

# The Cowardly Guard

When I was in Colorado away back in the sixties I one morning left Denver for the south. It was the day of road agents, and I confess I felt somewhat nervous. I was told by the Wells-Fargo people that the coach would be guarded by one of their men, Dick Steele, whom they considered worth half a dozen ordinary men. This satisfied me, for from the time I entered the state I had heard of the brave deeds of this same Dick Steele.

When we were about to start and Steele was pointed out to me I was surprised. He was a little fellow about five feet five inches, and I couldn't see how he could terrify even a single robber, and there were often several in the parties who robbed coaches. However, he had an eye which, like his name, was steel, and a coil looking steel at that, and I put him down for one of those men in whom nerve takes the place of muscle.

I made the trip out and back with Steele, and there was no occasion for the Wells-Fargo man to show his mettle. When I left Denver for Cheyenne to take the Union Pacific railroad for the east Steele was again the guard. This time when we were midway on our journey we heard the cry ahead, "Hold up your hands!" and the coach came to a stop. A man came and stood on one side of the coach, holding us all covered with a brace of revolvers, while two others on the other side opened the stage door, threw down the steps and called to us to alight. Steele was in the middle seat and next person to the open door. We all expected him to suddenly bristle with weapons and kill the two men before they knew what hurt them. Instead of that he tumbled out with his hands in the air as timidly as a young fawn.

Seeing that we had no protection from this timid hero, we all got out and stood in line while the road agents relieved us of everything about us of any value. Evidently they had never seen Steele before, for they treated him just like the rest of us. I thought perhaps he might stoop and pull a pair of revolvers from his boots, but although he had no special watching, he did not make the slightest movement. When the robbers were through with us they ordered us back into the coach and told the driver to move on.

As soon as we were free from the robbers there was a great outburst against Steele. "You're a pretty guard!" "Where did you get your reputation for bravery?" "The biggest coward in the coach!" These were some of the protests that were hurled against the man of much reputation. His conduct in hearing them convinced every one that he was not only not brave, but unusually cowardly. He did not resent a single one of these insulting reproaches. Indeed, he did not seem to hear them, keeping his eye out the window looking at the ground we passed over and watching for something.

Presently the road made a turn, and the coach passed round it and behind a clump of trees. Steele flung open the coach door, jumped out, unstrapped a Winchester from under the foot and started back, stooping among some bushes so as not to be seen.

I am not a tawny man, but I am a very curious one. Seized with a desire to see the rest of the story for myself, I alighted and went after the guard. We had gone about half a mile from the spot where we had been robbed, and a third of this distance was a depression in the ground. Taking position in this depression, I could see all I wanted to see. I saw Steele dodging along a short distance ahead of me, and about the same distance beyond him were the robbers dividing the swing they had taken from us. When from out a clump of sagebrush I saw a puff of smoke, heard the crack of Steele's Winchester, and a robber fell. Before I could have counted five there were another puff and crack, and another robber fell. The third man had only time to look wildly about him when he, too, went down.

Then Steele advanced cautiously. As he approached one of the robbers raised himself on his elbow and was about to fire at Steele when the guard dropped him, this time for good. Steele went to the place where the bodies lay, gathered up their spoils, turned and came slowly back. When he came up to me I remarked to him that he had been very lucky to find the robbers engaged, and he replied that they usually divided the plunder at once, so that each man could shift for himself without losing his share.

I went back with the little man to the coach, which was standing where we had left it, and Steele asked each person to pick out his belongings, which he was not slow in doing. Then followed an apology from every one who had rated the guard for his cowardice. Some of those who had been most abusive looked a bit better stricken, thinking that they might be called to account. But Steele paid no more attention to the apologies than he had paid to the abuse, merely remarking that a man who blustered up against another man's gun when the muzzle was toward him was a fool.

ROBINSON M'BRIDE.

## BOY INVENTORS.

### Humphrey Potter's Crude Addition to the Steam Engine.

Some of the most important inventions have been the work of boys. The invention of the valve motion to the steam engine was made by a mere boy. Newcome's engine was in very incomplete condition from the fact that there was no way to open or close the valve except by means of levers operated by the hand.

Newcome set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy, Humphrey Potter, was hired to work these valve levers. Although his work was not hard work, yet it required his constant attention.

As he was working the levers he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction and at the same time that he had to open or close the valves.

He procured a strong cord and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine and the other end to the valve lever, and then he had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion.

A short time after the foreman came around and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine, he saw the ingenuity of the boy and also the advantage of so great an invention.

