

THREE DAYS—MONDAY—TUESDAY—WEDNESDAY—THREE DAYS AT The RACKET STORE

Three Days of Big Specials—Note Prices—Large Assortment to Select From in Our Stock—Remember—We Can Clothe the Whole Family

Table with 5 columns of clothing items and prices: DOMESTIC 3c yd., MESSALINE SILK UNDER-SKIRTS \$1.39, 500 pair Ladies' Pumps and Oxfords 69c, SATIN PUMPS \$1.49, MEN'S TROUSERS 98c, COTTON BATTING 5c roll, CHILDREN'S PUMPS \$1.35, \$8.00 and \$3.50 Shoes for Men \$1.35, SATIN PUMPS \$1.60, CANVASSING 3 1/2c yd., SATINE 15c yd., NORFOLK SUITS \$7.50, \$16.50 Blue Serge Wool Suits \$10.50, CHILDREN'S PUMPS 65c pr., APRON GINGHAM 6c yd.

THE STORE FOR BARGAINS The Racket Store Star Brand Shoes Are Better Star Brand Shoes Are Leather

Where "Old Hickory" Jackson Fought His Famous Duel With Charles Dickinson, Killing Latter

Little Town of Adairville, Ky., Close to the Tennessee Line, Where Fight Was Staged—Jackson, Hard Hit, Had Nerve to Kill His Opponent.

(New York Sun.) The duel between Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson was fought on the banks of Red river, a small stream near what is now the little town of Adairville, Ky. Among the people of that section the details of the duel have been handed down from generation to generation, until it is a neighborhood legend, clothed in all the romance which such folklore usually acquires, yet remarkably clear and true, even to the small details. Jackson was one of the most renowned duelists as well as notable characters in many ways in United States history. But all agree that he was a man of quick temper, firm convictions and always willing and ready to fight. His severest critics pay him homage for his fidelity and devotion to his wife, and it is a sad fact that their marriage was under such circumstances as to give rise to a scandal that was magnified and used as political capital during his first campaign for president. It was in defense of his wife's honor that he fought his most notable duel. His demeanor in this memorable encounter is a true index to his unshakable enmity and his absolute fearlessness. At the time the quarrel with Dickinson arose, Jackson had located at Nashville, Tenn. At the age of 21 he was sent as public prosecutor to Pennsylvania, then a wild and unsettled country, where lawlessness held sway, and where his life was in almost constant danger, yet he is credited with having discharged his duties fearlessly and well, and rapidly made himself one of the foremost men of the time. How Jackson met Mrs. Robards. On reaching Nashville, Jackson secured board with a Mrs. Donelson, widow of John Donelson, a pioneer who had been killed by Indians several years before. To this couple had been born a daughter, Rachel, and, according to the custom of those early days, she had married at a very tender age, Lewis Robards being her choice for a husband. Lewis Robards is charged with having a bearish disposition, and continually found fault with his beautiful young wife, and was insanely jealous of any man who spoke pleasantly to her. At one time he sent her back to her mother, where she remained for a year before a mutual friend effected a reconciliation. So it was that when Jackson, then a young lawyer, took up his abode in the Donelson home it was not long until Robards grew jealous of him. So violent was Robards' passion that he again sent his fair wife back to her mother, and two years later, in 1791, the legislature of Virginia passed a bill authorizing the supreme court of Kentucky to try before a jury the

