

It is incredible of belief that in this day of light and humanity any great number—60,000 some dispatches say—of human beings could be massacred in dark-age style.

The last whiskey distillery that existed in Union county has folded its tents and stolen away, and Union county is perhaps as clear of liquor as any county will be so long as the stuff belongs to the country.

A contemporary suggests that there is a revolution in educational sentiment about to set in in North Carolina. We can imagine nothing more deplorable that might take place than this.

We give the glad hand to Brother Johnson of Charity and Children and Bro. Marshall of the Gastonia Gazette in recognition of the fact that they are willing to admit that a newspaper editor may learn something before he becomes an editor.

Capt. Char. Price, who conducted the cases for the holders of the Slany and Wilkes county bonds on which payment was refused, is said to have received \$15,000 fees for his services in the cases where these counties have been judged liable for the bonds.

Out in Kansas some of the counties have kept up the old custom of paying a dollar each for every wolf scalp brought in, the purpose being to destroy all the wolves.

The United States transport Kilpatrick yesterday landed at New York 302 bodies of soldiers who had been killed in battle in the Philippines or had died of disease, two of whom were from Western North Carolina.

Parts of Montana, North Dakota, Minnesota and Colorado are now covered with an ice blanket several inches deep, and grain is being ruined. Looks a little early for even that section.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve Has world-wide fame for marvelous cures. It surpasses any other salve, lotion, ointment or balm for Cuts, Corros, Burns, Bolls, Sores, Felons, Ulcers, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Frenz, Sore, Chapped Hands, Skin Eruptions, infallible for Piles. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c at English Drug Co's.

Maj. Riddle Kills His Grandson.

The news of a horrible accident that occurred seven miles from Lancaster, S. C., this morning was learned of in Charlotte this afternoon.

Maj. J. M. Riddle, associate editor of the Lancaster Review and one of the best known citizens of that place, shot and instantly killed his little 8-year-old grandson, Robert Mackorell.

At an early hour this morning Maj. Riddle, accompanied by his son, James Riddle, and little grandson, Robert Mackorell, went to the Catawaba river hunting squirrels.

During the absence of young Riddle Maj. Riddle returned to the spot where he had left the boys. As he could see no trace of them he supposed that they had gone up the river. While engaged in looking through the leaves of a small hickory tree, he saw one of the branches move.

When Maj. Riddle realized what he had done, he was completely overwhelmed with grief. He sat down beside the lifeless form of the little fellow and wept like a baby.

Young Riddle left immediately for Lancaster and informed the family of the terrible accident. In his absence Maj. Riddle remained with the dead boy.

A conveyance was at once dispatched to the scene and the body was taken to the home of the grief-stricken family.

News from Rural Route No. 5.

This route traverses one of the best farming sections of the country. The patrons seem to appreciate the service of the free delivery, by the way they are putting up boxes. All who desire their mail carried on the route should so order at once.

Mr. W. P. Plyler, who has been engaged in the lumber business, has bought Mr. E. B. Redwine's ginney, and will be ready to-day to serve the public, at the same old stand. We be speak for him a liberal patronage.

Mr. J. N. Price, formerly of Price & Co., has enlarged his storehouse and will be better prepared than ever to serve the public.

Mr. H. L. Price has opened up a general stock of merchandise at the Chapel Graded School. We wish him much success in his new enterprise.

The graded school at the Chapel is well attended and is proving to the public that local taxation is the only means for providing modern education in rural districts.

TALKING WITH THE PEOPLE.

Professor Townsend Insults Surveyor Boyce—What a Rural Delivery Mail Box Stands for—Satisfied not to Run the World After All—Impression of the Great City—A Farmer Who Puts Coin in the Bank—Bill Arr is Yet 'Hissed'.

"I only stopped over to see my friend Bob Morrow" said Judge W. H. Neal, who was in town one day last week.

"Was he really as big as the telephone post?" asked Prof. Townsend of Surveyor Boyce, as the latter finished telling about meeting a big snake when he was out surveying the day before.

The two were alone in the vault in the office of the clerk of the court. It was a heart to heart conversation. The surveyor had been out the day before and while struggling through a tangle had met a large snake, a huge snake, face to face, as the furious reptile stood shoulder high and struck venomously right and left in maddened rage at being intruded upon.

Mr. Boyce suspended his drawing pencil above the paper as he rehearsed the blood freezing story. Professor Townsend gently put aside a faded bunch of flowers which he was persuading himself had been a gift to him, sighed regretfully, and then asked the fatal question recorded above. The imagination of the surveyor was just aroused, and he spoke hot, nay, almost angry words.

"Do you think," said he, "that it is fair to ask a man such a question as that? If you were entangled in a briar thicket and a great big snake, a rattlesnake as big as everything, were to rise right up in four feet of you and rattle like a kettle drum and throw his head about like a man, and his tongue out like a wagon whip, and you couldn't back back a bit—mind that, now, couldn't back back a bit for the briars—say, now, you impertinent scribbler, do you think that you would feel like taking out a tape line and procuring an exact measurement of that snake? Or would you be willing to say, with out measuring, that he was of any particular dimensions? No, sir, I shall not say whether he was as big as the telephone post or not."

