

# THE MONROE JOURNAL.

VOLUME XV. NO. 25

MONROE, N. C., TUESDAY AUGUST 4, 1908.

One Dollar a Year

## MR. POE IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

The Editor of The Progressive Farmer, Who is in Europe, Writes Beautifully of What He Sees

I had intended writing more of my ocean trip, but that is ancient history now, and too many other beautiful and wonderful things have crowded upon my sight for me even to revive memories of that rarely beautiful night when the silvery crescent of the new moon in the clear sky above them glorified and seemingly enchanted the long and fancifully shaped cloud lines ranged above the ocean's far horizon. Old castles seemed to be there with marvelous towers and battlements; mountain peaks, and cathedral spires, too, while the beauty of the northern lights added a singular glory to the outlying edge of the great cloud masses. But this is seeing in imagination only what I have since seen in reality, some impressions of which it is now my purpose to record for our Progressive Farmer readers.

And in the very beginning of these letters, let me ask the reader's pardon if what I write shall seem somewhat disjointed and unsymmetrical. A traveler here sees so much, and in a hurried trip like mine has scenery and history and art and circumstance thrust upon him in such confusing variety that it is extremely difficult to bring order out of chaos, especially when writing must be done at odd moments and under untoward surroundings. Will the thousands of good Southern folk who make up our Progressive Farmer family pardon me, therefore, if I attempt nothing more ambitious than a series of gossipy friendship letters about the things I see that interest me and that I think will interest them? And with this understanding I am ready to set out with my impressions of the Old World.

Scotland, I shall not forget, was the first European country to greet my eye; nor can I believe that I shall find one of which I shall carry away a finer impression. It is no wonder that the Scotchman loves his country; no wonder that it was from Scotland that the lines came—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own, my native land.'"

With its beautiful mountains, lakes, meadows, and rocky shore line, it

makes in its natural scenery alone an irresistible appeal to our fancy and to our admiration; but far more effective is its claim upon our love and our interest when we look back upon the panorama of its thousand mighty years of history until now every tongue and land has been enriched by stories of Scottish romance and Scottish adventure.

I can hardly do better perhaps than to outline briefly the course of my travels up to this hour and then follow it up later with such comment as I may wish to make. On Sunday then, let me say, we landed in Glasgow; Monday we went to Ayr, the home of Robert Burns; Tuesday we went through the Trossachs country made famous in the novels of Sir Walter Scott, traveling partly by coach and partly by rail, ending the day with a visit to Stirling Castle; Wednesday we spent in Edinburgh; Thursday we visited Melrose Abbey, Abbotsford (the home of Sir Walter Scott), and went thence by rail to Wordsworth's lake country, a memorable seventeen-mile coaching trip from Keswick to Ambleside bringing us in late afternoon to our boat on Windermere; by its waters we spent last night, and this late Friday evening finds me writing this letter from Liverpool, England.

The very first and the most vivid impression made upon the traveler here, I believe, is that of the beauty of the country, the rural districts. Towns here look much like those in America—a little older, streets a little more crooked, more old buildings rich in historic association. But between the country here and the country in America the difference is much more marked. I remember how Mr. C. S. Wooten said to me last winter, speaking of his trip abroad last summer: "England looks like a country just let down from Paradise. I didn't see a weed nor a gully nor a poor horse, sheep or cow in the whole country." And I am now prepared to vouch for his statement. True, I have seen a few weeds and one or two gullies, but in all my travel in Scotland and England thus far I have not seen more weeds or gullies than I have sometimes seen in a single ten-acre lot in America.

A Virginia girl who stood beside me as the stone-fenced farm plats on the Scottish coast came into view, exclaimed at the beauty of the scene.

"Oh," I replied, "Virginia will look that way a hundred or two

years from now when population becomes dense and farming good." But her reply is worth recording and worthy of serious thought: "The trouble is that we are wearing out the land and letting it wash away long before ever the dense population comes."