accuracy and quickness. In his home he had a dummy prepared of about the same size and general build as the tall, spare form of Gen. Jackson, and would amuse his friends who called to see him by asking: "And where shall I hit Gen. Jackson this time?" No sooner would they reply: "In the eye," or "In the heart," than his pistol would ring out and the bullet would go true to the spot named on the target. On the road to the dueling ground he entertained his companions and those they would meet by shooting small objects, even cutting small cords in two as they swung free, or hitting coins that were flipped into the air. At one tavern where the party stopped, Dickinson went through his performance and left the severed string with the tavern keeper, saying: "If Gen. Jackson comes along this road, be kind enough to show him that." But these things did not disconnect Old Hickory. Jackson and his party were the first to reach the neighborhood of the dueling ground, and they stopped at the home of a Mr. Miller, where travelers were wont to be cared for. About an hour later Dickinson and his party stopped at the same place, but finding the others already there they went a short distance further to the home of a Mr. Harris, a son-in-law of Miller, where they were taken in for the night. Both of these houses are standing today. The Miller house is of brick and the earthquake of 1811 so badly cracked the walls that it had to be largely reconstructed. The Harris house, a rambling two-story frame affair, is still extant, though plainly showing the ravages of time. The next morning dawned bright and clear, in sharp contrast to the rainy, disagreeable day before. Promptly at the appointed time the principals, with their seconds and a surgeon each, met near the Harris home. Adairville people will tell you that the place selected was a pawpaw thicket, and that before the duel could proceed the bushes had to be cut away with pen knives. Jackson's Iron Nerve. Be that as it may, the preliminaries were soon arranged and a coin was tossed for choice of positions. Dickinson won and chose to stand facing west, which put the sun at his back, giving him quite an advantage. The distance was measured off and pegs set for each man to place his toe against. At the word "Fire!" Dickinson leveled his pistol and pulled the trigger. The bullet sped true and hit Jackson in the breast, breaking two ribs, an injury which weakened and troubled him for the rest of his life. He showed so little sign of being hit, however, that Dickinson cried out: "My God, I have missed him!" Dickinson, so the tale of the Adairville people goes, then stepped away from his peg, but his seconds forced him back and made him stand still until Jackson could fire. The latter calmly raised his pistol, took deliberate aim, and Dickinson fell, with a mortal wound. He was taken back to the Harris home and made as com-

shade of an enormous elm that stood in the yard. When night came on he was moved into the house, but by that time his vitality was nearly spent and he died about 9 o'clock. Dickinson's grave is in a small field near Nashville on the Bosley or Whitworth lands, unmarked at the present time, save for a small plain slab on which is no letter to indicate whose tomb it is. Jackson walked from the dueling ground back to the Miller home. On the way he passed a spring house, where a maid was putting jugs of milk into the water. He asked for a cup of buttermilk, which was given him, and it was while drinking it that some one noticed blood from his wound and called attention to it. Jackson replied with an oath not to mention it, as he wanted Dickinson to die without even the comfort of knowing that he had been hit, and continued: "I would have shot long enough to kill him if he had shovled me through the heart." Dickinson's friends have always insisted that Jackson tricked his opponent in the duel—that Jackson, who was very tall and slight of figure, wore purposely an unusually loose fitting coat and thereby Dickinson was deceived as to the location of his adversary's heart and aimed a trifle to one side. In the river bottom where the memorable affair took place there stood until recent years two enormous trees about ten paces apart that were reputed to mark the spots on which the duelists stood. These trees were carefully preserved until weakened by decay they were blown down by a passing storm. And through all of his stormy career, Gen. Jackson's tender devotion to his wife never waned. It was after his election to the presidency the first time, but before the inauguration, that she died. As the sorrowing husband was looking on the dear features for the last time he said to those in the room: "In the presence of this dear saint I can and do forgive all my enemies; but those vile wretches who have slandered her must look to God for mercy." She was buried in the garden at the Hermitage, and Gen. Jackson had a monument erected on which is inscribed: "Here lies the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22nd of December, 1828. A being so gentle and yet so virtuous, vile slander might wound but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God." Railroads caused nearly half the forest fires in Colorado and Wyoming last year, and almost one-sixth were set by lightning. In California lightning started more than half, with railroads a comparatively insignificant cause. Boiling the Kettle. Mrs. Campbell had engaged a new maid. "Martha," said the mistress, on the first morning, "be careful always to boil the teakettle before making the tea." Martha signified her willingness and after much absence in the kitchen, returned to her mistress and said: "Please, mum, there's nothin' big enough to boil the teakettle in 'less 'tis the wash boiler, sirs."—No.

