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MONROE, N. C., TUESDAY APRIL 30, 1907.

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STRIKING COURT SCENE.

Judge Long Brings Together Two Old Soldiers Who Were Fighting Each Other.

Jacksonville, Olinow Co., Special to Charlotte Observer
When the case of State vs. T. J. Capps was called, there came forward an old man, plainly dressed, white hair and flowing beard, but in bearing every inch a man in the person of the defendant. The defendant's counsel not being present, the professional services of Frank Thompson and E. M. Koonce of the local bar was proffered him by these gentlemen, and being accepted, the trial proceeded. The charge was assault and battery upon one M. P. Russ. The latter being the State's only witness, he bearing the marks of old age, but yet vigorous, came upon the stand and told how he and his old neighbor had had a falling out and came to blows. The State rested its case, and the defendant went upon the stand and gave his version of the fight, which was substantially as told by the prosecuting witness. In his charge his honor told the jury if they believed the evidence beyond a reasonable doubt, or if they believed the evidence of the defendant, they should find their verdict guilty, which was promptly done by the jury. Then came the climax.

The judge called both of the old

men up in front of him within the bar, and speaking to the defendant, said:

"You are an old soldier, perhaps?"
"Yes," said he, "I am 64 years old; I was a member of the Third North Carolina State troops during the civil war; I was at the battle of Chancellorsville; I remember the charge made on that memorable day."

"My brother," said Judge Long, "was killed in that charge."
"Yes," said the veteran, his eye kindling as he seemed to live over again the events of that terrible onslaught.

"Yes, I remember the young soldier falling with the battle flag in his hands at the foot of the enemy's breastworks, which we immediately captured. I was one of the soldiers that bore the body of the wounded Stonewall Jackson off the field where he was shot down by the mistake of his own troops."
"Were you in the war?" asked the judge of the prosecuting witness. The veteran stood at "attention," and proudly replied:
"I was a member of the old Eighteenth Regiment."

"How old are you," asked his honor.

"I am 77 years old," said he.

Judge Long then, with voice tremulous with emotion, said:
"Veterans, the war is over. You should not fight each other. One in this case is just as guilty as the other. Only one, however, is indicted."

Turning to the defendant, Judge Long said: "I shall suspend no judgment over you. When you leave this world to join your comrades on the other side, not at my hands shall a suspended judgment be on the records of this court against you." Then looking the veteran kindly in the eye, he continued:
"Won't you veterans shake hands and be friends?"

For a moment, like two old prime game cocks, they faced each other, but for only a moment; the spirit of reconciliation set in motion by the kindly words of the judge, spread over and wreathed those old battle-scarred, wrinkled faces; the smile of reconciliation of comradeship and brotherhood; in paths of deep silence, and with a mighty hand grasp, these old battle-scarred heroes stood looking in the faces of each other, while tears trickled down the cheeks of the immense throng that crowded the court room.

"Good for everything a salve is used for and especially recommended for piles." That is what we say about DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. That is what twenty years' use has proven. Get the original. Sold by S. J. Welsh and C. N. Simpson.

Carry—Do you believe it is more blessed to give than to receive? Harry (as he kisses her)—I don't know. I should like to try both before I make up my mind.—Jester.

Use Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. Children like its pleasant taste, and mothers give it hearty endorsement. Contains no opiates, but drives out the cold through the bowels. Made in strict conformity to pure food and drug laws. Recommended and sold by Dr. S. J. Welsh and C. N. Simpson, Jr.

Some men are so persistently stingy that, if they were admitted to heaven on a basis of free salvation, they would hold out for a rebate.—Douglas Tribune.

Cured of Rheumatism.

Mr. Wm. Henry of Chattanooga, Tennessee, had rheumatism in his left arm. "The strength seemed to have gone out of the muscles so that it was useless for work," he says. "I applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm and wrapped the arm in flannel at night, and to my relief I found that the pain gradually left me and the strength returned. In three weeks the rheumatism had disappeared and has not since returned." If troubled with rheumatism try a few applications of Pain Balm. You are certain to be pleased with the relief which it affords. For sale by English Drug Co.

Bristol county, R. I., is the smallest county in the U. S., containing only twenty-five square miles. The county having the largest population is New York. Bailey county, Tex., has only four inhabitants.

