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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

WOULD LIKE SOME MORE

Student Wants to Know Why There is So Little News About the Dear Old Trail.

Correspondence of The Journal.

Rockingham, April 27. — Well, well, Sir John! Ain't there nothing happening at old Indian Trail these times sure enough? If there isn't I'd like to be up there a while just to pick up an old standing vendetta, you know, with all those that I am angry with, and that would furnish you with some material for a big front page special. I sure am on the war path these days and I can handle the spear and rapier to the queen's taste. You know there comes up the creek this time of year "sucker" fish. Well they come here as far as the dam and I am right there to kill them with a spear as they climb or try to climb over the dam. I captured three the other day just after "bread time" and I gave one away and the two I had left made us two big "messes." They were "golly whoppers," bet your bottom dollar with a woman's head on it. Scapegoat can sing his fish lays and spell out his yarns which he seems to be broke out with, but I can beat him spearing fish.

I don't know what we will do now about boat riding until we get another one built. The Germans had a mine in the pond or something and our old tub went down, but all the passengers together with the crew were saved. It is whispered about that one cat is missing but just wait and I'll tell that later. We hope, however, to be able to have another modern liner ready in a short while and will soon be able to go sporting up the creek.

The owners of the boat company, of which I am president, have sent Germany a note and if we don't get a satisfactory reply we will declare war without any further diplomatic relations whatever. We don't propose to fool with the pesky devils as Mr. Wilson has done. Though Mr. Wilson is a straight forward farmer and has always paid his guano bill, but I'll bet a pair of whistling buzzards that he is "skeroed" of them Germans. But I'll be gold-durned if I am now, I have lots of sand in my "gizzard," I have. Some of the Congaree fine sand, too. Jack Swingletree, our secretary, wrote the note to Germany, but I am afraid he wrote it wrong as he argued me out that Germany was a woman. I showed him my funny dictionary and he saw the word "miracle" and the definition is, "a woman who won't talk," so he is positively sure we will get a long love letter from Germany, and if we don't, he said it would be a miracle.

Well, Sir John, I am addressing this "epistle" to you and not changing the subject, but ain't politics go high this year. I never "seed as many" people biddin' before in all my life, and I have been here a long time, longer than I can remember. And by the way, Sir John, I have already announced myself down here as a candidate, and now I will make my announcement in The Journal, for I hereby announce myself a candidate for a pretty girl's meal ticket. (I forgot to put office) subject to the action of the Ladies Aid Society. John, I'm not ball headed, is there a chance for a majority vote for me in Union? I am running in the seventh district. And by jingoos, I forgot to say I am a farmer too as the other candidates feared. Anything you can do in my favor will be greatly appreciated and if I am elected I'll strive to fill the office to the best of my ability.

Well now, John, I'll give you one day of my life down here as it really happened, and I will give you the latest and it will be Easter Sunday, for I had such a good jolly time. To begin with, I'll explain the absence of that cat, I, with four other characters equally as bad, cranked up old Henry Ford and prepared to take a spin. And just to give the cat that is missing now a good time, we caught it and put it in the car and shoved off. We went to the convict camp of this county and there we halted to show our cat. And it was there that some fellows got our cat and tied a paper sack with some corn in it, to the cat's tail, and turned it loose and made a racket behind it like a German gun and that cat left Richmond county, I think. I never saw a cat run so. As that cat left he turned his head around and saw the sack and then he gave us a lost look and it seemed that he said, "happy Easter to you all, good by." Well, we wanted to go to Jackson Springs, but having lost our cat, could not go any further, but loafed about the camp a little bit and returned home for dinner. That was strange wasn't it? As many friends as we have on the gang and they did not invite us to stay with them for dinner. We could not have stayed any way for the most of us had engagements with the ladies in the afternoon. Well, after dinner we assembled again and went for the girls. They accused me of not playing fair in the afternoon as there was one extra girl and I took two, but they had as good a chance as I had. We went to the Big Rocks that I mentioned some time ago and spent the afternoon in picnic fashion, notwithstanding it was Sunday. And John, a better time I never had. As I sat there on those big rocks with a pretty girl beside me, (my best one you know) my thoughts turned to you and Indian Trail. You are such a lover of nature and of the things that the forest contains, I thought how enjoyable it would be to you to be here, with "that" best Indian Trail girl of yours with you. Yes, John, I see the beauties in everything but I can't find appropriate language