"We are going after the pistol toppers in our country," said "Squire" D. C. Montgomery of Buford. "Why, in the last two weeks I have tried eight negroes for carrying pistols and six of them were found guilty, and three are now in jail."

"I want to set my mail box back here some where," said Mr. N. W. Brasswell as he walked into The Journal office with a brand new rural free delivery mail box with his name printed in red letters on the top. "I want to put it where this point can dry, for I've just had my name put on it," he continued.

Once the writer read and then printed an article in which the author advocated the naming of every farm by its owner, and the placing of the owner's name over the big front gate. It lent an air of dignity and importance to the place, 'twas said. Now, the rural free mail box does that very thing. Back here lives a man who is busy in the fields most of the time, and the fields lie back of the woods from the big road, and he naturally doesn't see much of the passing world. But a stranger passing along the way sees a name upon the mail box. The box cost money. It has a lock. Mail is carefully put into it day by day by a messenger whom the Nation sends to visit its humblest citizens. The box is a token of intelligent citizenship. It speaks for the man behind the woods whom the stranger can not see. Then, again, it speaks to the man himself. He walks out and sees his own name in big letters upon a well locked box to which there are but two keys. One is in his own pocket, the other is in Uncle Sam's. The old man with the big old fur hat and the streaming coat tails takes note of him, is on good terms with him, delivers his mail to him. They are on good terms. Both good fellows and they'll stand by each other, fight for each other.

Editor Green of Marshville paid The Journal office a pleasant call the other day. In the days when the personal movements of the editor was the biggest item of news this would have been an event, but now it is put up only for the purpose of lancing some ruminations, as Bill Arr used to say, upon. The ruminations run something like this. In the turbulent times of the nineties, two young editors, of which editor Green was one, modestly started out to run the world, or at least the United States. Each was running a country paper as a tool with which to operate the universe. One, no matter which, was a college graduate, the other was probably as well prepared. One's idea was that the world could be run successfully only if the machinery were oiled with the grease of partisan populism; the other felt sure that the wheels would clog unless slickened with fats of another partisanship. They both said hard things and they thought hard things of their fellow citizens. And the thoughtless or the vicious or those expecting gain urged them on and gloated over the hard words. But by and by each found that the wheels of Uncle Sam's government could run without the oil of either and that the people could be tolerably prosperous with out either of their parties being in. So they became retrospective, sympathetic, yet thorough. Only 25c at English Drug Co's.

What is Life? In the last analysis nobody knows, but we do know that it is under strict law. Abuse that law even slightly, pain results. Irregular living means derangement of the organs, resulting in Constipation, Headache or Liver trouble. Dr. King's New Life Pills quickly re-adjusts this. 1 1/2 cents, yet thorough. Only 25c at English Drug Co's.

and let the world run itself; 'tis better to speak kindly than harshly of our neighbors and fellow citizens; 'tis better to help along temperance and education and good will than to look after the per capita of the country; 'tis better to encourage thrift and better methods of making a living and lifting up the country in all its lines of work and living, than to hurrah for any man."

And so, Editor Green is printing a good local paper in which every merchant in his town advertises and which the people contribute to his town take. He runs a farm near town and makes things and is destined to live happily ever after having decided that the world could run itself. And the other editor has also become to find more pleasure in describing a good bit of farming or carpentering or manufacturing or teaching or preaching, than in writing the most powerful editorial on the signs of the times.

Mr. S. O. Blair is one of the most useful and active members of the board of graded school trustees. He is observant, and has found out what the graded school is doing for Monroe. "Let a graded school," said he the other day "exist in a community until one generation can be carried through the several grades and you have made an impression upon that community so deep as to never be effaced."

Messes, C. Frank Lowe and R. E. Evans have lately been to New York. There's no other place on earth like New York, and a man always remembers his first impressions.

Mr. Evans went to buy goods. "I looked," said he, "like a good many excursions had come to town the day I got there and everybody was running to catch his home-bound train."

Mr. Lowe went to spend part of his vacation. "It's no place to rest," said he. "There is a farmer in this county," said Alderman J. E. Stack yesterday "who has never done a thing in his life but farm, not even has he run a country store nor been a justice of the peace. Yet not long ago he deposited \$2,000 in a bank, in my presence, which he said was profit of his farm for last year and the year before."

Among the jolly roadsters who

sell goods in this section, not one is jollier, bigger hearted or brighter than Mr. Charles M. Redfearn who travels for the Heath-Morrow Company, wholesale grocers of this place. When he goes to drive up the calves and go swimming four times a day in the limpid waters of Bear Skin, the boys, for some unaccountable reason known only to themselves, called him "Punk." And "Punk Redfearn" it was until he became a salesman and a sport and wrote it "C. M. Redfearn" on the hotel register. Now the name has been rejuvenated and is destined to become immortal. A factory for which Mr. Redfearn sold a great many cigars, has created a new nickle snoker and christened it "Mr. Punk." Of course Mr. Redfearn takes a pride in pushing "Mr. Punk" and when one of his friends smokes a "Mr. Punk," he smokes to the health and long happiness of the original "Punk."

