NEW SERIES-VOL. XXIV---NO. 2,300.

OLD SERIES --- VOL LXXII --- NO. 4,050

FAYETTEVILLE N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1908.

Do not forget Dr. Seth Arnold's Balsam is the best known Remedy for all Warranted by King Drug Co. and G. W. Stancill, Hope Mills.

Here is Relief for Women.

If you have pains in the back, Uri-nary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and oman's ills, try Mother Gray Australan-Leaf.. It is a safe and never-falling regulator. At druggists or by mail to cts. Sample package FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

It Reached the Spot.

Mr. E. Humphrey, who owns a large general store at Omega, O., and is president of the Adams County Telee Co., as well as the Home Telephone Co., of Pike County, O., says of Dr. King's New Discovery: "It saved my life once. At least I think it did. It seemed to reach the spot the very seat of my cough—when ev-erything else failed." Dr. King's New Discovery not only reaches the cough weak spots in throat, lungs and chest der Guarantee at B. E. Sed berry's Son's drug store. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of the late Dr. Thos. D. Haigh, deceased, late of Cumberland county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the said lecedent to exhibit them to the under signed, on or before April 8th, 1909, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immedlate payment.

April 8, 1908.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Q. K. NIMOCKS, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law Rooms 1 and 8 K. of P. Building. AVEITEVILLE, 'Phone 229

H. McD. Robinson, John G. Phaw. (Netary Public)

ROBINSON & SHAW Attorneys-at-Law, Mees on second floor National Bank

H. S. AVERITT, Attorney-at-Law,

(Notary Public). Office—125 Donaldso Street, Fayetteville, N. C. V. C. BULLARD, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Notary Public, Surveyor, Office K. of P. Building, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

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Real Es tate bought and sold Loans negotiated and guaranteed Reats and interest collected. es examined, converances made, ance premiums taken and loaned her

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Real Estate: \$200 lot Rowan street \$200; lot Hillshore street \$300, one best lots Arsensi-Haymount; \$75 lots Rowan street extended; \$100 Brookside Ave; \$1500 new Store, Campbellton, rents for \$2500 new Store, Campbellton, rents for \$1,5200 store Person street; \$1000 new Store, Campbellton, rents for \$1,000 Mostore Place at Arditusa; \$1000 00 stree trier farm with timber; \$2000 \$77 acres near Rasford; \$3000 100 acres Falls of Book,fan; \$4000 large house, farm, \$84 stree kingsbury \$50 to \$300 lots Northwest Fayettaville; \$50 to \$150 ten remaining lots Fairground Park.

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lock Box 55. We are now prepared for summe sedding. We have BALVIAS, COLEUS, ALTERNANTHERIAS, ACHERANTHUS, ACOLPHIAS,

GERANIUMS, Etc., and a fine stock of general Gree plants. Orders, please.



THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

Henry Watterson, in the Courier-Jour-

Two weeks in Washington and two weeks in New York-rather in the thick of it—leave among other impres-sions the idea, or fancy, whichever you may care to call it, that both parties are treading on eggs and that ome of the eggs are rotten. "You are not going to put that

death's head upon us again, are you?" said a distinguished Democratic senator, referring to Bryan, with some-thing more of heat than of relevancy. "Why," I answered, "what are you kicking about? Whilst there was a chance I, not you, made an honest effort for an alternative. You and the like of you, were as silent as the tomb. You lay flat down and second to my motion. The only response that came to me from you genlemen in Congress was "second your own motion, you son-of-a-gun!"

Said an eminent Democratic editor fthe South Atlantic seaboard, "We'll eat him," meaning Bryan, for the nomination, "don't you doubt it," And I replied, "Suppose you do beat him what will you get for your victory except a repetition of 1904?"

