

FORT HATFIELD FALLEN.

Noted Kentucky and Virginia Outlaws No Longer Live.  
Fort Hatfield has fallen: Thrilling tidings as this may be for the residents within a few hundred miles of West Virginia territory, long terrorized by the most notorious gang of criminals in that district, the world in general will wonder what this means. "Old Devil Anse" Hatfield is the leader of the famous family which for generations has been at feud with the McCoy's, another fighting clan across the border in Kentucky. For years the vendetta has raged, with annually some out break, till now the very name of Hatfield is a synonym for outlawry and to be a McCoy is equivalent to vengeance. How far back the feud runs is not definitely known, but a score of the mountaineering people have met violent deaths—some by shooting, some by stabs, blows and whippings, and still others (women) have died of broken hearts. It was in 1880 that the family became notorious as in deadly hatred, Randall McCoy being at the head of the Knutsky clan; Anderson, or "Anse" Hatfield, the chief of the West Virginia contingency. The two men were very powerful among the mountain people. They had adherents who urged them on to any atrocity. In 1882 Talbot McCoy and Ellison Hatfield had a duel, in which Ellison was killed, not by Talbot, but by Farmer McCoy, his brother. The Hatfields captured the three McCoy's—Talbot, Randall and Farmer—and slaughtered them all. Jefferson McCoy was afterwards trapped by "Anse" and shot while escaping. The State authorities now took a hand. Big rewards were offered for the Hatfields, dead or alive, and Sheriff Frank Phillips, with a band, including some of the McCoy faction, went on the war-path. Murders were rife now on both sides, whippings to death of women and threats on both sides to clean out the enemy. In 1895, at an election at Matewan, Phillips was shot dead by old "Cap" Hatfield, and Rutherford McCoy followed. The Hatfields and McCoy's grew scarce, and it looked as if, should the law delay much longer, both families would be extinct. In the spring of 1897 the feud appeared to be dead and buried, when "Princess" Mary McCoy married Aaron Hatfield. A good deal of fellowship was sworn and much moonshine whiskey disposed of, but the truce was only temporary. The vendetta broke out afresh, the Hatfields took to arguing with bullets and the McCoy's moved the State authorities of Kentucky to combine with those of West Virginia to capture and deal justly with the whole Hatfield gang. "Devil Anse" at once barricaded his house, which became a fort, and held besieging armies at bay till Monday of last week. It was then that Sheriff Henderson of Logan county, ten deputies, together with Deputies Peck and King of Williamson all armed to the teeth, advanced and assaulted the Hatfield fort, some thirty miles east of Wharfedale, in the heart of the Blue Ridge. The surprise was complete, and "Devil Anse" and "Bob" Hatfield and John Dingass, an adherent, were captured. As the Hatfields had sworn never to be taken alive the news had spread consternation throughout the mountain country. "Tom" and "Bill" Hatfield had already been betrayed into the hands of the authorities and kidnaped into Kentucky. "Cap" is still at large, but the authorities think they will soon have him behind the bars, and with the leaders of the Hatfield gang hanging side by side on the gallows, law and order will once more be restored in the valleys of the Blue Ridge.—Charlotte News.

HIS LIFE ENDANGERED.

