

# THE ASHEBORO COURIER.

State Library

Issued Weekly.  
VOL. XXVII.

PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.  
ASHEBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1903.

\$1.00 Per Year  
NO. 42

## BRITAIN & GREGSON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Asheboro, - North Carolina.

Practice in the courts of Randolph and adjoining counties; in State and Federal Courts. Prompt attention to business of all kinds.

Wm. C. Hamner, J. A. Spence  
(Civil Practice Only.)  
**HAMMER & SPENCE,**  
Attorneys - at - Law,  
Asheboro, N. C.  
(North of Court House.)  
Practice in all the courts.

**E. MOFFITT,**  
Attorney - at - Law,  
ASHEBORO, N. C.

Practice in all the courts. Special attention given to settlement of Estates.

Office NEAR COURT HOUSE  
S. Bryant, President J. H. Cole, Cashier

**Bank of Randleman,  
Randleman, N. C.**

Capital paid in, \$20,000  
Protection to depositors, 40,000

DIRECTORS:—S. G. Newlin, A. N. Bull, W. T. Bryant, C. L. Lindsey, N. N. Newlin, J. H. Cole, S. Bryant, H. O. Barker and W. K. Hartwell.

**Sydner & Hundley,  
Richmond, Va.**

(Headquarters for  
**Bridal Suites**

Virginia's Leading Furniture House begs to extend a happy New Year's greeting to our many friends and patrons in North Carolina, and to assure them that our stock of Furniture and kindred branches will, in the future as in the past, be STRICTLY UP TO THE TIMES.

**Sydner & Hundley**  
708-712 E. BROAD ST.  
RICHMOND, VA.

**J. F. Heitman,**  
Has a full line of Groceries, Hardware, Dry Goods, Notions, etc., and solicits a share of your patronage.

Trinity, N. C.

**IF YOU WANT  
THE BEST LAUNDRY**

Send your Laundry to the Old Reliable  
**CHARLOTTE STEAM  
LAUNDRY.**

They are better prepared to do your work right than any Laundry in the State; and do it right, too.

Leave your bundles at Wood & Moring's store. Basket leaves Tuesdays and returns Fridays.

**W. A. COFFIN, Agent.**

**Machinery.**

For the A. B. Farquhar threshing machinery, saw mills, engines, etc write or call on WILLIS L. FREEMAN, Agent, Ether, N. C.

**THE  
FRISCO  
SYSTEM**

OPERATED  
**Double Daily Trains**

Carrying Pullman Sleepers, Cafe Cars (a 1st berth) and Chair Cars (seats free)

**Electric Lighted Throughout**

Birmingham, Memphis and Kansas City AND TO ALL POINTS IN TEXAS, OKLAHOMA and INDIAN TERRITORIES AND THE Far West and Northwest

THE ONLY THROUGH ALLEGEDLY CAR LINE BETWEEN THE SOUTHWEST AND KANSAS CITY

Descriptive literature, tickets arranged and through reservations made upon application to  
W. T. SAUNDERS, Gen'l. Agt. Pass. Dep't.  
P. O. BOX 100  
F. E. OLAMI, Trans. Agt., ATLANTA, GA.  
**W. T. SAUNDERS**  
Gen'l. Agent Passenger Department  
ATLANTA, GA.

BLANKS—All kinds of blanks for magistrates at Courier Office. Sent for price.

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

The Happenings in and Around Washington Tensely Told by Our Own Correspondent.

Washington, D. C., April 13th.—The scandal in the Post Office Department is one of the most flagrant examples of Republican administration furnished since the war. The charges—and they are well justified—disclose a colossal scheme of jobbery and robbery. Several officials have resigned. Others don't dare. Several of the high officers of the department seem to have plundered right and left. In view of the millions annually spent for the postal service it is readily seen how venal officials could "rake off" enormous sums yearly.

The jobbery apparently grew up under Hanna's man Percy S. Heath, who as First Assistant Postmaster General was a politician, if nothing worse. The department was administered like a Chinese province and whether or not Heath was a direct beneficiary his methods bred up the rotten system now being pichforked to the sunlight.