to express it. Audubon, the greatest naturalist that the birds have sang to, exhausted the languages in picturing the beauties of the forests and woodlands. But I haven't that gift, neither am I that kind of a naturalist, but I wander and admire it in silence and many times I hide my face in a lachrymose condition because I can't see into these woodland mysteries. Such was Sunday, my lad, but it was very pleasant, ah! yes it was sweet because. . . . We finally returned to our homes to rest and to think over the events of the day, but none though more seriously than I.

Now John, just one little bit of advice and then I'll stop for this time. Don't get angry with me but I want to see Indian Trail get a better and longer news letter than you give it now. I want to see you get a big head line and it backed up by the real stuff. I know it is hard to get news sometimes but one of the best story writers and instructors in writing news in the United States says, if when you take or have a hard dry subject, the only way to catch an editor's eye is to fill it full of originality. Try it, John, anyway it won't cost much. As you know you have dry subjects sometimes, so dampen it up and use more paper if it is double the price it was six months ago.

Wonder if the Editor has really got the Frenchman Ennui (annwe)? Wait till the polly-ticks get hold on him and then he will have some excitement. I would have it but Novus Homo and Borrower have kept me busy reading April fools.

THE STUDENT.

YEGGMEN CONVICTED

Hackett and Dowd, Two Noted Safe Breakers, Were Sentenced to Federal Prison for Robbing Safe at Marshville, and at Other Towns.

Tom Dowd and James Hackett, two noted yeggmens, were convicted in Federal court at Statesville for cracking the Marshville postoffice safe, and the latter was sentenced to four years in the Atlanta prison, and the case of Dowd was continued, as he is now serving a five year term for robbery in Maryland.

The Marshville postoffice safe was broken into and robbed some months ago, and for a while a veil of mystery shrouded the affair. But after Dowd's arrest, he was identified by Marshville citizens, and later Hackett was implicated.

A large number of Marshville citizens went to Statesville last week to testify. Their testimony is given below, taken from the Statesville Landmark:

L. E. Huggins, postmaster at Marshville, said the safe in his office was wrecked by an explosion on the night of October 15, 1915. Stamps to the value of \$143.83 and some cash were taken. Pieces of the wreckage were in evidence.

Z. B. Griffin was a resident of Marshville when the postoffice safe was robbed. Saw Hackett there the night the office was robbed; came in the store and asked to buy soap but didn't get it; was carrying satchel.

W. D. McInnis lives at Marshville. Thinks he saw Hackett there a week or ten days before safe was blown; professed to be selling advertising matter. Identified Hackett by scar in forehead. Smith Medlin of Marshville saw Hackett there before postoffice robbery; was selling advertising matter. Thought Hackett the man he saw.

W. H. Warren, conductor on Seaboard, was running between Wilmington and Charlotte at the time of postoffice robbery. Saw Hackett and two others on train and they had tickets for Greenwood, S. C.; night before post office robbery. Saw Hackett get off at Marshville and didn't see him or the others after that.

J. R. P. Cadieu saw Dowd at Marshville about a week before the robbery. He was passing as an umbrella fixer.

Mrs. J. Walter Little saw Hackett at Marshville in an invalid chair and the man rolling him said he was sick. They were begging; man looked like Hackett. Mrs. G. E. Morgan saw Hackett in an invalid chair in Marshville. Man rolling him was begging. J. T. Leonard also saw man who looked like Hackett in an invalid chair at Marshville. This was December 1914.

Only the robberies at Marshville, Mocksville and Hillsboro really figured in the indictment.

Center Grove Neighborhood News.

Correspondence of The Journal. Monroe Route 6, April 26.—Mr. Luke Wenz and Mr. Houston Helms spent the last Sunday night down in Sandy Ridge town ship on an egg hunt and got home Sunday morning in time for breakfast.

Mr. and Mrs. T. K. Polk spent Sunday in Indian Trail.