Here in England it is very different. Every foot of land seems to have attention, intelligent attention, the fields being as carefully tended as our gardens, while the Scotch and English gardens themselves are models of beauty and excellence such as Americans do not even dream of. The fences enclosing the farms are nearly all of stone, or else hedge; stone walls line every road; railway tracks are bordered with shrubbery; the public highways are all of macadam and kept in constant repair; while the neatest houses are so neat and so beautified by lawn, hedge, shrub, and flower that you can hardly think of the inmates as being poor at all. A frame house is almost never seen. The stone fences cross hill, meadow, and even climb the mountain sides, and add a touch of picturesqueness to the landscape which nothing else could quite replace. Every home, too, has a wealth of beautiful flowers, and vegetables are cultivated much more extensively and in greater variety than with us.

If I could choose but one of England's points of superiority as a gift for my own country, however, I believe I should take her good roads, innumerable other good things would be added to us. No one could ever think of putting up a ramshackle cabin alongside such roads, and in a thousand ways they would stimulate and hasten the development of our people and of our resources.

I shall never forget how through the fog the rocky coast of Scotland gradually came into view last Sunday morning, and how I thought, "For the first time in my life I gaze upon land which white men knew five hundred years ago!" Nor can I ever forget my first set trip into Scottish territory, this being my visit to Ayr, the birthplace of the poet Burns, on Monday last. Leaving out of consideration its usual Scotch neatness and cleanliness, I doubt whether any reader of mine now lives in a humbler home than that in which the immortal Scotch poet first saw the light of day. A low roofed stone

house thatched with straw, you enter one room and pass into the next, finding it divided into stalls for the cattle and sheep; then the two adjoining rooms—the same ground floor—were those of the Burns family.

"'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw, A hovel made of clay, One window greets the day; And yet I stand within this room, And hold all thrones in scorn, For here beneath this lowly thatch Love's sweetest bard was born."

We rambled by "the banks and braes of bonnie Doon," we crossed the "auld brig," and we followed the line of Tam O'Shanter's famous ride, looking into the broken walls of Alloway Kirk where he saw the ghostly dance. The "auld Kirk" dates back to the year 1145, and the bell which still surmounts unbroken its crumbling wall has stood the storms of nearly four hundred winters.

It may not be unwise just at this point to anticipate my narrative just a little and comment on the homes of two other poets—Scott and Wordsworth—which I have seen since visiting Ayr. Scott's beautiful and even lordly home at Abbotsford, overlooking the Tweed, is a treasure house of Scottish historical relics: coats-of-arms, swords, suits of armor, blunderbusses, etc., etc. About Wordsworth's country I shall always remember most vividly how the clouds wrapped its low mountain peaks in mist, and how more nearly than anywhere else I have seen (except in our very highest American mountains) heaven and earth seem to meet.

Having seen the rustic and lowly home of Burns, I shall always better understand how the inspired Scottish ploughman sang songs with the smell of the soil about them; having seen Scott's home and its numberless illustrations of his tireless energy in collecting Scottish historical relics, I shall always think of it in connection with his great works of fiction; while I must think that a man born in Wordsworth's country as I have seen it is predestined to be an intense lover of nature. I am especially glad that at sunset last night I saw the ever low-lying clouds envelop the summit of one of the mountains on which Wordsworth once loved to gaze; and after such a scene I shall always find greater pleasure in his lines:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting; The soul that rises with us, our life's star, Hath had existence before our birth; And cometh from afar; Not in entire forgetfulness, And not in utter oblivion, But trailing clouds of glory do we come From God, who is our home."

It is easy about Windermere to "look up through Nature to Nature's God," and the "trailing clouds of glory" never seem to be very far away.

I am now only well started upon the letter I should like to write, but I find it so long that I must divide it into two sections and to-morrow night I shall try to finish what I now have in mind.

Liverpool, England, July 19, '08.

