

## "AUNT BECKY" RECALLS HAPPENINGS OF LONG AGO

Farmers Busy Planting, Acreage and Fertilizers Reduced. Wheat Crop Promising—Is Reminded of the Days of Long Ago by Letter in Exchange Last Week—Exchange Features Pleading.

Everything quiet in the Fork these days in the way of local news, but the farming folk have been quite busy for the past two weeks, planting cotton, a job which is now nearing a finish. The acreage, and also the amount of fertilizers have been materially reduced in this section, which of course will insure a lesser production of the great Southern staple. It is to be hoped that the recent spurt in the price has not betrayed our farmers into the fatal mistake of increasing the area, which would assuredly lead to another panic next fall, as, according to statistics, there still remains for market 11,000,000 bales of last year's crop.

The wheat and oat crop in this section is looking remarkably well, and the present prospect for a good yield is quite flattering. We are getting rather dry down here and rain is needed to bring up cotton and refresh the little garden truck.

An epidemic of colds and grippe has been prevailing in the Fork, some cases of which have been quite stubborn, but we are glad to report that all are now improving with the advent of the balmy spring time weather.

Snakes are also appearing, several having been already seen upon our plantation. Mrs. Olmstead recently came in contact with a large, saucy whip snake in a strip of woodland near our home, whose belligerent attitude warned her that he was in possession of that particular territory, and she decided that flight instead of "fight" was the better part of valor.

Communion service was held at Smyrna church yesterday. A goodly assembly was present and a most excellent sermon delivered by our pastor, Rev. J. H. Dixon. The subject of the murderous European war is but little discussed nowadays. The theme has grown tame and threadbare. As to the end of the conflict, that is a question beyond human mind to foresee. To neutral nations the warring elements appear as a mob of blood-thirsty, vengeful murderers, intent upon fighting to the last ditch and the last man. It is all a horrible travesty upon civilization and Christianity. The letter published in last week's EXCHANGE from the pen of that brave veteran and splendid Southern gentleman, the late B. L. McLaughlin, revived memories of the long ago and my college days at old Floral, when I "homed" with his dear mother,

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With so many battles going on all along the rivers, European catfish might be served as blood pudding and nobody the wiser.—Columbia State.

BRIGHT EYES—What is a baker's dozen? It used to be 13, but since the war it has been reduced to 11.

SPORT—Which is the most brutal, prize fighting or football? Neither. Rook is the most hazardous game.

A KID—Who was it invented the expression, "Spare the rod and spoil the child"? Must not have been George Washington, who is sometimes spoken of as a truthful personage.

their hero-souls arose above the fall of defeat, and naught could quench the indomitable fire of their brave, true spirits. Of this quartette, only Archie, the junior member, now survives—a battle-scarred and self-appointed hero, who volunteered at the age of 16, fell desperately wounded, and was captured by the enemy, when he might, only for his patriotic zeal, been in the security of his home. May God's richest blessing attend every one who wore the gray.

I am sending you, along with this article, a copy of poems published in Miami, which I would like to have copied in the EXCHANGE when you have convenient time and space. We look forward with pleasure each week for the coming of the EXCHANGE and note its signal improvement with much interest. Those sermons by "A Sinner," and the contributions by Dr. North, to say nothing of other interest matter, are well worth the price of subscription; but one thing puzzles me, it is difficult to associate "A Sinner" with the grand thought and truths which permeate these soul-stirring sermons.

"AUNT BECKY."  
Old Fork, April 9th.  
[Because of the lack of time, we are compelled to let the verses above referred to wait over until our next issue.—Editor.]

Whistling Through Life.  
This world is full of queer people, and it has been our fortune to bump up against a few of them—to our sorrow.

Most people hereabouts take this paper—and pay for it. They do it not as a duty, but because they know they simply cannot get along without their home paper.

The editor never whistles for their money—he gets it.

But there is another class—some "class" to 'em, too. They take the paper regularly—are the first to read it—profit by the many opportunities offered in its columns—and forget to pay for it.

