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One Dollar a Year

THE RALEIGH REUNION.

General Roberts and General Cox on Horseback, and General Matt Ransom Wanted to Mount and Ride. A Striking Contrast of the Old and the New.

Mayor R. V. Houston and Capt. S. G. Howie are the only old veterans from this county that attended the reunion at Raleigh last week so far as we have heard. The following account of the occasion is from the Raleigh correspondent of the Charlotte Observer:

This is to be a bit of story about the Confederate reunion here yesterday, by the way, the first of the kind ever held at Raleigh, with a camp and a parade, a banquet and all other features, not forgetting the sponsors. The day was perfect; a cloudless sky with limitless depths and heights of azure, the sunshines with all the softness of Indian summer; the camp ground, with its rows of tents on a gently swelling hill, set in a frame of green and gold, the foliage of the trees; the flag, the last flag of the Confederacy, with the battle flag, the bars and the red band at the end to lessen the effect of too much white, floating in the gentle breeze; the veterans forming for the march to the fair grounds, inspiring music by the band of the cadet corps of the Agricultural and Mechanical College; all the hurly burly of life, electric and otherwise, pulsing by on the broad boulevard between the city and the fair grounds. Such was the scene at noon. Here came marching out of camp the Second Brigade, about 200 strong, with Gen. W. L. London at its head, and next after came the Third Brigade, of about the same strength, with Gen. James Bilets as its leader. These took position along the border of the spacious field, and a fine background the low woods made for the "thin, gray, line," dashed with the vivid scarlet of the flags. The two other brigades, the First, Gen. P. C. Carilon, and the Fourth, Gen. J. M. Ray, had not so many men in ranks, but their commanders were there.

Presently, Major General Julian S. Carr, commanding the division, appeared, walking down the slope, with Maj. Sam Smith and Jack Reinhardt beside him, and a well-mounted staff riding behind him. There were Gens. William P. Roberts and William E. Cox riding side by side. Gen. Matt Ransom, always gay and gallant, a wonder amid his long length of years, was quite ready to mount and ride, too, but his old comrades said nay, and so they placed him in a carriage with the sponsors, Mrs. Mary A. London, Miss Susan Graham Clark and Miss Mary London. In another carriage were Capt. S. A. Ashe and other sponsors.

The parade was regularly formed, headed by the cadet band, followed by the carriages with Gen. Ransom and the sponsors, and the staff. Next came the veteran rifle and drum corps, and what music it made—music which thrilled! Then came the long line, two by two. The route led past the Agricultural and Mechanical College. The cadets, lined up alongside the roadway, gave the veterans a rousing reception. How lustily they cheered the old fellows, the generals, the flags, the old time music, and louder and livelier the latter became, while one tall veteran, close to the gayety of the fifes and the drums, danced in stately fashion, a sort of military minuet; there in the dust

NO REMEDY EQUALS PERU-NA, SO THE WOMEN ALL SAY



Miss Susan Wyman.

Miss Susan Wyman, teacher in the Normal school, Chicago, Ill., writes the following letter to Dr. Hartman regarding Peru-na. She says: "Only those who have suffered as I have, can know what a blessing it is to be able to find relief in Peru-na. This has been my experience. A friend in need is a friend indeed, and every bottle of Peru-na I ever bought proved a good friend to me."—Susan Wyman.

Mrs. Margaretta Dunbar, 124 North Superior St., Racine City, Wis., writes:

"I feel so well and good and happy now that pen cannot describe it. Peru-na is everything to me. I have taken several bottles of Peru-na for female complaint. I am in the change of life and it does me good." Peru-na has no equal in all of the irregularities and emergencies peculiar to women caused by pernicious.

Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O., for a free book for women only.

of the roadway, while he was cheered again and again by comrades and cadets alike, and while Confederate banners, waved by Daughters of the Confederacy, made a gay welcome to the happy man who had put the years behind him.

There was Harrison Watts, always dignified yet kindly, looking after his brigade and enjoying the dear comradeship and all the incidents of the day. The old dancer said after the march was resumed, "We will not have many more reunions," and this brought to mind the idea, why not have a really great reunion here at Raleigh, with railway fare and all other expenses paid, and make the occasion State-wide and memorable? But this by the way.