## A Sick Mule Eats a Negro's Foot.

Washington Messenger and Intelligence

Early in the spring a mule belonging to Mr. T. R. Wall, who lives six miles north of town, was injured in some way so badly that it has not since been able to do work of any sort. The mule was an excellent animal and Mr. Wall has taken good care of it, hoping that it would recover sufficiently to be worked. Tuesday morning Jackson Allen, colored, who works for Mr. Wall, went to the stable where the mule was kept to water the animal. The mule, while coming out of the stable, fell on the threshold of the door, its head and forelegs being on the outside of the door and its hind legs in the stall. The mule not being able to rise, Allen and Sid Mask, another colored man who lives on the place, attempted to assist the animal to its feet. After several efforts with this end in view, Allen started to walk around the mule's head when, just as he raised his right foot from the ground opposite its mouth, the animal made a vicious lunge at him and seized the bottom of his right foot in its mouth.

Allen was almost thrown to the ground by the force of the impact, but the mule held on until he had bitten off at least half of the bottom of the man's foot. The mule did not spit the flesh out of its mouth but ate and swallowed it with apparent relish.

The mule had never before shown any signs of being vicious, and after he had bitten the man the expression out of its eyes was as benign and innocent as that of a lamb.

Allen, who is very painfully hurt, came to town and had Dr. Bennett dress the wound.

## BULL DOG ATTACKS WOMAN.

A Great Erate Pulls Down a Colored Woman on the Street and is Only Stopped When Choked Down by His Mistress.

Loud screams for help about the middle of the afternoon yesterday brought the residents along the lower section of Elizabeth avenue to their front doors, where, on the sidewalk, in front of the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Overcash, at 196 Elizabeth avenue, they saw a bull dog and woman rolling and fighting for the advantage, the dog trying to get the woman's throat and she struggling with all her might and main to prevent it. The dog, Byron, a blackish, brindled bull, the property of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Thomas, attacked Louise Alexander, a colored washerwoman of Cherry street, who was on her way to the home of Mr. C. H. Robinson, and threw her down. The negro yelled at the top of her voice, but the dog labored in silence. With naked hands the woman defended herself as best she could. The result of the contest, in which Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Robinson and one other man joined in, was a dead bull dog and a horribly lacerated negro woman. As the infuriated, blood-thirsty brute was beaten to death in the street, the frightened negro ran, crying and bleeding into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Overcash, where she remained until a doctor went and dressed her wounds.

"My name is Louise Alexander, and I live right here on Cherry street, in one of Mr. J. S. Myers' houses," said the injured negro late in the afternoon when an Observer man called to learn the extent of her damage.

"About 3:30 o'clock, I reckon, I started over to see Mr. Robinson to get him to send for a physician for his cook, Annie Alexander, who is ill at her home on Black's row. I got ferried Mr. Robinson's front door when I looked up the street and saw a dark colored bull dog come crouching and sneaking toward me. He was on the sidewalk and kept looking back as if watching for some one or something. I had never seen the dog before. After stopping still, turning and looking to the right and left, the dog came running at me. Before I realized what he intended to do he lunged at my throat, and if I had not thrown out my hands and caught him in the neck he would

have succeeded. I bare him down to the sidewalk, and, thinking that he would quit, let him up. But immediately he rushed on me and that time knocked or carried me to the ground. I am not certain how I got down, but when I recovered myself the dog was trying his best to catch me in the neck. I had a desperate struggle to keep him off and it was then that he bit my arms, sinking his teeth to the bone and tearing the flesh every time he took hold. Beating him from my face, he turned to my feet and as I straightened up he caught me by the calf of my right leg and threw me to the pavement. Again he came at my throat and in the tussle that followed we rolled off the asphalt into the gutter, four feet below.

"I thought it was all up with me, for, with my 200 pounds of flesh, I had lost my wind and could not continue the desperate fight longer. It looked to me as if help would never come.