And this sort of thing has been going on while letter carriers, post-office clerks and railway postal employees are underpaid and overworked.

If the contracts for carrying the mails over the railroads were as economical as they should be and could be, and the postoffice millions were saved to the government, the postal employees could be paid decent salaries and there would be money left over besides.

Exposure in this case came as a result of a row among officials. Robt. J. Wynne, who believed in having his authority respected, got mad at some of the well entrenched officials who were amused at some of Wynne's efforts to direct. Wynne was recently appointed First Assistant Postmaster General. The other fellows had been in their jobs for years and were regarded as experts.

So Wynne resorted to the familiar device of starting a fire behind his enemies and the disclosures resulted. Bellairs, the swindler and convict, who was an Associated Press Representative, sent the news of General Leonard Wood's "marvelous success" as an administrator in Santiago first, and subsequently in Havana as Governor General, has been exposed. He is now known as a man named Ballentine, from Norfolk county, England. He is in the New York Rogues' Gallery. He is described by Wynne as the most successful confidence man of the world. He was convicted of forgery in Florida and three years after the expiration of his term he was, under the name of Bellairs, informing the American public of Cuban affairs. He was Wood's guide, counselor and friend. He was, it is seriously asserted, three distinct Cuban payrolls. He then, after "making Wood," was sent to the Philippines and for two years Philippine news came to this country filtered through this moral sewer.

Exposure came to him through his book, in which he denounced Gov. Taft and extolled Wood and declared that Wood should be sent to replace Taft. Taft's friends exposed Bellairs. If the Republican "grafters" light frequently enough we may learn all the truth about this administration but they are not likely to. Common sense will assert its influence. Bellairs, however brilliant as a swindler he may be, is only an incident. What of Wood, the President's great friend? What of the charges against Wood so lightly dismissed by Secretary Root? Did Wood know of Bellairs' real name, record and character? Did not some army officers denounce Bellairs to Wood, and did not the latter, despite that fact, continue his association with Bellairs? Why was the administration of Cuba so expensive under Wood? Palma has governed more firmly, more quietly and much less expensively. How about the gambling monopoly Wood fastened on Havana? We do know that he did get from the stockholders of this gambling monopoly a \$5,000 service, and it is said that he admitted the service into Cuba free of duty four days before its presentation. How about the contracts let and franchises granted by Wood? And yet Wood is slated by Roosevelt to be the head of the army—the Lieutenant General.

The speeches of the President on his trip and those of some of his cabinet members are attracting some attention here in political circles. They are distinctly anti-liberal revision. They tell us that nothing can be expected of the Republican party in the way of tariff revision legislation in the next Congress, and it is notice to the people of the country that if they want any such thing or any relief from the burdens of tariff taxation or relief from the burdens of trust rapacity, they will have to elect a Democratic Congress and a Democratic administration. The kind of talk indulged in by the President and his cabinet ministers is a distinct violation of all the pledges made to the people by the Republican party. If that party can afford to stand pat on its violated pledges then it is up to the people. The President not only tells us that his party is not going to do anything, it pronounced but one can drive an ox team through his logic and his consistency. In his speech on trusts at Milwaukee, the President said: "Not only is the legislation recently enacted effective, but in my judgment it was imperative to attempt more." How does he know it is effective until it has been tried? Again, we all remember that he was demanding much more on his stamping last fall, and when his At-

torney General was suggesting to Representative Littlefield what the President wanted done. Littlefield prepared the anti-trust bill and succeeded in getting it through the house, but it was pigeon-holed in the Senate by order of the trusts and with the consent of the President. In his Milwaukee speech the President spoke sarcastically of "alleged remedies" that "seek to destroy the disease by killing the patient." He then added: "Others are so obviously futile that it is somewhat difficult to treat them seriously or as being advanced in good faith. High among the latter I place the efforts to reach the trust question by means of the tariff. You can, of course, put an end to the prosperity of the trusts by putting an end to the prosperity of the nation; but the price for such action seems high." The prosperity of the nation has nothing to do with the prosperity of the trusts. The trusts have emerged from every panic and business depression absolutely unscathed and flourishing as before, simply because the tariff was still there and still doing business as of old.

