

The Carolina Watchman.

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SALISBURY, N. C., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH, 1909.

WM. H. STEWART, EDITOR

LEXINGTON AND DAVIDSON COUNTY.

Salisbury Helping to Wake up our Neighbors. Found in Cane Brake.

Lexington Dispatch, Nov. 24.

There will be a re-sale of the Oneida chair property on the 22nd of December, according to an announcement in this issue. The bidding will start at \$8,767.50.

Silver Hill township evidently believes in good roads. Last Thursday when the special tax election was held, proposing 20 cents on the poll, the folks voted 65 for the tax and only two votes were cast against it. The total registration was 95.

Last night Dr. L. S. Fox, of Salisbury president of the 18th district, I. O. O. F. delivered an address to the local lodge of Odd Fellows, following which a banquet was held at the Harkey cafe. Dr. Fox will deliver an address to Odd Fellows to-morrow at Smith Grove, Davis county.

Wednesday Deput Collector Davis, of Statesville, and Policeman W. F. Thomason, of this place, went down into Silver Hill township on a hunt for a blockade still, and found the remains of one. The still, a copper one, had been removed, but there were 800 gallons of beer and some tubs and other things, all of which was destroyed. The man suspected was not arrested. It is said that he is an old offender and has been doing considerable business of late.

One day last week Frank Whisenant, of Courad Hill, lost a horse at the Hedrick livery stables here as a result of a kick which the black stallion, owned by Mr. Hedrick, landed on one of the horse's fore legs. The stallion was hitched at the front of the stable and Mr. Whisenant drove up behind it within reaching distance. The stallion kicked and at the first blow the horse's leg popped and he went down. Shooting it was necessary. Mr. Hedrick offered Mr. Whisenant a horse or \$25 in money, but the offer was refused and lawyers consulted.

A Supreme court decision of interest here was handed down in the case of the county commissioners vs. T. S. F. Dorritt, ex-sheriff, and bondsmen, last week, in which the court declared that the bondsmen were liable for equal amounts instead of the amounts they justified for. According to this decision, H. Clay Grubb, who signed up for \$15,000, and who was represented by Walser & Walser, is no more liable than any other bondsman, and shares in the payment with the men who signed for \$1,000. This point in law had never been decided in this state, it is said, and there was difference of opinion as to whether a man should pay as much as he justified for on a bond, or equally with other bondsmen.

While returning home from court on Tuesday of last week, Julius Hedge, who lives on route 1, Enterprise, had an experience that he is likely to remember a mighty long time. His horse went mad and had a fit. Not knowing at first what was the matter, he worked with the animal, and after while it seemed all right again, and Mr. Hedge drove on; but soon the horse had another fit and then it became apparent that it had hydrophobia, so it was shot. Meanwhile it tried to bite Mr. Hedge and did seize his arm, but luckily the skin was not broken. Some months ago many horses and cattle were bitten in Mr. Hedge's section by a mad dog and it is supposed this horse was bitten then.

O. E. Miller, civil engineer of Salisbury, has been employed by Lexington board of road trustees to do the engineering for the macadam roads for which bonds to the amount of \$100,000 have been voted. Mr. Miller is a very competent engineer, widely known over the state, and the opinion is that the trustees could not have done better in selecting an engineer. Mr. Miller will begin work within two weeks. If the county wishes a map, he will be

ALBEMARLE AND STANLY COUNTY.

Sunday Train on the Yadkin. Stanly's Fine Map by C. E. Miller, of Salisbury.

Stanly Enterprise, November 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Peeler returned Tuesday from their wedding tour and are boarding with Mrs. I. B. Miller.

Miss Sarah W. Staples was the guest from Saturday until Monday of her friend and former classmate, Miss Emma Brown, of Salisbury.

The reputation of our contractor L. A. Moody is not local alone. He is now building a handsome residence in Salisbury for Dr. R. V. Brawley, his second contract in that town.

A Sunday train will be put on the Yadkin road, beginning next Sunday. This action is a result of a delegation from Albemarle and other points which waited upon President Finley in Salisbury on Wednesday of last week.

Jacob Earnhardt, of Richfield, died Tuesday afternoon. He suffered from fever and other troubles. He was about 70 years of age, and a prominent citizen of the county. He was the father of J. D. Earnhardt, postmaster at Richfield.

Mrs. E. C. Ledbetter died Tuesday at the home of her mother, Mrs. Weddington Burleyson, 5 miles west of Albemarle. Her remains were interred in Canton church cemetery. The infant child of James Fesperman, of Efford Hill, was buried there at the same time.

