

# MURFREESBORO INDEX.

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THE EAGLE SCREAMS.

I am the American Eagle,  
And my wings they together,  
Likewise, I roost high,  
And I eat bananas raw  
Rome may sit on her  
Seven hills and howl,  
But she can not  
Sit on me!  
Will she please put that  
In her organ and grand it?  
I am mostly a bird of peace  
And I was born without teeth.  
But I've got talons  
That reach from the storm-  
Beaten coasts of the Atlantic  
To the golden shores of the  
Placid Pacific.  
And I use the Rocky Mountains  
As whetstones to sharpen them on.  
I never cockle till I  
Lay an egg,  
And I point with pride  
To the eggs I've laid.

In the last hundred years or so  
I'm game from  
The point of my beak  
To the star spangled tip  
Of my tail feathers;  
And when I begin  
To scratch gravel,  
Mind your eyes!  
I'm the cock of the walk,  
And the hen of the  
Godness of Liberty;  
The only gallinaceous  
E pluribus unum  
On record.  
I'm an eagle from Eagleville,  
With a scream on me that makes  
Thunder sound like  
Dropping cotton  
On a still morning,  
And my present address is  
Hail Columbia,  
U. S. A.!

—New York Sun.



HY NOT let this Independence Day be one on which the hostess, too, declares her independence, on which she resolves to no longer be bound in servitude by the old forms of entertainment which have grown threadbare from use since the days of the Revolutionary War? Let her get up something original, whether she has to think it out herself or copy some clever idea. People are growing weary of the monotonous repetitions of July 4 entertainments and anything new, even though it may lack in merit, will meet with greater appreciation than compelling your guests to go through any one of the old performances that remind them of an annual duty they are forced to perform instead of an occasion of merriment and enjoyment. Don't let dime novel sentiment enter into your program. If you have anything suggestive of patriotism avoid the commonplace hurrah that pleases the hoi polloi. Your guests should not be treated as the rabble, and you should not resort to the politician's means of arousing interest by grandstand methods. Avoid the kind of amusement that appeals to the gallery. The shooting off of firecrackers, pyrotechnic displays in the evening and the singing of national airs now please only the juvenile American—juvenile in years or mentality.

The twentieth century hostess must provide something for the amusement of her guests out of the beaten track—the more outre, bizarre and unusual the more desirable. A scheme which smacks of originality has been thought out by a clever Boston girl, who will entertain at her country home a house party over Independence Day. Golf, motoring, tennis and the old, old game of hearts, with Cupid as score keeper, will be played throughout the day, but on the evening of the glorious Fourth will come the crowning fun of the occasion—a most original and amusing dinner. For this function the young hostess will transform her living room porch into a dining room. Patriotic and artistic effects will be achieved by draping American and French flags around the sides of the inclosure, with tall palms in attractive groups to lend a touch of cooling green to the mise en scene. At the top of the piazza will run a

broken line of rich red Japanese lanterns hung on red, white and blue ribbon, forming a pretty frieze and shedding light and air of gaiety over the al fresco banquet. The ten guests comprising the house party will sit at a pretty round table, which is made by placing over



## THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-SIX! My Grandmother's Story.

BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.  
It was in the early summer,  
When the drumming of the drummer,  
Grinding daily grum and grummer,  
Beat the time for marching men.  
Beat the time for marching men.  
When across each shaded valley,  
And through every street and alley,  
Calling patriots to rally,  
Came the summons once again.

We were in a blaze of glory,  
For our grandfathers told the story,  
How the Hessian and the Tory  
From the face of Washington,  
Fled like sheep when sore affrighted,  
How their stalwart ranks were lighted,  
Just as morning fires were lighted,  
 Ere they scarce had fired a gun.

How, at Princeton and at Trenton,  
Troops that I have fondly leant on,  
Were surprised, while they were bent on  
Christmas joys and hours of glee,  
How their ranks were crushed and broken,  
As a signal and a token  
That their death-oom should be spoken  
By the cannon of the free.

