

THE MONROE JOURNAL

VOL. 20. No. 5.

MONROE, N. C., TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1914.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

OLIVER TELLS LOTS OF THINGS.

Begins With the Snow and the Farm and Hits the Panama and Suez Canals, the Alaska Railroad, Commends President Wilson, and Winds Up With Praise of Certain Men and the Old Confederate Soldiers.

Correspondence of The Journal.

Marvin, Feb. 27.—As I am snow-bound, I will drop you a few lines from the western section of Union county. During the fine weather the farmers can red land put in some good ticks with Oliver chills and Vulcan plows. The soil was in good shape for hog and hominy.

Woodrow Wilson knocked the old cry of overproduction of the fleecy staple and no money higher than a kite. Uncle Sam went to the banks, opened his pocket book, and said, here is the money, give them what it is worth. Mr. Wilson, like our own Zeb, is on the side of the under dog.

Uncle Sam, with a pick on his shoulder and a poke of gold in his hand, stepped across the isthmus of Panama and made a big offer for the canal, and the French took him up. Now we have the 8th wonder of the world instead of the 7th. The Panama canal is 22 miles long and the Suez canal is 100 miles, but it is through the sand and the Panama canal is through a solid rock. Just the other day Uncle Sam wanted a thousand mile railroad through Alaska, and he gave the contract to Mr. Wilson and opened his purse and said "Take what you want." Alaska will replenish Uncle Sam's purse with gold eagles. His gold reserve today is one hundred million dollars.

I am with Mr. Wilson in his immigration policy. Illiteracy should not debar an immigrant. President Andy Johnson and Col. William Washington once made cross marks for their signatures. A pretty maiden who was engaged to marry poor Andy went back on him on account of it. She must have repented of her act when he took the presidential chair in April 1865. Tarleton of the British army, at a dinner in Halifax, N. C., threw the fact of Col. Washington's illiteracy into the teeth of some ladies who were complimenting his bravery. One of the ladies pointed to a wound on Tarleton's hand that had been made by the sword of Col. Washington at the battle of the Cowpens and said, "But Col. Washington can make his mark." Tarleton flew into a rage and drew his sword, but one of his senior officers told him to put it up and take his medicine as she had shown him the proof.

Noah Webster's old blue back spelling book told me when a boy that we are sorry when a good man dies. I was sorry when I heard of the death of R. V. Houston and J. L. Bennett. The Confederate soldiers and the poor "bob whites" lost their best friend when the former died. Bob introduced a bill in the legislature to let the "bob whites" have peace for five years, but the senate killed the bill, and today he is almost exterminated. I have not seen one since the 15th of January. The suck egg dog had plenty of friends in the legislature and it's murder in the first degree to kill one. And if you don't believe it, you kill one and let the owner find it out. I am an eye witness to it that Joe Bennett never swore an oath nor uttered a vulgar word in the Confederate army.

Today Col. Ashley Horne's monument to the women of the Confederacy is being erected. The good wife of ex-Governor Holden should be inscribed on it. In December 1864 I entered General Hospital No. 8, ward F, Raleigh, N. C., on crutches and February 1865 I was appointed a nurse. One morning a gentleman and a lady and a colored servant appeared at the door with baskets on their arms. The lady asked me to show her the men on light diet. I did so, and the contents of those baskets was divided among the poor fellows. Her visits were regular till the 10th of March, 1865, when I left to meet Gen. Schofield at Kinston March 12th and Gen. Sherman at Bentonville March 15th, 1865. There was a good woman in Jackson township one mile south of Waxhaw in 1861. She had four good blankets on her beds. Three poor orphan boys volunteered who had no blankets. She gave them one apiece, leaving her only one. On May 27th, 1864, her oldest son donned a Confederate uniform. She gave him her last blanket, and that blanket was lost in Gen. Stoneman's raid at Bellfield, Va., Dec. 20th, 1864. She like the Spartan mother, said to her son, pointing to his shield, come with me when the battle is done, or on it from the field. And when Gen. W. T. Sherman, that boa constrictor, was tightening his coil around the last remnant of the Confederate army, under Joseph E. Johnson at Durham, N. C., that boy, 18 years old, stuck his bayonet in the ground, cut the straps of his cartridge box and cap belt and bled the Confederacy adieu, and turned his face homeward. He never surrendered and was not old enough to vote till November 1868. Gov. Craig told our legislature in his first message to them to remember the Confederate soldier in his declining years. They responded nobly to the N. C. call in the early sixties, but their ranks are thin—they are old and feeble and poor. In a few years you will not be asked what you are doing for them; you will be asked what did you do for them when they were here?

