

STORY OF WRECK KEPT FROM
A SICK WOMAN.

Mrs. Sexton Will Not Know of Stepson's Death until She Recovers in Hospital.
Mrs. John Sexton, of Denton, N. C., whose stepson Edward Sexton, was killed in the Southern Railway wreck at Reedy Fork Creek last Wednesday, has not been told of the disaster, and will not know of it until she returns home. Mrs. Sexton was brought to the Memorial Hospital, accompanied by her stepson, last Tuesday, and that night underwent a serious operation. Mr. Sexton was in a hurry to go South, but remained over one day on the advice of physicians, who feared fatal consequences.
Mrs. Sexton although the operation was entirely successful, is still in a serious condition, and, as none of her relatives are here, the hospital authorities think it best to keep the news of the tragedy from her until her relatives assume the responsibility of telling it. A telegram was received on the morning after the tragedy asking that she be kept in ignorance, but prior to that time the doctors had agreed that it would be best to wait.
Mr. Sexton tried to catch an earlier train, but missing it, was forced either to leave late Tuesday night or remain over another day in Richmond. Mr. Sexton's remains were recovered from the wreck, and were removed to Denton for interment.
Mr. Sexton was buried at Mt. Ebo on Friday.

Two Wrecks on Southern Last Friday.

A freight train was derailed near Asheville last Friday by the spreading of the rails and eighteen cars were piled up in a heap.
On the same day No. 37 was wrecked near Atlanta, four cars leaving the track. No injuries except two traumees who will recover.

National Editorial Association.

The twenty-fifth annual session of the National Editorial Association will be held in New Orleans on the 10, 11 and 12 of February next, after which members will have their choice of a trip to either Cuba or Panama.

Fire in Durham.

On Sunday morning a fierce fire broke out in the store occupied by Bane and Tonsel in the Reuben Barber block on Main street. Several thousand dollars loss on the building and stock of goods, partly covered by insurance.

Used.

Mr. J. S. Weathers, a prominent citizen of Garner, N. C. died at his home last Saturday about noon of pneumonia. He leaves a widow, two daughters and two sons. Funeral was conducted by Rev. Hilliard at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon from the Baptist church.

ONE MAN IS KILLED.

Another Recovers From Injuries.
Salisbury, December 18—Fire last night in the Empire block, the most valuable department store business in the city, partially destroyed the block.
The blaze was discovered about 11 o'clock by workmen who were handling the cement to be used in the Trust building. It was seen to be issuing from the second story and the firemen were called out. The Salisbury companies responded, but fearing inability to cope with the flames, called on Spencer and the cars were sent for them. In an hour or more the blaze had been fought to a standstill and an incomplete inventory of the damage would place the loss to the building alone at about \$15,000, with insurance unknown.
The Empire block is occupied by the Empire Dry Goods store, the Boston Shoe Company, the Stockard tailoring business, the Empire grocery store and the large Empire hotel. For some time it looked as if all of these would suffer but the fire was confined to the store on the corner. It was the worst fire of many years. The building is owned by a syndicate headed by N. B. McCannless, C. L. Welch, J. S. McCabbin, and others. It is of recent erection and the hotel taking its name is the enlarged Central.
R. H. Pender was killed and Earl Keeter was injured so he will die. Neither were firemen. Both attempted to get on a fireman's wagon as it rounded a corner and were violently thrown to the ground.

Good Road Betterment Days.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday before December court in this county were advertised in this county as "Good Road Betterment Days," and all road overseers were requested to warn their hands and to work their roads on those days and others besides road subjects were requested to aid in this laudable undertaking.
The result was that in almost every part of the county the roads were worked more during these three days than in twelve months. It is estimated that there were two thousand persons at work on the roads in this county during these three days.
While the work is not of a permanent nature yet it has greatly benefited the roads. The only way that roads can be kept up is to work them often, keep the ditches cleaned out and the holes filled up and the road higher in the middle so the water will run off and the roads will be fairly good even in winter. If a split log drag is properly used often enough in mud the roads will be greatly improved.

Two barns on the farm of I. L. Weddington four miles from Mooresville, N. C. were burned at an early hour Monday night. Cause of fire unknown.

COURIER REPRESENTATIVE'S TRAVELOGUE

Valdez, Alaska, "Where Sails Meet Trails"—Japanese Poachers—Hospitable People.