The President apparently has changed his mind about being able to do the taxpayers of the country some good by lowering the tariff since he resigned from the Free Trade Club in New York, shortly after he was elected to the Assembly there in 1884 on an independent, fusion and anti-Platt ticket. He was then speaking strenuously for free trade and resigned only because he thought and said in a letter to Postmaster General, that he thought his membership would stand in the way of political promotion.

In other words, the principle count for nothing when the office is in sight. Again the President said in his Milwaukee speech: "We should be false to the historic principles of our government if we discriminate, either by legislation or administration, either for or against a man because of either his wealth or his poverty." Now, that sounds good, and it would be all right if it were "backed up by deeds," for, as he told us last summer, "words are only good when backed up by deeds." But the President belongs to a party that has enacted tariff legislation which does discriminate in favor of a few and against the many, and which protects monopolies and trusts while they prey upon the people, and which permits them to sell goods to foreigners at 30 to 100 per cent less than is charged here. What, then, because of the President's philosophy? What do these trusts care for his "publicity" so long as he does not touch the tariff, which protects them in their game of robbery? What do they care for his "bureau" and its sham restraints, if they can keep their tariff privileges?

There is considerable comment here over the special train in which the President and his companions are making their flying trip over the country, and from the tail gate of which he is making his bid for the Republican nomination. That train is a marvel of magnificence. Nothing like it ever was seen before. Compared to the President's train those of King Edward and Kaiser Wilhelm look like an American train of immigrant cars. The fact that this train is a "deadhead" train is causing the comment here. The President and his retinue of clerks, stenographers, newspaper men, telegraphers, etc., are guests of the various road companies over whose various lines they are carried in this superlatively luxurious style. They enjoy the "hospitalities" of the railroads, for if there were any arrangement for reduced fares it would be a flagrant violation of the interstate commerce act and the recently enacted Elkins law. What do the people of the country think of the propriety of the President of the United States accepting this "deadhead" favor at the hands of the railroads when they are going to the Congress and to the administration almost every day and asking favors? That is a question for the people to answer. This "deadhead" trip is in striking contrast to another special train that will leave the city of Chicago next fall. That special train will carry a delegation of Congressmen and their wives for a trip through the territories of Oklahoma, New Mexico, Indian Territory and Arizona, in order that the members thus carried might see for themselves the country and the people in those territories that were denied statehood by the Republican party. The entire expense of this trip, train, mileage and everything, will be paid out of the pocket of the public-spirited democrat, William Randolph Hearst. He is doing it for the benefit of the people of those territories and not as a pleasure junket for congressmen. He will do it because he believes those people should have justice at the hands of Congress, and he is not asking any favors at the hands of the railroads. Which method of special training over the country do the people think is more deserving of these two, and which the more truly American in spirit?

Things are very dull politically in Washington but once in awhile some member of Congress drops in to do some work before the departments and talk politics to the newspaper men at night in the corridors of the hotels. Some of the leaders of the Democratic party were here recently and they discussed the probabilities and possibilities of the future of the party and possible or probable candidates for the presidency on the democratic ticket. It is the consensus of opinion among those to whom I have talked that no man can or ought to be nominated who did not loyally support the party and the

ticket in '96 and and 1900, and that will eliminate several names that have been mentioned in this connection. Among them is the name of David R. Francis, of Missouri. There is no doubt that some of the friends of the latter are quietly starting a boom for him as a sort of a feeder. They figure that he will acquire great prestige as the head of the World's Fair, and that the convention will be held in St. Louis on account of the Fair. They seem to forget that the people won't forget that he was not a carrier in 1896, and that he can not bring his own state delegation in the convention. Senator Gorman has his friends among those who have talked recently, and so has Judge Parker, of New York. They nearly all agree that the man who is the leader of the party on the floor of the House said the other day that there was a man in the East who would have to be reckoned with as a potent factor before the next convention, and who, he said, was the real hero of the masses of the people in this country, and that man is William Randolph Hearst.