Mr. T. M. Dees visited in the Stout neighborhood Sunday.

Mr. Dwight King has been spending some time with Mr. Davis Williams in this community.

Mrs. John Parker and Miss Bliss Conder are visiting relatives and friends in this neighborhood.

Forest fires have been common in this neighborhood. On the Conder place and also the Secrest place, but I do not know the extent of the damage.

The main portion of the cotton crop has been planted in this vicinity and some corn is being planted. Miss Winnie Trull is visiting at India Trail this week.

News is some what scarce. In that I am sorely pressed. I will close, and send it to the press. And leave Pad and Sir John the rest. BRASS.

PRIZES AND MEDALS

List of the Winners at Wingate Commencement—Names of Graduating Class—Local Matters.

Correspondence of The Journal.

Wingate, April 26.—The weatherman was merciful and kind to us Monday in that he gave us just the kind of day for commencement that we so much desired. It was just ideal and our commencement was in keeping with the beauty and loveliness of the day.

Rev. Dr. Brewer delivered the literary address to the Wingate school Monday afternoon. From what the writer can learn (he was not able to be present) the address was one of the best in the history of the school. Dr. Brewer's subject was most appropriate and was handled in a masterful way. The address was highly appreciated by a full house of interested hearers and appealed with special force to those young men and women who are struggling for higher ideals, nobler lives and grander and worthier characters.

A game of ball was pulled off between Unionville and Wingate. The score was 7 to 5 in Wingate's favor.

The play Monday night was just magnificent. Quite a large crowd was present and a handsome sum was realized from entrance fees—over 600 entrances and \$120 receipts.

The Wadesboro cornet band furnished most excellent music for the day.

Wife and I can't remember when we ever met with a more pleasant and delightful surprise when Mrs. Neice Snider of Monroe and Mrs. Walter Rawlings of Indian Trail dropped in Monday afternoon, to spend an hour in social chat about things present, past and future. Oh! the tender expressions of sympathy, the high compliments paid us as their erstwhile teacher; words of comfort and hope and encouragement etc., seemed almost like flattery and were almost enough to make an old invalid "take up his bed and walk."

So unexpected was the visit of these good friends that they seemed like messengers dropped down upon us from the skies. Well, their presence was magical so that this old scribe feels quite improved both in body and spirit. Come again, my good friends, we can't tell you how much we appreciate your presence.

The Woman's Betterment Association of Wingate presents the school with a beautiful and serviceable lamp for the hall down stairs. The lamp came in time to be used during the commencement. It was badly needed and highly appreciated by all. These good women have, as they deserve, the sincere thanks of the community for their thoughtful and much needed services along all lines of social and economic betterment. Let us give them our hearty support and encouragement.

The boarding students and teachers have about all returned to their various homes for vacation and recreation. This scribe hopes that they may all be greatly benefited by the rest and relaxation. He hopes that their stay among the good people here may prove so delightful and pleasant that they will feel it to their interest to come back when school reopens next fall.

Rev. R. M. Haigler delighted us with his presence for a short time Thursday morning, how we do love to have these good brethren around. They encourage and entuse us.

Another most agreeable surprise came to us this morning (Thursday) when Uncle and Mrs. W. G. Long motored up into the yard and came in and spent a few minutes with us. We hope these good old friends will come again.

Well, if we may be excused for mentioning the fact, we are in the middle of a somewhat embarrassing fix at this time. The good wife had a serious attack of cholera morbus this morning which put her out of business for a while, the fact is she has not fully recovered yet and the prospects for dinner look really anything but bright. She is better, however, so none need be alarmed.

The following are the names of the graduating class: Misses Lorena Baucum, Mary Bennett, Ruth Black, Ellen Gaddy, Lee Griffin, Nell Hefner, Annie Jones, Bess McIntyre, Mary Perry, Kate Redfern; Messrs. Hoyte Byrd, Brooks Jerome, Zeb Jones, John McManus, N. A. Funderburk, C. W. Speight, Carl Rayfield, Percy Wall, Roy Mills, Blanchard Williams.