A White Fellow While Intoxicated Draws a Pistol on Jim Boger and Threatens to End His Life—A Pistol Found in Jim Boger's Pocket—Town and State Cases.  
On the southbound local passenger train Wednesday night between Salisbury and China Grove trouble arose between Jim Boger, a colored man of this place, and two white fellows, Jesse Williams and Dick Basinger, of Rowan county. The white fellows were intoxicated and were quarreling with Jim Boger. After a few words Basinger pulled out his pistol and pointed it towards Jim Boger threatening to kill him. He did this two or three times. Basinger's partner, Jesse Williams, would succeed in persuading Basinger to put his pistol back in his pocket. After this trouble arose, Policeman Cruse, who was on the train at the time, arrested the three. After arresting Jim Boger and searching him, a pistol was found in his hip pocket. The two white fellows were also arrested, but the pistol was found in Williams pocket, instead of in Basinger's pocket. Witnesses saw them making motions supposed to have been their exchanging of the pistol from one pocket to the other. When the train arrived here the three were taken off. Basinger and Williams were tried before Mayor Means for being drunk in the town. This was the only part of the cases in which he had jurisdiction. Basinger was fined ten dollars and the costs, and Williams one dollar and the costs. They paid their fines and costs at once. The State cases were tried before Esq. C. A. Pitts. Jim Boger and Jesse Williams were bound over to court on \$50 bonds for their appearance at the coming term of court. Dick Basinger was also bound over to court on a bond of the same amount for an assault with a deadly weapon. The Climax Reached Today.  
Today was the biggest day in the cotton line we have had this season. At one time during the day the wagons were in line awaiting their turn at the scales, the roar of the line being about the mayor's office. The open price paid was 7.57. At 2 o'clock 141 bales had been weighed which beats all days yet this season. There were no New York quotations on cotton today. The exchange is closed for today and tomorrow on account of the big celebration. The Little Girl Was Lost.  
On Thursday afternoon when Mr. Will Misener was coming to town he found a little girl out on the Beatty's ford road near where the chalking gang is working. It didn't know where it lived and seemed not to know in which direction was its home. Mr. Misener brought the child down street but soon after getting here the child's father came after it. It was the daughter of a man named Earnhardt, who has recently moved to Forest Hill. Jack Has Tough Luck.  
Little Jack Wadsworth, son of Mr. Jno. C. Wadsworth, seems to be the most unfortunate baby of the bunch. Only a few months ago he fell on some glass and came near cutting his nose off and Thursday he had more troubles. In the closet he found what he thought was candy, but it proved to be concentrated lye. Fortunately he didn't swallow any, and he suffered only a little bit with a sore lip. Jack is having his troubles while he's young. Played To a Large Audience.  
The Barlow minstrels had the best crowd in the hall Thursday night that has attended anything for a long while. The patrons returned to their homes splendidly pleased with the minstrels. The music was good and with but a few exceptions their jokes were clever ones and were calculated to make one shake with laughter. The solos, especially the bass solo, was very fine, as was also the quartette. Walter Hopkins, who has been spending some time near Misener's springs, has returned home.

ROBT. HODSON DEAD.

For a Long While He Has Been In Bad Health—A Wife and Two Children Left Behind.  
For quite a long while Mr. Robt. J. Hodson, who lived at Forest Hill has been in very bad health and has been unfit for life's toils. Gradually the disease, consumption, has been taking his life away and at a few minutes before 9 o'clock today (Thursday) the death summons came. Mr. Hodson, several years ago, married Miss Ida Misener, and now leaves behind his loving wife and two children. Mr. Hodson came here from Worthville, N. C. and was an experienced cotton mill operative until his health declined. For several weeks his mother has been at his bedside. He was a man of character and has numbers of friends here. The funeral will be held tomorrow afternoon at the home at 2:30 o'clock by Rev. J. D. Arnold.

A MODEL LOVE LETTER.

A Pleasing Combination of Beauty, Honor and Pathos.  
Dear Annie: Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn dasher, sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats over a stable roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through a pair of tow linen trousers; as a gossling swimmer in a mud puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture thicker than the hairs of a blacking brush, and brighter than the hues of a humming bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers, and borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out and grasp it like a pointer snapping at a blue-bottle fly. When I first beheld your angelic perfections, I was bewildered and my brains whirled around like a bumble bee under a glass tumbler, my eyes stood open like a cellar door in a country town, and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accent of your voice. My tongue refused to wag and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet infection of love as a thirsty man swallows a tumbler of hot lemonade. Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by my suspenders to the top of the church steeple and pull the bell-rope for Sunday School. Day and night you are in my thoughts; when Aurora, blushing like a bride, raises from her saffron clouds, when the joy bird pipes its tuneful lay in the apple trees by the spring house; when the chandelier's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakening pig ariseth from his bed and grunts, and goeth forth for his refreshments; when the drooping beetle wields his droning flight at sultry noon-tide; and when the loving herd comes home at milking time, I think of thee, and like a piece of gum elastic, my heart seems stretched clear across my bosom. Your hair is like the mane of my sorrel horse powdered with gold, and the brass pins skewered through your back hair fill me with unutterable awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat. Your eyes are glorious to contemplate; in their liquid depths I behold legions of little cupids bathing like a court of ants in an old army cracker. When your head lays pressed against my manly breast, the fire of your eyes penetrates my whole anatomy as a load of bird shot goes through an old rotten apple. Your nose is as perfect as if carved from a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth is puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips like honey on a bear's paw, and myriads of unfledged kisses are there, ready to fly out and light somewhere, like blue-birds out of their parent's nests. Your laugh rings in my ears like harp strings, or the bleat of a stray lamb on the bleak hillside. The dimples on your cheek are like bowers in a bed of roses, or hollows in cakes of home-made sugar. I am dying to fly to thy presence, and pour out the burning eloquence of my love, as thrifty house wives pour out hot coffee. When away from you, I am as melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I can hear the hum of the June-bags of despondency buzzing in my ears and I feel the cold lizards of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows, nibble at my spirits, and my soul is pierced with doubts like an old cheese board with skippers. My love for you is stronger than the smell of patent butter or the kick of a young cow, and more selfish than a kitten's first catwalk. As a song bird hankers for the light of day, the cautious mouse after a piece of bacon in the trap, or a weaned pup longs for new milk, so I long for thee. You are fairer than a speckled pullet, than a Yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses; brighter than the top-knot plumage on the head of a Muscovy duck. You are candy, kisses, raisins, pound cake and sweetened toddy altogether. And if these few lines will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and assist me in winning your affections, I shall be as happy as a wood pecker in a cherry tree, or stage horse in a green pasture.