There is only one Confederate widow in Sandy Ridge township, Mrs. Ellen Broom. Her husband, John Lloyd Broom, joined Wyatt's company, afterwards Wyatt's 48th N. C. Volunteers. Only one Confederate officer in the township, W. M. Parks, company F, 48th N. C. There is not a one legged or one armed leader in it. Wm. Chapman, company A, 48th N. C., Billy Smith of company E, 48th N. C., Minor Short, company F, 48th N. C., are all the soldiers in Sandy Ridge who are drawing pensions. Waxhaw has four Confederate soldiers, D. C. McDonald, 35 N. C., R. F. Norwood, 39 N. C., S. M. Seerest, 19 N. C., J. J. C. Steele, company B, 26 N. C., C. T. Sistrare, company F, 48 N. C., Green Austin, company B, 28 N. C., and Calvin Broom.

Marvin has one Confederate soldier, your humble scribe, company F, 2nd N. C. Junior Reserves. The old soldiers called them Jeff Davis new issue. They saved Richmond during the Dalgren raid. They saved Kinston and Tarboro, Little Washington, Bellfield and the Petersburg and Weldon railroad in 1864.

ROBBERY, MURDER AND MISON.

Store Keeper at Barbers' Junction Fell a Prey to Assassins at Early Hour in the Night.

Mr. Preston Lysterly of Barbers' Junction was murdered last Tuesday night. The following story is taken from the Charlotte Observer:

The most probable explanation of the charred body found in the smoldering ruins of H. T. Smith's store last night seems to be that of a robber or robbers, surprised by Manager Preston Lysterly in the act of rifling the safe. The merchant, upset a kerosene oil tank, fired the store and fled with a small amount of money taken from the cash drawer.

Doctor Burns, a prominent physician of Cleveland, who walked from that place, two miles distant, after seeing the light of the fire last night and who was first to discover the body, testified that blood in profusion had issued from wounds in the skull, one of them seemingly made by a pistol bullet and another, consisting of a series of fractures branching out from a point near the base, which appeared to have been made with a blow from an axe. Since the skull crumbled under the touch of those who moved it from the heap of ashes, it was impossible to offer it to the jury as evidence, but the physician and other witnesses testified to the circumstances and the blood unconserved by the fire, could still be seen where the body had lain.

CERTAINLY LYERLY.

The body was charred beyond all recognition, is that of a large man, the size of Lysterly, and, although positive identification was of course impossible, there is no doubt in the minds of the people of the community that Lysterly, who had just been to the post-office after his mail about 7:45 o'clock and had just had time to get back to the store when the shot was fired, was killed by the same hands which opened the safe, rifled the cash drawer and fired the building.

Any theory of suicide is exploded by the testimony of witnesses who found Lysterly's pistol in the bottom of his trunk with every chamber loaded, while an inventory of the business taken within the past few weeks showed the business to be in good condition, with a good profit for the past year and all bills of any moment paid.

POSSIBLE MOTIVES.

Two elements go to indicate a possible motive for the killing other than robbery. So far as is known the merchant had almost no enemies; but it was brought out before the coroner's jury that a negro section hand, whom he had prosecuted for false pretense, made threats at the trial of what he would kill him, intimating that he would kill the white man when he had an opportunity. However, this negro, it is said, has left this section, having been discharged from his job with the railway.

Preston Lysterly, though not of the immediate family, was a relative of the five Lysterlys who were brutally murdered in this community nearly eight years ago, in the Summer of 1906. As will be remembered the heads of these five people were chopped from their bodies on the same night, and that the three Gillespie negroes charged with the crime were taken from the jail at Salisbury while court was in session, hanged on a tree in the outskirts of the city and riddled with bullets by a mob. While it is not known whether Lysterly had any part in avenging his kinsmen, the lynching is recalled as furnishing a possible motive through which some friend of the Gillespies sought Lysterly's death.

Alonzo Weldon, 35 years old, keeper of the railroad bridge over Neuse river at Kinston, fell or was knocked from the bridge into the water, yesterday morning, and was drowned. He was closing the bridge after a boat passed through, when the accident occurred.

Col. P. M. Pearsall of New Bern is a candidate for the chairmanship of the Democratic State committee to succeed C. A. Webb, resigned. A. W. McLean of Lumberton, T. D. Warren of New Bern and others are mentioned. The chairman will be elected at a meeting of the committee on the 10th of March.