"Prosperity strikes" is the very significant designation of a New York newspaper for the strikes on April 1, when several hundred workmen stopped work because their demands for higher wages were refused. The workmen are simply striking for some of the prosperity which the trusts and monopolies have been enjoying for several years. The workmen, along with the rest of us, have been paying the high prices and rates which have made the trusts and railroads prosperous, and they are now asking for their share of prosperity. As a matter of fact it will take an increase of 40 in high iron to put real wages as high as they were in 1897, for, according to Dun's tables of prices, the cost of living is 40 higher now than in 1897. Yet we call this prosperity.

Charles A. Edwards.

## HOW BEN PURTLE GOT HIS WIFE.

A Good Story that Will Interest Both Young and Old Alike.

The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle. He was red-headed, and each hair stood as if it cherished the supreme contempt for its next neighbor. His face was as freckled as the most bewitched turkey egg. He nose supported at the bridge a huge lump, while the end turned viciously to one side. His mouth had every shape, except a pretty one. His form was moonish as his face was ugly. He was stoop-shouldered, knock-kneed, flat-foot, and—well, he was ugly. The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle—what a more strange still, Ben had a handsome, bouncing blooming young wife—such as can only be grown upon a country farm.

"How the dice," said I to Ben one day, "did you ever get such a wife, you moonish, mis-shapen, unattractive monstrosity?" Ben was not at all offended by the impertinence of my question, and forthwith proceeded thus to solve the mystery: "Well, now, gals what's sensible ain't coteh by none of your purty faces an' hifalutin' airs. I've seed that tried more'n once. You know Katy was allers considered the purtiest gal in these parts, and all the young fellers in the neighborhood used to try to coteh her. Well, I used to go over to old Samny's too, jist to kinder look on, you know, and cast sheep's eyes at Kate. But Lord sakes! I had no more thought I could get Kate than that a Jerusalem crick could bite in the hair that was'n on old Samny's laid hand—no, sir-ree. But still, I couldn't help goin' an' say my heart would kinder flutter, and my ears would hum all over, whenever I got a chance to talk to Kate. And one day when Kate sorter made fun of me, like, it almost killed my, shore, I went home with somethin' like a rock jettin' about in my breast, an' shore I'd hang myself with the first plow line I found."

"Did you hang yourself?" I asked. "No, daddly blessed out at me for not takin' old ball to the jester in the mornin' and scared me so bad I forgot it."

"Go on," said I, seeing Ben pause with apparent regret that he had not executed his vow. "Well, soon one Sunday mornin', I reckon it was about a year after that hangin' scrape, I got up and sorter aye lookin' at daddy's old razor an' jist on my new cap'n's britches an' a new line of new mummy had dyed with saffron bark, an' other fixtures, an' went over to uncle Samny's. No, I'd got to lovin' Kate like all creation, but I'd never cheaped to any body about my feelings. But I knowed I was on the right side of the ole folks."

"Well, now, ain't it queer," continued Ben, after a slight pause, during which time he rolled his quid to a more convenient place in his mouth, "how a fellow will feel sometimes. Somethin' seemed to say as I went along, 'Ben Purtle, this is a great day for you,' and then my heart jumped and fluttered like a live bird in a trap. And when I got that 'sawd' Kate with her new checked house spun frock on, I rilly thout I should take the blind stagers any how."

Ben paused again and brushed the fog from his eyes and then continued: "Well, I found the order of the day was to go muckin' huntin'. Jo Sharp and his two sisters and Jim Boles was ther. I'd knowed a long time that Jo Sharp was right after Kate, an' I hated him was than a hungry hog lates to find the way out of a inter patch; but I didn't let o' it. Sharp had on white leeches on 'fin shoes, an' a broad-loth coat, and he would know'd he wasn't worth a red cent. He walked with Kate, an' you might to have seed the air, he put out. It was Miss Katy this, good Miss Katy, she was an' she was a gamscuse. After awhile we come to a slough whar he had to cross on a log—I'd a great notion to pitch the sawy good-for-nothin' into the water."