HE IS FREE.

Mr. W. D. Rhinehart Receives a Commutation on Account of His Good Conduct While Serving His Sentence Here.  
At the Federal court last June Mr. W. D. Rhinehart, of No. 9 township, on account of the violation of the revenue laws, was sentenced to four months in prison here and fined one hundred dollars. His sentence would not end until the 21st day of October but Thursday night was his last night spent in our county jail. He is now a free man again and it was a happy surprise to him when Deputy Marshal Hampton came over from Charlotte and had him released. He will also, on account of his poverty, be exempt from the one hundred dollars fine. Mr. Rhinehart, while serving his time here, has scarcely been looked upon by Mr. Townsend as an inmate as Mr. Rhinehart always took pleasure in doing anything needful and one of Mr. Townsend's children became especially devoted to him, and many times would he take it and care for it during the day. His cell was not locked during the day and most of his time he spent downstairs with the family. Even though he has served a sentence for violation of the United States law, Mr. Rhinehart is a man who has many friends.

What One Hears in the Telephone.

"It is very hard to realize that the voice one hears over the telephone is not the voice of the person talking," said an electrician, chatting about the oddities of the business. "It seems exactly like the real tones, drawn out thin and carried from a long distance by some mechanical means—but it isn't. When one speaks into the instrument, a little diaphragm, like a drum-head, begins to vibrate, and each vibration sends a wave of electricity over the wire. These waves set up a similar vibration in another diaphragm at the opposite end, which jars the air and produces an imitation of the original voice. That's not a very scientific explanation, but it's accurate. The autograph-telegraph, which makes a fac-simile of hand-writing, is a fair parallel. You write your message with a pen, attached to a special electric apparatus, a little ink siphon at the other end of the line exactly imitates every dot and curve. The result seems like the real thing, but is merely a first-class counterfeit. It's the same way exactly with the voice in the 'phone.'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Gayety in New York Harbor.

New York Harbor was a scene of military pomp, regulation observances and social greeting Wednesday. Rear Admiral Howland, commander of the South Atlantic squadron, came in expecting to be on hand when Dewey came. He outranks Sampson and his flagship, Chicago, took its proper place while his ranking flag was run up and Sampson's was run down. Amid all the joy and glee the marines broke over the regulations and cheered lustily. Many on the Olympia met their wives, sweethearts and friends for the first time in twenty three months. The officials observed the regulation greeting. Admiral Dewey officially notified Mayor Vanwyche of his presence. Ever and anon we see in print that Biltmore is a disappointment to its owner and is or will be abandoned. Tattler in the Asheville citizen says: "George W. Vanderbilt's answer to the people who periodically insist that he is to abandon his great possessions at Biltmore is most eloquent. While the smart Alecks who know all about his business affairs publish to the world a statement that he is going to turn his back upon Biltmore for all time, he quietly comes along and buys a 2,000-acre tract to add to his holdings here. If he were anxious to be rid of the magnificent domain it is scarcely probable that he would make any more purchases."

Talms That Other People Do.

The man who does his best to make the world a better place, Whose heart is pure, who dares to look his neighbor in the face, Is not the one who takes delight in holding up to view And scoffing at the foolish things that other people do. The man who gains the noble height, where fame and honor float Wins no delight from petty spite, he gives no heed to hate, For he has little chance to reach this distant summit who Gives up his time to smugging things that other people do. I like the honest man who tries to keep away from sin; I like the man who seeks to rise, but does no wrong to win— The world is brighter for the day spent in his presence who Can keep from finding fault with things that other people do. —S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

Southern Railway.