The New York newspapers, abound-

ing in conceit and ignorance, suffering from both provincialism and landordism-some of them, as Parnell used to say of Ireland, from "absentee andlordism"-are at this time especially misleading and unfair. They have acquired the anti-Bryan habit, and, seeing nothing the other side of Jordan, or Jersey, it seems impossible for them to adjust themselves to actual conditions and the rest of the country. They imagine that money will do all things and think that, as New York has the money, New York should and will dominate all things. As a consequence of this delusion. both parties in the Empire State have dropped into the lowest depths of depravity—and very stupid depravity now the Republicans in alliance with Hearst, whom the head of the Naional Administration, himself a great New Yorker, has stigmatized an Anarchist and Assassin, now the Democrats fallen under the mud-spell of Murphy and Conners. The New York newspapers cannot escape their responsibility for this

Meanwhile, thousands upon thousands of good men and true, some of them calling themselves Democrats and others Republicans, yet, agreeing in the main, are all at sea. The old historic issues have passed away. The old dividing lines are grown so indistinct as to be well-nigh invisible. The nature, the actuality and significance of the coming conflict—the crux of the situation-has not yet shown itself through the fogs and vapors with which the professional politicians much assisted by the newspapers, have enveloped themselves. opinion here is in a fluid state, public sentiment is something of a squash.

Truly, Dr. Eliot, of Harvard, hit the nail on the head when he declared that the need of the time is publicity. Theoretically, the people rule. In practice, things are done by a few gathered together well inside of lock and key, too often in a darkened cham-

Predatory wealth struggles to keep gregated capital is confused with predatory wealth. The three co-ordinate bellious, the Court still the Rock of Ages. Inevitably, the corrupt political manipulators see their opportunity; inevitably the corrupt leaders of High Pinance see theirs. Amid the clash and chaos, Socialism thinks it has a chance, whilst the leaders of the peo-ple, and the would-be leaders of the people-of varying degrees of honest zeal and good intention-truckle to every vagrant fancy of the hour, surefooted stability and clear-sighter Statesmanship for the most part caviar to the general, isolated, segre

I'm old enough to remember the break-up of the Whig Party. The conditions then were not nearly either so complicated or so baffling, as they are now. Politics in general were more in the open. Programs had not become so equivocal, methods so unclean. There was acrimony, but there were standards of measurements, constituencies less preoccupied and indifferent, and, among public men, more of courage and intelligence, individualism yet for a factor in af-

The shocking disclosures of the las three years make it quite certain that there has existed for a long time i conspiracy among a few allied Kings of Money, making their headquarters

in and about New York, to control the operations of both parties. Throughout the long battle for s Tariff for Revenue only there continually appeared, always at the opportune moment in Democratic councils, a mysterious presence in obstruc Now it was Randall; now it was Barnum; now it was Whitney; and, finally, it was Cleveland, throwing away the fruits of an educational campaign bravely fought and briught at the polis in 1892 to a triumphant conclusion. I do now believe that in 1904 this combine nominated Parker, a most able, upright man, with the purpose of electing him, but that, the osevelt-Cortelyou strategy appearing upon the scene and revealing its masked-batteries and hidden rifle-pits, it sought safety for itself and abandoned Parker to his fate.

One of the issues in the campaign before us, therefore, is the emandioation of the country from the suspicion no less than the actuality of hraldom to this dishonest influence. Owing his election to the Money Devil, whom he had surplsed in his lair and had throttled into submission, Theodore Roosevelt was too hon est and too brave a man to become the slave of the beast he had beaten. No sooner did he find himself master of the situation than he began to assert himself. But here he went to the other extreme, as is not uncommo with those custodians of power

have within themselves the germs of He began the career of an autocrat. Having taken Miles upon one knee, Schley upon the other, and bumped their heads together, he thought that their heads together, he thought that he could do the same with Harriman and Morgan. They, enjoying the Big Stick and maybe a littele vain of it, he took the Senate and the House by the ears and bumped their heads together. At last, the spirit of absolutism growing on what it feeds, he incked the Supreme Court of the United States, where, as the saying is, Sold by Armfield Drug Co.

he struck a snag. But, the average citizen loving a fighter and ever car-ried away by daring, the unthinking among the people threw up their caps, failing to discriminate, even to see that the very form of their government was put to menace by this reso lute Federalist, this intrepid Central-izationalist, this bold revolutionizer

tions by Judicial construction and Executive assumption. Thus the rescue of the country from Federalism constitutes another of the issue s of the coming conflict of forces to be decided by the November elec-

And this brings me to Mr. Bryan.

of systems and destroyer of Constitu-

It will be remembered that twelve months ago, when the Courier-Jour nal set out to try to ogranize within the Democratic party a volume of opinion sufficiently strong to impress let him tramp all over you. I got no Mr. Bryan and his friends that it second to my motion. The only re- were wiser of him to play Warwick than King, its purpose was not to di-

vide, but to unite the party.
It was weary of factionism. yearned for old-fashioned Democratic brothernood and an old-fashioned Democratic victory. Mr. Bryan could not so see it. He refused to be impressed and, with good reason, because the effort of the Courier-Journal received no answering voice.