And how Sullivan's deep thunders,  
With his cannon clearing cinders,  
Rented the morning air asunder.  
As our Stark broke into town,  
And how Fowles' grand artillery  
Put the Hessian troops in pillory,  
Pouring forth from the "Distillery"  
Iron showers to crush them down.

Oh, what shouts we gave to cheer them!  
Though we knew they could not hear them,  
Still our blessings lingered near them—  
We were glad and could not fight,  
But we had an only brother,  
He, the idol of our mother,  
Shared with Stark and many another  
In the glory of that night.

And, ah me! I had a lover,  
Through the ceiling of the tower  
Sounds above the towers, which ever  
His last rest on Monmouth plain.  
How his eyes flashed wide with glory,  
As he snatched the colors from the hand  
Of the British, crushed and sorry,  
He was buried with the slain.

He was but a boy, and tender,  
And was delicate and slender.  
Ah, what service could he render?  
But he took his father's gun,  
Though he might be slightly forward,  
He was certainly no coward.  
In the morning, Abner Howard  
Joined the troops of Washington.

## GROVER CLEVELAND DIES AT PRINCETON

One of the Country's Greatest Citizens.  
LAST OF THE EX-PRESIDENTS.

Heart Failure, Complicated With Pulmonary Thrombosis and Oedema, the Immediate Cause of Death—Announcement of His Death a Shock to the Country.  
Princeton, N. J. (Special).—Grover Cleveland, twice president of the United States, died at 8.40 o'clock Wednesday morning at his home, Westland, in the quiet college town, where he had lived since his retirement as the nation's chief executive, almost 12 years ago. Mr. Cleveland was 71 years old March 18 last. He and Mrs. Cleveland celebrated their twenty-second anniversary of their wedding here on June 2. The affair was very quiet because of Mr. Cleveland's illness. A large wedding cake containing 22 candles was sent to them by some of their neighbors. When death came, which was sudden, there were in the death chamber, on the second floor of the Cleveland residence, Mrs. Cleveland, other members of the family, Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, of New York, Mr. Cleveland's family physician and personal friend; Dr. George R. Lockwood, also of New York, and Dr. John M. Carnochan, of Princeton. An official statement given out and signed by the three physicians says: "Mr. Cleveland for many years had suffered from repeated attacks of gastro-intestinal origin. Also he had long-standing organic disease of the heart and kidneys. Heart failure, complicated with pulmonary thrombosis and oedema, was the immediate cause of his death."



General Sherman.



Former President Grover Cleveland.

While Mr. Cleveland had been in poor health for the last two years and had lost a hundred pounds of weight, his death came unexpectedly. Some three weeks ago he was brought home from Lakewood, where his condition for a time was such that the hotel at which he was staying was kept open after its regular season because he was too ill to be moved. But when Mr. Cleveland was brought back to Princeton he showed signs of improvement and actually gained five pounds in weight. Although confined to his room continuously after his return to Princeton, it was not until Tuesday that Mr. Cleveland's condition aroused uneasiness on the part of Mrs. Cleveland. Undoubtedly affected by the heat, Mr. Cleveland showed signs of failure, and Mrs. Cleveland telegraphed to Dr. Bryant, who came over from New York. Dr. Lockwood followed Dr. Bryant, and when they reached here Dr. Carnochan, who had been Mr. Cleveland's local physician since the former president came to Princeton, was also called in. During the evening Mr. Cleveland seemed to rally and Mrs. Cleveland, who always has been optimistic about her husband's health, felt assured that it was merely another of the many attacks Mr. Cleveland had suffered, and she informed those who inquired that his condition was not serious. The End Peaceful. Mr. Cleveland became worse during the night and Mrs. Cleveland was called to the bedside of her husband. The distinguished patient sank into unconsciousness, from which he recovered at times only to suffer a relapse. This continued throughout the night and early morning. The last time he became conscious was about two hours before he died. Death was peaceful. Just before he died Mr. Cleveland sought to say something, but his words were inaudible. The news of Mr. Cleveland's death came as a sudden shock to the people of Princeton, as it did to the people of the rest of the world. Everybody in Princeton knew he was sick and was interested in him, but none seemed to think the end was so near. Many of the intimate friends of the family and many others not so

