

The New South

The Uplift.
Henry Woodfin Grady was born in Athens, Ga., in 1851, and died in 1889. He enjoyed splendid educational advantages, completing his course at the University of Virginia. He was an idealist. He was an optimist. He was a patriot. In many respects he was the greatest production of the South in ages. By his pen and words and by his vision, he opened out wide the gates of opportunity in the entire South.

Hear him in this quotation from a speech he made in his native state, telling of the details of a Georgia funeral: "The grave was dug through solid marble, but the marble headstone was from Vermont. That the burial was in a pine wilderness, but the pine coffin came from Cincinnati. That an iron mountain overshadowed it, but the coffin nails and screws came from the city of Pittsburgh. That hard woods and metal abounded, but the corpse was hauled in a wagon which was made in South Bend, Indiana. That a hickory grove was near by, but the pick and shovel handles came from New York. That the cotton shirt on the dead man came from Cincinnati, the coat and breeches from Chicago and the shoes from Boston. That the folded hands were incased in white gloves and from New York, and around the poor neck that had worn all its living days the bondage of lost opportunity was twisted a cheap cravat from Philadelphia. That the country so rich in undeveloped resources furnished nothing for the funeral but the poor man's body and the grave in which it awaited the Judgment trump. And that the poor fellow was lowered to his rest on coffin bands from Lowell, carried nothing into the next world as a reminder of his home in this, save the halted blood in his veins, the chilled marrow in his bones, and the echoes of the dull clods that fell on his coffin lid.

This painting aroused the industry and spirit of the South. It took pep and started. And he carried a story to the North in his speech on the "New South" delivered at a banquet of the New England Club, New York, December 21st, 1886. It follows: A master hand has drawn for you the picture of your returning armies. You have been told how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their victory in a nation's eye. Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equal-

ed yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes to their home?
Let me picture to you the foot-sore Confederate soldier as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by his want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find—let me ask you—what does he find when, having followed the battle stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money not usable, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone, without money, credit, employment, material, or training, and besides this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do, this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, advised him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal gun marched before the plow; and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the school house on the hill top, and made it free to white and black. We have sowed new towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling full on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and

prosperity. As she stands upright, full statured and equal, among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, thru the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

The South has nothing for which to apologize. I should be unjust to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain white shaft. Deep cut in its shining side is a name dear above the names of men—that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldiers' death. To the foot of that I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennoble their name with his heroic blood.

But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by a higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil, the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which, straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people—which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and a delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal, but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest sense when he said: Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now, and united forever.

MT. GILEAD NEWS

The body of Henry Sasser, a soldier who died of measles in France, came in Saturday on the mid-day train and was met at the station by Company I, State troops and other ex-soldiers and marched down the main street to the town, with United States colors flying, borne by Capt. J. A. Lisk. After this ceremony his remains were taken to Melton Grove Church for interment, accompanied by pall bearers appointed by Capt. Luck as follows, Grady Warner, Paul Overton, Breen, Louis Galloway, O. B. Austin and Walter Craven. There was a very large gathering at the depot to pay their last respects to the soldier who died for his country. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Groves.

Miss Sudie Ingram was thrown from a horse while out riding a few days ago and was somewhat bruised up.

John C. McKinnon, who has been in a hospital in Charlotte for some time, is expected home in a few days.

R. B. Lisk, of Raleigh, came in Sunday night to see his mother, Mrs. J. A. Lisk, who has been right sick.

The Robinson and family of Hamlet, were visiting in the community Saturday and Sunday.

Master James Bruton returned from a Charlotte hospital, where he has been for treatment of the head.

Mrs. Sarah Marbry and family of Albemarle were visiting her parents Sunday.

Sam Lassiter, of Tifton, Ga., is in town this week as the guest of Mrs. A. W. McAulay.

Grady Warner is moving into the house on West Norwood St., vacated by Mrs. A. B. Scarboro.

Mrs. O. L. Riggs and Mrs. D. C. Haywood attended the Baptist convention in Rocky Mount, and report a very interesting meeting.

The Easter services at the Baptist Church were splendid and were enjoyed by a very large congregation.

Dr. Jones did some fine preaching at the Presbyterian Church last week, the attendance was good and it is hoped that Dr. Jones will come again.