A negro man by the name of Robt. Tatum was killed Friday at the M. C. Reynolds' camp just north of town. It is said that he got too near the point of explosion when a blast was sent off, thinking the fuse had gone out after being lighted. He was with the original force from Roanoke.

Col. O. H. P. Connell, chief engineer of the Southbound Railroad, states that rails will be laid on the new road by the first of August. The Southbound will in all probability be operating trains in September or October of next year.

The new Stanly county map has been published and the first shipment is now on the way and will be delivered as soon as possible. The map is a beauty and not only shows every home in the county with the name of the owner, also every road, creek, bridge, church, school house, etc., in the county; but in addition shows a beautiful picture of Whitney, also a picture of some of Stanly's largest cotton mills. The map also gives some useful information about the county. This is the most complete and attractive map in the state and Stanly has reason to be proud of it.

in position to make one at the same time and at perhaps a saving to the county. The trustees have nothing to do immediately about the bonds, but it will not be a great while before arrangements for marketing them will be made and advertisement for bids for road construction published.

Monday morning about 10 o'clock the dead body of Fred Suggs, the unfortunate young man who had been missing from the county home for several days, was found by Abe Black, in a cane brake some distance below Crofts bridge on Abbots creek. Readers of The Dispatch will remember that mention and advertisement of his disappearance was made last week. The young man had been in the county home seven or eight months. He was the son of C. P. Suggs, of Thomasville township. He was mentally unsound and was subject to fits. It was thought that after he had wandered away from the home, he had suffered an attack and had died in the woods somewhere, and this theory proved correct. However, the coroner, Dr. J. W. Peacock was notified. He, knowing the circumstances, stated that no inquest was necessary, and none was held. The body was decomposed slightly, was buried at the county home Monday afternoon. There was not a sign of any struggle around it, and it was lying face downward with the hands folded across the chest as straight as if some one had laid it out.

NEGRO SHOTS WHITE MAN.

Southbound Railroad Employee Dangerously Wounded Saturday Night.

Saturday night about 11:45 Sam Peters, a white man employed by the Hurrell Construction Company on the Southbound railroad as a dinkey engineer, was dangerously shot by a negro man, and since has been lying in a very precarious condition at his home in the western part of town. Walt Parker, a Lexington negro, has been arrested, charged with the shooting.

The trouble occurred below the depot, in a section where negroes live. In the "hall," a negro joint below the depot, there had been a dance Saturday night, as usual. Chief Hayworth and Officer Thomason made it a rule to close this up before midnight Saturday night, and had just emptied it, and were standing in the street when the shooting occurred. They saw the flashes of pistols and two balls whistled over their heads. They ran to the scene as fast as possible and found Peters, with his companion, J. R. Robinson. The negroes had fled.

The officers at once carried the wounded man to the office of Dr. Buchanan, where his wounds were dressed and he was carried home. The men stated that the negro, with a colored companion, had met them, and asked of the white men, "What do you want?" It is said that Peters replied, "If I wanted anything I would ask for it." It is further stated that Robinson said, "Shoot the—," and the negro fired, first at Robinson, missing, and then at Peters, hitting him in the right breast, the ball penetrating his lung and lodging in his back. Peters then returned the fire, shooting four or five times, but hitting no one. This is one rumor of what occurred. There are many and the facts are hard to get. The truth of the matter very likely lies in the fact that the negroes resented the presence of white men in that part of town. It is said Peters was drinking. Monday the police arrested Parker and lodged him in jail. They believe they have the right man.

Peters is from Chester, S. C. He has a wife and child here. His father is here with him and everything is being done to save him. The chief danger, it seems, is that pneumonia may develop. If he escapes this it is likely that he will recover.

Last night the mayor gave Parker a hearing and the evidence was considered strong enough to justify holding him, according to the opinion of the police, but the mayor reserved his opinion and will announce it at 10 o'clock to-morrow, at which time Parker will either be released or sent up to superior court.—Lexington Dispatch.

Editor Sell's Picture.

We notice that Editor Sell, of The Cooleseemee Journal, is filling part of his editorial space with a photograph of a nice table, behind which is seated something resembling a man who has tressed a tiger or a squirrel. When the picture first appeared, we took it for our friend Sell, but when he kept it dashed out to us every week, we decided that it was an advertisement for the Salisbury fair, setting forth one of the wonders to be seen there. But not a word for behold the fair came and went and still the apparition appears before us every week. We tried running a photograph of our ink waster once upon a time, but it wouldn't work. If Editor Sell would have conferred a favor upon the tillers of the soil.—Davis Record.