Eureka! Yes, I Have Found It at last. Found what? Why that Chamberlain's Salve cures eczema and all manner of itching of the skin. I have been afflicted for many years with skin disease. I had to get up three or four times every night and wash with cold water to allay the terrible itching, but since using this salve in December, 1905, the itching has stopped and has not troubled me.—Elder John T. Ongley, Rottville, Pa. For sale by English Drug Company.

"You say your son has run off?"
"Yes. Have you seen anything of him?" No; but I wouldn't worry—he'll turn up all right." "He certainly will—just as soon as I find him."—Judge.

"Pneumonia's Deadly Work had so seriously affected my right lung," writes Mrs. Fannie Connor of rural route 1, Georgetown, Tenn., "that I coughed continuously night and day and the neighbors' prediction—consumption—seemed inevitable, until my husband brought home a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, which in my case proved to be the only real cough cure and restorer of weak, sore lungs." When all other remedies utterly fail, you may still win in the battle against lung and throat troubles with New Discovery, the real cure. Guaranteed by English Drug Co. 50c. and \$1. Trial bottle free.

Letters From Abroad

No. 19. A. M. STACK.

THROUGH NORTHERN PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

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One leaves Jerusalem with regret. A second visit only makes the departure a keener regret. After seeing the principal places of interest in and around the dear old city, we arranged to go through Northern Palestine on horseback. For twenty-three miles a fairly good carriage road has been graded. But the work has been suspended and may not be resumed within a generation. We sent our horses ahead the day before and left early in the morning by carriage. When we reached the crest of Scopus, a final and farewell look at the Holy City was taken. Along the same road in the long ago passed Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Joshua, David, Peter, Paul and Christ. Some four miles out we passed to the right a cone-shaped hill, upon which Gilbeah of Benjamin stood. Here Saul was born, and from here he went out to find the strayed asses and found a kingdom. On that hill he reigned as king; from it he went forth to battle, and there the sweet tones of David's harp soothed his troubled spirit. On the same hill Michal married David, and there her father acted the part of a mean father-in-law (I Sam. xviii). On and near that spot much tragical history was enacted.

Over to the left a little further is the ancient Mizpah, where Samuel resided and held court. He was a circuit rider, and also held courts at Gilgal and Bethel. His circuit was very small, for Bethel is only a short distance further north on the right of the road. At one time Bethel rivaled Jerusalem in importance, had a school for the prophets, and for some time was the center of the worship of Jehovah in the Northern Kingdom. Today it is nothing.

Near the end of the carriage road are the ruins of Shiloh, where the Tabernacle was first set up permanently in Canaan. Here, too, the Ark stayed from the days of Joshua till almost the end of the life of Eli, and here the land was divided by lot into tribal possessions. Just to the east of the town, in a glen, occurred that feast at which the daughters of Shiloh were tripping the light fantastic when the Benjamite came upon them suddenly from the nearby vineyards and carried them away for wives. (Girls who dance should always be on the lookout.)

There are many places of minor importance along the way, but the next spot of special interest is Jacob's well, which is one and a half miles east of Nablous (ancient Shechem). The well is in the western edge of the "parcel of a field purchased by Jacob of Hamor for 100 pieces of money" (Gen. xxxiii: 19). The identity of this well is unquestioned. The Jews, the Samaritans, the Moslems and Christians all agree that this is the well at which occurred the conversation of our Savior with the woman of Samaria who had too many husbands (John iv: 5-30). The well belongs to the Greeks and is surrounded by a wall. It lies in the crypt of a chapel erected by the Crusaders upon the ruins of an old church of the fourth century. The well was excavated in the solid rock, is round, about nine feet in diameter and seventy-five feet deep. Of course, a traveller must pay "hachsheesh" to see it, but no minds that. In the summer time the well is dry. But the "living water" offered to the sinful woman is perennial.

About one-half mile north of his father's well is the tomb of Joseph. Before he died Joseph had the children of Israel promise to carry up his bones from Egypt. After sleeping on the Nile for more than three hundred years, the mummy of Joseph was carried in the wilderness for forty years and finally deposited in the same parcel of land bought by Jacob of Hamor's children (Josh. xxiv: 32). The tomb is enclosed, and the bones of Joseph, near by, the everlasting mountains of Ebal and Gerizim keep their silent vigils over the remains of Pharaoh's prime minister.