The entire summer and autumn

were wasted on tomfooling about party by the name of Johnson." It grew a trifle tiresome. to an angel it would have been ex asperating. Yet, it seemed Democracy, Governor Johnson declared himself out of it. So did Governor Folk. So did Senator Culberson. The Courier Journal was put in for the costs and left to hold an empty bag. Naturally, took to the woods. And then? Why then, right out of the open mouth of

Wall Street, came, came a stentorian

voice, "Johnson!" What chance would Johnson have over the dead body of Bryan? What chance would Johnson have carrying a Wall Street tag? What chance would Johnson have using the undem ocratic two-thirds rule to defeat the will of the majority and that at the behest of the East, defying the West and working the South,

The thought is preposterous "But," cry the weak of faith, echoing the strong of purse, "Bryan can-not be elected." Let us look into this a lick or two. I think I have said some things along that line myself. All that could be fairly said, intelligently said, I have tried to say, that with the two factions of the East and West hating each other worse than they hate the Republicans, the repre sentative of neither faction could be elected. Either faction might beat the other. Hence Mr. Bryan could not hope to run so well in the debatable States as some one else to be agreed on-Johnson preferred-and I see no reason now to change this opin-

Mark the sequel. The time has passed for "some one else." Mr. Bryan retaining the field; it is to too late for "some one else," the conditions what they are; and I confess that I am in sympathy with Mr. Bryan in refusing of New York politicians, whose motives are, to say the least of them, suspicious, which will support no ticket except one framed by themselves, and which do not agree with one another touching the ticket to be in the early days of May with a petite named. Whatever his claims may be, figure in pink cotton gown, sprayed or or may not be, Mr. Bryan has his sprigged with white, full skirt, belt. branches of our triple scheme of gov-or may not be, Mr. Bryan has his ernment are at loggerheads, a puis-rights, and no thoughtful man can, sant Executive seeking the power of an Autocrat, the Congress weakly rethe ipse dixit equally of the unthink- der the dress collar, and the face, I ing, the interested and the prejudiced to the contrary being of no weight whatever. In American politics anything is possible. Assuredly Mr. Bryan may be elected; as an affair of dinner

ence and opinion.

NATURE'S FORGIVENESS.

Anonymous. 1

-her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and the carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes, and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Be-leaguered by the sullen hosts of winer, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality, and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. Its tenacious fibers hold the earth in its place, and prevent its solable components from washing into

termines the history, character and destiny of nations. when vigilance is relaxed, or dynasty has perished, it sliently reshmes the throne from which it has been expelled, but which it never ab-

It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet, should its harvest fall for a single year, famine would depopulate the

does not constipate, but on the other hand its laxative principles gently move the bowels. Children like it.

"This is a story o' Johnnie O'Glory, And now my story's begun. And this is the story of John and his brother, And now my story is done

Being ye last stage of my fourney

"ARTER DE WAH."

home from ye (un) Civil War. A. B. Stronach, in Raleigh News and "It's buttons are all battered,

Its sleeves worn and tattered: But we love it as we did in days of God bless this old gray jacket:

This jacket that a Southern soldier Forty-four years ago today as to date; Thursday, the 7th, as to day. I took down my old gray jacket and cap—the cap was blue, though, an officer's cap I had swapped with a Yan-kee at Kinston (Southwest Creek) he had gone where he did not need a cap (possibly fire-proof.) I had loaned my horse to a member of my company my horse to a member of my company who was going to Raleigh. He returned that morning, Thursday, May Nixon, and Miss Mollie Nixon, mother 4th, and reported that my horse died saddle did also, as I never saw them again. I had missed my chill on Wednesday, and announced my determination to start for home. A lady little story. When rising before sunup I found a stump of pencil on the up I found a stump of pencil on the control of the c on the way. L suppose by bridle and we call it strenuous. Of course my the edge of an old newspaper I found kin objected, but "he that maun to in the room, either the Fayetteville Cupar maun to Cupar, or he that will Observer or North Carolina Presbygo must go. So at four o'clock Thursafternoon, May 4th, I bid farewell to kith and kin and started on the last stage of my journey home "arter de wah." My reminiscences and writ-john, I recall nothing, except that I ings are gathered from my garden, seemed to reel off miles and miles fragment by fragment, as I spade, dig, plough or cultivate, and its peace or war according as to whether its cut worms and nut grass (war) or plough and cuftivator (peace.) Then when I wake up at 2, 3, or 4 o'clock in the morning I try to piece together the fragments. This morning I woke up at 3 o'clock and had started home when I dozed off and again I was tangled up in the black snake curves of Cross Creek, and a girl came out of the door-way of a house to the porch entrance; and she was a vision of the spring of other days. Dressed skirts and dress in the full skirts of the war and after period. Skirts and dress light and airy, dress belted in at the waist with belt of same materia as dress; dimpled chinned, rose mouthed, cherry lipped. Just a few freckles painted on to show the beauty the skin; nose of no particular shape, just a nose, you know. Eyes not of the deepest blue, but the blue eye with tint of grey that carries a glint of fun and mischief. You know the long lashes and the arch of the brows that go with them, flaxen col ored hair, with a faint tint of bronze and as she gathered her skirts to sea herself on the steps or floor of the porch I woke up (if there is such a girl living today over across Cross Creek she owes me her photo.) Why is it I cannot dream of the girl that on just such another morning in the to be ruled off the track by a group merry month of May I went to escort to a picnic. I was a little late and she came tripping down the walk Tripping is the word, for she was petite as to foot, petite as to figure; and to this day I associate a morning

Long ago I locked i

city and the people moved about in

such a quiet, easy, restful manner

that they seemed of, and still not of,

change.) I said: "John, if I were to

go down this street to the Town Hall,

"Yas-sar, you could go dat way but"-

and I said, "Never mind the but-

that's the road I took 44 years ago.

And again my recollection is fragmen

tary. I have no remembrance of good-

byes: no remembrance of the road

in sight, about 9 o'clock, as I guess

ed, at night, of a one-story frame

cottage. I saw, as I thought, a light

n a window. Going up to the door

knocked and again knocked, and no

answer to my knock. I tried the latch

house, and my memory at once recall

ed a story of Mr. Donald Campbell,

my father's foreman. And as usual

A day or two ago I saw mentioned

n this paper (News and Observer) an

account of a Temperance meeting at

Mr. Donald Campbell's, and that can

Mr. Donald Campbell, Sr., grandfather

of Donald Campbell, who is a son of

Henry Campbell. Mr. Donald Camp

bell, Sr.'s eldest son was my father's

foreman-a black man, as the Scotch

say-swarthy complexion, but with a

ruddy tinge, curly or curling, rather black hair and heard, and keen black

eye. Mr. Campbell spoke braid

(broad) Scotch to the last. Is there

any one besides myself recalls this funeral held in the Presbyterian

church and the solo sung by Mrs.

Geo. Jordan (Miss Louis Cooke that

was)-"Then I shall be free"-and no

a dry eye in the church, my brother

Will was Wallie and I was A'lk (Alk)

and Mr. Campbell, Maun hae his morn-

in (must have his dram) when he

wanted it. And this was a thorn

in the fiesh to my father, who was a Blue Ribbon Son of Temperance.

recall seeing him pay Jack Mitchell

(some of you remember Jack) two dollars extra monthly pay for not taking

a drink during the month. Jack's word was good. And to-day its re-

versed, Donald Campbell is a prohibitionist and Alex (B) (it'es lucky

he's not named William) Stronac

to Mr. Campbell's story, as told on

winter's night as we sat, father, Mr. Campbell and I, around an old-time

with only a candle for light. Said

Mr. Campbell: "When I came down

from the Highlands to come to this country, crossing a health open

ering plant that covers any ground

covered with heather (a flow-

maun hae his mornin'. And now back

ried me "way back before de wah.

