

CHRISTMAS DELAYED ONE WEEK IN HOGWALLOW

Miss Flutie Belcher's New Dress Failed to Come—The Tin Peddler Discovers at Some Length on Henry Ford.

(Dunk Botts, Regular Correspondent) Christmas was delayed one week in Hogwallow this year on account of Miss Flutie Belcher's new dress failing to get here on time.

After having been completely overcome by disappointment in love, following a general financial breakdown, Sidney Hocks went down to the creek with the intention of drowning himself, but backed out of the notion on account of the creek being so high.

With the autumn departure of the jaybirds, frogs, mosquitoes and katydids, the public will enjoy a season of quietude, about the only unnecessary noise being the singing of Miss Hostetter Hocks at the church every second Sunday.

Day before yesterday Dock Hocks found a cow bell. With this good start he will likely go into the cattle business.

Atlas Peck put on his ear muffs early this winter so that he cannot hear his wife call him when he starts to the postoffice.

The roof at the Dog Hill church sprung a leak last Sunday. Fletcher Henstep happened to be sitting directly under the leak and did not have to move, he being a Methodist.

Sim Flinders has been showing an Irish potato to several persons at the postoffice this week. This is the potato Sim raised on his farm last year.

The mail carrier is rapidly recovering from his recent attack of small pox, and along with many scars bears the distinction of not having missed a day from his services for Uncle Sam. As soon as it has been forgotten that the Mail Carrier had the small pox he can pass these scars off as some having been received during the Civil War.

Poke Eazeley has noticed that the kitchen floor at his home is sagging on one side considerably. At first he thought about having it upholstered, but he decided to let it stay like it is, so that he won't have to prop his plate up on one side with a biscuit to keep his molasses together when he eats.

"I read this mornin' in this week's Tickville Tidings where a feller by the name of Henry Ford, from sommers up above here, went to Europe and had a friendly talk with some of the big fellers." remarked the Tin Peddler of the Calf Ribs neighborhood. "Hit seems that since this feller Ford has made a passel of money, he's right popular with everybody. And whilst he talked with these men, he offered to put up a big pile of money in behalf of peace—or in other words to stop the war that's ragin' in the foreign country. I drive about the country a good deal and have learnt a lot about everything, and I have made up my mind that money will stop most anything except a runaway mule and a cyclone. And Ford is right when he thinks that money will stop the war. W. y. hit will get most anybody in a good humor, no matter how mad they are. I'll bet my only hat that if some person was to walk out in the battlefield and say: 'Here fellers, stop yore foolishness a minute and listen to me; I've got a proposition that will be money to you!' Back yander beyond the firing line I've got wagin-loads of money baled up, and if you will stop this fightin' and promise to go home where you belong, I'll give each one of you a nice suit of clothes and five dollars in cash. Now don't you know ever' durned one of them men would be only too glad to do that? I know good and well I would! 'Money will bring peace. It will bring it about under any circumstances—at home or away from home—in fact you don't have much peace to begin with until you do git some change in your pocket. For an example, there's Poke Eazeley. He had trouble only yesterday at his house, just because he had been promisin' his wife thirty-five cents all last year, but on account of the pannick had not been able to meet his obligation. But there ain't no use to bring the women-folks into this gar talk, because there ain't many of them that ever have any gentience with their husbands!"

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You naturally feel secure when you know that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

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However, if you wish to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention the Monroe Semi-Weekly Journal.

Charge Explained

Boston Transcript.

Judge—What's your charge against the prisoner?

Complainant—Burglary. He stole \$5 from me at the station.

Judge—But for burglary there must be a breaking.

Complainant—Well, your honor, when he took the five he broke me.

The fellow who is always looking for something for nothing is himself an overgrown wad of nothing.

Cousin Sally Dillard (By Hamilton C. Jones.)

Scene—A court of justice in South Carolina.

A beardless disciple of Theims arises, and thus addresses the court: "May it please your worship, and you gentlemen of the jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad, I will not say) to exercise myself in legal requisitions, it has never fallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, so marked and malicious an assault; a more wilful, violent, and dangerous battery, and finally a more diabolic breach of the peace has seldom happened in a civilized country, and I dare say it has seldom been your duty to pass upon so shocking to benevolent feelings as this which took place over at Captain Rice's in this county. But you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed—one said that he heard the noise and did not see the fight—another that he heard the row, but didn't know who struck first—and a third that he was very drunk and couldn't say much about the skirmish.

Lawyer Chops—I am very sorry, gentlemen, to have wasted your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance, who was well acquainted with the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed on your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, chuffy old man, a leste corned and took his oath with an air.

Chops—Harris, we wish you to tell us all about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's, and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious and at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris—Edzaekly—(giving the lawyer a knowing wink and at the same time clearing his throat)—Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard, she come over to our house, and axed me if my wife she moun't go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, seeing as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in, for there had been a heap of rain here lately, but howsomever as it was she, Cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she moun't go. Well, Cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he moun't go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard that Mose was the foreman of the crop, and the crop was smartly in the grass, but howsomever as it was, Cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he moun't go.

C.—In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this trigmarole?

W.—Capt. Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard—

C.—Stop, sir, if you please, we do not want to know any thing about your Cousin Sally Dillard and your wife—tell us about the fight at Capt. Rice's.

W.—Well, I will, sir, that is if you will let me.

C.—Well, sir, go on.

W.—Well, Capt. Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard, she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go.

C.—There it is again; witness please do stop.

W.—Well, sir, what do you want?

C.—We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent manner. Do you know anything about the matter before the court?

W.—To be sure I do.

C.—Well you go on and tell it, and nothing else.

W.—Well, Capt. Rice he gin a treat—

C.—This is intolerable. May it please the court, I move that this witness be committed for contempt; he seems to be trilling with the court.