Standard Railway of the SOUTH... THE DIRECT LINE TO ALL PORTS. TEXAS, CALIFORNIA, FLORIDA, CUBA AND PORTO RICO. Strictly First Class Equipment on all Through and Local Trains; Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars on all Night Trains; Fast and Safe Schedules... Apply to Ticket Agents for Time Tables, Rates and General Information, or Address R. L. VERRON, E. R. DABBY, L. P. JAY, C. P. & T. A., Charlotte, N. C., Asheville, N. C. No Trouble to Answer Questions. Frank S. Gannon, J. M. CULP, W. A. Turk, 3rd V.P. & Gen. Mgr., Traf. Man., G. P. A., WASHINGTON, D. C. L. T. HARTSELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CONCORD, N. C. Prompt attention given to all business. Office in Morris building opposite court house. MORRISON H. CALDWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CONCORD, N. C. Office in Morris building, opposite Court house. M. B. STICKLEY, Attorney at Law, Concord N. C. SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO COLLECTIONS. Office upstairs in King building, near Postoffice.

It Cured Her Boy.

Advertisement for Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. Includes a portrait of a young boy and text describing the medicine's effectiveness for nervous ailments. "When my son George was 14, he was stricken with a terrible nervous affliction. Physicians nor medicines helped him. He lost his speech, one of his limbs could hardly be moved. Before he had finished a bottle of Dr. Miles' Nervine he could talk and eat well, and 5 bottles cured him." DR. MILES' Restorative Nervine is sold by all druggists on guarantee. First bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on heart and nerve sent free. Dr. Miles Medical Company, Elkhart, Ind. Headache stopped in 20 minutes by 15 min. 10c. 25c. 50c. 1.00. 2.00. 3.00. 4.00. 5.00. 6.00. 7.00. 8.00. 9.00. 10.00.

President Alderman writes us that the opening of the 105th session of the University on September 18th is the most prosperous one of its entire history. Four hundred and fifty-five students, exclusive of the Summer school, had registered at the close of the first week, representing eighty-seven Counties, eleven States and Japan. Two hundred and fourteen of these were new students. The College buildings are full and the town is filling rapidly. Numbers of these students are sustaining themselves by all forms of honorable work. The standard of admission has been raised, so that now it is the equal of any institution in the South. Two new buildings are going up and growth is everywhere apparent. The new students show evidence of good preparation, and the preparatory schools of the State are to be congratulated for the high quality of work they are doing. He is Now a Lawyer. Mr. Jake Nowell arrived here Thursday night on his return home from Chapel Hill where he has been studying law. He passed his examination successfully. He is yet undecided as to whether he will locate or take a special course in law. Hall M. Caldwell Dead. Mr. Hall M. Caldwell, of Norwood, died Wednesday night. He was once a citizen of Cabarrus. His first marriage was to Miss Pharr, the sister of our townsman, Mr. F. S. Pharr, and Mrs. N. F. York. He was 52 years old. Unable to Meet His Appointments. Bishop Cheshire will be unable to meet his appointments at this place and also High Point and Lexington on account of an attack of malaria at Winston. He was to have been here next Tuesday and Wednesday. Child Dies of Hydrophobia. Dollie May Landreth, an 18-month old child, died in Asheville Thursday afternoon of what is believed to have been a genuine case of hydrophobia. About a month ago while playing in the hall she fell down and screamed when a bull dog sprang on her and bit her fearfully. Hydrophobia was not suspected until the child's symptoms were far advanced. She died amid the most distressing convulsions.

Will Buy American Stock. British agents at New Orleans are authorized to buy American mules. The number could not be learned but the St. Louis market anticipates a supply of from 3,000 to 5,000 on the first order. No explanation looks so plausible as that Great Britain expects war in the Transvaal. A Chicago dispatch of the 27th says a rush order was received by a firm of horse dealers there to purchase all the horses they can get weighing 1,200 pounds. Pastor's 30th Anniversary Celebrated. A most pleasant and appropriate celebration was held in the Presbyterian church at Statesville last Friday night, commemorative of the Rev. Dr. Wood's 30th anniversary as pastor. Beautiful tributes were paid in songs and oratories. The young men of the Doctor's flock gave him a watch and the ladies re-furnished his study. It was an epoch in the interesting history of that congregation. Boiler Blows Up. Rutherfordton, N. C., Sept. 27.—The boiler of a saw mill near town exploded at 12 o'clock today, fatally scalding Panther (white), Smith (white) and Webb (colored), and seriously injuring Pool (white), breaking his jaw bone and injuring his head, also scalding him. The boiler was blown three hundred yards, cutting off trees sixteen inches through. The One Thing Denied Dewey. The only thing that Dewey really seems to hanker for is quiet and a chance to get back to Montpelier without attracting attention. And the great American people are willing to give him anything but that for which he asks.—Des Moines Leader. Bryan Will Help Geibel. A Louisville dispatch of the 27th, says Bryan has definitely determined to aid Geibel in the Kentucky gubernatorial campaign. He has authorized appointments for October 15th, 17th and 18th. Big Cotton Receipts. The Star says Wilmington's cotton receipts last Monday were 5,922 bales, a record breaker. On the same day last year the number was 3,490 bales.