go astray.

and opened the door to find an empty

fter crossing the bridge until coming

collar and cuffs of same material as cannot recall. up and lost the key. The other day when I was in Fayetteville I said to a negro resting on some lumber on the edge of the sidewalk: "Old Cross Creek Town is a restful town." of my daughters who visited there said it reminded her of an enchanted

pails, if empty, he will be. But, among Democrats, who know why they are Democrats, there ought to be other and higher considerations ; some arrest of the breakneck speed on the highway toward thie centralization of power; some real and this world. (And it's a pity to not spurious purpose toward tariff resome sure separation of the politics of the country from its part- turn to my left, would I come to a nership with High Finance and the street and would that street take me High Financiers; some breaking up to me a bridge across a stream, and of groups and rings, of wheels inside the street lead to a road that would wheels, always involved by a take me to Raleigh?" And he replied change of parties, even when made

only fo rthe sake of a change. The Courier-Journal is a Democrat. not a Republican, and, standing by the sincerity of its record, it will support the ticket to be headed by Mr. Bryan, as actively and as earnestly as if it represented its original prefer

Manhattan Club, New York.

Grass is the forgiveness of Nature

the wasting sea. It invades the soliude of deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidding pinnacles of mountains, modifies climates and de-

Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression. Banished from the thoroughfare and the field, it bides its time to return, and

house I looked through the window and saw apparently some lassles dancing around the floor. I knocked and again knocked with no answer. tried the door and it came open and the room was empty. Witches and warlocks," said Mr. Campbell, "and I did not tarry."

"Witches and warlocks," said I, and

did not tarry. A little later though

kicking against the pricks,"

rup foot. The negro who was a boy was

with me on my journey home said

that I was barefoot. Of this I have

no recollection. When with Joe Johns-

ton's army I passed through Raleigh

April, 1865, I was practically barefoot

and my mother gave me a pair of boots belonging to my brother-in-law.

Mr. Wayne Allcott-No. 8's, I wore

4 1-2 at the time. With a liberal al-

owance of cotton stuffed in the toes

wore those boots anyway until

reached Fayetteville on my journey

iome, and many a jeer and joke they

poots. You can't hide, I see your ears

wagging." "Have you gone into win-

er quarters in them boots?" "I be

Anglo-Saxoned! Is it boots or is it

boy?" And when I undertook to re-

ply on one occasion to a column of

Wheeler's cavalry by inviting them to

"go where they belonged"-I was met

with such a storm of reproach as to

my bringing up, my mother's sorrow

for her lost boy, etc., that I was much

inclined, as one of them (a tow-head-

ed boy, riding on a mule) invited me

o do, to hide my head in the head of

a big bass drum that, was in the hands

of a drummer nearby. Barefooted or

no, thereafter my Captain helped me

into his saddle and the last lap was

on as we rode and walked along. My

captain told me this story, part I re-

bered I have forgoten. Not that I

have not endeavored to supply the

missing link. Once I tried through

the Grand Army of the Republic, with

no reply, and once with the aid of Gen. C. A. Woodruff, one of our

friends, the enemy, who I learned to

like real well away back even in the

70's, when he was a lieutenant and

brevet captain of artillery. I tried the

war department, but the link is still

missing. Now to my Captain's story:

of-ling missing-a battery raised in

know though he said from the north-

of Kinston or Wise Fork a shell from

my calssons (a calsson, to those who

may not know, was a four-wheeled

wagon-shaped carriage with sheet

iron covered boxes between the fore

and hind wheels, containing extra am-

and as to the captain's knowing that

it was a two-inch rifled shell that

on either side got the range or situ-

ation, this by the flight and time of

falling or bursting of shot or shell, it

was, of course, easy to tell by what

was falling around one. Killing and

wounding twenty of my men, and then

a flank movement of your troops, and

had only time to cut loose my horses,

at least what was left, and make my

escape with the loss of my guns, four

twelve-pound Napoleons presented to

my battery by the ladies of-link miss

At the battle of Wise's Fork, near Kin-

six-pound Howitzer as powder monkey

No. 5, whose duty it was to carry am

munition from calsson or limber ches

to the gun. On March 8th we, tha

is my section, was moved from the

Southwest Creek, to the center of the

line, where our two-inch rifled guns

were in position of two 12-pound Na-

poleons, two 2-inch rifled guns, and

two 6-pound Howitzers. We found the

2-inch gun silenced and the embras-

ure, the opening in which the gun

blankets. Yankee sharpshooters, arm

ed with telescopic rifles, had during

the night gotten into a cut in the rail-

road which here ran through from

our works for quite a long distance it

right of the line, on the banks of

ston, March 6th to 9th, I served at a

-New York. And now my story:

blew up his caisson: when a battery

munition, shot and shell for the guns).

a two-inch rifled gun blew up one of

the State). At the battle

call, part that I should have

furnished. It was "come out of them

earing the muttering of thunder and seeing the flash of lightning from a storm brewing in the South-I was traveling a northerly course—the answer was easy. A little further, ifteen miles from Fayetteville, I came to a large white house to the left of the road. Going up to it I saw sitting on the porch two ladies, evidently mother and daughter. I speaking to "Madam, can l the elder lady, said: sleep on your porch tonight?" and I think, horse, bridle and saddle were she said "No." "Can I sleep under spick and span and pistol holsters on the porch," and again she said "No." and I said, "I would not ask it but I have been ill and am afraid to get wet," and she replied. "You cannot sleep on or under the porch, but you can sleep in the house." And as usual the faces are missing, the names I recall on account of their being the names of friends in Raleigh, Mrs. what we had to eat, but I know they matelpiece, and tearing a strip off Oh, yes, it looks today horrible dictu, the edge of an old newspaper I found awful or horrible to tell. Maybe I terian, I wrote a few lines, stuck the note in the brush of a half worn broom, and departed before any one had risen. Of this day, Friday, May seemed to reel off miles and miles with never the sight of a face; never the note of a bird; not a cow lowed or chicken crowed-that was not to be expected though, as I was follow ing in Sherman's rear and the land was laid waste. One part of the jour ney I recall lay through a pine forest an interminable as it seemed white sand road, with the solemn pines bending their heads over to each other whispering the story of the sorrows of the South of today, tomorrow and the years to come. And this i indis-As I recall though I reached the Cape Fear river some time in the afternoon-a high sandy bank and away off to the left a large white house. Seated on the bank, with knees drawn up and arms and hands clasped around them, I found myself against the proposition that the man was who, boasting of his poetic tal-ent, was called on for a verse and who rought forth the following:

Went to the river and couldn't get

Old Hoss. Three years ago, I think it was he month of November, I was sitting by the stove reading a paper in the Wilmington street end of my then dry goods store. A large, fine looking, well-dressed negro and his daughter educated and a school teacher) were making some purchases. The man came to the store and asked "Mr. Stronach, where's yer Brer George now?" and I answered that George was dead, and he said, "Me and your Brer George come home together from Fayetteville arter da wah." and the uestion that had haunted me, "How did I get across the Cape Fear river | -link missing-New York State (1 coming home after the war" for years, was answered and I said to him: How did you get across the Cape Fear river? and he replied, "An old colored man tuck us across in a canoe." I am old that the negro who took us across is living at eighty-odd years today. Naturally he seemed an old man even hen to a boy. The story as to the crosing the river probably also acer, that I had when I left Fayetteville, but had not when I arrived at nome, and I said, "Were you the boy that went back to play with the goat," and he said, "De Lord, whut you know about dat," and I answered, you came home with me and not with George, and he said, "Is that so-an ou was barefoot an' yore feet was all cut an' bleedin'." I have no recollec ion of the night spent or my departare from the hospitable home of Mr. C. (Christopher) Barbee, at Bar-

claysville. I am told that I was picked up where I fell fainting in sight of the house. As I recall it the house, long rambling structure, faced west, with porch the length of the house, and dormer windows in the roof, and have a faint recollection of two omen or a woman and a girl which. I think, must have been Miss Katie Bar clay and Miss Mildred Barbee. Barclaysville was the half-way stage on the stage road from Raleigh to Fayetteville. The stage line was owned y Messrs. C. C. (Kit) and Clement Clem) Barbee. From my first memories their names and that of Miss Katie Barclay had been made familiar to me by the passing to and fro of our family and our kin in Fayetteville The hospitality and good cheer of Barclaysville was known far and wide and the beaten biscuit could not be beaten. It was to this old-time hospitable Southern home I was taken Fri- a straight line, and silenced the gun day afternoon, May 5th. Nor anything of the day's tramp or of the ne-