"Will no man rise up to take the place of Bill Arr?" asked Mr. Jas. S. Helms yesterday. "Why you have no idea how much the readers of your paper miss him. His common sense as well flavored his information that his letters were always instructive as well as interesting and lay near to the hearts of the weekly newspaper readers."

It is a remarkable fact that of the many thousand packages of Ashcraft's Condition Powders sold here has a horse or mule died of colic or blind staggers when this remedy was used. Then, too, the manufacturers stand ready to refund the money if an animal has either disease when the powders are used according to directions. Wherever Ashcraft's Powders are put on the market they are at once conceded to be the best. The price may be a little higher, but quality and real merit is always the first consideration. Sold by English Drug Company.

Buggies and Harness for Sale. I have a lot of buggies and harness, both new and second hand, to be sold at a bargain for the next thirty days. C. C. SIKES. When in need of fresh meat—phone No. 91. J. D. PARKER. If you desire pure Ice, combined with honest weights and prompt delivery, phone 35. CARR & WALLACE.

HORSES AND MULES!

We have just received the best car load of horses and mules that ever came to this town. If you want to buy or swap, come and see us. We can save you both money and time.

E. A. Armfield & Sons.

A New Line!

of the latest styles in Fobs and Broach Pins In Solid Gold, Gold Filled and Sterling Silver at prices to suit everybody. Now is the time to get one that is new and up-to-date.

The W. J. Rudge Co.



The Franklin Typewriter.

The best Typewriter on the market. You can pay more but you cannot get a better one. Its work is always in full view of the operator; it is simple in construction; and has stood the test for many years, proving its durability. The alignment is always perfect, and the price is \$75.00 to all. For sale by the Monroe Hardware Co., or any of the offices of CUTLER-TOWER CO., Boston, Mass. Southern Branch 216 Jester Building, Washington, D. C.

MORPHINE

Opium, Laudanum, Cocaine and all Drug Habits permanently cured, without pain or detention from business, leaving no craving for drugs or other stimulants. We restore the nervous and physical systems to their natural condition because we remove the causes of disease. A home remedy prepared by an eminent physician. WE GUARANTEE A CURE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT. Confidential correspondence, especially with physicians, solicited. Write today. Manhattan Therapeutic Association. Dept. A. 1188 Broadway, New York City.

Monroe's Greatest SHIRT SALE! \$1.00 and 1.50 Men's Shirts at 75 cents. \$1.00 Shirts at 50 cents. 5,600 Men's Negligee and Dress Shirts at half price and less; all up-to-date new patterns, both in colored and white. TWO BIG LOTS. Lot No. 1 contains \$1 and \$1.50 Shirts, including the best patterns in white and all the new colored effects, and made of the finest French Madras and perfect goods. We place all of these in one lot and make the one special price 75c. 1.00 Shirts at 50 cents. Lot No. 2. This lot contains 150 dozen of \$1.00 shirts; all the best styles; some slightly imperfect; others in odd lots that we cleaned up from the manufacturer at one price. This unmatched value at 50 cents. The Best Patterns to the First Purchasers. BELK BROTHERS Cheapest Store on Earth.

Some Valuable Information

discovered on inspection of some old books.

Some days ago we were looking over some old books of the old firm of Stevens & Phifer and we find from inspecting them that the way in which they conducted their business was the most acceptable. They treated everybody just the same; there were no favorites among their customers; they made a small per cent. on their goods and made the same per cent. on each customer. Therefore they were very successful in business and people put great confidence in them.

This is our Motto:

We treat all alike; we do not try to get rich on each customer; we sell good articles and sell them cheaply. You can make no mistake in giving us your trade. Our goods are the best; we have no old stock and we sell remarkably cheap.

Yours truly,

Hill & Bivens.

Dissolution Notice.

I have sold my grocery business in Monroe to the Lindsay Grocery Company, which will be conducted by them in the future. All bills will be paid by the Lindsay Grocery Company and all accounts due the old firm must be paid to the said company. C. E. BOWEN, September 17th, 1903.

Wood's Seeds

FOR FALL SOWING. Farmers and Gardeners who desire the latest and fullest information about Vegetable and Farm Seeds should write for Wood's New Fall Catalogue. It tells all about the fall planting of Lettuce, Cabbage and other Vegetable crops which are proving so profitable to southern growers. Also about Crimson Clover, Vetches, Grasses and Clovers, Seed Oats, Wheat, Rye, Barley, etc. Wood's New Fall Catalogue mailed free on request. Write for it. T. W. WOOD & SONS, Seedsmen, - Richmond, Va.

Rural Route Service

Give your order for a first-class Galvanized Mail Box. We have two styles, in one of which you can be suited. Prices are reasonable. Call and examine them.

The Heath-Lee Hardware Co.

Bank of Union.

Safe, But Progressive and Liberal. A modern banking house with every facility for the prompt and careful handling of all business. Get one of our Pretty Steel Banks, carry it home, deposit your savings and get interest on them.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. on every box. 25c. The signature, E. W. Brown.