DEATH OF MRS. O. C. HAMILTON.

Died Suddenly Last Tuesday of Apoplexy—Had Been Perfectly Well Before—Life of Unusual Sweetness and Usefulness—Beautiful Tribute by Mr. Benton.—Remains Buried in Monroe.

Perhaps the whole county has heard ere this of the sudden death of Mrs. O. C. Hamilton last Tuesday. The number of people who have been made sad by the event is unusually large because the life of Mrs. Hamilton had touched in most intimate and helpful way the lives of so many others.

Mrs. Hamilton died about two o'clock. At eleven o'clock the same morning she was in her usual health. She had either written or phoned to every one of her children that morning, as if some intuition had been given her of the coming termination of her life. She went to the post office to mail the last of these letters herself, chatting on the way with neighbors, and returning to her own home in an apparently perfect health. The stroke came gradually and when the pain was felt in the back of the head she remarked that she believed that she was going to die, as one of her brothers had died, of apoplexy. Immediate attention was given her and she complained of no pain other than a coldness of the body, and just awhile before the end she rose and walked about the room a little.

The funeral was delayed for the arrival of the children and took place at Unionville Thursday morning, in the Methodist church. The services were conducted by Rev. M. T. Steele, the pastor, and Rev. Bruce Benton of Rockingham, made an address of appreciation of the life and character of the deceased. Rev. Mr. Benton is an old student of Prof. Hamilton's and is one of the hundreds that learned to love Mrs. Hamilton, and whose appreciation and friendship were lifelong. Owing to the fact that the ground was deeply covered with snow and the remains were to be interred in the Monroe cemetery, it was decided to have two sets of pall bearers, one at Unionville and one at Monroe. Those at Unionville were Messrs. A. A. Seerest, T. L. A. Helms, Dr. Whitley, I. A. Wilford, C. D. Benton, and Alexander Price. Those in Monroe were Messrs. R. W. Lemmond, L. N. Prasson, John C. Sikes, G. M. Beasley, M. C. Long, and Dr. H. D. Stewart. A large number of relatives, friends and neighbors came with the remains to Monroe, arriving here over the long snow clad road about three thirty, and proceeding directly to the cemetery. When the remains had been laid away the grave was covered with a profusion of the most beautiful flowers, many of them being sent by friends from a distance.

The life of Mrs. Hamilton was as full of richness, sweetness and helpfulness as that of her aged husband, who now awaits alone the end of his fruitful life. What he did for the boys and girls in the school she supplemented in the home and in her daily intercourse. Through the years of school teaching Mrs. Hamilton boarded the students in her home. Many a boy, away from his mother, or perhaps without one, in his loneliness and discouragement sought her out—how many and how often none will ever know—as she went about the daily duties of the home and found in her a friend whose counsel and sympathy lifted him with fresh heart and started him with fresh courage upon the way. And many a one in trouble from his own inaction or misadventure sought her and found the advice and helpfulness that inspired him to correct the mistakes of the past and resolve to be a man in all things. The last letter, written on the fatal morning, to her youngest son, and received by him after the news of her death, concluded by telling him to be a good boy, to be sure, and say his prayers, and never do a thing that he might be ashamed of as a man.

Beaside all this that Mrs. Hamilton was to the school and to her husband, she reared three sets of children. She was the oldest of her mother's children and on the death her mother when she was 25 years old, she became the mother of the younger children and reared them. Then there were the three children of Prof. Hamilton by his first wife, and then her own children—four sons and six daughters. In looking over a life like this, one is led to think and feel, "What may not one good woman do?" And all the time she was doing all this she was perfectly happy and it never occurred to her to think that she was doing anything extraordinary.

Mrs. Hamilton was born at Palmerville, Stanly county, in 1859, and was married to Prof. Hamilton in May, 1878. She had been a student in his school. Her maiden name was Kirk and the sisters and brothers who survive her are: Messrs. T. V. Kirk of Jacksonville, Fla., W. F. Kirk of Washington City, E. H. Kirk of Oklahoma, Mrs. John Love of Unionville, Mrs. S. H. Green of Monroe, and Mrs. S. T. Hodges of Deland, Fla. Her step-children are Messrs. W. B. Hamilton of Charlotte, J. J. Hamilton of Winston, and Mrs. W. A. Gordon of Lawrenceville, Va. Her children are: Mrs. G. M. Garrison of Marshville, Mrs. C. J. McCombs of Gastonia, Mrs. W. B. Love of Monroe, Mrs. L. E. Huggins of Marshville, and Misses Letha and Myrtle Hamilton of Unionville.