Kills Her Fox Of 20 Years.

"The most merciless enemy I had for 20 years," declares Mrs. James Duncan, of Haynesville, Me., "was Dyspepsia. I suffered intensely after eating or drinking and could scarcely sleep. After many remedies had failed and several doctors gave me up, I tried Electric Bitters, which cured me completely. Now I can eat anything. I am 70 years old and am overjoyed to get my health and strength back again." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Kidney Trouble, Lame Back, Female Complaints, it's unequalled. Only Fox at all druggists.

CONCORD AND CABARRUS COUNTY.

Horse's Leg Broken In Automobile Accident. The Kannapolis School.

Concord Times, Nov. 22-23.

W. W. Crowell, of Richfield, is visiting his son-in-law, Walter Ritchie. Mr. Crowell is 82 years of age, and only a few months ago had his arm torn off in a saw mill.

Rev. W. B. Shinn, who is a son of J. L. Shinn, of Georgeville, joined the Methodist Conference at Hickory last week, and will be given an appointment for next year. He has been teaching school for a year and a half at Nebo.

Nelson Stirewalt, the negro who shot and killed John Wilson near Harrisburg ten days ago, was given a preliminary hearing here last Saturday before Judge C. A. Pitts. He had no attorney and was committed to jail without bail.

S. Joe Deal, who lives seven miles northeast of Mocksville, last Thursday killed a pig 8 months and 8 days old, weighed 802 pounds. It was of the O. I. C. stock, and Mr. Deal thinks it just a little ahead of anything in this line he has heard of.

Just before the opening of the Western North Carolina Conference at Hickory Monday morning a message was received from Borders, Texas, saying that Rev. H. L. Atkins, formerly pastor of First Methodist church of Salisbury, was in a dying condition and could live but a few hours.

The public school at Kannapolis began its session on the 15th inst. in the beautiful new brick school house, with nearly 200 pupils. There were 81 pupils in the first grade. There are four teachers, namely C. H. Caldwell, principal; Misses O. L. Cook, Maggie Efrid and Maggie Moser. The attendance is so large that it will be necessary to have a fifth teacher.

The installation of Rev. L. D. Miller as pastor of St. Martin's and Mt. Gilead Lutheran churches will take place on the first Sunday in December. Rev. W. J. Boger, president of the Tennessee Synod, will deliver the charge to the people, and Rev. J. K. Ruth, of Hickory will deliver the charge to the pastor. Dinner will be served on the grounds, and there will be both morning and afternoon services.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude C. Ramsay, of Seattle, spent Tuesday in the city with Mr. and Mrs. Jno. P. Allison. Mr. Ramsay is a member of the firm of C. C. Ramsay & Co., insurance and real estate agents at Seattle. He was reared in Salisbury, and is a brother of Jas. H. Ramsay, postmaster of Salisbury. Mr. Ramsay has been living in Seattle about 15 years, and has done well there.

Last Saturday afternoon about 4 o'clock, as J. Archie Cannon was out in his automobile, he started up the road leading to Sunderland Hill, when he met Levi Blackwelder coming down the hill in a buggy. The horse began to shy, and Mr. Cannon stopped his machine. The horse then got quiet, and Mr. Blackwelder requested Mr. Cannon to go on by. Just as he got opposite, the horse began to plunge and fall over on the machine. He got his leg caught as the auto was going between the fender and the machine, and had his leg broken. Although it was in no way Mr. Cannon's fault, he paid Mr. Blackwelder \$75 for the horse, which had to be killed.

A Scalded Boy's Shrieks

horrified his grandmother, Mrs. Maria Taylor, of Nebo, Ky., who writes that, when all thought he would die, Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured him. Infallible for Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Corns, Wounds, Bruises, Cures Fever-Sores, Boils, Skin Eruptions, Chillsblains, Chapped Hands. Soon roots Piles, 25c at all druggists.

BOOST OR MOVE.

The Mercenary Would Have You Live Beyond Your Means and Loose Out.

If you don't like living in your own town, for the sake of the community get out of it. The local paper is about an even hundred times better than the support you give it. The town government is what you make it. The streets are in a far better condition than the returns you made to the tax assessor are accurate. Your competitor is just as good a man financially and morally as you are. The stores handle just as good a stock of merchandise as the trade demands. They sell these goods just a little bit cheaper than you can buy them elsewhere.