"You say your son has run off?"
"Yes. Have you seen anything of him?" No; but I wouldn't worry—he'll turn up all right." "He certainly will—just as soon as I find him."—Judge.

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At Jenin, where tourists spend the night, we pass out of Samaria into Galilee. From Jenin over the great plain of Esdraelon to Nazareth is a day's journey. This vast plain fell to the lot of Issachar, and is one of the richest parts of Palestine. In crossing the plain one gets a

It has always been a surprise to me why Joseph, who could make that trip alone when a mere lad, did not when he was a ruler of Egypt visit his old father or communicate with him in some way, since Hebron is not very far from Egypt. Jacob did not know where Joseph was, but the latter knew where his father was and seems to have made no effort to even hear from him.

Nablous, the modern name of Shechem, is about a mile west of Joseph's tomb and lies in a beautiful valley, with Ebal on the north and Gerizim on the south. The latter was the mount of blessing and the former the mount of cursing (Deut. xxxiii: 25).

The old city is rich in historic associations, but its glory has departed. It has about 25,000 people, all of whom are Mohammedans except 1,000 who are Jews, Samaritans and Christians. The chief occupation of the people, when they work at all, is making soap out of olive oil. There are something like fifteen soap factories in the place. But, judging from the appearances of the people, the soap is made strictly for export and not for domestic use. The Moslems of Nablous are noted for their fanaticism and hatred of Christians. As there are no foreign consuls in the town, the natives treat foreigners pretty much as they please. One of our party was rather late returning to the hotel one evening and they gave him a good roasting.

I was somewhat anxious to see the remnant of the old sect of Samaritans who still reside in Shechem. These people have dwindled down to 150 souls, and they cling to their ancient faith and customs. Among other features of their religion, a man is permitted to practice bigamy if the first wife be barren. But as there are about twenty men more than there are women, bigamy is practically impossible. At least twenty men are married to involuntary celibacy. When a married man dies, his nearest male relative other than a brother is compelled to marry the widow. The heir-apparent may sometimes heir a wife who would cause him to lose his religion. They are forbidden to marry any one except a Samaritan. And the Samaritan duties meekly submit to this foolish requirement when there are plenty of pretty girls around them wanting to marry.

The Jews never had much of an opinion of the Samaritans. Neither have I, since I heard the high priest tell a lie for money. But the Jewish prejudice has probably been overstated. All that talk about the Jews would not even pass through Samaria, but travelled on the east side of Jordan to avoid going through Samaritan territory, is an exaggeration. The real reason, I am persuaded, was on account of the bad roads through Samaria. The country is mountainous and very rocky. And wherever the most rocks are, it has been well said, there's the road. It is actually unsafe to ride. Horses are shod with a solid piece of iron covering the entire foot, and can hardly climb or descend the rocky hillsides. My horse fell under me and threw me several feet. The horse of another man in our party fell and broke an arm of its rider. Much of the time you must wade and lead your horse in passing through Samaria. I don't blame the Jews for travelling on the other side of the Jordan.

Seven miles to the northwest of Shechem is the site of the ancient city of Samaria. The city stood on an oval shaped hill. This hill is in a valley surrounded by mountains. For a while it was the capital of the ten tribes, and later the Emperor Augustus presented it to Herod the Great. That old scamp embellished and beautified it and changed its name to Sebaste in honor of the wife of Augustus. Many fragments of ancient structures, granite columns, hewn blocks and broken capitals may still be seen. There are still standing a few columns that were in the grand temple which, according to Josephus, Herod erected in honor of the Roman Emperor. But all is desolation now, as was foretold (Mich. i: 6; Hosea xiii: 16). While the province of Samaria is very rough and hilly, the soil is good and the country is pretty thickly settled. A stranger is at once struck with the peculiar dress of the people. The women wear breeches. In America we occasionally hear of a woman who "wears the breeches," but in Samaria all the women wear them. The style of pants worn is not the duds tight-legs, but large bloomers or big-legged breeches.