"It was about this time that Mrs. Thomas came and she saved my life. I never saw any one fight more determinedly than she did. She knew that her dog would kill me if he could. She had seen him after negroes before. Seeing that I had fallen in the ditch and was fighting to keep the dog from my throat, which he seemed bent on getting, she did not wait to get to a low place in the sidewalk but came headforemost to my rescue, falling over me into the very face of the dog. She went at him as if she did not fear him at all. I was bleeding so at this juncture that the water in the gutter was red with my blood. Mrs. Thomas' clothes became very bloody from contact with my arms and the mouth of the dog. Getting her hands in the dog's collar, Mrs. Thomas, who is almost as large as I am, managed to get him back until I could get up and make my escape, but the brute charged until she choked his eyes out.

"As I lay in the mud, trying to get up, a negro drayman drove up, but would not leave his wagon for fear that the dog might bite him. Mr. Robinson and another white man came and, with long ropes, tied the dog to two posts, but by this time Mrs. Thomas had cut his breath off. One of the gentlemen mashed his head with an axe, killing him on the spot.

"I ran into the home of Mr. Overcash and Dr. McManaway came there to dress my wounds. I

had no idea how badly I was hurt until I got away and began to feel weak. I have three deep cuts on the right arm, three on the left and three on the leg."

Louise Alexander is a woman of forty or more years. She washes for a livelihood. Yesterday evening soon after she returned to her home, she sat nursing her lacerated arms. The wounds were still bleeding. It will be some time before she is able to do any work.

Byron, the unmuzzled bull, is said to have had a natural antipathy for darkies. In his effort to kill Louise he left his own yard, crossed that of Mr. Robinson and made an attack far from his own premises.

Once more the unmuzzled bull has bobbed up and torn the flesh of an inoffensive human being. The bull dog law is violated every day. Once or more every few months some one is bitten by the vicious brute.

It was said last night that Louise would bring a civil suit for damages against Mr. Thomas. Recently in New York a verdict of \$29,000 was rendered against the owner of a bad dog which had bitten a person who was walking along the public street.

There are many imitations of DeWitt's Carbolic Witch Hazel Salve but just one original. Nothing else is just as good. Insist on DeWitt's. It is cleansing, cooling and soothing. Sold by English Drug Company.

That's True.—"He draws from real life." "Artist?" "No; dentist."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

No one is immune from kidney trouble, so just remember that Foley's Kidney Remedy will stop the irregularities and cure any case of kidney or bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. English Drug Co.

He Knew.—"Are you in pain, my little man?" asked the kind old gentleman. "No," answered the boy, "the pain's in me."—Indianapolis Journal.

Cured Hay Fever and Summer Cold A. S. Nushbaum, Batesville, Ind., writes: "Last year I suffered for three months with a summer cold so distressing that it interfered with my business. I had many of the symptoms of hay fever, and a doctor's prescription did not reach my case and I took several medicines which seemed only to aggravate it. Fortunately I insisted upon having Foley's Honey and Tar. It quickly cured me. My wife has since used Foley's Honey and Tar with the same success." English Drug Company.