The Bonanza Mine.

is situated on a high ridge between McCarty Creek and the Kennecott Glacier. It was discovered in 1900 by a party of ten prospectors, one of whom, Mr. McClellan, was in Cordova and went with our party up to Mr. Heney's camp. He gave me some copper ore from the Bonanza mine which has more copper in sight than any mine in the world. Mr. McClellan had been at the mine for six months without leaving, and had not seen a woman and no one except the miners with whom he came in contact daily. As I said, the mine is 178 miles in the interior of Alaska, and while Mr. McClellan said he was growing vegetables successfully and had an experimental patch of oats which gave good promise, it was very cold. He had seen men with frozen ears and noses in winter. Summers are very short, but days are very long.

Childs and Miles Glacier—Camp 49.

At Forty-nine Mile Camp the train stopped to allow the editorial party to visit the Childs Glacier which was about one fourth of a mile from the camp. Stretching three miles along the river front and towering three hundred feet above the surface and extending back about forty miles, the glacier presents a solid wall of blue-white ice. The entire face is crowded forward about two feet every day, and tremendous chunks break way at intervals and fall into the river, sometimes producing waves that go out from two to fifteen feet. We sat on the rocky bank of the Copper river in the sunshine opposite this mountain of ice, with umbrellas raised to keep off the hot sun. Grasses were growing and flowers blooming near the waters' edge. A call for luncheon came, and when we reached the dining room used by employes, we found an elaborate dinner in waiting—one that would do credit to Delmonico. Here we were in the land of ice, copper and gold, away from the markets of the country but not away from luxuries. Mr. Heney has a French chef whom he pays \$1200 per year, and everything was up to date.
After luncheon we resumed our trip, were ferried across the river and passed Miles Glacier, which is larger but not so beautiful as the Childs on the other side of the river. Following the river we passed Abercrombie Rapids. The river for several miles was foaming, leaping and whirling in a series of cascades and whirlpools. It was somewhat like the rapids and whirlpools below Niagara Falls.

Entertainment in Valdez—Host Companions Leave Party.

The club house was open to the visitors and lemonade was served and a cordial welcome extended. We saw an extra long gun which was owned by Hudson Bay Company, and which was made long on account of trading with Indians. It was the custom for Indians to measure in trading, so they stacked up furs until they got the stack as high as the height of gun.
At Valdez three of our boat companions left us, two of whom sat at our table and told us many interesting things of Alaska. Mr. Rapp, who is president of the Glendinning Copper Mining Company, and Mr. Hughes, who also has mining interests in Alaska. Mr. Rapp told us of having killed numbers of bears and how he had learned to cook since prospecting there, while Mr. Hughes told of his experiences. One I especially recall was that on one outing he sank in some oil land waste deep. This suggests that Alaska has oil as well as minerals. Our third companion was Mrs. Rose Johnson, who was a widow, and had been to Seattle to see her three children who were there in a convent, and at the same time register for a land claim. Different ones in the party expressed a desire to leave laundry at Valdez and get it on return, and she kindly offered to see that it was attended to, and to our

AN ALASKA RIVER.

"There, where the mountain fangs snarl at the blood-red moon;
Where precipice o'erhangs, to echo floods of June,
You roar and pour.
Through chasms dark and deep you plunge with caddens dunks
To vales that rest asleep, where spruce trees line your banks.
You swirl and curl,
Ringing there your murmur—a chant to red men's tread;
Singing songs of summer, to living or the dead,
You moan and groan.
Calling you wind your ways toward the northern sea;
Falling through summer days with laughter that is free,
Then sigh and cry.
Weep, where glaciers grumble 'neath sun dog's bitter glare;
Sweep and nodly tumble by mountain bleak and bare,
And chime in rhyme,
Oh, leave the land of gold and seek the dark blue sea!
Go to your home of old—back to sterility—
God's will fulfill!"

great surprise she delivered it on our return and would not accept pay. So eighteen dollars was given and a committee purchased a set of solid silver spoons and some other things. This is a sample of Alaska hospitality.

Return to Cordova—The Red Dragon.