The following students won prizes and medals: Misses Sadie Belk and Evelyn Snyder won prizes in the first and second grades. Miss Annie Lee Sullivan won the reciter's medal in the Athenian Society. Miss Lelia Rape in the Poe, and Miss Lura Williams in the Browning.

In the contests between the Gladstone and Philosophian Societies Mr. J. A. Hudson won the declaimer's medal, Mr. J. W. Ross the medal for the best debator, Mr. Zeb Jones the orator's medal. Messrs. Fred Staton and Zeb Jones received improvement medals in the Philosophian and Gladstone societies. The music medal was awarded to Miss Ruth Black. Mr. Hobart Morton received the five dollar gold piece as the best all round student. Mr. R. E. Belk gave a fine library table for the best work in English composition in Prof. Langston's room. This table was given to Miss Lorena Baucum.

The ladies of Woodman Circle 22 will serve ice cream and other refreshments at the hall at West Monroe, Saturday night, April 29. The public is invited. Music by the Ice-cream band. W. A. HELMS, Sec.

WAXHAW FIRM HAS DONE GREAT RECLAMATION WORK.

The A. W. Heath Co. Have Transferred Briar Patches Into Good Corn Land in the Past Ten Years—The Joke was on Mr. Plyler.

Correspondence of The Journal.

Waxhaw, April 27.—Although a very young fellow, Scapegoat Jr., who is our mainstay in town, writes the news in such an interesting and capable manner that 't is time we are not rewriting his copy but are appending it below just as received from him.

Mr. Roy Walkup and Mrs. H. C. Houston spent Tuesday in Monroe on business.

Prof. and Mrs. R. N. Nisbet spent Tuesday and Wednesday at Mr. T. Rieford Nisbet's here.

Miss Nell Kraus of Krauswood visited Miss Mary Steele during the commencement.

Miss Kathleen Winchester of Mineral Springs spent Tuesday with Misses Sadie and Howiette Black.

Messrs Carl Wolfe, Murray Clark, and Misses Cleone Davis and Estaline McDonald attended the commencement at Wingate Monday night.

Miss Mary Morrow Heath of Monroe is visiting at Mr. C. S. Massey's this week.

Mr. Oscar Cunningham, who has been seriously ill for some time at the High Point Hospital, returned home Monday. He was accompanied by his brother, Mr. J. W. Cunningham, of Concord.

Dr. McCain and Mrs. D. S. Wilson returned home from Baltimore Tuesday. They accompanied Mr. Eugene Wilson, who is to have an operation. While there Dr. McCain had an examination on his own leg. The doctors say it is not serious.

Mr. Zeb Gordon and family of Bethune, S. C., visited his brother, Mr. J. C. Gordon, here Tuesday and Wednesday.

There was an interesting ball game Wednesday afternoon between the Waxhaw Braves and Flint Hill Tigers. The Tigers winning the game by the score of 12 to 8. The feature of the game was the fielding of Rone and the hitting of Shannon for the Braves.

Miss Jennie Neal visited at Mr. W. R. Steele's Wednesday.

Everybody and his brother attended the commencement Tuesday night.—Scapegoat, Jr.

Mr. S. F. McQuirt had new crop strawberry pie for dinner today.

Some of us are wishing that the weather man would dispense a little warmer weather.

The Osceola school, Mrs. Seldon Secrest, nee Huffman, principal and Miss Homer Secrest assistant teacher, will close with a picnic and some good speaking Friday, May 5. The general public is cordially invited to join in with the patrons and pupils for a pleasant day.

Asked the other day if he contemplated standing for re-election, Coroner J. S. Plyler favored his questioner with a rather sheepish smile. In the campaign four years ago Mr. Plyler made no very active canvass. Through an error in counting at some of the boxes, reports early on the morning succeeding the election, had it that he was beaten, which so disgusted Mr. Plyler that he lit out for some point in the country without leaving any address and did not return till late in the afternoon when he was greeted with the information that he had won by a good majority. So pleasing was the transformation from the role of the vanquished to that of victor, that he straightway "set up" the whole crowd.