They just let the editor whistle—and keep on whistling.

If he needs money, he can whistle for it.

If he has bills to meet, he can pay them in whistles.

So far as they are concerned, the editor can go and whistle himself to glory.

Yes, they get the paper, and the editor whistles for his "dough."

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## ROCKDALE SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT NEXT WEEK

First Commencement of the Rockdale School, Gibson, to Begin Sunday, With Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. W. W. Peele—Literary Address by Attorney General Bickett.

The patrons, teachers and pupils of Rockdale Graded School, Gibson, are making elaborate preparations for the commencement exercises, which will take place during the coming week.

This will be the initial commencement for this school and every effort to make it a great success is being put forth. Electric lights have been installed in the handsome new building and ample accommodations will be made for the large crowd that will attend.

Rev. W. W. Peele, who will preach the sermon before the graduating class, is a Scotland county boy and will be heard with great interest. Attorney General T. W. Bickett, who will deliver the literary address, has a reputation throughout the South as a public speaker and is one of the first men of the State.

The program for the occasion is as follows: Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. W. W. Peele, Head Master Trinity Park High School, Sunday, April 25th, 11 a. m. School Auditorium.

Commencement Exercises by representatives of the whole school, Wednesday evening, April 28th, at 8 o'clock.

Graduating Exercises, Literary address by Hon. T. W. Bickett, April 29th, at 8 o'clock.

The Girls of Dixie.

Some one has said that when God made the Southern girl He sent His angel throughout all the star-strewn realms of space to gather all there was of beauty, and they threw down their glittering burdens at His feet. He began in their wondering presence the work of fashioning the Southern girl. He wrought with the gold and gleam of the stars, shifting glories and rainbow hues and the palled silver of a Southern moon. He wrought with the crimson which swooped in the rose's rubied heart, with the pure, sweet snow which gleamed from the lily's petals and the fires and flames which flash and leap from the jewel's depth. Then plunging deep into His own bosom, He took of the love beneath the wind-kissed waves of a summer sea, threw this into the form He was which gleams there like some rare pearl fashioning and all Heaven veiled its face, for lo, He had wrought the Southern girl.—Exchange.

It is hard enough on the tripler to be limited under the new Alabama prohibition law to two quarts of whisky a month, but when a burglar breaks into the express office and carts away the supply for the entire town, it is about the limit. That is what happened at Guntersville. Thirty-six quarts of wet goods were received at night. Before it could be delivered in the morning a burglar forced the door of the express office and took every one of the two-quart packages.

If a young lady attorney may be described as a "limb of the law" it seems more accurate to speak of a mere man member of the bar as a "leg" of it.—Columbia State.

"Wipe out the breeding places of the mosquitoes" urges the Anderson Daily Mail. Second the motion, inasmuch as it seems impossible to improve the breed.—Columbia State.

Turn on a little more steam, Weatherman; this is the b. b. season.—Columbia State.

## OFFICER THREADGILL KILLS NEGRO BOY IN SELF DEFENCE

Called to a Negro Cabin to Arrest a Boy, Rural Policeman Finds Youthful Desperado and Is Compelled to Kill Him to Save Himself—Boy Armed and Defiant—Coroner's Jury Exonerates Officer.

SEPARATED FROM A HUNDRED BUCKS. Noted Negro Conjure Runner Indicted Upon a Charge of Fraud.

Upon complaint made by Wilson Gillespie, a colored man of this county, a warrant has been issued to Moore county for the arrest of H. H. Carter, colored, of Aberdeen.

Gillespie claims that Carter, professing to be a doctor with power to influence the minds of men, to overcome the mysterious conjuring of individuals, families, even communities, by trick and contrivance fleeced him out of the sum of one hundred dollars by pretending to cure an afflicted son, who had been poisoned, so Carter claimed, by some enemy who was designing to so afflict the whole family.