Court.—You are now before a court of justice; unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

W. (alarmed)—Well, gentlemen, Capt. Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard—

C.—I hope this witness may be entered into custody.

Court (after deliberating)—Mr. Attorney, the court is of the opinion that we may save time by letting the witness go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

W.—Yes, gentlemen; well, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard come over to our house, and axed me if my wife she moun't go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but howsomever, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dillard, she moun't go. Well, Cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he moun't go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard as how Mose, he was the foreman of the crop, and the crop was smartly in the grass, but howsomever as it was she, Cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he moun't go. And they went, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, Cousin Sally Dillard and Mose, like genteel folks, they walked the log, but my wife, like a darned fool, h'isted her coats and waded right through—and that's all I know about the fight.

Putting It Up to Father

After several unsuccessful attempts to draw her husband into conversation at the restaurant, the wife discovered the cause of his abstraction to be a beautiful girl dressed in black and seated at a nearby table, says The Ladies Home Journal.

"An attractive widow," observed the wife, coolly.

"Yes, indeed, a very attractive widow," agreed the husband, enthusiastically.

"Yes," sighed the wife, "I wish I were one."

STATE SAVED \$4,500,000 ON HER FERTILIZER BILL

At Least That is the Way Commissioner Graham Figures—Tendency on Part of Tar Heels Towards Diversified Crops.

Raleigh Dispatch, 28th. Commissioner W. A. Graham's figures on the fertilizer bill for North Carolina in this closing crop year show that the state saved \$4,500,000 and that money judiciously distributed among the farmers is believed to account partly for the "rural cash" which Major Graham passionately recommends as a substitute for "rural credits."

"I do not believe the 225,000 tons of fertilizers used can be made to account for the losses in the crops," Major Graham said. "Our farmers did not plant the same acreage. It is true that the lint cotton yield for an acre in North Carolina in 1914 was 283 pounds against 243 for 1915, but 1914 was a great cotton year and 1915 just an average one. To show this, in Texas where they do not use commercial fertilizers in small degree the falling off on the acre was 25 per cent."

"That, you will see is much greater than our loss on the acreage. Gurs shows about 40 pounds. Even at \$10 a hundred this would show only \$4 and the fertilizers will average more than an acre. It looks to me like a tendency towards diversified crops, a thing which our department has contended for so many years. And I know that it is doing good. More hog and hominy have been raised this year than ever and more money is in the farmers' pockets. And that is because the farmers who raise their own rations saves the money which the less provident one does not save."

"It may be of some interest to observe our cotton crop this year by a few counties. Robeson fell off 15,000 bales and Scotland and Wayne 5,000 each. This falling off of the crop was very largely due to the reduction of acreage which did our farmers a great deal of good."

Pay your city taxes for 1915.

The following is the Act requiring delinquent tax-payers in UNION COUNTY to pay an additional fee of fifty cents to the tax collector:

Public Local Laws of North Carolina, Session 1915, Chapter 538.

AN ACT TO FACILITATE THE COLLECTION OF TAXES IN ROBESON AND OTHER COUNTIES.

The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact:

Section 1. That any and all persons, firms or corporations in Robeson county who fail or neglect to pay their taxes on or before the first day of February of any year shall pay in addition to the regular tax a fee of fifty cents, the said additional fee to be paid to the officer collecting said tax and retained by such officer as compensation for his services in collecting delinquent taxes: Provided, that this act shall not apply to rural policemen in collecting delinquent taxes in Robeson county.

Section 2. That this act shall apply only to the counties of Robeson, Bladen and UNION.

Section 3. That this act shall be in full force and effect from and after the first day of March, one thousand, nine hundred and fifteen.

Ratified this, the 6th day of March, A. D. 1915.

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MARSHVILLE, N. C.

Office: Carolina Bank Building.

W. B. HOUSTON, Surgeon Dentist.

Office up stairs, Fitzgerald Building

Northwest of Court House, Monroe, N. C.

Ford Peace Party Cost.

Concord Tribune.

The total cost of the Ford peace expedition is estimated at \$44,950. This includes the entire expenses of the expedition up to the time of Mr. Ford's departure from Christiana, and the check for \$270,000 he left behind to finance the remainder of the expedition. It is stated by the New York World that the Ford plant can in less than three days pay the expenses of the entire peace junket. Mr. Ford, it is stated, makes a profit of \$100 on each car. It will, therefore, take 4,450 cars to pay the bill. The daily output of cars is 1,800 a day. The plant, it may be found by a little figuring, can pay for the expedition in 2 days, 3 hours, 46 minutes and 40 seconds. It would come high to some of us, but not to Henry.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

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Had Never Been Ladies' Home Journal.

"Are you married?" inquired the census man.

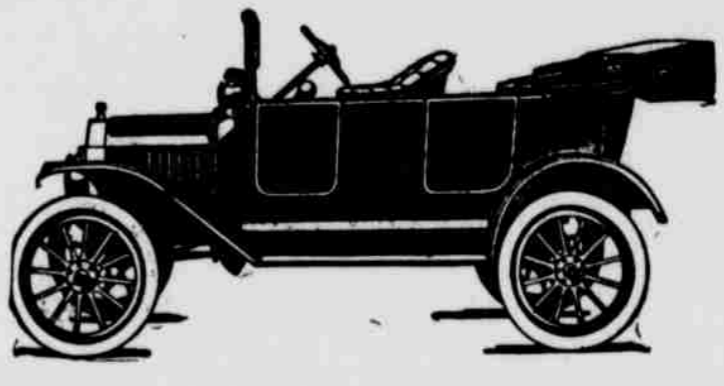
"Oh, dear no," said the little lady, blushing. "I've never even been married."

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