Eleven times their bullets struck the muzzle of the gun one shot glancgro boy's being with me until stopping ed the gunner's forehead, another cut to rest, I was aware of the negro boy, i the vent cover off the gun. and asked him some questions. He March 8th General Hoke made had been hired out down in Cumber land county and belonged, or had division marched to the attack, past rather, to Mr. Barnes or Mr. Wm our guns, the boys called out, "Catch Whitaker, and was going home to his those d-d Yankees in the railroad mammy. I gave him one of two biscut": and they did catch him, it was cuits that I had, and he said, "Is you only one, and his telescopic rifle also gwine rest," and I said, "yes." "Den General Hoke also captured between I'se gwine back an' play wid dat 2,000 and 3,000 prisoners and four goat," and then I recalled I had pass-ed a goat on the roadside, possibly pieces of artillery, 12 lb Napoleons. Two of these guns were given to my a half mile back. He went back to battery, two given to Dixon's battery, play with the goat and I saw him no from Orange county, and I was promore until three years ago. Eighteen moted from powder monkey to a miles from Raleigh I passed a squad pound Howitzer to No. 2 at a 12 lb. of Wheeler's cavalry who were still Napoleon. On the base of these guns scattered over the country, picking up was an inscription, "Presented by the here and there stray Yankees. Ten miles from Raleigh I met a Federal (Yankee) sergeant and three men and the first question he asked, was "Hel lo, Johnnie, seen any of Wheeler's men?" and I said, "No." Guid sake, had come for miles and miles and had been travelling over earth made bare and his "bummers." Tecumser Sherman, Phil. Sheridan Ben. Butler and Hunter should have a match sulphur box home of their shoveler. I have as good friends who fought on the other side (and I have

ladies of -"(link missing)-and my captain said, "What did you do with my guns?" and I lied. "We knocked the trunions (metal pieces that extend from near the base of the gun as supports for its bed on axle of gun carriage) off of them and buried them in a wheat field in Alamance county,," and he said, "I'm sorry, for I do not like to go home without them." And I was glad I recalled the stories I had been told of horror and destruction, of the sights my own eyes had seen, the fields without fence, the barns that had been, the a mighty poor opinion of a man who will not fight for his ain (own) side), lone chimneys and no house, and "I was glad that I lied."

not cultivated in Scotland), I came in no almost, as I fought on mine. Insight of a cottage. There was a light dividually I am fond of my brethren showing through the window and as it was growing late, I thought I would lectively I cannot learn to love them ask for lodging. As I came up to the Passing the Barnes or Wm. Whita- along and back from the road, and Prop.).