Tiberias is on the west side of the Sea of Galilee. It was founded by Herod Antipas and named after the Emperor Tiberius. It was the capital of Galilee in the time of Christ, yet there is no record that he ever visited it. He was preaching to the Jews, and there were no Jews in Tiberias. The Jews would not live there because the city was built on a cemetery. They were either afraid that contact with graves would defile them or were afraid of ghosts. As Herod could not induce Jews to live in it, he had to people his capital with pagans, slaves, toughs and beggars. Perhaps I can suggest another reason why he never visited Tiberias, although residing, preaching and working miracles within eight miles of the capital. If conditions were then as they are now, fifth would have kept him away. Tiberias is undoubtedly the nastiest place on earth. In it a nose is not only useless but inconvenient. But Tiberias is not alone. At Magdala, the birthplace of Mary Magdalene, a cow occupies the same room with a family. In Palestine there are several places of which one has a better opinion if one has neither seen nor smelled them.

Herod Antipas reigned in Tiberias and Christ resided at Capernaum, less than seven miles apart, and yet the two never met until Christ was sent by Pilate before Herod at Jerusalem. It is more remarkable since Herod wanted to see Jesus (Luke xiii: 8). The busy cities about the northern end of the lake—Capernaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida, etc.—have entirely disappeared. Only the Sea of Galilee is just as it was when our Savior preached on its shores and walked on its waters. A volume could be written about this little sea and what has happened about it.

Leaving Tiberias we went to Samakh at the south end of the sea. The trip of about six miles must be made in row boats. We left at

splendid view in every direction. The mountains of Samaria are behind us, those of Galilee in front, Carmel on the west, Gilboa on the east, little Hermon and Mt. Tabor to the north.

We pass Jezreel, near which Saul fought the Philistines. On the slope of near by Gilboa, seeing all was lost, he fell on his own sword and died. Jezreel was the residence of Ahab and his wicked wife. Three miles north is Shunem, the native place of the pretty girl who was nurse to David and about whom Solomon had his brother Adonijah killed. It is but an hour's ride further to the village of Nain, where Christ raised the widow's son (Luke vii: 11-15). In one hour more Endor is reached. Here Saul came the night before the fatal battle of Gilboa and had the witch to raise the ghost of Samuel. The words of the ghost proved true on the next day. The career of Saul was rather remarkable. In his young manhood he was a splendid fellow. (I Sam. ix: 2) "From his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people." That description of Saul suggests the magnificent form of Hon. J. C. Buxton of Winston-Salem, who would have made a better King every way than Saul did. In that little matter at Endor, however, Saul did something that Mr. Buxton perhaps would not. When Samuel's ghost appeared friend Buxton probably would not have remained to engage in conversation with it.

From Endor it is but a few hours' ride to Nazareth, a pretty little town in a basin on the south slope of some lofty Lebanon ridges. The place was of no importance before the Christian era, and is not mentioned in the Old Testament or in Josephus. In Christ's time it was believed that nothing good could come out of Nazareth. In this little town, of sacred memory, our Savior spent most of his life, and in it today

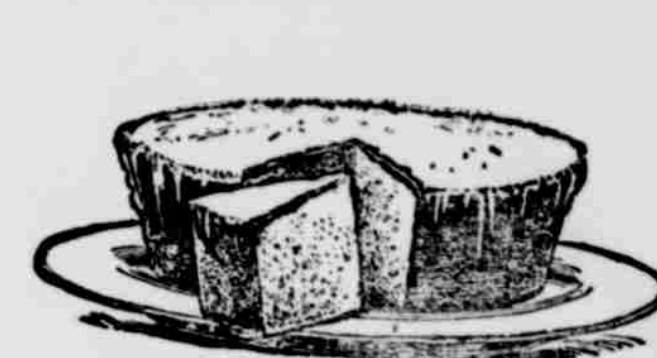
"Even the lifeless stone is dear For thoughts of Him."
The Church of the Annunciation stands over the spot which tradition localizes as the place where Gabriel informed Mary that she was so highly favored of God (Luke i: 28). A part of an old synagogue, claimed to be the very one in which Christ preached, is now a part of a church belonging to the United Greeks. Tradition, which is so enterprising in the Holy Land, has rescued from oblivion even the workshop of Joseph, as well as the kitchen of Mary. The rival factions of Christians have discovered at least three places where Christ's irate fellow townsman attempted to thrust him from the brow of the hill. Aside from its associations, the town is a place of small importance now. The population is largely Christian—United and Orthodox Greeks, Latins, Maronites and Protestants. The place is fairly neat and clean and has some pretty women.