## CHRONOLOGY OF CLEVELAND'S LIFE.

March 18, 1837—Born in Caldwell, Essex County, N. J.  
1855—Entered law office in Buffalo as clerk.  
1859—Admitted to the bar.  
1863-66—Assistant District Attorney of Erie County.  
1870-73—Sheriff of Erie County.  
1873-81—In lucrative practice of profession at Buffalo.  
1881-82—Mayor of Buffalo; established reputation for economy and executive ability.  
1882-84—Governor of New York; constantly attracting national attention.  
1884-88—President of the United States, after defeating James G. Blaine, Republican, by majority of 37 electoral votes.  
June 2, 1886—Married at the White House, Miss Frances Folsom, daughter of his former law partner.  
1888—Defeated for Presidency by Benjamin Harrison, Republican.  
1888-1892—Practising law in New York City.  
1892-1896—Again President of the United States, after defeating William McKinley, Republican, through an overwhelming reversal of popular sentiment. Clashed with party in Senate and quarreled with Senator Gorman on tariff. Demanded British consent to arbitration of boundary dispute with Venezuela.  
1896—Refused support to William J. Bryan, Democratic candidate for Presidency, and ticket upon which Bryan ran. Retired to Princeton, N. J., and took up quiet life there.  
1897—Honored by Princeton with degree of LL. D.  
June 10, 1905—Elected trustee of Equitable Life Assurance Society.  
June 24, 1908—Died at Princeton home.

## MR. CLEVELAND AT REST

Funeral Services Simple as Those of Humblest Citizen.  
Princeton, N. J. (Special).—Grover Cleveland's body lies buried in the Cleveland plot in Princeton Cemetery. At 6 o'clock, just as the sun was sinking in the West, a distinguished company silently watched as the body was lowered into the grave. Then the simple burial service of the Presbyterian Church was read and before the last of the carriages in the cortege had driven up to the path leading to the burial place, the benediction had been pronounced and the members of the family, President Roosevelt and others who had gathered about the grave, were leaving the cemetery. Many of the personal friends of the dead statesman lingered about the spot which was to mark his last resting place, and each in turn was permitted to cast a shovel full of earth into the grave.

Accessible to the wishes of Mrs. Cleveland the services both at the house and at the cemetery were of the simplest character. An invocation, scriptural reading, a brief prayer and the reading of a William Wordsworth poem, "Character of the Happy Warrior," constituted the services at the house, while the reading of the burial service at the grave was brief and impressive. Although the funeral was of a strictly private nature, those in attendance numbered many distinguished citizens, including President Roosevelt, Governor Hughes, of New York; Gov. Hoke Smith, of Georgia; former members of President Cleveland's cabinet, officials of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, members of the Princeton University faculty and friends and neighbors. Mr. Cleveland was buried as a private citizen rather than as the former chief executive of the nation. There was nothing that savored of the official and military element injected solely as a measure of precaution in protecting President Roosevelt. The President arrived at 4.38 P. M. and was met at the station by Governor Fort. The President, Governor Fort and Secretary Loeb were driven at once to Westland. Upon his arrival at the house the President went to Mrs. Cleveland, offering his sympathy and expressing keen regret at Mr. Cleveland's death. The President then returned to the reception room, where he had been removed in the afternoon from the room on the second floor, in which Mr. Cleveland died. A few minutes later the four clerical gentlemen who conducted the service in the hall leading to the reception room, followed by Mrs. Cleveland and the children, Esther and Richard. As they appeared upon the landing, accompanied by Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, the whole company rose and remained standing throughout the services. Mrs. Cleveland was gowned in black and wore a becoming hat with a short drooping veil. Esther was also in black, while Richard wore a white suit and black tie.