The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put in a practical form and made the steam engine an automatic working machine.

The power loom is the invention of a farmer's boy who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He whittled one out with his pocket knife, and after he had got it all done he, with great enthusiasm, showed it to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying that he would have no boy about him who would spend his time on such foolish things.

The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up and showed it to his master.

The blacksmith saw he had no common lad as an apprentice and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy.

It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy received half the profits. In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should bring with him a wealthy gentleman, who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom.

You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces but a year before.

**She Was Not a Whimanie.**  
Back when Lord Alfred Tennyson was poet laureate of England there was a prominent American girl, the daughter of our ambassador, in fact, who was very anxious to meet the greatest literary light of his time. One evening the long coveted chance came at a soiree. The conversation that ensued is chronicled in the Conservator as follows:

Tennyson—You are American?  
Girl—Yes.

Tennyson—You know Walt Whitman?

Girl—No.

Tennyson—Then you don't know the only man worth knowing in America.

Whereupon the laureate turned away and the interview was over.

**Outside His Line.**

"I presume, my good fellow, you are a laborer?" said a lawyer to a plainly dressed workman.

"You are right; I am a workman, sir," replied the workman, who was a civil engineer.

"Familiar with the use of the pick, shovel and spade, I presume?"

"To some extent. Those are not the principal implements of my trade, though."

"Perhaps you will condescend to enlighten me as to your principal implements?"

"It is hardly worth while. You don't understand their nature or use."

"Probably not," loftily, "but I insist on knowing what they are."

"Brains, sir."

**The Olympic Games.**

The famous Olympic games are said to have been instituted in honor of Jupiter, about 1,300 years B. C., and to have been revived by Iphitus, 584 B. C. They were held at intervals of four years on the banks of the Alphons, near Olympia, in Elis, to exercise the youth in the five kinds of combat. The prize contended for was a crown made of wild olive or laurel. The games were abolished by order of Theodosius, about A. D. 394.



WHY DOESN'T HE GET FROM UNDER IT?

### Socialism and Privileges.

This is what the matter is," says Debs, "some men live off other men."

"But how does that account for war, for example, and graft; political corruption, ignorance, child labor, crime, and poverty?" I asked.

"We've accounted for poverty," answered Debs. "We see the mass of men working for the few. That's what we call wage-slavery, and it is slavery. You say they might quit work; that the boss will let them go. But I tell you the fear of starvation is the boss's slave-driver. They don't dare quit."

"And crime?" I asked.

"Petty and professional crime," said Debs, "are a result of poverty; high crime springs from wealth seeking."

"But vice, intemperance?"

"Frances Willard began her career telling working people that they wouldn't be so poor if they weren't so intemperate. She closed saying that the poor weren't poor because they drank; they drank because they were poor. Among busy business men, intemperance is rare, and when it occurs is inherited or due to the abnormal tension of the gamble which much business is now; an abnormal vice itself."

"How does your theory account for political corruption?" I asked.

"Why," said Debs, "you know about that. That's the capitalist class corrupting government to maintain them and their system of labor exploitation."

"I don't know that at all," I objected. "Not all business men take part in the corruption of politics. Only those do that have privileges from the government, franchises, and the like."

"Oh," said Debs, "you are thinking only of the big businesses, the railroads, public utilities, and so forth, which attend to the corruption of politics directly. But they do it for the rest of their class."

"No, they don't," I contradicted. "They do it for themselves. They don't know they belong to a class."

"I don't charge all of them with class consciousness," Debs answered. "Some of them do understand, but whether they are intelligent or not, in that way they do make the government represent the business class. And, as for the smaller business men, they get the benefit. They contribute to campaign funds, and that's the big source of corruption, or, at any rate, they vote for one or the other of the two parties which the big fellows have corrupted and control, both of them."

"For privileges," I insisted.

"Why isn't that the root of the evil?"

"Privilege won't account for it all. Profit, gain, private property, in land and natural resources, machinery, and all means of production, that is at the bottom of it. And if you call these privileges, why, very well, I'll go along with you. For I believe myself that wage-slavery, the power to exploit labor and live off one's fellow men, is a privilege; the greatest privilege left since chattel slavery."

**Where Bullets Flew.**  
David Parker of Fayette, N. Y., a veteran of the civil war, who lost a foot at Gettysburg, says: "The good Electric Bitters have done me worth more than five hundred dollars to me. I spent much money doctoring for a bad case of stomach trouble, to little purpose. I then tried Electric Bitters, and they cured me. I now take them as a tonic and they keep me strong and well." 50c. at English Drug Company's.

