

Valle Crucis Industrial School.

The Valle Crucis Industrial school opened last Tuesday. The teaching force of this good old school has been greatly strengthened by the addition of the Rev. Hugh A. Dobbin and Mrs. Wm. G. Randall, well known instructors of the young, and these two, with Miss Holcomb, of last year's corps of of instrnetors, at the head of the Primary Department, and Miss Ellen D. Tongue as Principal of the School, compose the faculty for the present year.

For terms, etc., address the principal who will gladly give any information regarding the school.

An idea having gone abroad that this school, the oldest in this county, was about to fall through, Bishop Horner, who has espoused its course, announces publicly that he intends putting up another building in the near future and otherwise improving and strengthening the school until he has put it upon as good a basis as any in this part of the State.

Though working under the auspices of the Episcopal church, the prime object of the Bishop in rebuilding and supporting this school is to add his experience to that of other schools in giving the young men and young women of this grand old mountain region an opportunity to get a practical education, which will equip them for the battle of life, the clarion call to be heard every day.

In order the better to equip our young people for the battle, Bishop Horner is going to place several important industries at Valle Crucis, where boys and girls can learn the trades and other means of making a livelihood already having put up and started in good order, a steam saw-mill with modern dry kills, a blacksmith, wheelwright and wood working shops, beside a well equipped wagon factory, all under the supervision of John W. Dyer, of wagon-making fame, who with a corps of competent assistants, among them, his father, Mr. Wayne Dyer, is ready to fill orders at any time, already having made quite a number of good wagons on the well known "Dyer" plan, though the shop has been but a short time in operation. It would repay anyone to visit these shops, the best equipped in all this mountain region, as well as to visit the school where all are cordially welcomed by the faculty and hospitably entertained by the school household, headed by their genial hostess, Mrs. Holcombe, who hopes that all will feel at liberty to visit the school and judge for themselves.

S.

Turnpike Meeting.

Persuant to a call the stockholders of the Lenoir & Blowing Rock met here Thursday and accepted the charter and formally organized by electing the following named gentlemen a board of directors for twelve months:

A. Burbony, L. P. Henkle, J. M. Bernhardt, W. L. Holsouser, M. H. Cone, C. V. Henkle, S. F. Harper, A. H. Washburn, G. L. Barnhardt, T. H. Taylor T. F. Sehorn.

The directors then met and elected L. P. Henkle, president, and T. H. Taylor, Sec. and Treas.—Lenoir News.

Here is a paragraph from the Wilkes Patriot that should be read and considered just now:

Wilkes county has 18.11 miles of railroad, which is valued at \$29,132.93 per mile, making the total valuation \$527,597.55, or just a little more than half a million dollars. The Southern Express Company has property in the county valued at \$1,191,916.90 and the Western Union Telegraph Company \$2,181. Aside from the fact that these companies furnish us transportation and news service, they are no small consequence in the matter of taxes.

Romy Story Dead.

My young friend, Romy Storie died at the home of his father, Mr. John Storie, on Friday night Sept. the 13th, 1907, after a brief illness of typhoid fever. Everything was done for him that loving friends and relatives could do and the doctors did all they could, but to no avail. Monster death had seized him and he had to give up life. I was at the burial of my young friend and I have not seen such a large crowd, at a burial in a long time. A Mr. Robertson, the captain of the base and foot ball teams from Chapel Hill, and a Mr. Abernathy, one of the same team, was there from Hickory. They held Romy in such high esteem that they 'phoned for his burial not to take place until about three o'clock, as they wanted to be there, and when they came they brought the prettiest wreath of flowers tied and worked well with silk ribbon, the most beautiful thing in the way of flowers I have ever seen. After the funeral services by Bros. Payne and Miller, he was laid to rest, and the grave was litterally covered with beautiful flowers. The wreath I spoke of cost \$30 or \$35.

Romey's death should be a warning to us all, but most especially to the young people, for in this life is the time and the only time to prepare for death.

C. J. COTTRELL.

A Chapel Hill special says of the death of Romy Storie:

A great gloom has been cast over the entire college by the death of "Warhorse" Romy Storie. He died with typhoid fever at his home at Blowing Rock. He was captain of both the foot ball and baseball team. He was an athlete of the first rank with hardly a peer in the South and few in the country. He was one of the tars in the game when Carolina beat Virginia 17 to 0 two years ago. He formed a considerable part of the Tar Heel wall that is the Carolina-Penn. game last year held the great Pennsylvania eleven down to a score of 11 to 0. The New York Journal dubbed him "the ubiquitous Storie," and such he was. In base ball he was the same—in the game all the time without losses. He was a good fielder and a great "pinch hitter. He won five games last spring by opportune hitting. In the Carolina-Guillford game last Spring he knocked the ball over the left field fence,—a feat accomplished only about once in a decade.

He was as rugged and immovable as the mountains among which he was born and raised. He loomed large both on the diamond and the gridiron, but withal he was as meek and gentle as a child. In his great, stalwart breast beat a heart as kind as a woman's. Romy Storie will be missed long and deeply here at Chapel Hill.

