

CHARACTER SKETCH OF ADLAI E. STEVENSON.

By Hattie Emeline Rivers in Atlanta Journal.

Adlai Ewing Stevenson was born on a farm five miles north of Lafayette, Ky., situated in the extreme southern portion of Christian county. His father was of Scotch-Irish descent and removed to Kentucky from Statesville, N. C.

Adlai was the oldest of seven children and received his education in the neighborhood and district schools of that day, principally at the Blue Water school house at Herndon, Ky. Some interesting stories are told of his boyhood aspirations, which were always directed toward politics and oratory.

Early in life he manifested a great fondness for speaking and books. He took pride as a small boy in gathering his schoolmates about him to listen to his declamations. Conspicuous in his repertoire was "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

Among his associates he had but few decided favorites, and one among the select number was a girl. Her name was Ellen and she had great influence over the budding orator. Upon one occasion Ellen and her mother were spending the day at Mrs. Stevenson's. Adlai had to go to the spring for a bucket of water, so Ellen went with him. On the way she said: "Adlai, the boys say you will never make a good farmer because you are so lazy."

"I guess they are right," he answered, "but maybe I can make something bigger."

"Yes," replied the little girl, "I believe you can do anything you want to."

By this time they had reached the spring, in a shady nook, which was one of the lad's favorite resorts. Over the spring projected a rock. Adlai took out his knife and carved some letters, which are to be traced to this day: "Adlai E. Stevenson, Pres. U. S." ran the first line, and just below was cut in tiny letters: "My Little Ellen."

In the fall, when school "took up," the boys considered that "handwriting on the wall" a great joke, and whenever Adlai crossed them they would chaff him about the inscription cut in the stone till it became a very sore subject over which he had many a fight.

But the ups and downs of Adlai's school days were as nothing compared to his experiences during vacation. Hard work didn't suit his taste, and plowing he considered most unpleasant of all tasks. One summer his father determined to break the boy of his dislike for plowing and told him he would have to plow until he liked it. One night when he came in from work his father asked: "Well, son, how did you make it to-day? Did you get over much ground?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I made fine time today," answered the young farmer.

"And if you read a hundred pages every day, as you did to-day, it will not take you long to finish 'Robinson Crusoe,'" said the father.

The guilty youth wondered if his father had seen him lying under the shade of an oak tree reading, while he stopped, as conscience told him, to let the mule rest.

The old man would often say: "Adlai is a mighty fine boy, but to save me I cannot keep him at work." At last a happy thought suggested itself—he would put a bell on the mule so as to know when the boy stopped to rest. Several days passed and the tinkle, tinkle only ceased at dinner time and nightfall. The father was much encouraged by the new plan, which he supposed was working like a charm.

One day he concluded he would step over and see how Adlai was getting on with his plowing. The nearer he got to the field the more distinct became the sound of the bell. The old man chuckled to himself:

"Well, that's a good remedy." Presently he came to a dead halt. Before him stood the mule and the plough, with one new furrow in the field. The bell still sounded, so he followed the sound to a thicket near by. There sat Adlai with a book in his hand. On a bush close by hung the tall-tale bell, to which was attached a string, the other end of which was attached to

the boy's toe.

When Adlai was sixteen years old he moved with his father to his present home in Bloomington, Ill. When they were about ready to leave, and Adlai's nurse, Winnie, came to bid them goodbye, her parting injunction was:

"Mista, don't make young marster work on a farm. Just let him alone. He's gwine to s'prise ye yet."

Young Stevenson was in Bloomington but a short time before he returned to Kentucky and completed his education at Centre College, Danville, being graduated there with high honors. It was there he met his wife, then Miss Lettie Green, the daughter of the president of Centre college.

Stevenson's first law partner was James Stevenson Ewing. They built up a successful practice at Bloomington while yet young men.

During a recent speaking tour Mr. Stevenson revisited the home of his childhood, and 10,000 people gathered to pay their respects to old Christian Stevenson's illustrious son. Within a stone's throw of his birthplace, and on the very spot on which once stood Blue Water schoolhouse, he was received, and kindred, friends and acquaintances grasped the hand which they had not shaken in twenty years. He received all with a hearty welcome. There was one man who made several fruitless attempts to reach the speaker, but at last gave it up in despair. Later in the day, when the enthusiasm had subsided, some one came and told Mr. Stevenson that an old colored man wanted to shake hands with him.