**A Budding Miser.**  
While a penniless grocer was telling his new boy how careful he must be, a fly settled on a bag of sugar. The grocer caught it and threw it away. The boy then said: "If you want me to be careful you are setting me a bad example."

"Why?" asked the grocer. "Because," said the boy, "you have thrown that fly away without brushing the sugar off its feet."

**For Chronic Diarrhoea.**  
While in the army in 1863 I was taken with chronic diarrhoea," says Geo. M. Felton of South Gibson, Pa. "I have since tried many remedies but without any permanent relief, until Mr. A. W. Miles of this place persuaded me to try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, one bottle of which stopped it at once." For sale by Dr. S. J. Welsh.

### WILL THEY HANG THE GIRL?

**A Young Mother Who Waited Twelve Hours to Kill Her Debaucher to Be Tried for Her Life.**

Can twelve "good men and true" be found, in all this great city, who will close their eyes to the mite appeal of a young girl with a babe in her arms, and harking back to the old law of "an eye for an eye," and a life for a life, send the frail and youthful mother to the electric chair? That is the question that confronts the prosecution in the case of The People against Sarah Koten, which will soon be called for trial. Within a month, it is expected, the work of securing a jury will be commenced. That it will probably be a most difficult task is admitted by all the attorneys interested in the case.

There is no shadow of doubt that Sarah Koten, the young Russian nurse, shot and killed Dr. Samuel Auspitz, on June 1st last—shot him down as she would a mad dog, which she declares he was. And the crime was deliberate and premeditated.

For hours Sarah Koten sat patiently in a doorway, awaiting the arrival of the man who she declares had ruined her life, with a revolver in her hand and murder in her heart. When an officer arrived after the tragically ended the life of Dr. Auspitz, the girl stood defiantly over her victim and declared: "I killed him. I am ready to pay the price." If she was insane, it was a cool and deliberate sort of madness.

The facts of the killing of Dr. Auspitz and the circumstances surrounding his death are clear, and yet it will probably be impossible to secure a jury that will pass the judgment of death upon the slayer.

In a cell of the grim prison at Blackwell's Island the stork came recently to Sarah Koten and left a baby boy, and the tiny hands of the infant have built up a barrier of public sentiment that towers surmountably between the mother and the electric chair. And despite the fact that her child is fatherless, the illegitimate offspring of her enforced association with Dr. Auspitz, the young Russian girl loves it with all the passionate tenderness of her nature and is now as anxious to live as a few months ago she was anxious to die. Never before has the gift of life seemed so precious, so intensely beautiful; never has she reached so passionately for it. And all because her child has been born. The baby which she thought would prove the crowning disgrace of her experience has, with one touch of its feeble hand, performed the miracle that has turned the wretched girl into a happy woman, proud and eager to live.

Instead of finding herself with her baby an outcast on the face of the earth, she has found friends whose hearts are wrung with sympathy for her, friends who assure her of their protection and aid through life. Mrs. Rosa Pastor Stokes heads the list of those who are eager to aid the young mother and her child, and the Council of Jewish Women, who have a home on Staten Island, promise to provide protection and care for Sarah for the rest of her life if she is acquitted.

The birth of Sarah Koten's baby furnishes a strong note of interest in her coming trial, which will probably begin early in November. The child will undoubtedly play a most important part in the trial of its mother for the killing of Dr. Auspitz. It will be the basis of the defense as justifying the fren-

zied girl for taking vengeance upon the physician whom she accuses of having ruined her life.

Immediately after she had killed Dr. Auspitz the girl made the remarkable statement: "It was not I who killed him. He killed himself."

She said: "He is the real murderer. He has murdered my soul. It is he who is responsible for the deed."

"There was no one in all the world to help me, to defend me—I had to defend myself. The courts would not listen to me; the man who wronged me would not help me; it seemed that God himself had forsaken me. There was nothing for me to do but vindicate myself."

Sarah Koten killed Dr. Auspitz in the hallway of No. 131 West One Hundred and Thirty fifth street after waiting for more than twelve hours in the hallway across the street waiting for him. She had deceived him by a false message to the house opposite.

**A Healthy Family.**  
"Our whole family has enjoyed good health since we began using Dr. King's New Life Pills three years ago," says L. A. Bartlett of rural route 1, Guilford, Me. They cleanse and tone the system in a gentle way that does you good. 25 cents at English Drug Co's.