# COOKING EXHIBITION

of the

## GREAT MAJESTIC MALLEABLE AND CHARCOAL IRON RANGE

# NOW GOING ON

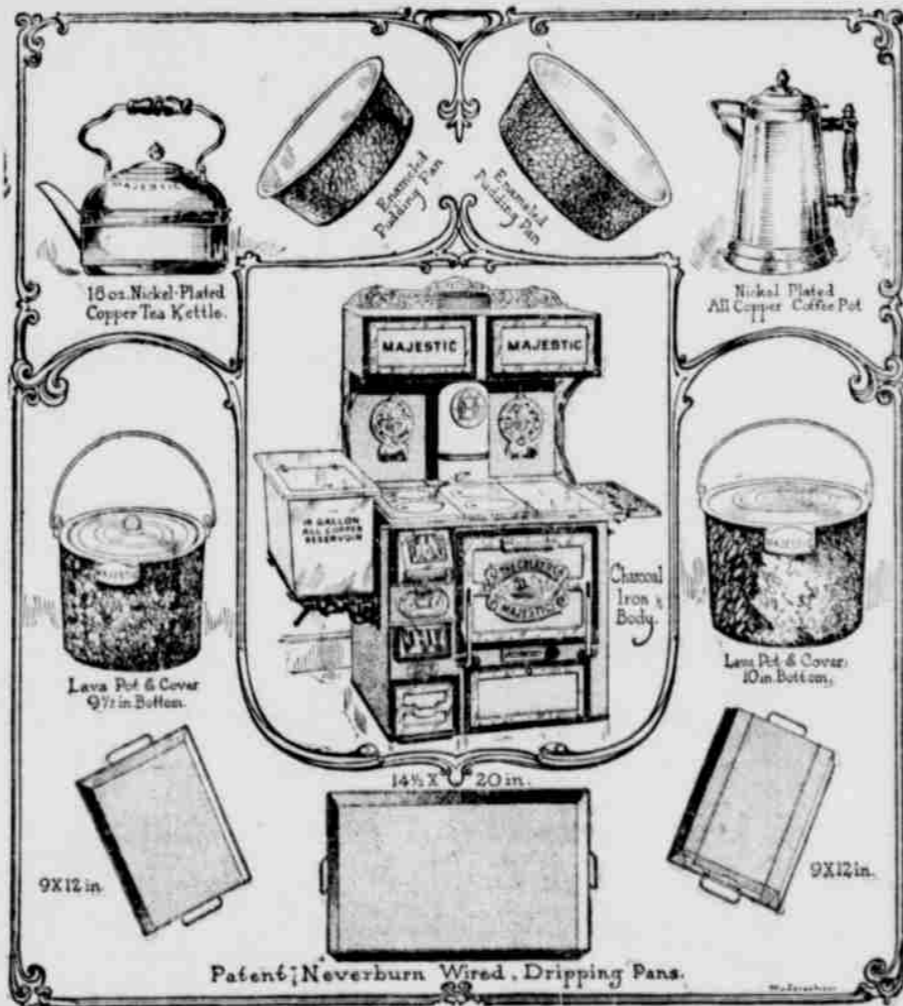
# FREE!

## \$7.50

# Set of Ware

With every Majestic range sold during the Cooking Exhibition, we will give absolutely FREE one handsome set of ware as shown. This ware is worth \$7.50 if it is worth a cent. It is the best that can be bought. We don't add \$7.50 to the price of the range and tell you you are getting the ware free, but sell all Majestic Ranges at the regular price. You get the ware free. Remember this is for exhibition week only. Ware will not be given after this week. This ware is on exhibition at our store and must be seen to be appreciated. Come in any day during the week. Make our store your headquarters. Have coffee and biscuit with us. :: :: :: ::

Come, if you intend to buy or not; the information gained will serve you, in the future. :: :: :: ::



## FACTS ABOUT THE Great Majestic Range

It is the only range in the world made of Malleable and Charcoal Iron.

It has, beyond any question of doubt, the largest and best reservoir.

It uses about half the fuel used on other ranges, and does better work by far.

The Majestic All-Copper Nickered Reservoir heats the water quicker and hotter than any other. It is the only reservoir with a removable frame.

The Charcoal Iron Body of the Great Majestic Range lasts three times as long as a steel body.

Being made of non-breakable material, there is practically no expense for repairing the Majestic.

As for baking, it is perfection; not only for a few months, but for all time to come.

A Great Majestic Range lasts three times as long as a cheap range, but it don't cost three times as much.

PROOF—We don't ask you to take our word for any of the above statements, but if you will call at our store, a man from the factory, where Majestic Ranges are made, will prove to your satisfaction that these are absolute facts, and will show you many more reasons why the Great Majestic Range is absolutely the best that money can buy.

EVERYBODY WELCOME.

# HEATH HARDWARE COMPANY.

EVERYBODY WELCOME.