HENDERSON COUNTY WILL HOLD A FAIR

Greater Hendersonville Club Decides to Have First Annual Event Next Fall at Hendersonville. HENDERSONVILLE, N. C., March 28.—The Greater Hendersonville club last night decided to hold a Henderson county fair next fall in this city. The report of the committee on the feasibility of holding a county exhibition was read and thoroughly discussed and the committee was instructed to continue its work along general lines outlined by the club. It was decided to hold the fair at Laurel park and to have live stock exhibits in connection with the agricultural displays. The movement is so far without a leader since Noah M. Hollowell, chairman of the fair committee, declined the invitation to serve as secretary. The club insisted upon his accepting this position by reason of his experience with the Western North Carolina fair at Asheville last year, but Mr. Hollowell declined on the ground that he did not have spare time to devote to the work. The club will endeavor to select a secretary at an early date in order to perfect the detailed work incident to organization, the preparation of premium lists, etc. And through all of his stormy career, Gen. Jackson's tender devotion to his wife never waned. It was after his election to the presidency the first time, but before the inauguration, that she died. As the sorrowing husband was looking on the dear features for the last time he said to those in the room: "In the presence of this dear saint I can and do forgive all my enemies; but those vile wretches who have slandered her must look to God for mercy." She was buried in the garden at the Hermitage, and Gen. Jackson had a monument erected on which is inscribed: "Here lies the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22nd of December, 1828. A being so gentle and yet so virtuous, vile slander might wound but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God." Railroads caused nearly half the forest fires in Colorado and Wyoming last year, and almost one-sixth were set by lightning. In California lightning started more than half, with railroads a comparatively insignificant cause. Boiling the Kettle. Mrs. Campbell had engaged a new maid. "Martha," said the mistress, on the first morning, "be careful always to boil the teakettle before making the tea." Martha signified her willingness and after much absence in the kitchen, returned to her mistress and said: "Please, mum, there's nothin' big enough to boil the teakettle in 'less 'tis the wash boiler, sirs."—No.

MR. FALK WILL MOVE TO PATTON AVENUE

Well Known Dealer in Musical Instruments Will Move His Stock of Goods Soon. G. Falk, who has been engaged in the sale of musical instruments here for the past thirty years and who has been in business at 31 South Main street for the past eighteen years has leased the store room at 74 Patton avenue and announcement is made to the effect that he will move his stock of goods to the new location the first of the approaching month. The building formerly was the Classic theater but many changes have been made in the arrangement of the store room and it is now an attractive sales room. A new front has been installed and many other changes have been made looking to the improvement of the building and the increasing of the attractiveness of the place. Mr. Falk is one of the city's well-known music dealers and the news that he is to move will be learned with great interest by a large circle of patrons. His new quarters will enable him to show his goods to better advantage and to carry a larger stock of merchandise. Preparations for the transfer of the large stock of goods have been completed. Prophecy Fulfilled. "Look here, you swindler!" roared the owner of the suburban property to the real estate man. "When you sold me this house, didn't you say that in three months I wouldn't part with it for \$10,000?" "Certainly," said the real estate dealer calmly, "and you haven't, have you?"—Ladies Home Journal.

SHIPMAN HAS MADE NO ANNOUNCEMENT

Commissioner of Labor and Printing Shows no Intention of Entering Congressional Primary. HENDERSONVILLE, N. C., March 28.—With reference to the fight for the congressional nomination of the Tenth district and the probability of Commissioner of Labor and Printing M. L. Shipman entering the already three-cornered race, a letter received here from Mr. Shipman by a close personal friend can in no way be construed as conveying the assurance that he will make any formal announcement. Mr. Shipman has not been in the district since the Christmas holidays and says he knows nothing of the political situation, except what friends have written him and from what he has gained from the newspapers. While he has been duly importuned to offer himself as a candidate for congress, he is evidently weighing the matter well and hesitating to some definite step. Mr. Shipman is expected in Hendersonville, his former home, during the coming week, when it is most likely he will make some announcement of his intentions, after being on the grounds and looking over the situation for the first time during the year. Not Dead, Only Sleeping. Walter—"Were you ringing the bell, sir?" Customer (after long wait)—"Ringing it! Great Scott, no! I was telling it—I thought you were dead!"—Everybody's.

WILL BREED HORSES IN TRANSYLVANIA

L. S. Clough, of Warren, Pa., who has been spending some time at his farm in Transylvania county, yesterday returned to his home, stopping over in Asheville several hours en route to Warren. Mr. Clough recently purchased one of the most valuable pieces of farm properties in Transylvania, 1,200 acres comprising his farm. The land is well adapted to the production of the various crops of this section of the state and the owner of the property is making many improvements to the farm. Mr. Clough anticipates the breeding of Percheron horses at his property in this state, having stated that he feels that such a venture will be a profitable one. These heavy draft animals are in demand and it is expected that Mr. Clough will have some of the horses shipped to Transylvania within the immediate future. Boiling the Kettle. Mrs. Campbell had engaged a new maid. "Martha," said the mistress, on the first morning, "be careful always to boil the teakettle before making the tea." Martha signified her willingness and after much absence in the kitchen, returned to her mistress and said: "Please, mum, there's nothin' big enough to boil the teakettle in 'less 'tis the wash boiler, sirs."—No.



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