Carter was able to induce Gillespie to part with a substantial portion of his monthly pay check, by first having the boy look through some kind of glasses, the test being that if he saw green he had been conjured by an enemy. The boy of course saw green, and then the father was required to look through the same glass to find out if the conjurer was after him also.

Gillespie says "the glass sho' did look green." Carter then informed him that the conjurer was after the whole family, and since it was a hard case he must have \$100. He gave Gillespie special instructions to send the money in cash in a letter and not to send check or money order. This shows just what a slick trader Carter must be and how he industriously tries to keep out of the way of Uncle Sam. It is also said that he never writes a client, but either sees him in person or through an agent.

He guaranteed to Gillespie that his boy would be well in a short time. As any sensible person might have expected, the child grew worse, and a local physician, which profession it is said Carter advises against, said that the boy was afflicted with an incurable disease. It is expected that this case will come up for trial at the session of the Recorder's Court tomorrow, and will prove quite an interesting hearing.

Bachelors Mean Business.

The Charlotte Observer is conducting a contest called The Observer's Universal Beauty Contest. The contest closes May 10th and the girl receiving the greatest number of votes will be declared the most beautiful girl in North Carolina and will be given a free trip to the World's Exposition.

Laurinburg has two candidates and according to a telegram sent to the Observer some days ago signed "Bachelors of Laurinburg," one or the other of these young ladies must be sent.

The telegram forwarded to the Observer is as follows:

Laurinburg, N. C., April 15. Charlotte Observer, Charlotte, N. C.

We have the most beautiful girl in North Carolina. Put Miss Mary Covington down with the other one, as we should have two at least. Prepare to send one of these two to the exposition. Votes to follow.  
Bachelors of Laurinburg.

Rural Policeman J. H. Threadgill, in responding to a call for an officer to arrest William Henry Blue, a negro boy, yesterday morning, found the boy to be a daring desperado and was forced to kill him in order to save himself.

The message to the officer came from the boy's mother, who said then, and before the coroner's jury, that the boy, who was only 17 years old, had acted ugly the night before and had driven his sister away from home threatening to kill her.

When the officer arrived at the cabin, in Williamson township near Beaver Dam church, the boy was standing in the door. Immediately upon the arrival of the officer, he stepped into the yard and pulled a pistol from his pocket. A demand from the officer that he throw up his hands and surrender brought the statement from him that the officer might kill him, but that he could not arrest him. With this statement the boy began to back toward the nearby woods and continued to present his pistol. The officer tried to persuade him to surrender his gun and submit to arrest. His mother also begged and tried to persuade him to give her the pistol. To these overtures he turned a deaf ear and continued to defy the officer, and followed out a statement that he made earlier in the day to a colored neighbor "That he would not give up his pistol or be arrested, and that he expected to die with his pistol in his hands."

The officer followed him over a field that was at the back of the house and to the woods nearby. Here the boy put up his gun as if to surrender, and when the officer closed in on him and got within a few feet of him, he snatched his pistol and began firing. He fired twice and snapped on the third bullet, which failed to explode. As quickly as was possible the officer drew his pistol and began firing. He fired four times, two of the balls taking effect, one in the desperate youngster's heart and one in his right side. Either of the wounds was sufficient to produce death, and immediately the boy staggered to the side of the field and dropped dead.

A coroner's jury went to the scene of the killing and examined six witnesses including the boy's mother, all of whom testified to the above facts. The jury quickly exonerated the officer, who is considered one of the best and most careful in the county.

Death of Mr. J. F. Doster.

The Laurinburg friends of Mrs. H. M. Eubanks sympathize with her very much in the sad bereavement which has been visited upon her in the death of her father, Mr. J. F. Doster, which occurred at his home in Monroe Saturday night.

Mrs. Eubanks was called to Monroe several days ago on account of his illness and was at his bedside when the end came.

Mr. Doster was about 70 years of age and was one of the most progressive and influential citizens of Union county. Besides Mrs. Eubanks, his only daughter, he is survived by his wife and eight sons.

Mr. Eubanks left Saturday night for Monroe, returning with Mrs. Eubanks Monday.