"Why didn't you?" I asked, sympathizing with the narrator. "Stop! never mind," said Ben, giving me a nudge. "Nuthin' would do all that up brose. Nuthin' would do but Mr. Sharp's jump led Miss Katy across the log. He jumped on the log in high glee, he took Kate's hand and off they went. Jist as they got half across a tarnation big bullfrog jumped off into the water—you know how they can holler—'snak!' screamed the blasted fool, and jumped back and knocked Kate off up to her waist in the nasty, black, muddy water. And what d'ye think he done? Why, he ran 'sackerds and hollerin' fer a pole to help Kate out o' the water. Kate looked at me an' I couldn't stand stand it no longer, none more. She was jumpin' from the bank at the 'st jump, an' I had Kate lank at the 'st jump, an' I had I think the scamp didn't come up after we'd got out an' say 'are you hurt Miss Katy?'"

"My dander was up, I couldn't stand it. I cotehed him by the seat of his white leeches an' his coat collar an' gin him a lase. May be he didn't get clean under when he hit the water, I didn't see him out. Me an' Kate put up to the house. When we started off Kate said, 'Ben jist let me hold on to your arm, my knees feel sorter weak. Great jems jems! I felt so queer when she tuck hold. I tried to say somethin' nice, but my drotted mouth wouldnt go off no more. Ben, I felt so strong, as an elephant, an' Kate along, she was by Kate said, 'Ben that Jo Sharp's good-for-nothin', muckin', coward

DR. CLAUD H. LEWIS,  
of Farmers, Randolph County, N. C., was educated at Trinity College and West Point Military Academy. He was appointed to a West Point cadetship by Representative in Congress, Gen. James Madison Lusk in 1871 and entered West Point Military Academy in 1872. He afterwards graduated at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. Commenced the practice of medicine in 1879. On Sept. 25th, 1880, he married Miss Dixie T. Skene, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Skene, of Davidson county. Dr. Lewis is 51 years old and is the present coroner of Randolph county and is chairman of the Board of trustees of Farmers Institute.

DR. CHAS. H. PHILLIPS,  
is 32 years old and lives at Fullers in Randolph County. He received his early education in the schools of this county and at Mt. Airy Male Academy. He graduated in medicine at Baltimore University in 1897; married Miss Maurice Bossie Fuller in 1893. Dr. Phillips is a son of Rev. Chas. Phillips, who for many years was one of the ablest and most popular preachers in the Southern Methodist Church in this section of the State.

W. B. Ellis insane.  
Wm. B. Ellis, formerly of Winston-Salem, was committed to Bellevue Hospital, New York, as temporarily insane, suffering from paranoia. He will be transferred to Manhattan State Hospital on Ward Island. He had written threatening letters to Col. F. H. Fries, of Winston-Salem, demanding a large sum for damages as his former Sunday school teacher. Mr. Ellis is a son of Mr. W. J. Ellis and was born at Eltonette in Davie county.

## HOW BEN PURTLE GOT HIS WIFE.

A Good Story that Will Interest Both Young and Old Alike.

The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle. He was red-headed, and each hair stood as if it cherished the supreme contempt for its next neighbor. His face was as freckled as the most bewitched turkey egg. He nose supported at the bridge a huge lump, while the end turned viciously to one side. His mouth had every shape, except a pretty one. His form was moonish as his face was ugly. He was stoop-shouldered, knock-kneed, flat-foot, and—well, he was ugly. The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle—what a more strange still, Ben had a handsome, bouncing blooming young wife—such as can only be grown upon a country farm.