On our return to Cordova some of our party became interested in the "Red Dragon," which proved to be a building which Rev. Edward T. Newton erected, and which is open all the time. In it he has a good library, with all the late magazines, pool tables and games of all kinds. On Sundays the chancel, which is a movable one, is brought in, and service is held. The pool tables, by the way, are covered with a cloth before. The idea of combining this rest and pleasure building with the church was to attract especially the miners and keep them from the saloons which have been erected in the towns in Alaska, as a rule, before anything else could be. The ministers and missionaries seem to think a mission of this kind is demanded and this method is used in many places.
Sunday morning found us in Valdez, the most northerly open winter port in Alaska. Winter mails for the interior of Alaska and Lower Yukon and for northern Alaska are taken by steamer to Valdez, thence by stage to Fairbanks, and thence down the Tanana and Yukon by dog teams, and by the way a letter concerning Alaska would hardly be complete without speaking of the "Huskies," as they are called. They look almost as much like a wolf as a dog and seem to have a great deal of intelligence. There is no doubt but that the dog has been the poor man's friend in Alaska. They can stand cold better than any other animals and can be kept at less cost. The expression "Mush on," which has come from "March on," came from men driving dog teams.
We attended service at a Roman Catholic church in Valdez. The priest gave a long talk on the duties of church members, and then announced it was the regular time for communion service, and he took communion for the entire membership. I couldn't help venturing the remark to my friend that I was afraid he was indulging too freely. The largest church in Valdez was the Presbyterian, and it was closed on account of debts and at present was used for a jail, in which were about sixty Japanese poachers who had been caught within the three mile limit catching seals. One of the Japs died while imprisoned and his comrades burned the body on a pile of wood, and sent one third of the ashes to his widow, a third to his parents and buried the other portion.

Seward—Day Spent as Guests of Several People.

Seward, named in honor of the statesman by whose wisdom Alaska is United States territory, beautifully situated on Resurrection bay. A broad avenue leads from the wharf to the crest of the rise on which Seward is built, and from the end of the avenue rises a flag pole with Old Glory floating at its top. Seward has its mountains, its hotels, its stores, electric lights, telephones and other things for the proud Alaskan to emphasize.

Another interior trip over the Alaska Central Railroad was planned, so after locating ourselves hotels we accepted an invitation to Mrs. Wybrant's home across Glacier river, which runs through the town. Mr. Wybrant is a United States Marshall and takes great interest in public affairs. The trip the following day was beautiful beyond description, through wooded forests, some agricultural lands by streams swarming with fish and beautiful Kenai Lake, where were the most perfect reflections into the valleys of wild grass and not only by glaciers, but in two places, tunnels were cut through them by canons and falls, in fact, every variety of scenery. A picnic lunch was served and coffee made from a camp fire. A wild moose kindly came near the railroad track and let us have a good look at him. On the route our train was stopped so that we might pick wild flowers, and in a space perhaps twenty feet square we picked a dozen different varieties. Mrs. Wybrant was a highly cultured woman and has a charming daughter who shows wonderful musical talent. Here in Seward, as at all of the Alaskan towns, there was unbounded hospitality and everyone was anxious for Alaska's needs to be supplied. Three principal things especially were wanted—aid for navigation, transportation and legislation. Alaska's population is 90 per cent. American, 10 per cent of whom are college bred people.

Leaving Seward on our homeward journey we felt that we were leaving friends. Our home trip was uneventful. Stops were made at the places where we stopped on our trip up. Ellamar is a small place where our ships unloaded some freight and then waited several hours for the tide. While here we caught enough of the Alaska spirit to brave the rain and go see the salmon in a fresh water stream near. Millions of fish living and dead could be seen; living ones striving to go up stream. Different ones picked up large fish in their hands and carried them to the boat.

At Valdez we loaded on the sixty Jap poachers, whom I spoke of above. Mr. Wybrant, of Seward, had charge of them. The government was sending them to Seattle. After providing them with a new suit of clothes, shoes and five dollars in cash. From there they would be deported to Japan. Our government pays deportation—rather an expensive luxury, but perhaps better than leaving them here. The Japs expressed sorrow at leaving, as they had plenty to eat and no

work while prisoners. Doubtless these same "poachers" will soon again be arrested within the three-mile limit of our shores for catching seals.

Metlakatla, An Indian Village.

Metlakatla, perhaps is one of the most interesting places we visited. It is said to be the most progressive Indian community in the world. William Duncan, better known in Alaska as Father Duncan, came to Metlakatla on Vancouver Island in 1857, when he was twenty two years old as missionary to the Indians. He was sent out by the Church of England, which tried to compel him to give the Indians communion before they could understand what it meant. In the meantime he had taught the Indians word by word and learned their language by living among them, but knew they had not advanced enough to know what the communion meant. Finally, the church asked Mr. Duncan to resign or obey. He felt that he could not let the 800 Indians go astray, so withdrew from his home church, bought Annette Island, and with seven hundred of the eight hundred Indians moved there. They became citizens of the United States and began the work of founding the new colony. They have built a nice church, a saw mill, a number of stores, school house, public library and a cannery, which is said to be the cleanest in Alaska. Neither tobacco nor whiskey are allowed in the colony. Mr. Duncan has taught the Indians different trades and made good citizens from a tribe which was in the lowest state of savagery. He met our party and welcomed us. He is now 72 years old and has lived a life of sacrifice, but one of usefulness.
Leaving Metlakatla we soon entered British waters and sailing three hundred miles reached Seattle, where good-byes were said and the members of the National Editorial Association went to their respective homes.
Mr. Greenhow wrote a poem on "Leaving Alaska" to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia," which we all from North, East, South and West sang enthusiastically.

