

Mr. Grimsley's Father Makes a Statement Defending His Son.

SNOW HILL, N. C., Dec. 31, '91.—Motives of delicacy, which I am sure a just public sentiment will fully appreciate, have thus far operated to prevent the publication by me of any statement in connection with the two attacks of my son, William E. Grimsley, on the Rev. J. T. Abernethy. I would now spare the public this additional infliction after so much has been said and written about those affairs if I could feel that a longer silence would be compatible with my duty to those who are near and dear to me.

It has been published that I and my entire family denounced the conduct of my son in attacking Mr. Abernethy. This statement is absolutely false, and it could not have been given to the public for any other purpose than to give a color of excuse for the wrong-doing of one whose holy calling should have made him avoid the very semblance of evil, and especially the temptation of the innocent. So far from denouncing William's conduct we have felt all along that it was natural and excusable and, indeed, justifiable, in an honorable and high-spirited man under the provocation which led to it. His pure and stainless wife joins us in this sentiment.

In this connection I beg leave to say that that noble and devoted wife and Christian woman, all through these unfortunate circumstances, has not suffered any diminution of the respect and esteem and confidence which have so long been accorded her (as it surely was her due) from my entire family and all who knew her. Her husband and all "within my gates" and this entire community with one voice and one accord acquit her most freely and fully of the slightest purpose to do wrong. A trusting and confiding nature, zealous in the cause of religion and the advancement of the interests of her church, simply failed to detect criminal wrong in the approaches of one who was her pastor and spiritual adviser, when she herself was too pure to suspect a corrupt motive and there was no open disclosure of actual criminal purpose. We earnestly beg that no blame be visited upon her unoffending head. In due time I feel confident that my son's conduct will be successfully vindicated, but his vindication will not be (for it cannot truthfully be) at the expense of her honor and her good name.

W. P. GRIMSLEY. P. S. Will all the newspapers in which the slander mentioned above was published be so kind as to copy the foregoing statement.

Mr. Grimsley Makes a Statement.

SNOW HILL, Jan. 1, 1892. To the Editor of The Reflector:

I have just been shown a copy of your paper of the issue of December 23d, which does me serious injustice through misstatements of facts which I am sure you have made only on information which you deemed reliable, and from no purpose on your part to injure me or mislead the public mind. I regret the necessity that compels another statement to be given to the public concerning the two attacks which I made on Rev. J. T. Abernethy; but as a matter of simple justice to my character I have respectfully to ask that you will give me the privilege of correcting, through your columns, the erroneous statements alluded to, and also to refute slanderous reports which have been sent out through the press of the country on the subject named. A man who defends the sanctity of his home, and especially the purity and honor of his wife even by use of violent methods (which are often the only effective ones) may as a general rule well content himself with silence amid the exaggerated stories to which such occurrences invariably give rise, in the certain assurance that a just public sentiment will sooner or later see he has his due and that truth shall triumph. This is the course I much preferred to pursue in regard to this matter and only the peculiar nature of some of the charges referred to impels me to break that silence now.

It is charged that I invited Mr. Abernethy to my home to go hunting with me with the view of getting him within my power for the purpose of assaulting him. This is utterly false. The only semblance of truth it contains is that on the Saturday before the Tuesday on which the first shooting occurred he informed me that he would come

over to my house on the last named day to go bird hunting with me, to which I assented. It is true I had previously had reason to suspect that he had in his mind the impure design that at last produced the crisis, but my firm conviction of my wife's unsullied virtue (which has never yet for a moment been shaken) and the friendship and esteem I had entertained for him lulled those suspicions to sleep, and I met him kindly when he came. But conduct of his after his arrival gave me fresh cause to believe that I had not erred in my previous misgivings. This alone led me to secrete myself (which I loathed the necessity of doing) that I might have ocular proof whether I had wronged a friend by such a suspicion or had rightly weighed and measured his motives—and if the latter, to punish him as he richly deserved for his devilish purpose and effort, concealed under a clerical robe, to tempt (even though unsuccessfully) the virtue of which God and the law of my country made me the defender.

It is charged that my wife and I had been on bad terms and that I had abandoned her. This is infamously false. Our relations towards each other were kind, loving and confiding, and I was faithfully and laboriously endeavoring to maintain her and the little one with which God had blessed our union.

As to the second attack, it is charged that I advanced on Mr. Abernethy as he was peacefully walking the street while he showed no disposition to have a difficulty and was not expecting one. The truth is he was warned that I was down town, and that the sight of him might again inflame my anger, and his wife and others (as I am reliably informed) besought him to remain at home. Despite these warnings and entreaties he armed himself and walked down the street, remarking that he could shoot as well as I. I was informed that he was down town, and I was preparing to leave when I saw him coming in the direction of me while I was going toward my buggy. He walked with the air of one (as it seemed to me and others) who was at least willing for the fray. The flame which for days I had smothered by a great effort, kindled anew, and I advanced toward him and drew my pistol and he drew his, and we began firing almost simultaneously, and continued the contest with the result that is well known.