"How the dice," said I to Ben one day, "did you ever get such a wife, you moonish, mis-shapen, unattractive monstrosity?" Ben was not at all offended by the impertinence of my question, and forthwith proceeded thus to solve the mystery: "Well, now, gals what's sensible ain't coteh by none of your purty faces an' hifalutin' airs. I've seed that tried more'n once. You know Katy was allers considered the purtiest gal in these parts, and all the young fellers in the neighborhood used to try to coteh her. Well, I used to go over to old Samny's too, jist to kinder look on, you know, and cast sheep's eyes at Kate. But Lord sakes! I had no more thought I could get Kate than that a Jerusalem crick could bite in the hair that was'n on old Samny's laid hand—no, sir-ree. But still, I couldn't help goin' an' say my heart would kinder flutter, and my ears would hum all over, whenever I got a chance to talk to Kate. And one day when Kate sorter made fun of me, like, it almost killed my, shore, I went home with somethin' like a rock jettin' about in my breast, an' shore I'd hang myself with the first plow line I found."

"Did you hang yourself?" I asked. "No, daddly blessed out at me for not takin' old ball to the jester in the mornin' and scared me so bad I forgot it."

"Go on," said I, seeing Ben pause with apparent regret that he had not executed his vow. "Well, soon one Sunday mornin', I reckon it was about a year after that hangin' scrape, I got up and sorter aye lookin' at daddy's old razor an' jist on my new cap'n's britches an' a new line of new mummy had dyed with saffron bark, an' other fixtures, an' went over to uncle Samny's. No, I'd got to lovin' Kate like all creation, but I'd never cheaped to any body about my feelings. But I knowed I was on the right side of the ole folks."

"Well, now, ain't it queer," continued Ben, after a slight pause, during which time he rolled his quid to a more convenient place in his mouth, "how a fellow will feel sometimes. Somethin' seemed to say as I went along, 'Ben Purtle, this is a great day for you,' and then my heart jumped and fluttered like a live bird in a trap. And when I got that 'sawd' Kate with her new checked house spun frock on, I rilly thout I should take the blind stagers any how."

Ben paused again and brushed the fog from his eyes and then continued: "Well, I found the order of the day was to go muckin' huntin'. Jo Sharp and his two sisters and Jim Boles was ther. I'd knowed a long time that Jo Sharp was right after Kate, an' I hated him was than a hungry hog lates to find the way out of a inter patch; but I didn't let o' it. Sharp had on white leeches on 'fin shoes, an' a broad-loth coat, and he would know'd he wasn't worth a red cent. He walked with Kate, an' you might to have seed the air, he put out. It was Miss Katy this, good Miss Katy, she was an' she was a gamscuse. After awhile we come to a slough whar he had to cross on a log—I'd a great notion to pitch the sawy good-for-nothin' into the water."

"Why didn't you?" I asked, sympathizing with the narrator. "Stop! never mind," said Ben, giving me a nudge. "Nuthin' would do all that up brose. Nuthin' would do but Mr. Sharp's jump led Miss Katy across the log. He jumped on the log in high glee, he took Kate's hand and off they went. Jist as they got half across a tarnation big bullfrog jumped off into the water—you know how they can holler—'snak!' screamed the blasted fool, and jumped back and knocked Kate off up to her waist in the nasty, black, muddy water. And what d'ye think he done? Why, he ran 'sackerds and hollerin' fer a pole to help Kate out o' the water. Kate looked at me an' I couldn't stand stand it no longer, none more. She was jumpin' from the bank at the 'st jump, an' I had Kate lank at the 'st jump, an' I had I think the scamp didn't come up after we'd got out an' say 'are you hurt Miss Katy?'"

"My dander was up, I couldn't stand it. I cotehed him by the seat of his white leeches an' his coat collar an' gin him a lase. May be he didn't get clean under when he hit the water, I didn't see him out. Me an' Kate put up to the house. When we started off Kate said, 'Ben jist let me hold on to your arm, my knees feel sorter weak. Great jems jems! I felt so queer when she tuck hold. I tried to say somethin' nice, but my drotted mouth wouldnt go off no more. Ben, I felt so strong, as an elephant, an' Kate along, she was by Kate said, 'Ben that Jo Sharp's good-for-nothin', muckin', coward

DR. CLAUD H. LEWIS,  
of Farmers, Randolph County, N. C., was educated at Trinity College and West Point Military Academy. He was appointed to a West Point cadetship by Representative in Congress, Gen. James Madison Lusk in 1871 and entered West Point Military Academy in 1872. He afterwards graduated at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. Commenced the practice of medicine in 1879. On Sept. 25th, 1880, he married Miss Dixie T. Skene, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Skene, of Davidson county. Dr. Lewis is 51 years old and is the present coroner of Randolph county and is chairman of the Board of trustees of Farmers Institute.