"Certainly," he said, and followed the messenger to where the old man stood leaning on a hickory cane. The old negro advanced with trembling steps and extended his hand.

"How're you, Marse Adlai? You don't know me, do you?"

"Why, howdy, Uncle Tom! I'm glad to see you," was the reply. "How is Aunt Miney?"

"Marse Adlai, Miney's dead ten years ago, but I never forgot how she used to say Marse Adlai's gwine to s'prise you yet, said the old man.

Mr. Stevenson, as he said "Good by," slipped a \$10 bill in Uncle Tom's hand. The last thing he heard the old negro say was:

"You're gwine ter get lected, for it's writ on your rock."

This reminded Mr. Stevenson of his boyhood aspirations. He asked some friends to accompany him to the spring. While there he got down on his knees and drank as he had done when a barefooted boy.

"My little Ellen" has been dead many years.

Some Backwoods Philosophy.

De only trouble 'bout de los' sheep is—it takes too many people to hunt 'em.

De road to destruction is so broad dat even de bowlegged man kin fin' plenty er room.

Say what you will 'bout de devil, he alius up on at his post, ready ter wait on customers.

De truth is a burnin' lamp; but some folks puts it out by too much trimmin' er de wick.

Col' weather is de time fer Charity; but Charity is so wropped up his mighty hard ter rickens her.

Thank de Lawd w'en coal is too high fer de po' man he kin walk outen de do' on warm his han' in de sunshine!

De'y say dat Providence is long-sufferin'; but my 'specence is dat de po' man is heap mo' long sufferin' dan anybody.

De'y say dat hell is pave wid good intentions; but his my belief dat hell's too hot fer even good intentions ter locate dar.

The Dairying Business.

In a recent speech, ex-Governor Hoard, of Wisconsin, said that in his state dairying has been brought to a high state of perfection, and through it the value of lands have been considerably increased. He told of one county in Wisconsin where, prior to the introduction of dairy farming, the lands were worth only \$18 per acre for wheat growing, but which has now been raised to the value of \$61 per acre by dairy farms. In that county there are now one hundred creameries and dairy farms doing a business estimated at upwards of \$5,000,000 annually including all products; and the owners of the farms have not less than \$2,000,000 in cash on deposit in the banks.

Buy is your subscription paid

THE PERSECUTION OF CADET BOOZ.

Philadelphia North American, 14th.

When Oscar L. Booz shall be buried to-morrow afternoon in the cemetery near Bristol there will be used in the simple service of interment the Bible which the young man cherished during his unhappy career as a West Point cadet. It may be that it was the well-thumbed little volume that brought trouble and, perhaps, death to the young man.

His closest and dearest friends say that this is so. They declare not vehemently, or with any trace of anger, that the cadet was mocked, humiliated, tortured and finally driven out of the Academy because he dared to be a consistent Christian. For months they have known this, but they did not think it wise to speak.

When the Booz case began to gain publicity through the newspapers the young man's friends yet hesitated to tell what they believed to be the true circumstances of the alleged hazing, but now that the sufferings of the one-time cadet are over, they feel that there is no reason why they should keep silent. The story of the devout student will be forwarded shortly to the Secretary of War, and he will be asked to sift the unfortunate episode to the bottom.

Here is a statement as made by one of the young man's most cherished friends: Ever since early boyhood Oscar Booz was what might be called a "good boy." He attended the First Presbyterian church, of Bristol, and was as prominent as one of his years could be. In Sunday school he was held up as a model of manliness, but withal he retained the love and admiration of the youngsters who were not so spiritually inclined.

In this way he developed into a young man of unusual promise. He was appointed assistant librarian of the Sunday school, and when he announced that he was going to West Point, his pastor, the Rev. Alexander Allison, and friends in the congregation decided to give him a Bible. The volume was duly presented on behalf of the Sunday School Association, the Rev. Mr. Allison making an address in honor of the occasion.