We are glad to hear that Miss Ada Sedberry, who was taken to Wadesboro Sanatorium, is getting along fine.

Lone Nicholson Deaton, son of Clarence Deaton, died April, the 4th, aged about seven days.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Deaton last week, a boy and girl.

Mrs. Old Cy has been in bed for a week now, yes, she can give orders just the same, only this morning she says, bring my breakfast in here, get me some water to put in my coffee, it's too strong, get my towel to wipe my face, you forgot the soap didn't you, yes'um. Well, now feed them chickens in the coop, go down to the barn get that hen and better move that coop up a little and put them in it. Now take them rotten eggs off. Don't you hear that phone. What did they say, did you feed the pigs? Give them chickens in the coop some water, is any of them dead, can't you hear, say did the frost kill any beans? Who was that going down the road? Get in some stove wood. Hand me that paper. Did you get any letters from the children? Was that phone ringing here? Now go in the garden and fix a salad bed. Looks like you keep a lot of fuss walking around here. Somebody is coming, listen at that rooster crowing. Now, give me the almanac so I can see when to plant my (cow combers) about that time I had some business up town with my legs about four inches shorter. OLD CY.

Try two. The second one will be better than the first.—A 1, 10t pd.

IF WE UNDERSTOOD

An Albemarle man handed us the following article one day this week with the statement "that pretty well sums it up": "Man comes into this world without his consent and usually leaves against his will. While here it is often one continuous round of contraries and misun-

derstandings. Often the acts of his friends can not be understood, and are looked upon as the treacherous acts of a covert enemy, while a designing deceiver is embraced as a friend and his treacherous acts accepted as tokens of friendship.

Then when his eyes are closed to sublunary scenes and his body given back to Mother Earth some friend who appreciated his untiring efforts, while here, to be a friend to man, may place a stone to mark his resting place, and, in an effort to continue his morning to prepare, carve thereon:

"My friend, as you are now, so once was I.

But as I am now, you soon must be.

So prepare and follow me."

But those who read will not understand and will say:

"To follow you I will never consent,

Unless I knew which way you went;

But up to Heaven or down to Hell,

Ta, ta, old boy; I wish you well."

Do you appreciate cleanliness? Visit the plant where Chero-Cola is made.—A 1 10t pd.

Feel bad? Don't forget that stimulating drink. There's none so good.—A 1 10t pd.

A Woman Wrote The Canby News, Minn., December 10, as Follows:

"Many subscribers ask what you think of Rat-Snap, tell them its the best rat exterminator I know. Rats were taking our eggs, oats, corn; had full swing in our cellar. I used Rat-Snap for two days and rats have cleared out completely." Three sizes: 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by

HALL'S PHARMACY.
STANLY HARDWARE CO.

Women Made Young

Bright eyes, a clear skin and a body full of youth and health may be yours if you will keep your system in order by regularly taking

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles, the enemies of life and looks. In use since 1895. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.



The Japanese do many things well, but in a way that is distinctively their own, and this is

true of baking as of other things. But the Japanese women could not produce

Pies and Cakes

that would suit the taste of the people of this community as ours do. They are considered essential features of appetizing lunches or dinners in the majority of the homes of this town.

Quality and cleanliness are the twin mottoes of this bakery at all times.

Albemarle Bakery, Albemarle, N. C.

Canned Goods Of All Kinds At Lowest Prices

-AND-

Fresh Cookies And Crackers

Children must eat often, and there is nothing nicer for them than good cookies or fresh crackers.

And what is better for an afternoon gathering than some of our dainty cakes. The pantry well stocked is real preparedness.

We carry a variety of cookies and crackers that never last long enough to lose their crispy freshness.

We Help You Lower the Cost of Living

C. R. SHANKLE, Albemarle, N. C.

DO YOU INVEST
—or just Speculate?

WHEN you buy a tire it is almost like buying a watch. You have to lay out a substantial sum of money.

The tire you buy has to justify your expenditure by quality and performance.

It must pay back your principal, with interest.

Lee Fabric Tires do this.

Because they give you long, sure service Lee Fabric Tires prove a good investment—guaranteed a first mortgage on tire satisfaction.

You'll find certainty of service in Lee Fabric Tires—and I'm always here to see that you get it.

The Lee Tire Distributor

LEE Tires

"Smile at Miles"

Parker & Harris Garage
Albemarle, N. C.