Unionville, Messrs. Charles E. Hamilton of Jacksonville, Oscar E. Hamilton of Wilmington, Spinks Hamilton of Charlotte, and Ernest Hamilton, who is a student at the University. In 1886 Prof. and Mrs. Hamilton came to this county and established their school at Unionville. With the exception of a short time spent in Mecklenburg county that place has since been their home and here their great work was wrought together. Side by side they passed the years, not in amassing wealth nor seeking to gratify personal ambition, but in character building, in guiding the boys and girls who came to them and directing their lives into fields of richer living and nobler actions. Was it a success? Ah, beyond the power of figures or the glitter of gold to measure. So successful, indeed, that we have no standard by which to measure such.

Unionville, Messrs. Charles E. Hamilton of Jacksonville, Oscar E. Hamilton of Wilmington, Spinks Hamilton of Charlotte, and Ernest Hamilton, who is a student at the University.

In 1886 Prof. and Mrs. Hamilton came to this county and established their school at Unionville. With the exception of a short time spent in Mecklenburg county that place has since been their home and here their great work was wrought together. Side by side they passed the years, not in amassing wealth nor seeking to gratify personal ambition, but in character building, in guiding the boys and girls who came to them and directing their lives into fields of richer living and nobler actions. Was it a success? Ah, beyond the power of figures or the glitter of gold to measure. So successful, indeed, that we have no standard by which to measure such.

TO HELP, NOT TO SHIRK.

The United Charities Association Was Formed to Make the Work More Direct, Efficient, and Responsive to Needs, Not to Excuse Any One From Doing His Duty—Send in Your Help.

The United Charities Association was formed for the purpose, not only of putting the charity work of the town on a more substantial and effective basis, but in order to make it easier for the people to contribute their means in such a way that they would be used to the best advantage where needed, without discrimination and effectiveness. Unfortunately some of our good people seem to think that when the association was formed it relieved them of all obligation to do their duty. It relieves them of the duty of direct giving only provided that they do give their funds to the association to be used where needed. A great many people who have not joined the association nor contributed anything to its work seem to think that they have nothing to do except to send to it those in need of help. Some think that they have done their whole duty when they say, "Why go to the Charity Association, they will help you," and completely forgetting that the Association needs money and contributions, or else it cannot help anybody.

Now, the Association wants the help of every one able to help. There are hundreds of well to do people in town who have not even joined. They want every one such to join, and join now, while the bad weather is making the need so great. The ladies of the association tell The Journal that they have been able to supply demands so far, but must have more contributions at once. They will receive money, clothing, goods, groceries, wood, or any thing else that can be used. All who will help may phone Mrs. Henry Laney, Mrs. Oscar Blair, Mrs. George Beasley, Mrs. D. B. Snyder, or they may notify Mr. S. O. Blair at the drug store. They especially want new members who will at once send their names and one dollar each for a year's membership fee. A meeting will be held at 3:30 tomorrow afternoon in Central church and all, both old and new, members are requested to be present. The unusual weather has made the calls for help very large. Help is wanted now. Don't wait till next August to send a load of fire wood.

Colored County Commencement.

As previously announced, the County commencement for the colored schools of the county will be held on Saturday, March 14th.

Come along with the Industrial work and domestic science work and the like, let us make the attempt to do things along this line, for if we wait until it is taught in a formal way, we might lose a great deal of valuable time. One colored teacher told me she had had one of her boys to make an axe handle, and that she had been trying recipes for cooking, she and some of her girls. Also try to have a creditable exhibit of the general school work.

I shall try to remember these teachers who give their earnest cooperation, and try to make this commencement a success. For further particulars, confer with Isiah J. Timmons, No. 10, Monroe, N. C.

R. N. NISBET, Co. Supt.

Woman and Three Children Burned to Death.

Wilmington, Feb. 27.—While asleep in their country shack near Castle Haynes, a few miles north of Wilmington, Maggie Harold, her two sons and a grandson were burned to death Wednesday night when no one near to know of their tragic fate. It was not until 11 o'clock yesterday when Josh Moore, a negro, happened to pass along the road leading by the place, that the outside world learned of their sad end. Coroner John J. Fowler, of this city, was notified and made an investigation. He found that most likely the roof of the house caught from a defective flue and that they were probably burned without ever awaking from their slumbers. He deemed an inquest unnecessary. The three persons besides the woman were all boys. The remains were burned almost to a crisp.