These exercises were reported in the local newspapers of Bristol. It appears that after young Booz reached West Point the cadets secured a copy of the paper. They called Booz out on the campus one night, and asked him to read the description of the Bible presentation. Booz declined and for this he was sentenced by a mock court-martial to fight a man of his own size. The cadet from Bristol was the aggressor in the contest until he received a blow over the heart. He fell on the campus, and tears of mortification and grief rolled down his cheeks. Because he cried he was deemed a coward. Then, it is alleged, he was made to swallow the mixture of Tabasco sauce.

After that the youth was known as "Bible Booz." He was asked repeatedly to give up his Bible, but he refused. For this, it is charged, he was almost entirely ostracized.

When the ex-cadet returned to Bristol he told only one or two about the Bible incident. When he did so he explained that he would never part with the book on the sixteenth verses from the sixth chapter of Numbers. These lines the clergyman had intended for the spiritual comfort and guidance of the high-spirited young cadet. That the words were ever in the mind of the young man was shown twenty minutes before he died. He was conscious during that time. Then, as he became weaker, he turned to his sister and asked her to have the verses read again so that he might die with the words ringing in his ears.

At the funeral to-morrow afternoon Dr. Allison will use the Bible and will speak plainly concerning the experience of Bristol's cadet.

Trinity Gets the Cup.

Trinity won in the intercollegiate debate with Wake Forest last week, which took place at the Academy of Music. The question was: "Resolved that the South Carolina dispensary law is unwise." The Trinity debaters discussed the affirmative, while Wake Forest presented the negative. The judges after much deliberation decided in favor of Trinity.

He Wanted Liberty.

A prisoner in the Cabanabe county jail after one night of it wrote his lawyer as follows: "Dear—: For God's sake take me out of this. You know any man in—county will go on my bond. This hole is infested with vermin, and is crowded with niggers. It ain't no fit place for a gentleman."

HOW TO GET MORE TAXES.

Raleigh Correspondent to Charlotte Observer.

As was mentioned some days ago the Legislature to meet next month will be confronted with the great question of how to get more taxes, as during the fiscal year, which ended November 30 last, excess of disbursements over direct receipts was \$178,000. There will certainly be a pressing call for money for the public schools, which now get \$963,000, and when it is urged ought to have at least \$1,500,000. There are three ways of raising more taxes: one by an increase of assessments of all property, another by taxing railroads more, either in general valuation along with other property or else by a tax on receipts; a third by an inheritance and legacy tax and a tax on oysters which will really amount to something. If any one will take the trouble to ask the State Auditor about the general taxes he will no doubt be told that property is not taxed at more than two-thirds of its actual value. The investigation of the tax assessment case now in progress appears to have quite well confirmed his statement. A preacher testified that his farm, worth \$15,000, was assessed at only \$5,000. A great deal of property escapes taxation.

The State Treasurer will say in his annual report to the Legislature that the State will be confronted by a deficit of over \$200,000 next July unless measures to increase the revenue are found. He recommended the creation of a tax commission to prepare a new revenue and machinery act, and to get all property on the tax list. He will also recommend that where counties apply for county purposes, they be required to pay the same proportion to the State as under the general law.

The South's Prosperity.

President Samuel Spencer and his inspecting party of the Southern Railway spent Tuesday last in Atlanta, Ga. The Journal quotes Mr. Spencer as saying: "The South is in a better financial condition than ever before. There is more thrift, energy, enterprise, more accumulation of wealth everywhere." In referring to the prosperity of the Southern Railway, Mr. Spencer stated that in making a recent estimate he found that in 1895 the entire properties now owned and controlled by the Southern made a gross profit of \$20,000,000, while at the end of the fiscal year in 1900 the same properties had made a profit of \$31,000,000. This is an increase of over 40 per cent in five years.

Mr. Spencer said that he could not say that he had discovered wonderful improvement in the South along manufacturing and industrial lines, because he knew of its existence, but that the information of the improvement and prosperous condition had been borne out by his inspection.

Pointed Questions by the Seceders.

Charlotte News and Courier.