We have been trying to see some of our good farmers to learn what they are doing in order that we may pass it on. But in these busy times it is hard to run across any one, and we are too busy to hunt them up just now. So we will be mighty glad and esteem it as a personal favor if some of the boys will send us little items about their farming things. Tell us about your good cows, hogs, horses, mules and colts, what you are planting this year, and the good crops you made last year and expect to make this. If your energies are chiefly devoted to raising boys and girls, oh, well, tell us about 'em and we will try and give your efforts a boost.

During the past four or five years, The A. W. Heath Company has done some fine reclamation work on some of the property it possesses on Waxhaw Creek. One particular tract of perhaps 35 or more acres, has been transformed from a thicket of briars and willows into fine corn land. Probably two miles of ditches, three to five feet deep and four feet wide were dug on this land and the whole of it, which was formerly a swamp, impassable to horses and almost to men, has been thoroughly drained. The company has lately put up a corn mill, chiefly for the use of its tenants in this particular section, and within a hundred yards of the mill they have six, for the most part, all new and well built houses. All of which are occupied by thrifty colored people.

The Marvin school, taught by Misses Clayton Bell and Pauline Crane, will close May, 4th and 5th. Exercises beginning each night at 7:45 o'clock. The program is as follows:

Thursday Night. Song—Churning, by primary grades. Dialogue—Our Examination Day, by intermediate grades.

Dialogue—And Invitation, by primary grades. Declaimer's Contest—Universal Education, by Oscar Smith.

A Tribute to Vance, by Jonnie Stephenson.

Friday Night. Song—The Quarrel, by Velma Baker and Archie Crane. Reciter's contest—The Wonderful Tar Baby, by Dovie Crane; Angelina Johnson, by Essie Yarborough; Boby Shaftoe, by Eula Crane; Alameda, by Virgie Yarborough.

The Ring Drill, by intermediate girls. Dialogue—In the Morning, by primary girls. Patomine—Rock of Ages, by 7th grade girls. Rastus Blink's Minstrels—by 6th and 7th grade boys.

Friday Night. Song—Little mothers, by primary girls. Play—A Kentucky Belle. Cast of characters: Virgie Yarborough, Miss Maria Douglas; Pauline Crane, Marie Van Halen; Clarence Earhart, Col. Wm. C. Miller; Williams Stephenson, Dr. Blake; Essie Yarborough, Miss Madden; Eula Crane, Isabel Douglas; Frank Lemmond, John Canon Gordon; Lovie Crane, Mrs. Gordon; Sarah Lemmond, Miss Gordon; Jonnie Stephenson, Cindy; Dewit Braswell, Henry.

Four telephone linemen and girls of village. The awarding of medals. SCAPEGOAT.

A FINE COMMENCEMENT

Interesting Account of the Closing Events of the Wesley Chapel High School.

Correspondence of The Journal.

The commencement exercises of Wesley Chapel high school took place on 21, 22 and 23 inst. On Friday evening the entire program was enjoyed very much by a crowd. Each piece was given by Father Time's selection, by twenty-one pupils from the grammar grades, a play entitled, The Runaway Bear, by pupils from the primary grades, a short play, The Quarantomed Servants, by three young men from the high school, and May Day Drill by five boys and five girls from the grammar grades were especially of high merit and deserved all the praise they received.

On Saturday at 10 o'clock all the exercises were of a high order and were all good, the most feature of the morning was the debate on the question, Resolved, That the Democracy is the Best Form of Government Known to the World. For an able and interesting discussion by both sides the judges gave their decision in favor of the negative. The recitation, Kate Shelby, by Worth Mendenhall and also the Historical Experiences, by Hugh Will Davis, were both received with a great deal of applause. The choral singing was very fine on Saturday morning.

At 2:30 p. m. Mr. J. C. M. Vann of Monroe delivered an invective and beneficial address on the subject, "The Value of an Ideal," which was listened to with a great deal of interest and pleasure. Then the prizes were delivered by Mr. E. C. Ashcraft in a unique, appropriate, and a very felicitous speech.

There was a delightful song rendered in this exercise. Welcome to Summer, by some pupils of the school.