**Boy Acquitted of Train Wrecking Says "I'm Guilty Just the Same."**

After being declared not guilty of the charge of train wrecking, Lewis Cooksey, a 13-year-old boy, surprised judge, jury and spectators by declaring: "You've set me free; but I did it just the same."

While the statement created a sensation it was accepted as the utterance of an irresponsible child and young Cooksey was allowed to go.

The boy was indicted for causing the wreck of the Southern Limited near Beaufort some weeks ago by placing a bolt on the track. Two men were killed and several injured in the wreck.

Detectives were arrested Cooksey swore that the boy had confessed that he put the bolt on the track to see the train jump and that he and some companions had been responsible for other wrecks on the Southern road.

At any time when your stomach is not in good condition, you should take Kodol, because Kodol digests all the food you eat, and it supplies health and strength for the stomach in that way. You take Kodol just for a little while when you have slight attacks of indigestion, and you take it just a little longer in order to get relief from severe attacks of indigestion or nervous dyspepsia. Try Kodol today. Sold by English Drug Company.

**Danger to Autoists.**  
All automobile lovers ought to protest against recklessness on the part of any autoist, for the people will not stand for it, and something may drop. The other night a farmer in Rowan county was run into by a fool chauffeur, and the farmer drew a bead on him and shot at him, but missed. That sort of thing will follow reckless driving, and of course there will be things who will practice it when the autoist is not to blame and innocent people may suffer. A caution that all automobile drivers ought to observe is this: When in the rural districts drive slow. There are things that go faster than gas.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup is used nearly everywhere, because it not only heals irritation of the throat and stops the cough, but it drives the cold out of the system through its laxative principle by assuring a free and gentle action of the bowels, and that is the only way to cure a cold. You can't cure it as long as you are constipated. Insist upon Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. Sold by English Drug Company.

**Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy**  
It never fails and is pleasant to take. It is equally valuable for children. It is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world.

For sale by Dr. S. J. Welsh.

**FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR**  
The original LAXATIVE cough remedy.

For coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles. No opiates. Non-alcoholic. Good for everybody. Sold every where.

The genuine FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. Prepared only by FOLEY & COMPANY, CHICAGO. ENGLISH DRUG COMPANY.

## AUTUMN.

John Charles McNeill.  
Heavy with sleep is the old farmerstead;  
The windfall of orchards is mellow;  
The grocer of the gum tree is shot with red,  
The poplar is sprinkled with yellow.  
Sluggish the snake and leafy the stream;  
The fieldmouse is fat in his burrow;  
Scam-up sets millions of dewdrops aglow  
Where the late grass is grown in the furrow.

Oh, the smell of the fennel is autumn's  
own breath,  
And the sun is dyed in her blood;  
The charr of the locust is what her voice  
saith,  
And the cricket is one with her mood.  
Soft are her arms as soft-seeded grass,  
The blue-bells at dawn are her eyes,  
And slow as slow winds her feet as they  
pass  
Her bees and her butterflies.

And when I grow sick at man's sorrow  
and crum,  
At the pain on pale womanly faces,  
At the fever that frets every heart-  
throb of time,  
At all that brings grief or debases,  
I thank God the world is as wide as it is,  
That 'tis sweet still to hope and re-  
member;  
That for him who will seek them, the  
valleys are his  
And the far quiet hills of September.

**He Went Up One.**  
The teacher was giving a lesson in subtraction. It had taken the class some time to master the mysteries of addition, and in this rule she found them no less dull. Driven to desperation by the stupidity of their replies, she rashly promised three whole pennies to the child who gave her the smartest answer.

"Of course," she explained for the twentieth time, "you can only subtract things of the same name. For instance, you can't take eight marbles from sixteen stones or four horses from seven peaches."

A hand shot up at the back of the class, and the teacher broke off to inquire what was the matter.

"Please, miss," squeaked a small boy's voice, "can't you take three pennies from one purse then?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Saved His Boy's Life.**  
"My three year old boy was badly constipated, had a high fever and was in an awful condition. I gave him two doses of Foley's Ointment, Laxative and the next morning the fever was gone and he was entirely well. Foley's Ointment Laxative saved his life."—A. Wolksch, Cashmer, Wis. English Drug Company.

**Diplomacy.**  
One day a gentleman was holding a conversation with his wife in the presence of their five-year-old son, and among other things mentioned was "diplomacy."

"Pa," said the youngster when a break in the conversation allowed him to interfere, "what does diplomacy mean?"

"Diplomacy, my son," said the father, "is this—doing exactly the right thing at exactly the right moment."

"Then I suppose I used diplomacy yesterday, dad, did I?"