## Wordsworth's Poem Read.

The services began with an invocation by Rev. Sylvester W. Beach, of the First Presbyterian Church, of Princeton, which was followed by Scriptural reading by Rev. Maitland V. Bartlett, of the West Farms Presbyterian Church, of New York, a former pastor of Mr. Cleveland, who read from the fourteenth chapter of the Book of John and a number of passages from the fourth and twenty-second chapters of the Thessalonians. "And they shall see His face," read Dr. Bartlett in closing, "and His name shall be in their foreheads; they shall hunger nor thirst any more; neither shall the sun light upon them nor any heat, for the land which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of water and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes." Dr. Henry Van Dyke said that, "according to the desire of one whose slightest wish at this moment we all respect, there will be no address or sermon, but there was a poem, written more than a hundred years ago by William Wordsworth, which is expressive of his character." He then read the poem "Character of the Happy Warrior."

This followed by readings from the Presbyterian Book of Common Prayer, the services at the house concluding with a prayer.

## WASHINGTON

The Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission a complaint charging five railroads with discriminating in favor of Chicago in grain rates. A motion for a new trial was made in the case of Frederick A. Hyde and Joost H. Schneider, convicted of conspiracy to defraud the government. Proposals for furnishing 2,000,000 pounds of dynamite for use on the Isthmus of Panama have been invited by the Isthmian Canal Commission. Lieutenant Commander Retzmann has been appointed to succeed Captain Hebbinghaus as German military attaché at Washington. The Progressive Advertising and Distribution Company, of St. Paul, Minn., was debarred from the mails as a fraudulent business. Wages of employees of the Southern Railway, which were reduced, have been raised to the former level. The wife of Minister Wu, her son and his wife and a granddaughter arrived at the Chinese Legation. Arguments for and against the Agricultural Department's rule requiring a meat inspector's mark on oleomargarine were submitted to the Secretary of Agriculture. Preliminary orders have been issued for the second cruise of the battleship fleet, on its way around the world. The New York Shipbuilding Company was the lowest bidder for the construction of four mine-planting vessels, at \$764,777 each.

## PARADING ON THE FOURTH.



who are ravenous with nothing more substantial than a pickle and a cracker to satisfy their appetites. Three minutes is the time allowed for answering each question. The hostess will keep score and at the end of the feast will present to the girl who has dined both wisely and well a dainty muslin sunbonnet "to keep her head always cool," and successful guesser of the masculine success with an "umbrella to ward off brain storms." Quite a novel function not so elaborate as a dinner is a Fourth of July tea. The picturesque feature of this affair is to have the girls pour tea and serve lemonade dressed in colonial frocks, quaint bonnets, mitts and sandals. This tea will be held on the lawn, and over the tea and lemonade tables will be large Japanese umbrellas, which are more attractive than hot and uncomfortable tents. The ices, sandwiches and bouillon are served from the house and passed by the servants.—From What-To-Eat, the Pure Food Magazine.

## In Readiness For the Day.



F. Cracker—"Let's go off on a regular bus this Fourth, Mr. Rockit." Mr. Rockit—"All right, I'm always game for a little blow-out."

## COTTON REPORT LEAK CASE.

Haas and Peckham Arraigned On Charges in New York.  
New York (Special).—Moses Haas and Fred A. Peckham, indicted in the District of Columbia in connection with the government cotton report leak case, surrendered themselves here, and were arraigned before Commissioner Shields, on a charge of bribery and conspiracy to defraud the government. Haas was held in \$5,000 bail and Peckham was paroled in the custody of his counsel. Theodore N. H. Price, the broker who is accused of the same offense, is expected to surrender himself later. None of the three men can be taken to Washington without formal extradition papers.