Don't miss that "Keystone Comedy" and the big two reel feature at The Rex Theatre Thursday.

Strauss Orchestra with 3 splendid reels of pictures at The Rex Theatre Wednesday night.

CROWELL GOLDEN WEDDING.

A Most Happy Occasion When Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Crowell Celebrate Their Fiftieth Anniversary.

One of the most enjoyable social functions that the people of Monroe have witnessed for a long time was that of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Crowell, on the evening of February 25th.

For days deft hands were busy preparing the Crowell home for the glad occasion. Under the direction of Mr. J. H. Beckley, Monroe's noted florist and decorator, this stately old home was transformed into a scene of tasteful elegance and exquisite beauty. With delightful artistic skill the color scheme—gold and green—was carried out in minutest detail.

Receiving in the front hall were Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Dillon, Mrs. V. D. Sikes, and Mrs. Edward Crow. Coming in from the wintry blast and fast falling snow, the guests were immediately served with hot punch by Misses Beatrice Dillon and Lena Henderson, and then were ushered into the parlor.

In the receiving line in the parlor were father and mother Crowell, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Crowell of Reelford, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Crowell, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Sikes of Monroe, together with the two handsome grandsons, A. M. Crowell, Jr., and A. H. Crowell, four lovely little grand-daughters, Margaret Dixon and Lucie Crowell Sikes, Beatrice and Caroline Crowell, and Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Beger.

A particularly interesting bit of personal history was here delicately woven into the program. Just fifty years ago Mr. Crowell, a young boy on furlough from the army of Northern Virginia, plighted his troth to young Beatrice Lee in holy wedlock and again went forth to stand with his brave comrades in defense of his loved Southland. Now on this fiftieth anniversary of their united journey, honored, successful and happy, they stood under an arch over which hung the flag of the 48th regiment and tattered flag of the 48th regiment of N. C. V., over which towered the stars and stripes, and received the happy greetings and loving congratulations of many friends and relatives.

From the parlor Mrs. J. H. Beckley and Miss Evelyn Wolfe directed the guests into the dining room, the guests into the dining room, which most beautifully and impressively expressed the golden ideal of the occasion. A beautiful oak table in the center of which was a globe on a pedestal surmounted by a globe containing countless gold fish, which in turn were surrounded by lovely narcissi and hyacinths. Here the guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Fairley, Sr., and Mesdames C. B. Laney and Minnie Wolfe. Golden cream and cake were served by Misses Beatrice Fairley and Nellie Laney.

From the dining room Mesdames C. N. Simpson, Jr., and Henry Crow led the guests to the rear hall where Mrs. Julian Griffin presided over the registry.

Messrs. C. N. Simpson and Henry Crow met the guests here and conducted them to the coffee room, where they were served with coffee, wafers and mints by Mesdames Nerns C. English and Henry Fairley. Here all were shown the many and elegant presents by Mrs. Albert Miller, and Messrs. P. H. Johnson and G. S. Lee, Jr.

During the entire reception delightful music, both vocal and instrumental, was rendered by Miss Annie Saunders, Mrs. E. S. Green, Messrs. Frank, Henry and Archie Fairley, and Geo. Lee.

A very large number of guests braved the terrors of the blinding snow storm of the night to pay their respects to the occasion and to shake the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Crowell, both of whom are now in feeble health, but who were made happy on this occasion by the warm expression of friendship and good will of so many friends.

Thankful for the Compliment.

Mr. N. W. Braswell, who has been making The Journal and paying for it in advance ever since we can remember, dropped in Saturday. "Well," said he, "I promised to deliver some cotton to leave the fire, I thought I'd better bring it along. And I tried to save out a dollar for you for the paper."

"That reminds me," said the editor, "of the story of the negro who was asked if he had change for ten dollars. 'No, bec,' said the dirty 'I ain't got no change, but I's much 'bliged to ye for de compliment.' But Mr. Braswell not only paid that compliment, but he paid another year in advance, and added another compliment by saying that he would be glad to get two papers a week but he didn't see what there would be left to put in the last one after the first had come out each week.

Miss Mary Anderson, an aged woman who lived alone in Caldwell county, fell in the fire recently and was badly burned. To extinguish the flames which had ignited her clothing she ran into the yard and lay down in the snow. As a result of this exposure she contracted pneumonia and this, with the burns, may result fatally.

