"In the town it may be; here, no!" was the answer. "We are protected by the Red Cross and the French flag. You have no right to touch either the one or the other."

She conquered, and from that day the utmost admiration was openly evinced for her by the Germans.

## His Hint.

"Don't you want some needles, dear?" queried Brown as he picked up his shirt and glanced at the places where the buttons should have been.

"Why, no," replied Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, I thought," said Brown a trifle nervously, "that probably your old ones had become worn by much use."

## His Charm Gone.

Phoebe—You would hardly know Freddy since he got back from Monte Carlo. He lost all his money there, and—Evelyn—Hardly know him! Why, I shan't know him at all!—Illustrated Bits.

## His Night Work.

Wife—What makes you stay at the office so late at nights? Do you gain anything by it? Hubby—No, but I have several times come—er—within an ace of gaining something.—Philadelphia Record.