Southern athletics has lost one of its bright particular stars and the University has lost a good student and its best all round achlets of recent years.

The time of year is now upon us, when to our mind, Nature is at her best. A soft blue haze hangs on all the mountains and the shadows below are dark and cool. The stately golden-rod nods to you by the fences and waves its banners from every hill-side pasture field. The little purple star-like flowers that tell us frost is not far away, are to be seen on every hand. Many of the cherry leaves are crimson, having been touched by Autumn's hand. Little white butterflies lazily flutter through the air and numerous insects sing their songs. The farmers are getting ready to gather the crops, and the busy housewife is like the provident ground squirrel, storing away for use in the long cold winter to come, all that she has. In fact, Summer is gone and Autumn reigns.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The distinguished editor of Charity and Children, after his return from the recent Association held in Boone, and partaking of the hospitalities for which our people are so noted, saw fit to hurl, instead of a boquet, this brick bat at our quiet, unassuming, and, in most respects, ideal little village, nestling as it does among the everlasting hills. Charity and Children says:

"Boone is a very small village and has the appearance of being tired. The houses in most part are old and some of them dilapidated. The streets are in bad shape and the stores are dark and forbidding. There is very little enterprise in Boone, though it ought to be a vigorous and prosperous town, for it is surrounded by a rich county, and the people are prosperous. Somebody must be setting down on Boone, as is so often the case in towns where a few men own the property."

Well, the expected has happened. We were all anxious to see what our friend would say, and now he has said it. We wonder if he thought that as much wealth would be displayed here, 30 miles from a railroad, as is found in Asheville or Thomasville. What kind of an idea did the editor have of a mountain town? Who does he suppose will appreciate what he said? We have never boasted of our town, but we could refresh the gentleman's mind with the fact that we gave North Carolina two of her best judges. We have furnished the leaders of the classes at the University, Trinity and other colleges. Who has a dilapidated house Boone? We thought that some of the best houses in the county were right here. Our people are painting, improving the streets and doing many things to better the appearance of the town. As to the stores, they show for themselves. We do not have as much glass in the fronts of our stores as they have in Thomasville, but they are very neat, light and inviting.

Not many years ago the editor of the Washington City Star, accompanied by his wife, was here, and long since then Editor Hemp hill, of the Charleston News and Courier, and many other editors from different sections of the country have been here, all of whom were delighted with our town. This all goes to show the difference in opinions.

Boone is all right, and if Editor Johnson has got you to believe otherwise, you are invited to come and see for yourself.

Mr. Dulany, Civil Engineer, who will have charge of the Rail Road survey from Mt. City to Boone, spent Friday night last at the Blackburn House. He was looking out the most practical route for the road, and has decided that the best route is down Cove Creek, by way of Sugar Grove, thence to Valle Crucis and up the Watauga to the mouth of Laurel Fork, and up said creek, and through Hodges Gap to Boone. This is indeed gratifying news to our people, as it will give us much more mileage in the county and at the same time give many more of our people easy access to the road. He says the survey will begin within the next few days. It is a certain fact, well established, that we will get the road if we do our part, and judging from reports that are coming in from all parts of the county, the people are determined to do that. Surely this is the greatest news we have had for many a day; in fact all the railroad news that we have ever had amounting to any thing at all. Let us all pull together and we will soon be connected with the outside world by rail and take our stand along side our more fortunate sister counties that have long enjoyed the blessing we now seek.

At White River Junction, Va., on the 15th, a fearful wreck occurred in which 25 were killed and many others injured.

"But The Greatest of These is Charity."

A few months ago a cranky sort of an old man came into this office and stopped his paper because something in it did not just suit his fancy. We have frequently met him on the street since that time and it is amusing to note the look of surprise on the old fellows face that we are still in existence regardless of the fact that he stopped his paper. Some day—and it won't belong either—that old gentleman will turn up his toes. His heart will be stilled forever. Neighbors and friends will follow his lifeless clay to the silent city and lay them to rest among the flowers. An obituary will be published in these columns telling what a kind father, a good neighbor and beloved citizen he was—which the recording angel will overlook for charity's sake and in a very short time he will be forgotten. As he lies there in the cold graveyard wrapped in the silent slumber of death, he will never know that the last kind word spoken of him was by the editor of that paper which in life he so spitefully "stopped." Did you ever pause just a moment and think that your editor, whoever he may be, will write your obituary some day?—Ex.

Dr. P. L. Murphy, Supt. of the Western Insane Asylum, at Morganton, died on the 11th at his home there. Dr. Murphy would have been 59 years old in Oct., and for 24 years he had occupied this position. His death was not unexpected. Last fall he went to Baltimore for an operation and was under treatment there for months. He gained strength sufficient to come home to die, and has lingered much longer than it was thought possible. By his own request, Dr. Murphy was buried on the front grounds of the hospital. A widow and four children survive him.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The famous Cliff House at San Francisco, one of the chief attractions for tourists, was burned to the ground.

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