The Philadelphia Record says that the Methodist Conference at Norfolk, Va., has declared that preachers and presiding elders must not ride to their places of worship, or go about their pastoral duties on Sunday aboard steamers, street cars or railroad trains; but they will be permitted to go on horseback instead of riding otherwise. "This action," says The Board, "was taken on the recommendation of the Conference, which declared that the practice of violation of the Sabbath is entirely too common to be countenanced by the showings by ministers of the conveniences it affords." But what about the horses that must carry the preachers to their appointments? And what is to be done with the explicit command that "thy cattle" shall not do any work on the Sabbath Day? We do not intend to go into discussion of the question, but some persons will think that it is not quite the thing to pick and choose what particular provisions of the Commandments we shall keep and what we shall break.

She Wept.

"Oh, you editors are horrid!" she sobbed.

"What is the trouble, madam?" inquired the editor.

"Why, I—boo—boo—I sent in an obituary of my husband, and, boo—boo—and said in it that he had been married for 20 years, and you—oo—boo—your printers set it up, 'worried' for 20 years."

Renew your Subscription.

Renew your Subscription; you see a mark on it.

RIGHT HE IS.

The Marietta Journal prints the following tribute to woman:

Woman—what can she not do? She brushes the soles of the infant. She applies liniment and shingles to young America where they will do the most good. She puts the heart of young men into such a flutter that he can never rest until he gets the marital halter around his neck. In our maturer years she leads us along life's pleasant paths and smooths the wrinkled fronts of our frowning faces and Sunday shirts. She controls us and bosses us so adroitly that we are not aware of it, and she saves us from becoming worse than the beasts of the field. The good book tells us that "man was made a little lower than the angels." But it nowhere says that woman was, therefore we conclude that she was made as high as the winged messengers of peace.

"They talk about a woman's sphere. As though it had a limit—There's not a place in earth or heaven. There's not a task to mankind given. There's not a blessing or a woe. There's not a whisper yes or no. There's not a lie, or death or birth. There's not a feather's weight of worth Without a woman's in it."

Pinson News.

Pinson, Dec. 8.—Mr. B. C. Lanier, of this place, is attending court at Asheboro this week as juror.

Mr. W. L. Lomax and Miss Nannie Hill, both of this place, were married on the 14th of last month. Rev. W. T. Owens officiated.

Mr. R. L. Talbert and Charlie Mason are at work at Gold Hill, Rowan county.

Mr. A. R. Hill, our mail carrier, is attending court at Asheboro this week.

Messrs. A. C. Griffin and C. L. Talbert are in the hog business. They report sales are dull at present.

Mr. Wm I. E. Strickland, of this place, is in the saw mill business near Troy. We wish him success.

The young people of this community are having a young people's prayer meeting at Millsboro every Wednesday night. And the older people have one every Saturday night.

Mr. A. H. Cranford is erecting him a dwelling on his place near here.

The Agricultural Department of the A. & M. College makes a fine show in hog raising. Day before yesterday five Poland China hogs were killed, with the aggregate weight of 2,385 pounds, two of the five being under nine-months old. One sow weighed 700 pounds. These hogs were not forced at all.—Raleigh Post.

Consumption

is destruction of lung by a growing germ, precisely as mouldy cheese is destruction of cheese by a growing germ.

If you kill the germ, you stop the consumption. You can or can't, according to when you begin.

Take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil: take a little at first.

It acts as a food; it is the easiest food. Seems not to be food; makes you hungry; eating is comfortable. You grow stronger.—Take more; not too much; enough is as much as you like and agrees with you. Satisfy hunger with usual food; whatever you like and agrees with you.

When you are strong again, have recovered your strength—the germs are dead; you have killed them.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 309 Pearl St., New York.

50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

It Stimulates Education.

News and Observer.

President Melburn, of Catawba College, in speaking of the effect of the passage of the Constitutional Amendment, said: "The idea that commends itself to me most of all in regard to the amendment is the stimulus it has proven to education. It was for this reason that I supported the amendment, and I gave this as my reason for so doing at the time that I announced my advocacy of the measure.