Five miles north of Nazareth, on the road to Tiberias, is Cana of Galilee, the place of the first miracle of Jesus. Modern Christian sects, in their factional zeal, have wrought another miracle in Cana. They have made two places out of the one where the water was turned into wine. The Catholics have a chapel over the exact spot. The Greeks go them one better: they not only have a church over the exact spot, but they show the very jars which were used on the occasion. For a little money tourists may have the delight of seeing both places where the miracle occurred.

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four o'clock in the morning and had no light save that of the stars. It is a rare pleasure to ride on this the most renowned waters on earth. "When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee."

At Samakh, on the railroad from Haifa to the Jezreel line, we took the train for Derat, on the Damascus-Mecca road, thence by rail to Damascus. The latter city is just a little disappointing. It is the oldest standing city in the world, and has witnessed the rise and fall of nations and empires. But the old town is taking a new lease on life. It has just installed a system of electric lights and electric tram cars. The city's commerce and manufactures suffered much by the construction of the Suez Canal, but it still enjoys a large caravan trade with the far East. Its bazaars are second only to those of Constantinople. But no description of the city, its people, its industries or its environs will be attempted. It is a great center of Mohammedanism, and the disciples of the Prophet are intensely fanatical and hostile towards Christians. They would again murder Christians by wholesale if they were not afraid of the Christian Powers. The armies and navies of the Christian nations are the only guarantees of safety for foreigners. The Devil is no gentleman if he does not thoroughly roast some of the fool Moslems of Damascus.

From this, the oldest city on earth, we turned our faces towards the best country in the world. From Damascus to Beirut on the Mediterranean is 91 miles. But at Reyak we made a detour on to the Tripoli road to Baalbek, which lies in the vast plain dividing the Lebanon from the Anti-Lebanon mountains. At Baalbek are ruins which rival those of Thebes and which are the wonder of modern times. The principal ruins are those of gigantic heathen temples. In the largest one are some solid stones more than 62 feet long, 10 feet thick and 13 feet high. How they were transported from the quarries and placed on a substructure 20 feet from the ground is a puzzle to modern engineers. These enormous structures were utterly destroyed by convulsions of nature. The Almighty, through the power of earthquakes, registered his first great command: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Doctor (to female patient)—You have a slight touch of fever. Your tongue has a thick coat. Patient (excitedly)—Oh, doctor, do tell me how it fits!

A Woman Tells How to Relieve rheumatic pains.

I have been a very great sufferer from the dreadful disease, rheumatism, for a number of years. I have tried many medicines but never got much relief from any of them until two years ago, when I got a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I found relief before I had used all of one bottle, but kept on applying it and soon felt like a different woman. Through my advice many of my friends have tried it and can tell you how wonderfully it has worked.—Mrs. Sarah A. Cole, 140 S. New St., Dover, Del. Chamberlain's Pain Balm is a liniment. The relief from pain which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. It makes rest and sleep possible. For sale by English Drug Co.

But who shall say that those who worshipped in these temples did not get credit for their ignorant worship of the unknown God? When one gazes upon the ruins of Baalbek, the mind wonders what has become of the architects who conceived and the builders who erected such enormous structures; wonders how it has been with them these long years in that undiscovered country from whose bowern no traveller returns; wonders why men, in striving for the perishable dollars, honors and pleasures of this world, will continue to sell eternity for a mess of pottage. These ruins remind one that all things in earth must pass away.

"And, like the useless fabric of this vision, The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, The solemn temples, the great globe itself, Yes, all which it inherit, shall dissolve; And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind."

Doing Business Again.

"When my friends thought I was about to take leave of this world, on account of indigestion, nervousness and general debility," writes A. A. Chisholm, Treadwell, N. Y., "and when it looked as if there was no hope left, I was persuaded to try English Bitters, and I rejoice to say that they are curing me. I am now doing business again as of old, and am still gaining daily." Best tonic medicine on earth. Guaranteed by English Drug Company. 50c.

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