The parade moved on, to the music of "Dixie" and other stirring songs of the war-time, sung by young throats and old, and presently entered the fair grounds. It swept through the midway, in strange contrast with the latter-day things—the gaudy gayeties of the show-booths, the tights and spaniels of the performers, and all the things of 1903 in sharp contrast with those of 40 years ago. It was like a meeting of the past and the present, the Then and Now, half ghostly and strange, half real—something to think about. Crosses of honor shone upon breasts, while all kinds of gay badges divided the honors in colors with the red and white of the flags, which fluttered and tossed along the line. It was a gay pageant so far as color went, and the veterans marched in their best style, though legs and arms might be missing, and despite bowed shoulders and snowy hair. They were more or less near the "Great Divide," but they were brave and gay to the last, and their cheering was about as vigorous as in the sixties. Their part in the day was the feature of it, and the writer enjoyed the march and all the incidents, never forgetting the low wailing of the fife or their high notes of joy and pride, as they gave out those old, old tunes—"The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Dearest Mae," "Annie Laurie," "Dixie," and the rest. And then, after the sights and scenes of the fair there was given to the veterans another pleasure; that of seeing the cadet corps on drill and dress parade and then of sitting down to a bountiful banquet in the college dining hall, waited on by the cadets, under the direction of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Honor honored age. It was a fine ending of a happy day.

Broke Into His House.

S. Le Quinn of Cavendish, Vt., was robbed of his customary health by invasion of Chronic Constipation. When Dr. King's New Life Pills broke into his house, his trouble was arrested and now he is entirely cured. They are guaranteed to cure; 25c. at English Drug Company's.

Mrs. Jay a Very Young Wife.

The statement that Mrs. Jay, the wife of the Buncombe county doctor who murdered his three children after chasing her from home, was not quite fifteen years old when she was married seven years ago, is another argument against child marriage. Twenty-two years old, the mother of three children, all murdered by their father, and her husband on the way to the gallows!

Confessions of a Priest.

Rev. Joe S. Cox of Wake, Ark., writes, "For twelve years I suffered from Yellow Jaundice. I consulted a number of physicians and tried all sorts of medicines, but got no relief. Then I began the use of Electric Bitters and feel that I am now cured of a disease that had me in its grasp for twelve years." If you want a reliable medicine for Liver and Kidney trouble, stomach disorder or general debility, get Electric Bitters. It's guaranteed by English Drug Co. Only 50c.



Don't forget the old man with the fish on his back.

For nearly thirty years he has been traveling around the world, and is still traveling, bringing health and comfort wherever he goes.

To the consumptive he brings the strength and flesh he so much needs.

To all weak and sickly children he gives rich and strengthening food.

To thin and pale persons he gives new firm flesh and rich red blood.

Children who first saw the old man with the fish are now grown up and have children of their own.

He stands for Scott's Emulsion of pure cod liver oil—a delightful food and a natural tonic for children, for old folks and for all who need flesh and strength.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE.

The Man Who Claims to be Elijah the Second Coins the Money But Can't Convert New York City. Everybody's Magazine Sizes Up the Old Gentleman.

The wonderful man, John Alexander Dowie, who claims to be the reincarnation of the prophet Elijah, has been occupying a big place in the newspapers on account of his trip to New York city, with hosts of his followers, for the avowed purpose of converting New York to Zionism, the name he gives his creed. Dowie seems to be a peculiar mixture of business shrewdness and religious quackery. He has founded a city for his followers near Chicago, and is running it and its 5,000 inhabitants like clock work. The people of New York don't seem to care about Dowie after their first curiosity was satisfied, and he can't get much crowds. Dr. Parkhurst, the well known preacher and reformer, wrote him the following open letter:

"I do not want to be presuming, but doubt if it is any more presumptuous in me to come and try to clarify you in it is for you to come and try to clarify New York; and I don't know which of us has taken the heavier contract. I attended your service at Madison Square Garden last evening, and I went determined to enjoy it if I could, and to be benefited by it, and to go away and refute some of the charges that I had heard alleged against you. But it was no use; your behavior on the platform crushed every thrill of sympathy I had with you. I never heard from a public speaker such a discharge of effervescent wrath and coarse invective. I went to hear you preach the gospel and you preached Dowie, Zion City, 'stink pot.' I was ashamed of you, and almost ashamed to be in your audience. It was a long way below the standard even of the circus that I have attended in the same garden. The only consolation I could derive was that it was so abominable and so far beyond the bounds of the respectable that even those in your congregation who did not know what Christianity is, would have no difficulty in doing anything to do with what you were saying."