The little children are just as happy, the women just as pretty, the grass is just as green, the flowers just as fragrant and opportunities are more abundant right at home than any known spot on the universe. If you are so blind as to be envious, malicious or petty jealous, or you can't do what you have, willed to do at home, go to that place where the environments are in accord with your nature. Don't stay in a town and knock it. If you haven't the patriotism of your forefathers nor the co-operative spirit of the present generation, you are not going to be much of a factor anywhere.—Merchant's Journal.

The above is a splendid picture of the average booster's intolerance, the mercenary spirit, the tyrant, but yet a little blind, because it contains enough truth to make it take to a certain degree. We do not know of any good reason why more drastic language or methods or not taken with the fellow who will not boost. Why not bring the man who dares fail to boost and boost as the booster thinks a booster should boost? Hang him and burn his remains if he is even suspected of unharmonious thought. The life of the town depends upon some such vigorous and effective proceedings. Hang King David in effigy 865 days in the year for writing the 23rd psalm. Why should a man enjoy a walk beside still waters, lying down in green pastures, or the taking of a moment's rest when he might be boosting, chasing the almighty dollar, making the quiet waters turn wheels and shaking the green pastures by the effects of steam hammers, blast furnaces, and the flight of the locomotive; filling the fresh air with the odor of the fertilizer factory, the sweat-shop, the fish packery, and making the eyes sparkle with delight with the sight of men breaking rocks in the broiling sun, blowing their lungs away in glass factories and dying in mines? Yes, the mercenary, the boosting mercenary, a cooling, refreshing, quiet, refined being in whose company all is serene, "peace be still," and joyful, like the babbling, uncontentious brook. Yes, by all means be a booster, if you are not a real estate agent with lots for sale, or a schemer with something to unload on a tender foot, boost any way. Boost anything. Boost taxes, boost high prices, make it impossible for a man of ordinary means to buy a home or live within ten miles of your town. You know when men's incomes do not keep pace with their expenses he is becoming happy, when his home is enhancing in value he sleeps better, he feels better, the little additional cost of keeping up his home, increased taxes and insurance, which is going to the other fellow, makes him still more happy, he becomes attached to his little home and he joins the boosters, and all is well until he finds the enhancing business and the march of his worship, Progress, orders him sell out, give way to some one who is able to own the place, take a back seat and reflect on the effects of boosting, wild cat schemes, enhancing values, get rich quick, watered stock etc., vs. prudence, conservatism, honorable methods, contentment, etc. Yes, you must be a booster, or you are too utterly out for anything. Why if you are not a booster it may be you won't get an invitation to a drunken frolic, now-a-days called a banquet, or at the next election of the Zet Wots you will be made the cold shoulder of a big porker rubbing against your budding aspirations. Yes, you should be a booster, a booster from Boosterville, boosting, ever boosting.

NEWSPAPER MEN AND THEIR WORK.

What Machinery is to Hand Work Newspapers are to the Spreading of Information.

The following letter we clip from the columns of The Christian Sun. It is from the pen of Rev. W. W. Staley, D. D., pastor of the Christian Church at Suffolk, Va.

The first newspaper, "The Weekly News," was published in England in 1662, and that is only 287 years ago. The first religious newspaper, the Herald of Gospel Liberty, was published in Portsmouth, N. H., September 1, 1808, more than one hundred years ago. If one will review the history of civilization and Christianity it will appear that this agency we call journalism has led in human progress. The newspaper is to knowledge what transportation is to commerce. Before railroads and steamboats, the products of the earth were exchanged in small quantities and in small areas; but now ice from cold regions and fruits from sunny climates are exchanged and all the world contributes to the local markets and the dinner table of peasants as well as kings. This does not only increase the wealth of the world but the sympathy and interest of mankind. The man in Canada is concerned about the orange crop in Florida and the pineapple in Cuba. The exchange of ideas is as important as the exchange of material products. The thought of far-off lands is brought to us on the printed page. We know today that the Shah of Persia was deposed yesterday and we will know tomorrow whether Persia will be partitioned between England and Russia. A cargo of information is transported more rapidly than a cargo of wheat and cotton, for much of it is sent by wire. This electric current can carry thought around the world in a very short time. Then the papers reproduce it, multiply it, and send it forth into every nook and corner of society. Millions read it and feel the nearness of far away peoples. Our thought is no longer the thought of our neighborhood, the provincial stock of our local output, but our thought is made up of the thinking and doing of the world. As exchange of products makes us richer and better furnished, so exchange of ideas makes us wiser and reduces the prejudices of dead centuries. In the Bible we have not only the thought of centuries, but the thought of God. It is this thought that enlightens our spiritual understanding and enriches our souls. A god of stone can produce nothing but a small cold man; but God of Heaven and earth can enlarge the worshipper until he shall be like Christ. As good flowers reproduce the beautiful colors of the seven-colored light and the sweet odors of earth and air, so good papers reproduce the intelligence and heart character of all ages and all climes.