DR. CHAS. H. PHILLIPS,  
is 32 years old and lives at Fullers in Randolph County. He received his early education in the schools of this county and at Mt. Airy Male Academy. He graduated in medicine at Baltimore University in 1897; married Miss Maurice Bossie Fuller in 1893. Dr. Phillips is a son of Rev. Chas. Phillips, who for many years was one of the ablest and most popular preachers in the Southern Methodist Church in this section of the State.

W. B. Ellis insane.  
Wm. B. Ellis, formerly of Winston-Salem, was committed to Bellevue Hospital, New York, as temporarily insane, suffering from paranoia. He will be transferred to Manhattan State Hospital on Ward Island. He had written threatening letters to Col. F. H. Fries, of Winston-Salem, demanding a large sum for damages as his former Sunday school teacher. Mr. Ellis is a son of Mr. W. J. Ellis and was born at Eltonette in Davie county.

## HOW BEN PURTLE GOT HIS WIFE.

A Good Story that Will Interest Both Young and Old Alike.

The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle. He was red-headed, and each hair stood as if it cherished the supreme contempt for its next neighbor. His face was as freckled as the most bewitched turkey egg. He nose supported at the bridge a huge lump, while the end turned viciously to one side. His mouth had every shape, except a pretty one. His form was moonish as his face was ugly. He was stoop-shouldered, knock-kneed, flat-foot, and—well, he was ugly. The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle—what a more strange still, Ben had a handsome, bouncing blooming young wife—such as can only be grown upon a country farm.

"How the dice," said I to Ben one day, "did you ever get such a wife, you moonish, mis-shapen, unattractive monstrosity?" Ben was not at all offended by the impertinence of my question, and forthwith proceeded thus to solve the mystery: "Well, now, gals what's sensible ain't coteh by none of your purty faces an' hifalutin' airs. I've seed that tried more'n once. You know Katy was allers considered the purtiest gal in these parts, and all the young fellers in the neighborhood used to try to coteh her. Well, I used to go over to old Samny's too, jist to kinder look on, you know, and cast sheep's eyes at Kate. But Lord sakes! I had no more thought I could get Kate than that a Jerusalem crick could bite in the hair that was'n on old Samny's laid hand—no, sir-ree. But still, I couldn't help goin' an' say my heart would kinder flutter, and my ears would hum all over, whenever I got a chance to talk to Kate. And one day when Kate sorter made fun of me, like, it almost killed my, shore, I went home with somethin' like a rock jettin' about in my breast, an' shore I'd hang myself with the first plow line I found."

"Did you hang yourself?" I asked. "No, daddly blessed out at me for not takin' old ball to the jester in the mornin' and scared me so bad I forgot it."

"Go on," said I, seeing Ben pause with apparent regret that he had not executed his vow. "Well, soon one Sunday mornin', I reckon it was about a year after that hangin' scrape, I got up and sorter aye lookin' at daddy's old razor an' jist on my new cap'n's britches an' a new line of new mummy had dyed with saffron bark, an' other fixtures, an' went over to uncle Samny's. No, I'd got to lovin' Kate like all creation, but I'd never cheaped to any body about my feelings. But I knowed I was on the right side of the ole folks."

"Well, now, ain't it queer," continued Ben, after a slight pause, during which time he rolled his quid to a more convenient place in his mouth, "how a fellow will feel sometimes. Somethin' seemed to say as I went along, 'Ben Purtle, this is a great day for you,' and then my heart jumped and fluttered like a live bird in a trap. And when I got that 'sawd' Kate with her new checked house spun frock on, I rilly thout I should take the blind stagers any how."