"Of course, the ridiculousness of the performance was only enhanced by the immensity of your pretensions. If you claimed to be only an ordinary man there might be some hope for you, even with what you call the 'rabble,' but the rabble is discriminating and can discriminate as keenly as the keenest between a prophet and a juggler, between an Elijah and a Moustache bank. I say this in no spirit of anger, but either your head is twisted or your heart infected or you have blundered badly in your method. You cannot bully people into Zionism nor blackguard them into a kingdom of heaven. I hope you will take this in the kindly spirit in which it is offered and that it will be blessed to you."

Everybody's Magazine for November has a splendid article on Dowie. It will pay anyone to buy the magazine for this article alone. We make the following extracts:

Personality of the Prophet of Zion.

"Those who have approached John Alexander Dowie in anything but a prejudiced and antipathetic spirit bear testimony to his remarkable personal magnetism—the extraordinary gift he has of impressing his individuality on all who come in contact with it. His appearance, despite his shortness of frame, his tendency to fatness, his bow legs and his baldness, is rather attractive. He really wears the aspect of benevolence and looks the patriarch. Today he is fifty-six years old; his shoulders are straight and ample, his eyes are bright and piercing, his beard white and flowing. Of his appearance he is ex-

Ashcraft's Eureka Liniment

This Liniment will remove spavin, splint, ringbones, and all cartilaginous growths, withering in the earlier stages of the disease, and will relieve the lameness even in chronic cases. One of the most common lameness among horses and mules is sprain of the back tendon, caused by over-loading or hard driving. Ashcraft's Liniment is a never-failing remedy. The Liniment is also extensively used for chronic rheumatism and for all kinds of stiff joints.

For "scratches"

Ashcraft's Eureka Liniment is without an equal. A few applications is all that is necessary to cure this disease in its worst form.

Owing to the wonderful anti-

septic qualities, the Eureka Liniment should be used in the treat-

ment of all tumors and sores where

proud flesh is present. It is both

healing and cleansing, entirely de-

stroying all parasites and putre-

faction. This Liniment acts as a

counter-irritant and stimulant.

Saves Two from Death.

"Our little daughter had an almost fatal attack of whooping cough and bronchitis," writes Mrs. W. K. Hallinan of Armouk, N. Y., "but, when all other remedies failed, we saved her life with Dr. King's New Discovery. Our niece, who had consumption in an advanced stage, also used this wonderful medicine and to-day she is perfectly well." Desperate throat and lung diseases yield to Dr. King's New Discovery as to no other medicine on earth. Infallible for Coughs and Colds, 50c. and \$1.00 bottles guaranteed by English Drug Co. Trial bottles free.

Price 50c. bottle. Sold by

English Drug Company

tremely vain, showing that he is just as human as those who would cure by methods less divine, and he keeps the official photographer of Zion busy by his constant posing—now in this position, now in that, before the unfriendly eye of the camera. It may be a matter of business entirely—you will see both of his eyes are open for bargains; and he may be counting on inspiring confidence in those whom his voice cannot reach, albeit the phonograph and the telephone carry his prayers from Zion City to the ends of America and the earth."

Dowie as Orator.