It is alleged that the entire community denounced my conduct and that threats of lynching were freely made. This is also without any foundation in fact. The lynching business, if it had been attempted, would not have been healthy; especially, in view of the host of friends who were willing to give me all the physical and moral aid in their power. I am proud to feel and know that the great majority of the people of my county—those who do not feel that a libertine should be sheltered from punishment when he invades a virtuous and happy home, even though he wears the name and garb of a minister of the Most High—are with me and for me in this matter.

While I regret the fact that I was brought face to face with Mr. Abernethy, and thus my anger became aroused beyond my control on the second occasion named, I nevertheless do not reproach myself for inflicting upon him the punishment he then received. The good, true and devoted wife (whose innocence my victim sought, though in vain, to beguile) assures me that I did right; the prevailing voice of the best men and women in my community is one of sympathy with me; I can afford to await the final verdict without fear of the result.

Respectfully, WILLIAM E. GRIMSLEY. [What the Reflector said two weeks ago was based wholly on what a gentleman from Snow Hill told us, as stated at the time, and we thought the information he gave to be perfectly reliable. Not wishing to do Mr. Grimsley any injustice we cheerfully give space for his statement.—Ed.]

When Boby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Gettysburg at Night-Time.

It was our privilege last summer to visit that Mecca of American pilgrimages, the battlefield of Gettysburg. The time was night, and the sweet, sad moon of August came gliding up into the sky. As one looked out from the far-famed heights of Cemetery Hill, the gleam of marble monuments in the moon's light was all around. They have been erected by loving comrades to mark the spot where thousands fell and died.

Close at hand was the National Cemetery, with its white shaft and the figure of Liberty crowning the whole, standing out distinct against the sky. The shadowy past grew very real. There seemed to dawn anew the mornings of those three bloody days. It was not '91 but '63 and the great armies, like two gigantic sinuous serpents belching fire and death, evolved their fight before our very eyes. Again there was the sound of hurrying to and fro; again the trumpet's voice proclaimed the sword's pleading of a mighty cause.

Then the strife ended, amid the chords of a vast march, like to the music of a coronation anthem, and the infinite cavalcades filed back into the shades whence our fancy had recalled them. Leaving the hill, we walked down through woodland and field to the pivot of struggle—the Bloody Angle. Here brave Armistead, Cashin and many others fell, friend and foe in one red burial blent.

But it was no longer what its gruesome name implies. For the dream of fond imaginings returned, and it had changed its form.

Again the two armies were present, but not in the embrace of death. They had clasped hands across that old stone wall toward which Pickett's legions vainly rushed. In the distance was the historic Corduroy barn, a black specter against the light-flooded landscape, and one could catch the faint murmur of a little stream as it wound down the valley of death.

The tall forms of Hancock and Meade and the lovely face of Lee were conjured into very vivid likeness as one stood there. They are no longer foes but friends now, in the land beyond. And the blue and the gray are forever one.

We returned to the little town in the valley, carrying away a problem. It was this: These heroes: why their death? This awful carnage: what its meaning? And here is our solution:

They died that our nation might arise and make its dead self a stepping-stone to nobler things. Their sacrifice was made to assist that onward, upward evolution of a land to which God has committed the destinies of the west. They fought neither for lust of blood nor greed of gold, but to enlarge and confirm the highest good of their country, and its people. Let us be as true to their example as they were to our interest.—N. Y. Ledger.

For Father and Mother.

Do not—mother at your house work, father in your study—do not be always "too busy." The little heart wants an outlet, the upraised rosebud wants a kiss, the little hearts have something to tell you, a little grief to bring, a small joy, a game of play expected now and then. Ah, beware! These requirements will slacken and will cease, if it be too often, "Now run away, dear, father is busy." "Don't be troublesome, dear, mother must do her work."

Of course there must be checks sometimes; of course over-indulgence is worse than unkindness. But be not, as a rule, repellent, unsympathetic; they will go elsewhere, after a while, with their little confidence, their little warts, their little losses, their little griefs and joys, their little winning ways, with the refreshment of their pure, delightful being. Perhaps you will be sorry then—then when the mischief is done—sorry when the new toy is no longer, as a matter of course, brought first to "father" to see; when the toddling feet seek elsewhere than to "mother" for drying of tears, when the patter of the unsteady feet always passes your door. Ah, you will be sorry then that you were so foolish, sorry that you scared the birds away.—The Quiver.

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Better Try To Be Big Potatoes—The Sage Advice of a Farmer to Chicago School Children.