I am writing all this to enquire of the reader whether we appreciate a good paper. Do we appreciate the labor, the wide research, the self-denial, the honest effort of the editor who endeavors to spread before us a safe and nourishing soul-repast? Left to yourself how much would you know? Do you not parrot the newspaper and almost forget where you got your last supply? Even so you eat your cysters and do not think of the man who stood on the boat on a cold winter day, when the wind was tossing his barge up and down and, with almost frozen hands tongs up from the bottom of the river those luscious bivalves. No workers are more poorly paid than the average newspaper man. He ransacks his books, his exchanges, his brain, to prepare mental supplies for his readers, and they eat the good food and do not think of the cost. Whoever thought of paying a paper for an elaborate write-up of a marriage, a funeral, a commencement, a picnic, a revival meeting, a candidate for office, or anything for which complaints are often

ROWAN CASE DISPOSED OF.

Most of the Time of the Davidson Superior Court Taken up by It.

November court "broke" Saturday afternoon after 2 o'clock. Few cases were tried during the week, as the last four days were taken up by one case, that of Worley vs. the Southern, brought here from Rowan county. Worley, who is a Johnston county man, was a section hand on the Southern, and was injured by a flat car "kicked" by an engine in shifting. He asked \$15,000 damages and the jury gave him \$4,500. The case was a hard fought one. There was some grumbling on the part of the other people who had business at court on account of the time consumed in the trial of this case, and one citizen was heard to remark that he thought the legislature should repeal that law which gives a litigant the right to move a case of this kind from the county in which it originates. The case was regarded as a foreign affair. This same complaint has been often made and there is some resentment about damage suits being brought from Rowan to Davidson and taking up so much time that Davidson cases cannot be heard and are put off.

The case of Tussey vs. Owen resulted in a verdict for Mrs. Tussey of \$900. Mrs. Tussey, a daughter of the late Anderson Owen, sued for \$4,000 for services rendered during the lifetime of her father. The case has been on the docket for years and has been in the supreme court twice. At this hearing the estate was valued at \$9,500 and \$900 was awarded the plaintiff.

A number of cases passed from the docket by compromise or non suit. Winston Fulton, suing Dr. J. H. Mook on the ground of alienation of his wife's affections, asking \$25,000 damages, took a voluntary non suit, and thus a case that promised a sensation is gone.—Lexington Dispatch.

made, if the write-up is not done in the most complimentary style. There is no form of service so little appreciated and so poorly remunerated. The newspaper is expected to do what everybody objects to, and all free. I sympathize with editors, typesetters, pressmen, mailing clerks, and all who work in dens, away from God's sunshine and fresh air; but I honor all the faithful workers in ink for that black cloud sends showers of blessings upon mankind. Religion has been lifted out of ignorance and prejudice, and charity has taken the place of creeds, and good deeds the place of dogmas, since the religious paper has enlightened the church. No good things come into the family so valuable and so cheap as the church paper; and yet there are members of the church who neglect to take the church paper and seem to be unconscious of disloyalty and certainly do not dream that they are impoverishing their souls.

Think of your editor, pray for him, read his paper, say a good word for the paper, and cultivate an appreciation equal to its worth.

Dr. Cook Completes Report on Discovery.

New York, Nov. 24.—Dr. Frederick A. Cook's records in proof of his claim of the discovery of the North Pole, in completed form, are ready for the scrutiny of the University of Copenhagen.

Dr. Cook's secretary is sailing tomorrow, carrying the records to Copenhagen. He reaches there December seventh. The University's decision is expected by New Year's. Dr. Cook's report contains 25,000 words.

We're sorry if you've tried other medicines and they failed. As a last resort try Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It's a simple remedy, but it's worked wonders, made millions well and happy. Purifies the blood, makes flesh and muscle, cleanses your system. Corenleison & Cook.