"If the prosperity of Dowie owed much to any one thing it would seem to be oratory—the appeal of eloquent arguments to vast audiences," says L. K. Friedman in the November Everybody's; "yet in any dignified or adequate consideration of the word the prophet is no orator at all. He has no delivery worthy of consideration, and his voice from the platform is far from pleasing or thrilling. His diction and his style are characterized by coarseness and vulgarity, rather than by elegance or a fine rhetorical sense. I heard him declare from the stage auditorium that he was the spiritual Elijah the Second, and when his prosperity was at high tide, and when he were sincere he should have been solemn; and his address was the most veritable hodge-podge of biblical text, rank nonsense, horseplay, abuse, commands for Hallelujahs and Amen's from his audience, silly and senile side remarks to his wife—the vulgar odds and the tawdry ends of everything—having no more to do with Elijah than Elia. It was the performance of the mountebank through and through, and it is but fair to conclude that those of his followers who found enjoyment and instruction in it are such among whom the mountebank seeks patronage."

How Inspiration Came to Dowie.

An interesting account of how Dowie, the prophet, found his vocation is told as follows:

"One night, in Melbourne, there swept over his consciousness like an inspiration the full force of the sixteenth chapter of St. Mark: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' . . . In my name shall they cast out devils. . . . They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.' His imagination was fired with the idea that he was the prophet foretold by Malachi, and on this inspiration he founded what is suppositiously new in his creed and built the foundation of his really immense fortune. He laid hands on his wife's head, prayed, and cured her of headache, and then, as a wit will have it, he proceeded to lay hands on everybody and everything else. Those who know Dowie say that from early life he 'had visions' and that he manifested all those symptoms which the alienist would put under the general head of 'religious hysteria'; if this be so, it would offer a plea for his sincerity. His wife and others cured, and the legends of the faithful increasing by virtue of these proofs of miraculous powers, Dowie at once started to form the Divine Healing Association, which developed later on into the larger organization of the International Divine Healing Association, with Dowie as its president.

Dowie the Business Man.

"John Alexander Dowie, the prophet of Zion, is shrewdly up to date in his business methods. There is probably no business house in the States quicker to adopt modern time and money saving inventions than the Christian Catholic church. The things rendered unto Elijah the Second are shrewdly invested by Elijah the Restorer for the benefit of John Alexander Dowie. The man is shockingly human for a prophet. His house in Zion City, built in the English style of architecture, is lavishly furnished; there is a stable full of costly equipages; a summer house across the lake is maintained in great luxury. Indeed, the man's vanity and love of ostentation find an outlet in innumerable forms of gaudy and expensive display. By way of justification he is said to have remarked that the Pope of the Roman church is surrounded by the best that earth affords, and that there is no reason why the Overseer of the Christian Catholic church should be left a whit behind."

The Champion Possum Hunter.

Price's Mill claims the honor of having the most successful possum hunter in this country in the person of Mr. Vernon Moore. He has won that distinction at an early age, being only sixteen years old. During this season he has so far captured upwards of thirty possums.

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THE BEE HIVE.

Some of the Things we Sell Cheaper Than Other Stores.

HOSIERY, THE GOOD WEARING KINDS SOLD AT LOW PRICES HERE

Ladies' Seamless Fast Black Hose, full long, good shape, 5c.

Ladies' Gray Hose as low as 2½ cents a pair.

Ladies' Fine Black Stockings, seamless, absolutely stainless, best shapes, the best one ever sold at the price, 10 cents.

Men's Seambess Black and Gray Sox, 5 cents.

Men's Fine Sox, solid black, tan, red and fancy colored stripes, etc., 10 cents.

Men's Wool Sox, gray and tan colored, 10 cents.

Ladies Heavy Fleece Lined Stockings, good fast black, 10 cents.

GLOVES.

All kinds, Men's, Ladies and Children's. Ladies Fine Kid Gloves, black, white and every desirable color, all sizes, 49c.

Fabric Gloves and Mitts, woolen, mercenized cotton, fleece lined, etc., knit and woven, every style, including

the popular Golf, in white, black, red, pink, blue, etc., all sizes, 25 cents.

PEARL BUTTONS.

The largest and completest stock Pearl Buttons carried by any store in this section, and you will always find the best values here. Pearl Buttons with two holes, all sizes from the small to the very large, 1 cent dozen.

Fine Pearl buttons, the good clear kinds, all styles and shapes, 4 and 2 holes, all sizes, the regular 10 cent selling kind, 5 cents a dozen.

RIBBONS