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THE END OF THE DITCH FUED

Leaning his arm on the top of a fence rail, Clem Bonbright stared across at the "sour pasture." Tall tussocks of coarse coarse grass stood up here and there above the slimy surface. A ditch filled with stagnant water broadened at the lower edge of the pasture into a wide pool that extended into the Wolverton meadow beyond. Rubus and sweet-flag had taken root in places; in others that were drier bonaset and goldenrod grew thick.

"That pasture is a disgrace to the farm," said Clem.

"I should say it was!" ejaculated his older half-brother, Jason. "And if there was any such thing as justice in the courts of this state, we'd have had big damages from Bill Wolverton for breach of contract."

"Well," Clem remarked, soothingly, "he didn't get any damages, either."

"It's a wonder!" Jason retorted. "If it had been the same judge and jury that tried our case against him, he probably would."

Clem felt disposed to reply that the two trials seemed like a "stand-off" to him, but knowing his brother's strong prejudice, he wisely refrained from offering his opinion.

"Say, Jase," he asked, instead, "if I turn that pasture into a tillable field, will you give me all I can raise on it the first season?"

"I should say I would! But, see here, Clem, you're not planning any knuckling to Bill Wolverton, are you?"

"No. I'm just planning a little arguing. I don't mean to get you into it, directly or indirectly. You said I could have the crop, didn't you?"

"Yes. I've passed my word, and I'll keep it. But if you're going to dicker with Wolverton, I don't want to know anything about it. I wouldn't touch him with a forty-foot pole; and I should think you'd have too much pride to talk to him, after all that's happened."

Clem had no respect for the pride that cuts off its nose to spite its face; but now was the time, not to talk and argue, but to think and plan.

Ten years before, when Clem had been too young to know or understand much about the difficulty, the quarrel between the Bonbrights and the Wolvertons had started over what was at first a mere misunderstanding. The heads of the two houses had agreed orally to dig a ditch together, the outlet of which was to be in a creek on the Wolverton farm. John Bonbright and his son Jason had dug their portion a week earlier than had been agreed, and then had fallen out with Wolverton on the question whether tile, as he suggested, or stone, capped with plank, as they preferred, should be used to enclose the runlet. As a result the Wolverton section was never dug, and both fields were left in worse condition than before.

Wolverton, a noisy, generous man, with a hot and somewhat vindictive temper, had sued for damages for the overflow of his land, and the trial justice had thrown his case out of court. The Bonbrights, in turn, had sued for breach of contract, and the jury had returned a verdict of no cause for action. Both parties to the suits had paid some rather heavy legal fees, and then had settled down to a state of sullen enmity.

John Bonbright died, and Clem, the only child of a second marriage, was left during his minority as the ward of his half-brother. His mother had died years before. He had a more enterprising, cheerful temperament and a more active mind than his brother. The two frequently disagreed, although seldom to the point of open quarreling.

While driving to the creamery the next morning with a load of milk in cans, Clem met his neighbor. "Good morning, Mr. Wolverton!" he called, and stopped

his horses. "Why, hello, Clemmie!" the big man said, heartily, for he cherished no ill-will against the boy. "How's your sorrel colt coming on?"

"Fine as silk! You and I will have to give or take with those two colts some day, for they'd match up finely. By the way, I haven't noticed you looking over yours much lately."

A frown passed across Wolverton's face. "No," he said. "Every time I go to the back of the farm I have to pass that frog-pond, and I don't enjoy the looks of it."

That was precisely the opening Clem had sought. "Suppose I did away with that frog-pond some day when you were not looking," he suggested, "would you have any objections?"

"Why—I don't know. What's your scheme, Clemmie?"

"Oh, I'd run it into the creek, where it belongs."

"You'd ditch it across my land, I suppose you mean?"

"Why, yes, if you didn't object and weren't looking." Clem laughed so good-humoredly as he said this that Wolverton half-smiled; but the old grudge still rankled.

"That would be playing right into Jase's hands," he said. "It would make his old sour pasture worth a hundred dollars an acre. No, I guess not, Clemmie."

"You wouldn't have any objection to benefiting me, would you?"

"Not a bit!"

"Nor yourself?"

"Well, hardly."

"Now see here, Mr. Wolverton, I can have the whole of the first crop, and I think I can raise more than two hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre if that pasture is drained. Professor Baker has told me just what to do; and you know as well as I do that there's plenty of hard common sense in what he suggests. And as to its benefiting you, that's too plain to argue."