"Now, Thomas," asked the teacher of a small pupil, "can you tell me what a junction is?"

"Sure I can," was the reply. "A junction is a place where a railroad gets a divorce from itself."

DEATH OF MRS. J. H. WEAVER.

After Many Weeks of Sickness the End Came Saturday Night—The Body Carried to Emory, Va., For Interment—Beautiful Tribute to Her Memory.

Mrs. Jennie Weaver, wife of Rev. Dr. J. H. Weaver, pastor of Central Methodist church, died at eleven o'clock Saturday night. Her illness extended over many weeks, during which time she had been treated in a hospital in Richmond. For days before the end it was known that her death was only a question of hours. The remains were taken to Emory, Va., for interment, which took place some time yesterday. The body was accompanied by Dr. Weaver and his son. They left here on the 8:15 train Sunday morning, going by way of Boston. At the special request of the editor of The Journal the following beautiful tribute to the memory of Mrs. Weaver was prepared by Mrs. J. Frank Laney:

Mrs. Weaver was born in Jefferson, Ashe county, where her father, Daniel Burkett, is now living at the age of 96, March 30th, 1851. She was happily married to Dr. Weaver December 24th, 1873, and he with one son, Dr. Chas. C. Weaver, president of Emory and Henry College, Emory, Va., two sisters and two brothers, survives.

Mrs. Weaver was one of the most prominent and influential women in the Western North Carolina Conference, having been for years previous to her coming to Monroe, superintendent of the Juvenile Missionary work of the Conference, and until her death an active, sympathetic worker in the cause of missions. A woman so splendidly endowed with such wide reach with human life, with such far-reaching vision, with such power to project herself quietly and effectively into any humanitarian movement, who could hear a cry of human distress coming over the farthest sea—the spirit of such a woman will live on somewhere in this world when the spirits of most of us will have been long gone and forgotten. She was educated in the best schools of her day and was trained in the best thoughts of her time; but all her endowments and training fitted her not for a noisy display of her powers, but for quiet, unobtrusive and efficient service. She found more pleasure in providing a home and shelter for a "Wandering Jew" than she found in all the haunts of fashionable life. But it was not in these offices of missionary to humanity that she shone brightest and best. It was in her own home life, with her husband, son and grand-children, neighbors and friends, that she was most potential for good. Side by side with her, yoked in all high purposes, was her noble Christian husband, tender, pure and true. Linked as few people in this world have been joined, these two noble, useful and helpful people have lived a life so close, so high, so beneficent that the breaking of the ties between them by the ruthless hand of death, leaves the one whom time has left with a tender and peculiar claim upon the love and sympathy of his people. Hundreds who knew and loved them both feel for the bereaved husband and pastor today a tender sympathy which will serve to draw them closer together in the bands of Christian love.

Our sainted "Mother Weaver" lived long and she lived nobly, and she sleeps in perpetual peace.

The Coldest Day—Which?

Which was the coldest day we have had during the late unpleasant? Those who had occasion to be out Sunday night and early Monday morning no doubt felt that then was the coldest time they had ever seen any time. But not Sunday night the thermometer stood at only 19 when the cutting cold was roaring around like a wild lion. Of all the cold weather we have had Friday morning was the coldest. Then the thermometer stood at 14. Last Wednesday was not to be grinned at as a cold day. At twelve o'clock in the day the mercury stood at its highest point for the whole day, 25.

The rainfall for the month of February was three and sixty-nine one hundredths inches. All these figures are taken from the government instruments kept at Rock Rest by Mr. Tom Ashcraft.

Woman, Going to Chair, Bids Her Children Good-Bye.

Little Valley, N. Y., Feb. 28.—Mrs. Cynthia Buffum, convicted of murdering her husband and sentenced to be electrocuted in April, bade goodbye to her five sons early today. None but Francis, age 17, showed any grief at parting. At 7 o'clock Mrs. Buffum was started on her trip to the death house at Auburn. All during the night the pale-faced sullen woman had been carefully guarded in her cell to prevent her attempting suicide, but her iron nerve remained unbroken. Patrick S. Collins, her counsel, will ask the court of appeals to order a new trial.

The trial of Ernest Frahm, Mrs. Buffum's alleged accomplice in the murder, will begin in a few days.

Sabbath Reading.

"Louis, I really cannot permit you to read novels on Sunday." "But, grandmamma, this novel is all right; it tells about a girl who was engaged to three Episcopal clergymen at once."—Life.