On Saturday at 8 p. m. there were two plays about an hour each in length. Both plays were enjoyed hugely by the large audience. Each play showed talent in the actors and careful training by those who had it in charge. Everybody seemed highly pleased with this evening. There was much applauding throughout the entire program. The names of the plays were The Quiet Family and Our Awful Aunt. The pantomimes also on this evening were very beautiful and attractive. The admission fee for this entertainment of 10 and 15 cents brought the school \$21.15.

On Sunday at 3 p. m. the commencement sermon was delivered by Rev. Lee McL. White of the Baptist church of Monroe. Rarely has it been the writer's privilege to hear so captivating, elevating, inspiring and instructive a discourse as the one he gave to his large congregation. His message abounded in wit, pathos, rhetoric, and beautiful language. All were enthusiastic in praising it as one of the finest sermons that they had ever heard.

This passed one of the best commencements that this good school has ever had. It shows that there has been some teaching of untiring patience and indomitable will in selecting the parts on the program, in getting the speakers for the occasion and in the painstaking training of those who appeared on the stage. The order was excellent throughout the entire commencement although the crowds were large.

One feature which should not be overlooked was the fine picnic dinner on Saturday, spread out in the grove, enough to tempt the appetite of a connoisseur. All who partook of the repast seemed happy in their intermingling with the sparkling fun, wit and sally of language.

Many visitors were stopping at the homes of the community to attend the commencement. We were glad to have them with us. Come again, Miss Ollie Moore, one of the teachers, left this morning for her home near Forest City.

Prof. and Mrs. Mendenhall will attend the Crump-Cameron marriage at Polkton on Thursday at 5 p. m. and will remain for a few days visiting friends and attending the commencement exercises of Polkton high school, where they taught for three years previous to their coming to Wesley Chapel high school.

HOW MOUNTAIN TOP WAS BLOWN TO WINDS

Younger Garibaldi Devised the Exploit and Tunneling Began Christmas.

London Dispatch, April 24. According to the Milan correspondent of the Chronicle, it was the younger Garibaldi, now serving as an officer in the Alpini, who originated the idea of capturing the summit of Col. di Luna, the lofty mountain bearing the Italian advance into the Cordevole Valley in the Dolomites, by tunneling under it and blowing the whole top off the mountain—an enterprise which the Italian troops recently accomplished.

The task began on Christmas day, the despatch says, of boring a gallery 250 feet long through solid rock. The tunnel was made large enough for two men to rush up it abreast to the assault after the explosion, and the mine charge consisted of ten tons of blasting gelatin and dynamite, while the shaft was closed with a massive steel shield of armor-plate to protect the shaft and also permit it to be promptly opened for a charge after the explosion.

The mine was set off at 11:30 last night and more than 200 Austrians killed in the explosion, while the position was swiftly rushed by the Italians.

Down Marshville Way. The Home, April 26.

Rev. S. Taylor was a visitor to Monroe Saturday.—Miss Ona Whitley of Unionville spent the week with her aunt, Mrs. John Belk.—Miss Letha Hamilton of Unionville spent some time last week with her sister, Mrs. L. E. Huggins.—Mrs. E. E. Marsh entertained the book club Thursday afternoon.—Mr. Press Marsh is improving from a recent attack of rheumatism.—Messrs. W. G. Hearon and C. B. Covington made a trip to Statesville last week in an automobile. The distance is 84 miles, which was covered in four hours and ten minutes.—T. B. Finley, candidate for Congress, spent Friday here in the interest of his candidacy. He was accompanied by Mr. T. J. Jerome.—Mr. L. D. Ingle of Asheville has moved here.—Mr. B. F. Black will offer himself for re-election as cotton weigher.—Prof. Mudge left Friday for his home in Preston, Md.—Miss Jack Smith is undergoing treatment for her eyes in Charlotte.—Miss Lucy Wallace, who had charge of the music department in the Marshville school, has returned to her home at Matthews.—The Editor had strawberries from his garden Sunday.—Mrs. J. T. Williams, and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, are visiting relatives in Weddington.—Mrs. D. R. Perkins has returned from a Charlotte hospital, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis.—The Editor skinned his shin bone Monday night, when he collided with a box on the sidewalk.—Mr. J. C. Baker is in the race for cotton weigher.

WILD ROSE.

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