The burly farmer slowly descended from his wagon, stepped across the road, and laid a huge hand on Clem's knee.

"Now look here, Clemmie," he said, "you tell me right out just where Jase comes in on this. Did he have any hand in the plan?"

"He doesn't come in at all," said the boy, earnestly, although he had hard work to suppress a smile. "He's dodging round the outskirts, refusing to look or listen. He says I haven't proper pride; but I got a promise of the crop from him before he thought; and now he won't go back on his word. But he doesn't want to know anything about what I'm doing."

Wolverton laughed. "I guess I can go as far as that too," he said. "I won't look or listen, either, Clemmie, and I don't want you to say another word to me about it."

Climbing into his wagon, he clucked to the horses, but suddenly quilled up.

"Mind you, Clemmie," he called back, "you've got a man's job ahead of you! Boys sometimes get big ideas, and bite off more than they can chew. If you start that ditch you've got to finish it; I don't want it half-dug and dropped. You'll find that clay stiff and tough."

"I know what it is, Mr. Wolverton. I'll carry it through if I live."

"That's enough; we won't mention it again."

In a short time Clem found by the blisters on his palms that Mr. Wolverton had made no mistake about the nature of the clay. Sixteen rods is a long distance to cut a channel varying in depth from three to four and a half feet, especially when there are other tasks to be done, and the work has to be performed alone and without a word of encouragement from any one.

Although Clem kept doggedly at it throughout the late summer and the early fall, pride alone enabled him to dig the last five rods. He vowed that he would keep his promise if it half-killed him. When the water finally flowed off into the creek, and a heavy rain that followed

Continued to Page 5.

THE FATE OF FOY CURLEE. His Disappearance As Much a Mystery Today as Ever—No Clue Since He Disappeared.

Statesville Landmark.

A little over three years have now elapsed since the mysterious disappearance of Foy Curlee, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Curlee, of Statesville, and the mystery is as far from solution as ever. In fact it deepens as the years go by because not the slightest clue has been found on which the parents of the boy and officers may base a more thorough investigation of the case with the hope of solution. While the hope that he is alive and will some day return home is naturally entertained, the fear that he met with foul play daily haunts those to whom he is near and dear. If he is alive and could know the continuous grief of his mother, he would surely return to her, and it is hoped that these lines may fall under his eyes.

It will be remembered that the boy, then 15 years of age, left the home of his parents in south Statesville on the morning of June 22, 1909, and went to the plant of the Statesville Safe and Table Co., where he had been employed for some time. Having previously notified his foreman that he was going to change jobs, he called at the office of the company and secured what money was due him, the amount being several dollars. A few minutes later he was seen near the factory talking to a group of negroes, but further than that the earth seems to have "swallowed him up" so far as knowledge of his whereabouts goes.

He was attired in his regular work clothes, had said nothing to his parents about going away and when he failed to return home the search for him, which has never failed, was begun.

Reports came that a boy answering his description boarded the Charlotte train at Barium and that a boy of similar description was seen walking up the Western railroad, but nothing came of these rumors. In fact, there has been no clue whatever which has amounted to anything. The theory that he met with foul play is strengthened by the fact that the boy had considerable money at the time. He had saved from his weekly earnings between \$50 and \$60 which he kept either in his room or in his pocket and as it was never found in his room it is assumed that he had it on his person; and to this amount was added what he drew for work at the factory on the morning of his disappearance. Boy-like, he often exhibited his purse of money and it is said that he showed it to the group of negroes with whom he was seen conversing the morning of his disappearance.

Foy was a rather backward and modest boy and had never been away from home longer than a day at a time. His parents say that he was a good boy; that he always gave his mother a part of his earnings, seemed unusually devoted to her, and that there was no trouble in the home to cause him to want to leave it.

Fatal Quarrel at Blowing Rock.

Lenoir, July 15.—Saturday afternoon at Blowing Rock, two white men, Alonzo Hartly and Lewis Trexler met in the pool room and engaged in a quarrel over some ice, Hartley accusing Trexler, who owns a cold drink stand, of taking ice from his house. The men passed some hot words and Hartley became enraged and picked up a billiard cue striking Trexler a heavy blow across the head, felling him to the floor, from the effects of which the latter died in less than three hours.

Both men have long been residents of this popular mountain resort. It is understood that Hartley is in the hands of the officials of the law. Trexler was at one time chief of police of the little town and about 28 years old. He is survived by a wife.