"The prediction that the amendment would stimulate education has come true. In Newton, where I live I know of a number of men, who work in factories, who started their children to school this year for the first time in five years." Investigation has revealed the fact that they did so in order to enable them to meet the requirements of the registration law. And I am assured by many others who are in positions to know that such a disposition has been manifested throughout the State."

Vote in The Seventh Congressional Districts.

Following is the official vote of the seventh district as declared last week by the State Board of canvassers:

	Klutz.	Holton.
Cabarrus.....	1,584	1,015
Davidson.....	1,872	2,178
Iredell.....	2,592	1,976
Montgomery.....	1,133	887
Rowan.....	2,799	1,324
Stanley.....	1,350	715
Lincoln.....	969	976
Catawba.....	1,631	1,349
Davie.....	840	1,282
Yadkin.....	942	1,728

Totals.....15,712 13,380

A. C. Shuford, Populist, received in Cabarrus, 51; Davidson, 45; Iredell, 85; Montgomery, 2; Rowan, 38; Stanley, 34; Lincoln, 143; Catawba, 325; Davie, 17; Yadkin, 4. Total, 744.

W. H. Moffitt, Prohibitionist, got 218 votes and W. A. Graham

Theodore F. Klutz, Democrat, has 2,332 majority over Jno. Q. Holton, Republican.

Pilipino to Enter Negro College.

President Dudley, of the colored Agriculture and Mechanical College, Greensboro, has been informed that the son of a celebrated Pilipino chief, President Puli do, of the island of San Che, will enter his institution about the first of April. In a letter to President Dudley the Pilipino father refers to the institution as "the famous college of Greensboro," and says his attention was first directed to it by notices of a medal the college was awarded at the Paris Exposition.

Shoulder Arms Boys!

Millionaire Andrew Carnegie believes that the world is growing better every day, and that rich men are giving more and more to the poor as the years roll by. He said as much at the annual Thanksgiving celebration at the Montefiore Home, on Broadway, New York, and delighted a vast audience, by the delicate allusions he made to his own generosity. "Don't congratulate me on what I gave to Pittsburgh," said Mr. Carnegie, in pursuing his subject, "but congratulate me on what I induced Pittsburgh to give along with my gift. If you congratulate me on this I say, Shame!" And then the great money maker added: "When I die I want on my tombstone no reference to what I have given to my fellow man, but rather this line: 'He induced the following persons to give, &c. That's something to put on a man's tombstone.'"

A Tallahassee, Fla., dispatch says: At half past 10 last night a bright light flashed across the northwestern sky.

This was followed within three minutes by two reports, as if they were explosions, greatly jarring the earth. The incident was the talk of the city and a general opinion was that there had been an earthquake, but scientific people assert that it was a meteor, and it struck the earth within a few miles of Tallahassee.

The large Rogers Locomotive works, the most extensive industry in Paterson, N. J., may be moved to Birmingham, Ala. The only Southern locomotive works are located in Richmond, and are now shipping many engines to foreign countries. An order for a dozen locomotives to be used in Finland was received Monday.

The people of Porto Rico have got the art of living cheap down here. According to special agent Saylor, over half of them live on less than five cents a day, and a large number on less than three cents. But they don't do much living.

MEN'S OVERCOATS!

WE'VE only been treated to two weeks of real Overcoat weather. Not half the people have bought their winter over coats. Every one of us would hang on to the old one as long as there's a button on it, if it were not for the looks of the thing.

Speaking of "Looks"

We Have the Finest Looking Overcoats in town today. We Know it.

They consist of the big, long ulsters or the short walking coat and any kind you want is here.

The Oxfords are most popular, but Kersays are keeping pace with them; so are the Coverts.

No man or boy need hesitate a moment on account of price, as we carry a stock for both rich and poor.

Working Overcoats, \$1.75 to \$ 5.00

Ulsters, storm collars, 5.00 to 12.00

Five Covert Overcoats, 7.50 to 15.00

Fine Kersey Overcoats, 5.00 to 16.00

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Leg gins 25c. and Up per pair.

Powder, the best at 19c. per pound.

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ROBERTS, The Hardware Man.

445 Liberty St., Winston, N. C.

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