Among the visitors at the South Side public Schools last Friday was a retired farmer, uncle of one of the pupils. Observing that her guest appeared much interested in the children, the teacher invited him to favor the school with a few remarks.

"Children," said the visitor in a kindly but brusque manner, "how many of you ever saw a load of potatoes going to market?" Only a few hands went up, for Chicago school children are not so favored in that line as their country cousins. "Well," continued the guest, "any one who sees a load of potatoes going to market will notice that only the big ones are on top. The little ones are at the bottom. In the shaking up that the load gets in going to market the big potatoes crowd the little ones to the bottom. This world of ours, my little friends, may be compared to a load of potatoes going to town. The people are the potatoes. You, here in the school, are preparing to be a part of that load of potatoes, and to take your chances in the shaking up which comes in getting before the public and making a success in life. In school is where you begin to be either a big or a little potato. If you are learning your lessons and working hard to stand high in your class, it means that you are going to be a big potato when you leave school and go out into the world. If you are failing to study your lessons it means that you are to be a little potato in the world, a potato that is not much good and one that nobody will have much use for. Study hard! Get every lesson perfectly! Then you will be bright and intelligent, and when you go into the world you will be on top, and people will pay well to secure you."—Chicago Tribune.

A Pen Picture.

In an exchange we find the vivid picture of many a man who is regarded as being in good and regular standing in the church: "If I would talk with his own heart, the conversation would be something like this: If other members of the church gave no more to support the cause of Christ, in proportion to their ability than I do, most of the churches in the country would go down. If my brethren gave no more to support the missionary work of the church than I do, the church would have to recall every one of its home and foreign missionaries! If every other member of our congregation neglected the ordinances of religion as I do, there would be many a Sunday that the preacher would not have a single hearer; there would not be a prayer-meeting in all the land; every closet of prayer would be filled with cobwebs, and every family altar would be moss grown!"—Ex.

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Who is Your Best Friend? Your stomach of course. Why? Because it is out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living. Give it a fair honorable chance and see if it is not the best friend you have in the end. Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and drink wait until your stomach is through with breakfast. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening and it will tell on you less. If your food ferments and does not digest right,—if you are troubled with Heartburn, Dizziness of the head, coming on after eating, Bilelessness, Indigestion, or any other trouble of the stomach, you had better Green's August Flower, as no person can use it without immediate relief.

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Table with 2 columns: No. 11 and No. 12. Lists various locations and their corresponding numbers for the Courier's distribution.

Table with 3 columns: STATIONS, ARRIVE, LEAVES. Shows train schedules for the Carolina Central Railroad, including stations like Wilmington, Charlotte, Paw Creek, Mt. Holly, Stanley Creek, Ironton, Lincolnton, Cherryville, Waco, Shelby, Battimore, Mooresboro, Ellenboro, Bostic, Forest City, and Rutherfordton.

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Table with 3 columns: STATIONS, ARRIVE, LEAVES. Shows train schedules for the Richmond & Danville Railroad, including stations like South Carolina Division, L. N. G., and various local stops.

Lincolnton REAL ESTATE AGENCY. FINLEY AND ROBERTS. LINCOLNTON, N. C. In order to establish for ourselves a business from which we hope to reap some legitimate profits, directly or indirectly, by increasing the population and the business of our town. We have established at Lincolnton a real estate agency, to buy, sell, rent and negotiate real estate of all kinds on commission and otherwise. In order to accomplish the objects herein briefly referred to, we respectfully ask the cooperation of our citizens. Those in the county having timbered, farming or mineral lands, water powers, &c., developed or undeveloped, for sale, rent or exchange; and Those having real estate of any kind for sale, rent or exchange, in Lincolnton, may find it to their advantage to center with either party of this agency. We offer the following valuable property: 1. One lot on Main street 75 yards west of the courthouse square on which there is a large two-story brick house with a basement, a well built residence containing 13 rooms. 2. A cottage in Queen Ann style of architecture, together with five acres of ground surrounding and joining. The property is improved by shrubbery, fruit trees, &c., together with well and necessary outbuildings, and a neat, comfortable business office. 3. Two building lots on Main street, near the depot, containing a fine grove of oak trees. Valuable property also for manufacturing establishments. 4. About four acres of land South East of the Court House. Excellent for building purposes. 5. Two town lots in the South East part of town on which are two two-story dwelling houses containing 4 rooms each. 6. About 131 acres and about 1/2 mile from Lincolnton and about 1/2 mile from the Lithia Springs—about 90 acres wood land and 15 acres bottom land. 7. A handsome cottage in North East square situated on a most beautiful lot. All the above described property is valuable and will be sold on easy terms. It is situated in and near one of the most healthful towns in the South and surrounded with a fertile country and has the very best of railroad facilities. For further particulars address, FINLEY AND ROBERTS, Lincolnton, N. C., March 28, 1890.

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