ker place, the house was near and to the green files, drawn by the waste, the left of the road. Here, as I recall millions and millions of them, rose the road, trending west, turned north, up from the bushes as we passed, and despite my recollections are with the sound of many swarms of fragmentary, I believe I could draw a bees. Guid sake; I never did like a map of the old stage road from Fay- fly, and to this day a green one re etteville to Raleigh, showing every calls Sherman's Army and the Waste change in direction. The porch was of the South. As I rode through the full of Federal officers, and as I was camps thinking that I was a priswithout parole I did not stop for the oner, I was greeted with jeers and drink of water I craved. A mile er cat calls, but I "was a -ridin'." At the so further on I lay down on the right of the road on a bank of gravel. My strength was exhausted. I maun gae corner of Hargett and Bloodworth Sts., (where at the time, lived Mr. Jas. Murray, familiarly known as Uncle but I could na. (I must go, but I could Jimmie when I was a boy, Raleigh's not.) I had picked my flint for the last only peace officer, constable), where time that day. As I lay on the gravel there stood on the sidewalk two large a Federal officer, a captain of artilloak trees. One of them had a gnarl lery, rode up. He was a quite hand-some man, dressed in a new uniform, ed and twisted root that formed a seat, and this was my resting place as I passed to and frow as a boy on hot summer days. At this corner and place I said: "I will dismount here." mounted on a chestnut sorrel stallian. place I said: "I will dismount here," and my captain said: "Is this your home?" and I said: "No; about a saddle. Bringing his horse to a stand he began to question me and I surlily block east of here. I do not know how even I would be received if I were to answered. He took my answers pleasantly and finally said: "It's no use (Guid ride up to mother's gate on your sake." I bate (bet) as my friend, John horse-a Yankee's-and as to you-Why, it's best for me to dismoun Barringer, used to say that he was a Presbyterian, St. Paul, you know) here. And my captain said: "As the war is over, as for my part I bear you think best. I am quartered at Nixon, and Miss Mollie Nixon, mother no ill feeling. You say that you live Peace Hospital. I have plenty to eat, and daughter. I am not sure as to in Raleigh; I am stationed there, and sirink and smoke. Any time that you have been riding all day and if you care to come you will be welcome. will you can ride my horse, and I will And today I hardly think I was as walk." And the devil or the evil spirit surly and churlish as I think. I never that dwells in me whispered: "It's a went to call, and only saw my captain good opportunity-fine horse, pistols once again, and, strange to say, it was handy, one dead Yankee the less." at the point of our parting. It was when Grant came to review Sherwould not even if it had come to the test, but I was not put to the test. The holsters were strapped and the captain never left my right-hand stir-

man's army. Going up town (1 lived on Hargett street) I touched my cap to my captain, who was riding at the head of his battery, on the way to the review in Bledsoe's fields at Uncle fimmy Murray's, corner Hargett and Bloodworth streets. Saturday afternoon, May 6th, sundown, brought this, the last stage of my journey home and after the war to my mother's gate. Home, a ragged dusty, footsore, boy, the last of my mother's boys to come hame (home) and today I am the last of all my kith and kin, and they all did who served in the Confederate army. One lies in an unknown grave on the slope of Malvern Hill, one lies in fragments in Hollywood (Richmond, Va.,) ceme tery, two in Old Cross Creek cemetery and two in Oakwood, and I am left. And some of my friends have been and are saying: "I've ben thinkin', thinkin' why," and so hae I. You who read this, if a Confederate soldier, will remember the Blue Ridge Mountains of the Valley of Virginia, where, at their feet, the "Shenandoah brawls along," or the Great Smokies of Tennessee, with the Tennessee or French Broad at their feet you and I life's journey has but a few more stages. To my mind's eye, I see hot summer's day, a long line of dirty- dusty, footsore and barefoot, ragged, grey clad men, nothing bright about them but their guns, slowly toling with the forward stoop of hill climbing up the side of a mountain. As the head of the column reaches the top of the mountain it's noon, but It's no halt, draw your belt and unbuckle hold tighter and push on Down the side of the mountain, in and out with the curves of the road, de scends the line; down the horizon descends the sun. The going is easier now (its Monday morning and its Saturday night with you and me now.(The sun goes to its rest much faster than it rose to its zenith. As the column winds in and out, away off at the foot of the mountains they see the belt of trees and fringe of undergrowth that tells of a "river of rest, and with the descending sun the line ast rays of the sun marks a pathway of purple and gold through the trees the column comes in sight of the river. A rocky bottomed, clear as crystal colder than the well of your own home river, and across the river under the shade of the trees they see long lines of white tents and over the tents fly the headquarter flags of Lee, Jackson, bourne, Albert Sidney Johnson, Hamp ion, Old Joe Johnston, Pender, Petti Ramseur, MacRae, Branch Scales and scores of others, and as the sunk sinks to rest in a bed o grey and gold the heads of the col umn plunge their bare and bleeding feet into the cool water of the river

refrain with "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," "Home, Sweet Sweet Home. Amen! So mote it be.

HUMAN FILTERS.

and across to them floats from their

comrades, "resting under the shades

song of all songs, "Home, Stweet

Home" and the column joins in the

of the trees on the other side,"

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