The University Opens Well. President Alderman writes us that the opening of the 105th session of the University on September 18th is the most prosperous one of its entire history. Four hundred and fifty-five students, exclusive of the Summer school, had registered at the close of the first week, representing eighty-seven Counties, eleven States and Japan. Two hundred and fourteen of these were new students. The College buildings are full and the town is filling rapidly. Numbers of these students are sustaining themselves by all forms of honorable work. The standard of admission has been raised, so that now it is the equal of any institution in the South. Two new buildings are going up and growth is everywhere apparent. The new students show evidence of good preparation, and the preparatory schools of the State are to be congratulated for the high quality of work they are doing. He is Now a Lawyer. Mr. Jake Nowell arrived here Thursday night on his return home from Chapel Hill where he has been studying law. He passed his examination successfully. He is yet undecided as to whether he will locate or take a special course in law. Hall M. Caldwell Dead. Mr. Hall M. Caldwell, of Norwood, died Wednesday night. He was once a citizen of Cabarrus. His first marriage was to Miss Pharr, the sister of our townsman, Mr. F. S. Pharr, and Mrs. N. F. York. He was 52 years old. Unable to Meet His Appointments. Bishop Cheshire will be unable to meet his appointments at this place and also High Point and Lexington on account of an attack of malaria at Winston. He was to have been here next Tuesday and Wednesday. Child Dies of Hydrophobia. Dollie May Landreth, an 18-month old child, died in Asheville Thursday afternoon of what is believed to have been a genuine case of hydrophobia. About a month ago while playing in the hall she fell down and screamed when a bull dog sprang on her and bit her fearfully. Hydrophobia was not suspected until the child's symptoms were far advanced. She died amid the most distressing convulsions.

On Wednesday night at Miss Moore's home, Mr. Herbert Cook and Miss Daisy Moore, both of Forest Hill, were married by Rev. J. D. Arnold. It was a nice home wedding, only a few invited friends being present. A number of beautiful presents were given by friends. Both of these parties are well known at Forest Hill and are two of its most popular young folks. The bride and groom left today (Thursday) for Salisbury where they spend several days with Mr. Cook's parents. Rev. S. L. Keller, who was formerly pastor of St. Johns church is now pastor of the oldest Lutheran church, and by the way the oldest Protestant church in Ontario Province, Canada. He has recently had the old church renovated and modernized. It was rededicated on Sunday, the 17th. Dr. F. W. E. Peshau, of Greensburg, Pa., preached the dedicatory sermon. The church, it is said, stands on a picturesque site on the banks of the famous St. Lawrence river. Made Twelve Dollars. A Mr. Oehler, of Mecklenburg county, brought 12 bales of cotton to this market on Friday. He lives near Charlotte. He said he made twelve dollars by coming to this market, and he thought that was a pretty good day's work. Mr. Oehler thinks Charlotte has too many frills and ruffles on her cotton buyers' drawers. Lost Motion! Forty-Three Passed. Of the sixty-one persons who stood examination before the Supreme court for license to practice law, forty-three of them passed. Of the number that passed were Mr. Jake Nowell, of this county; Mr. Bachman Miller, of Rowan county; Mr. Walter Woodson, of Salisbury, and Mr. J. D. Bivins, of Stanly county. Almost a Collapse. The new seed warehouse at the oil mill became so heavily loaded Thursday that the pillars began to crush, and at one time a great collapse was imminent. Secretary Buchanan did not propose to stop the race for cotton seed that is now so lively, however, but will have the foundation further strengthened and pile in more seed.

Dr. Grisson Insane. The Raleigh correspondent to the Charlotte Observer says that Dr. Eugene Grisson is an inmate of a Colorado asylum. It is now recalled that when his troubles arose in our State and he was ousted from the superintendency of the insane asylum some claimed that he was not sane at the time.

Female Preacher. Rev. Ida M. Johnson is a woman preacher that seems to be doing an immense work in the Methodist church about Buckner, N. C.

Plain drunk case was disposed of Friday by Mayor Means. It was a three dollar drunk.

DR. MILES' Restorative Nervine is sold by all druggists on guarantee. First bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on heart and nerve sent free. Dr. Miles Medical Company, Elkhart, Ind. Headache stopped in 20 minutes by 15 min. 10c. 25c. 50c. 1.00. 2.00. 3.00. 4.00. 5.00. 6.00. 7.00. 8.00. 9.00. 10.00.