LEAVING ALASKA.

We've sailed thy placid, inland seas,
We people from the South;
We breathed thy balmy scented breeze
As we passed the Dixon's mouth.
The mountains of thy channels crowned
With everlasting snow,
Like escorts ranged along our path
To point the way to go.
Hurrah, hurrah, Alaska was our goal,
Hurrah, hurrah, the people with a soul,
We'll sound thy warmest praises
From Panama to the pole,
As we sail away from Alaska,
From Ketchikan to Treadwell's mills,
From Treadwell to Juneau,
From Juneau to Cordova's hills
They kept us on the go,
Where Valdez camps upon her trail,
Where Seward's pine trees grow,
We've met the people, Alaska,
Hurrah, hurrah, the land of many showers,
Hurrah, hurrah, the land of sweetest flowers,
Thy memory will stay with us
As we journey to our homes,
Regretfully leaving Alaska,
We've seen thy mighty rivers flow
As we hunted for the gold;
We've climbed thy copper mountains,
And we've faced thy glaciers cold;
We've seen thy salmion bumping
Their way up rocky streams,
And thy totem poles will haunt us
As we lie down to our dreams,
Hurrah, hurrah, we'll sound thy praises
meet,
Hurrah, hurrah, we leave with memories sweet,
We're going to our homes once more,
We're on our sad retreat,
To dream of thee, Alaska.

Married.

An elegant double wedding took place at the home of Ellis Jordan, on Randleman R. F. D. No. 2, last Saturday when Miss Lula Jordan and Mr. John Pritchard were married. At the same time Miss Ida Jordan and Mr. Clarence Brown took upon themselves marital vows. Mr. Brown is a son of M. John R. Brown of Central Falls, Mr. J. A. Neighbors officiated for both parties.

A Christmas Gift.

The publishers of the Southern Agriculturalist have given us until January 1st, to fill our contract for 500 annual subscribers to that paper. Everyone paying The Courier a dollar requesting it will get a free subscription for one year to the Southern Agriculturalist, provided the letter reaches us by December 30. This premium paper cannot be sent after that date.

Our Popularity Contest.

Great Interest Being Shown in It.

The Courier is inaugurating a great Popularity Contest and will give away a \$400 Piano and other valuable prizes to winners.
The Courier will give all workers, including the contestants, valuable premiums, full details of which will be found in this issue of The Courier. Many inquiries have been received, and several nominations have been made, which we give below:

- LIST OF CONTESTANTS.
- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Miss Nellie Jordan, Trinity. | Mrs. A. B. Coltrane, Glenola. |
| " Bertha Lisk, Seagrave, Route 1. | Miss Lola Trogon, Asheboro, Route 1. |
| " Lina Cole, Dewey. | " Ida Cox, Ralph. |
| " Olive Moffitt, Asheboro, Route 1. | " Edie Harvell, Ahoer. |
| " Mary White, Glenola. | " Nannie Hill, Bachel. |
| " Fleta Free, Randleman, Route 1. | " Linnie Dorsett, Farmer. |
| " Maud Miller, Fullers, Route 2. | " Elsie Preenell, Michfield. |
| " Nettie Luther, Eliazar. | " Emma Pierce, Seagrave. |
| Mrs. W. P. White, Ramseur. | " Laura Stinson, Randleman. |
| Miss Maude Curtis, Ramseur. | Mrs. M. B. Stinson, Trinity. |
| " Maggie Albertson, Trinity. | " John Brame, Trinity. |
| " Betty Shamburger, Hills Store. | |

Look over them and make other nominations. Clip a coupon from the paper and nominate your favorite.
The sooner you start to getting subscribers the better.
Everybody should take the Courier; Those who do not take The Courier should be induced to do so.
The voting begins this week. Make your nominations today.
Send in your own name and go to work for subscriptions to vote for yourself.
A ballot box is kept in The Courier business office and a careful record will be kept and results will be announced each week.
Start the ball to rolling today.

LIST OF GRAND PRIZES.

- 1st Prize—A \$400 Piano. The best piano ever offered in a contest in this State.
2nd Prize—\$100 Victor Typewriter. Something that everybody wants.
3rd Prize—A \$60 Sewing Machine.
4th Prize—A \$65 Buggy.
5th Prize—A Merit Range, price \$95.
6th Prize—Lady or Gentleman's 30-Year Guaranteed Gold Watch.