"What do you mean?" was the reply.

"Why," said the son, "I got into the back yard with that meat pie just at the moment ma caught the cat in the pantry and told you to down her for thieving."—Pearson's Weekly.

**Are You Only Half Alive?**  
People with kidney trouble are so weak and exhausted that they are only half alive. Foley's Kidney Remedy makes healthy kidneys, restores lost vitality, and weak, delicate people are restored to health. Retuse any but Foley's. English Drug Company.

**A One Word Epitaph.**  
"There is only one one word epitaph in this country," said the undertaker. "It is in the town of Worcester. I believe it is quite a drawing card. Holiday makers come to see it from miles around. The epitaph consists of the word 'Gone.' A Worcester auctioneer lay dying. He whispered to his wife, with a quiet smile:

"I've been 'going, going' all my life. Now I'll soon be 'gone.' Put that on my tombstone, dear, that one word 'Gone' only."

"The wife complied."—New York Press.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. They are small, sure, safe pills. English Drug Company.

**Valuable Land for Sale.**  
By virtue of an order made in the Superior court of Union county in the special proceeding entitled Belle Walden and others against Vernon Helms et al., now pending in said court, I will, on

Saturday, Nov. 21st, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m., all matter that has been on hand six months or over, an itemized list of which can be seen at the company's office in Monroe, N. C. This October 21st, 1908.

H. M. McCULLOCH, Supt.  
H. D. BROWNING, Agt.

**October Brides.**  
October is a month of weddings, and this store prepares for these occasions regularly. Weeks ago we planned and bought ample supplies in wares especially appropriate for October Weddings.

They may now be seen in our show cases. Come and examine and criticize and buy, if you will.

It is a pleasure to have you visit our store, and be your wants small or great, they can be supplied at economical prices.

**The W. J. Rudge Co.**

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher** and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifile with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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**DR. E. S. GREEN, DENTIST.**  
OFFICES in Opera House building.  
Phone 158.

**W. B. HOUSTON, SURGEON DENTIST.**  
Office up stairs, Fitzgerald Building, Northwest of Courthouse, Monroe, N. C.

**M. L. FLOW, Commissioner of Deeds for South Carolina, in North Carolina; also a Justice of the Peace for Union County, and Notary Public for North Carolina.**

**O. H. Sale.**  
Unless previously called for and charges paid, or otherwise disposed of, the Southern Express Company will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, at public auction, at the old postoffice next door to English Drug Company, Monroe, N. C., on

Saturday, Nov. 21st, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m., all matter that has been on hand six months or over, an itemized list of which can be seen at the company's office in Monroe, N. C. This October 21st, 1908.

H. M. McCULLOCH, Supt.  
H. D. BROWNING, Agt.

**W. P. PLYER, Leader in Lower Prices, Mt Prospect, Monroe, N. C., Route 4.**

# SEABOARD

**AIR LINE RAILWAY.**  
Schedule in effect Sept. 13, 1908.

Quickest line to New York, Washington, Florida Points, Charlotte, Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, New Orleans and Points West.

Double Daily Service with High Back Seat Coaches, Pullman Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars.

Trains leave Monroe, N. C., as follows:

NORTHBOUND.	
No. 38	5.35 a. m.
No. 44	6.55 p. m.
No. 32	7.50 p. m.

SOUTHBOUND.	
No. 41	10.30 p. m.
No. 33	9.10 a. m.
No. 53	10.55 a. m.
No. 153	9.15 p. m.
No. 29	10.35 p. m.
No. 45	10.55 a. m.

For Charlotte and Rutherfordton: No. 153, 9.15 p. m. No. 29, 10.35 p. m. No. 45, 10.55 a. m.

We operate Double Daily Vestibule Service, with through Pullman Sleeping Cars to Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, Portsmouth-Norfolk, Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

Winter Tourist Tickets now on sale to Resorts in Florida, etc., and also All Year Round Tourist Tickets to points West at greatly reduced rates.

For time tables, booklets, reservations, or any information, call on C. S. COMPTON, Agent, or address

**C. H. GATTS, T. P. A.**  
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# We Are Ready For You.

We have opened a new grocery store at the former M. C. Broom stand, and we want to win and keep the trade of everyone who buys or sells in Monroe. Our stock of heavy and fancy groceries is complete and fresh. Our aim is to build up a permanent trade on the lasting principles of liberal and honest dealing. We propose to sell first-class goods only, and at prices that cannot be lowered. And we want to buy for cash or trade all your country produce. Come along and give us a chance. Phone 63.

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