Ben paused again and brushed the fog from his eyes and then continued: "Well, I found the order of the day was to go muckin' huntin'. Jo Sharp and his two sisters and Jim Boles was ther. I'd knowed a long time that Jo Sharp was right after Kate, an' I hated him was than a hungry hog lates to find the way out of a inter patch; but I didn't let o' it. Sharp had on white leeches on 'fin shoes, an' a broad-loth coat, and he would know'd he wasn't worth a red cent. He walked with Kate, an' you might to have seed the air, he put out. It was Miss Katy this, good Miss Katy, she was an' she was a gamscuse. After awhile we come to a slough whar he had to cross on a log—I'd a great notion to pitch the sawy good-for-nothin' into the water."

"Why didn't you?" I asked, sympathizing with the narrator. "Stop! never mind," said Ben, giving me a nudge. "Nuthin' would do all that up brose. Nuthin' would do but Mr. Sharp's jump led Miss Katy across the log. He jumped on the log in high glee, he took Kate's hand and off they went. Jist as they got half across a tarnation big bullfrog jumped off into the water—you know how they can holler—'snak!' screamed the blasted fool, and jumped back and knocked Kate off up to her waist in the nasty, black, muddy water. And what d'ye think he done? Why, he ran 'sackerds and hollerin' fer a pole to help Kate out o' the water. Kate looked at me an' I couldn't stand stand it no longer, none more. She was jumpin' from the bank at the 'st jump, an' I had Kate lank at the 'st jump, an' I had I think the scamp didn't come up after we'd got out an' say 'are you hurt Miss Katy?'"

"My dander was up, I couldn't stand it. I cotehed him by the seat of his white leeches an' his coat collar an' gin him a lase. May be he didn't get clean under when he hit the water, I didn't see him out. Me an' Kate put up to the house. When we started off Kate said, 'Ben jist let me hold on to your arm, my knees feel sorter weak. Great jems jems! I felt so queer when she tuck hold. I tried to say somethin' nice, but my drotted mouth wouldnt go off no more. Ben, I felt so strong, as an elephant, an' Kate along, she was by Kate said, 'Ben that Jo Sharp's good-for-nothin', muckin', coward

DR. CLAUD H. LEWIS,  
of Farmers, Randolph County, N. C., was educated at Trinity College and West Point Military Academy. He was appointed to a West Point cadetship by Representative in Congress, Gen. James Madison Lusk in 1871 and entered West Point Military Academy in 1872. He afterwards graduated at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. Commenced the practice of medicine in 1879. On Sept. 25th, 1880, he married Miss Dixie T. Skene, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Skene, of Davidson county. Dr. Lewis is 51 years old and is the present coroner of Randolph county and is chairman of the Board of trustees of Farmers Institute.

DR. CHAS. H. PHILLIPS,  
is 32 years old and lives at Fullers in Randolph County. He received his early education in the schools of this county and at Mt. Airy Male Academy. He graduated in medicine at Baltimore University in 1897; married Miss Maurice Bossie Fuller in 1893. Dr. Phillips is a son of Rev. Chas. Phillips, who for many years was one of the ablest and most popular preachers in the Southern Methodist Church in this section of the State.

W. B. Ellis insane.  
Wm. B. Ellis, formerly of Winston-Salem, was committed to Bellevue Hospital, New York, as temporarily insane, suffering from paranoia. He will be transferred to Manhattan State Hospital on Ward Island. He had written threatening letters to Col. F. H. Fries, of Winston-Salem, demanding a large sum for damages as his former Sunday school teacher. Mr. Ellis is a son of Mr. W. J. Ellis and was born at Eltonette in Davie county.

## Mexican Mustang Liniment

Don't stop on or near the surface, but goes in through the muscles and cures to the bone and drives out all poisons and inflammation.



For a Lame Back, Sore Muscles, or, in fact, all Lameness and Soreness of your body there is nothing that will drive out the pain and inflammation so quickly as

## Mexican Mustang Liniment.

If you cannot reach the spot yourself get some one to assist you, for it is essential that the liniment be rubbed in most thoroughly.

Mexican Mustang Liniment cures the ailments of all domestic animals. It cures rheumatism and pain killer no matter how bad the patient is.

## Of Money Saved!