WILLIAM LORIMER OUSTED BY SENATE.

Vote Was Fifty-five to Twenty-eight in Favor of Expulsion.

Washington, July 13.—Overturning the majority of its own committee, and reversing its vote of March 1, 1911, the senate today took away from William Lorimer his seat as junior senator from Illinois by a vote of 55 to 28. A member of the senate since June 18, 1909, Mr. Lorimer today was declared to have been the recipient of votes secured by "corrupt methods and practices," and his election was held to have been invalid.

Technically, Mr. Lorimer will pass out of the records of the senate as a member of that body notwithstanding his more than three years occupancy of his seat. Facing his associates with the declaration: "I am ready," Mr. Lorimer sat in the chamber and heard his fate decreed as the roll call showed the adoption of the resolution of Senator Luke Lea, of Tennessee, the senate's youngest member.

Exit of Lorimer.

The man who for three days had held the senate to close attention with his remarkable speech of defense and attack upon his enemies, rose wearily from his seat and passed back to a cloak room door. Senators and members of the house gathered about him, grasping his hand and patting him on the back. Outside the senate door as Mr. Lorimer stepped into the corridor, friends greeted him again, and a party of sisters of charity pushed forward to express regret at his expulsion. At his office later, when a physician had attended him, he said he would not leave Washington before the first of next week. The outcome of the vote was not a surprise but the leaders of the fight against him had not estimated a greater vote than 50 to 35. Lorimer gained only one of the men who voted against him March 1, 1911, Senator Jones, of Washington; while he lost the vote of his associate, Senator Cullom, and of Senators Curtis, of Kansas; Briggs, of New Jersey; Simmons, of North Carolina, and Watson, of West Virginia.

Lorimer's fight for his own official life began in the senate chamber early Thursday afternoon. When he concluded his eloquent declaration that he was not a coward, and "would not run in the face of certain defeat," at 2 o'clock this afternoon he had held the floor for twelve hours with intermission and recesses to restore his strength.

The moving character of Lorimer's appeal was admitted on every hand, but it apparently swayed 25 votes. Instead of the pleading defense that had been expected, it was throughout a ringing defiance to those who had opposed him, a declaration of his unflinching belief in the purity of his election in Illinois, and a promise that he would not give up his fight with his eviction from the senate.

Would Not Resign.

"It has been suggested that I resign," he said, in his closing declaration. "He who is so cowardly as to run because defeat stares him in the face has no place in this body. Though you all vote to turn me out; though every vote has been canvassed and is against me, I will not resign. My exit from this body will not be from fear; it will be because I am a coward. It will be because of the crime of the United States."

Only two incidents marked the few minutes between the termination of Lorimer's speech, and the taking of the roll call which resulted in his defeat. One was the charge of Senator Dixon, Colonel Roosevelt's campaign manager, that the affidavits Lorimer introduced to show attempted corruption of delegates to the Chicago convention were "malicious and deliberate falsehoods."

The other was the request of Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, feeble from the effects of paralysis, for permission to have

the clerk read a statement from him. It was the affirmation of his belief in Lorimer's innocence, and a pathetic statement of his own feebleness. Tillman wept as it was read, and other members of the senate exhibited deep feeling.

Statement of Tillman.

"Since I was stricken with paralysis thirty months ago," said Tillman's statement, "I have thought often and seriously about death and the hereafter. That I am here at all is in some respects a miracle, and I know I must go hence and meet the Great Judge face to face very soon. I cannot do otherwise than vote as my conscience dictates, and I believe this man is innocent of the charges brought against him."

Senator Tillman expressed the hope that Mr. Lorimer would consecrate the remainder of his life to the purification of politics in Chicago and to the uplift of his fellow citizens in Illinois.

"I believe if he does bravely fight for a purer and better government in Illinois," he said, "God will strengthen his arm and he will return to the senate vindicated by the people of that great State."

South African Won.

Stockholm, July 15.—South Africa which heretofore played rather a modest part in the Olympics came to the center of its culmination yesterday, winning the marathon race, the most important number on the Olympic program. This might have been honor enough for a small nation, but South Africa also won second place by a secure lead, which was piling up the glory.

The winner of the classical marathon was K. K. McArthur, a tall Transvaal policeman, who has never yet been headed in a similar event. His compatriot, C. W. Gitslow, came second in the stadium several hundred yards behind, and third to appear was the American, Gasten Strobino, of the South Paterson A. C. who put up a braver fight most of the runners, for his feet were skinned and bleeding and he was suffering great pain. He never lost his nerve though, and made a brave attempt at feeling happy while he traversed the stadium track a furlong behind the second man at the end of the killing performance.

The times as announced were McArthur, 2 hours, 36 minutes; Gitslow, 2 hours, 37 minutes, 52 seconds; Strobino, 2 hours, 38 minutes, 42 2-5 seconds. The Americans certainly gave a death blow to the theory that the athletes of the United States are the best at contests which require quickness rather than endurance.

Asheville Citizen Finds a Baby on His Porch.

Asheville, July 15.—Frank W. Poindexter, who lives at 176 Park avenue, is the possessor of a lusty baby, which he found on his porch on his return from Riverside Park last night, and which he is very anxious to find its parents.

Mr. Poindexter had been out to the park during the evening, and on his return was attracted by the cries of an infant, seemingly from his own porch. He investigated, and found a lusty infant, apparently about two weeks old in a basket on the porch.

The police department were notified, but so far have failed to find any clue to the parents. None of the neighbors saw any one approach or leave the house, and the appearance of the baby is a puzzle. Mr. Poindexter's family cared for the infant last night, and are awaiting further notice from the police department before attempting to dispose of it.

If you have a housewife you cannot reasonably hope to be healthy or beautiful by washing dishes, sweeping and doing housework all day, and crawling into bed dead tired at night. You must get out into the open air and sunlight. If you do this every day and keep your stomach and bowels in good order by taking Chamberlain's Tablets when needed, you should become both healthy and beautiful. For sale by All Dealers.

A NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM. That is What the Nomination of Gov. Wilson Means.

New York World.

No political boss brought about his (Gov. Wilson's nomination). No political machine carried his candidacy to victory. No coterie of Wall Street financiers provided the money to finance his campaign. He has no debt to pay to corrupt politics or to corrupt business. He was nominated by the irresistible force of public opinion, and by that alone. He stands before the country a free man.

The American people have set out to regain possession of their government and Woodrow Wilson was nominated for President because he embodies that issue. The bosses, and the pulcrocrats who tried to prevent his nomination were beaten by the power of the people, and the power that nominated him is the power that will elect him.

With Woodrow Wilson as the Democratic candidate for President it makes no difference what Mr. Roosevelt does. It makes no difference how many third parties he organizes. Progressive Democrats and progressive Republicans now have a candidate of their own. The contest between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft is now a contest for the control of the Republican organization, and nothing more. The menace of a third term no longer hangs over the country. The menace of personal government no longer threatens American institutions. The United States is not to be Mexicanized. It is to be re-Americanized.

It is because Governor Wilson represents this vital principle that the World so persistently urged his nomination. It is because Governor Wilson represents this principle that the party was forced to surrender. It is because Governor Wilson represents this principle that he will be triumphantly elected in November. Such a man is imperatively needed, and the American people, true to their traditions in every crisis, have again found him.

Governor Wilson's nomination means that the rule of the boss is over. It means that the partnership between corrupt politics and corrupt business in national politics is forcibly dissolved. It means that the old regime of protection to privilege and plutocracy is on the scaffold. It means that the old gods are dead.

The United States is back to the benediction pronounced by Abraham Lincoln on the battlefield of Gettysburg—"that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Tries to Save Child.

New York, July 15.—Mrs. Nellie Kelly, 28 years of age, is dead and her two-year-old baby boy is lying in a hospital as the result of injuries sustained when both were impaled today on an iron picket fence as they fell from a fourth story window in their home in West Twelfth St. Mrs. Kelly fell in a futile attempt to save her child which had crept to the window and lost its balance.

The baby's head was caught between two of the iron pickets, his hand was impaled on another and he hung suspended by his neck. The mother struck a few feet away from him, the pickets catching her by shoulder and leg. With her head only a few inches from the ground she hung unconscious. Mrs. Kelly and the baby were rushed to a hospital but the mother died on the way. The child has a fractured skull and cannot recover.

The Trials of a Traveler.

"I am a traveling salesman," writes E. E. Youngs, E. Berkshire, Vt., "and was often troubled with constipation and indigestion till I began to use Dr. King's New Life Pills, which I have found an excellent remedy." For all stomach, liver or kidney troubles they are unequalled. Only 25 cents at E. H. Hennis Drug Co.