

The Davie Record.

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS, THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN; UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN."

VOLUME XI.

MOCKSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9 1910.

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And It Came to Pass.

And it came to pass that many of the merchants of Mocksville, seeing much of the county's money going to the far north and west, did assemble together and reason among themselves in an effort to keep their money at home, and some of them said they would advertise in The Record, that by spending a little of their substance they would get in return much of their fellowman's trade. Thus reasoning among themselves, they went their ways, and those that were wise did write many ads, telling the people of their wares and how they appreciated their patronage. But the foolish community among themselves, saying, should we advertise we shall have to spend that which we already have made, and they advertised not. Then came great multitudes unto Mocksville and did buy of those who advertised saying, "were we not foolish indeed to buy our goods in a far country when our home merchants have better goods at no greater price than that which we have been paying for shoddy stuff." And behold, those foolish merchants who were too close-fisted to advertise, looked on in wonder at the great multitudes buying from their competitors, and sketched of the passer-by what meant such crowds, and answer was made thus: "Verily; verily, it is easier for a man to get credit from Sears, Rareback & Co., than it is for a merchant to get trade who does not advertise." And the foolish merchants said unto themselves: "What fools we be; let us not stand here idle all the day, while our enemy selleth his wares, but let us get busy and spend a little of what we have that we may gather in many shekels that are passing our doors," and took up the ads in The Record, and you will know who the wide-awake merchants are. The man who does not advertise his goods, does not appreciate your business, and you would be foolish to trade with him. Beware of the merchant who is afraid to advertise. Their goods or their methods must be wrong.

A Funny Predicament.

Marshall Home. The drink habit gives vent to funny as well as ridiculous statements sometimes. A man went to neighboring town one Saturday a few weeks ago, got drunk and was placed in the "lock-up." Sunday morning he awoke and on finding himself in a sober condition sent for a friend to come and get him out. But the friend didn't seem to be much inclined toward advancing any money on the matter, and the man who had only the day before felt himself so rich, but now realized that he was in a helpless condition, appealed to him like this: "I've just got to get out of this thing. I'm superintendent of our Sunday school down home and I've got to be there this evening."

Just to think of the clothes a man's wife could buy with the money he squanders for cigars.

Capt. Bogardus again hits the Bull's Eye.

This world famous rifle shot who holds the championship record of 100 pigeons in 100 consecutive shots is living in Lincoln, Ill. Recently interviewed, he says: "I have suffered a long time with kidney and bladder trouble and have used several well known kidney medicines all of which gave me no relief until I started taking Foley's Kidney Pills. Before I used Foley's Kidney Pills I was subjected to severe backache and pains in my kidneys with suppression and oftentimes a cloudy voiding. While upon arising in the morning I would get up with dull headaches. Now I have taken three bottles of Foley's Kidney Pills and feel 100 per cent better. I am never bothered with my kidneys or bladder and once more feel like my own self. All this I owe solely to Foley's Kidney Pills and always recommend them to my fellow sufferers." Sold by all Druggists.

About Good Roads.

We read a great deal about good roads and bad roads, and we hear a great deal of talk about roads, and we sometimes talk some ourselves, and we have heard them discussed and cussed (especially along now), so much that we thought we would write some about them, yet at the same time if there was less writing and talking and more work, we would have better roads. We have a road law in Davie county, and if that law was enforced we would not have to do so much cussing as we do. We do not do very much traveling over the county, but as far as we have been we have not seen a road that was anything like what the law requires. We see so many places where two vehicles cannot pass each other, when just a little work would make it the proper width. And how many sign boards do you see in the county, and in how many townships do the Boards of Supervisors meet, as the law directs? We can only speak for the one in which we live. They have held about three meetings in the last fifteen or twenty years, and that was while this poor quill driver was on the Board, and we tried to get the board and ourselves to do some part of their duty. We got a few guide boards put up, some of them nearly as large as your hand, and the writing on them—well it took good glasses to see it, but we can congratulate ourselves on being so successful in one thing, and that was we got so many good cussings. We have read articles on roads from different parts of the country, and we find that some of them come from men who would not do a day's work on the road if they could help it, and just such as that makes our stomach feel just like it was made of a sheep skin, but the point we wish to make is this—let's carry out the law on roads as close as we do on some other matters and we will soon see a difference. Let the Boards of Supervisors do their duty, and if they fail to do it, then let the grand jury do theirs.

KILL THE FOOL SOFF.

The Juniors Had a Warm Time.

The Greensboro correspondent of the Raleigh News and Observer hears that at the meeting of the State Council of the Junior Order in Greensboro last week there was a mighty hot time in the executive sessions—so warm in fact that there were fisticuffs. The trouble was on account of the orphanage question and differences with the national organization of the order, which opposes the establishment of a State orphanage. Last year there was a threat to secede from the national organization, as the Virginia State council has done, but the matter was smoothed over.

Despite the opposition to the State orphanage it is said a resolution to establish the orphanage was adopted by a vote of 98 to 12, and \$10,000 was appropriated as a nucleus fund for the purpose. The matter is to be submitted to subordinate councils for ratification or rejection.—Statesville Landmark.

The farmer's profession has a peace attachment which none other can boast of.

Saved a Soldier's Life.

Facing death from shot and shell in the civil war was more agreeable to J. A. Stone, of Kemp, Tex., than facing it from what doctors said was consumption. "I contracted a stubborn cold," he writes, "that developed a cough, that stuck to me in spite of all remedies for years. My weight ran down to 130 pounds. Then I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me. I now weigh 178 pounds." For Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, Asthma, Hemorrhage, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough and lung trouble, it's supreme. 50c. 1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by C. C. Sanford.

Logan Gets The Plum.

Washington, Feb. 28.—W. E. Logan and Claud Dockery were today nominated for United States marshals for the western and eastern districts of North Carolina. There was joy in the heart of Representative Grant when the name of Logan appeared upon the board. No one opposed Dockery.

Representative Cowles went to the White House this morning, accompanied by General Hitchcock, and The Star this afternoon had this to say of the result of the visit: "After many conferences, President Taft today decided upon three important nominations for North Carolina. Ex-Judge Spencer B. Adams, chairman of the Republican State committee, is to be United States attorney of the western district, succeeding Alfred E. Holton; Claudius Dockery, United States marshal of the eastern and William E. Logan, United States marshal of the western district, the former succeeding himself. The decision was reached this morning after a conference with Postmaster General Hitchcock and Representative Cowles."

Two Sinners.

The following which is taken from an exchange shows the injustice and inconsistency of the world in dealing with two classes of sinners—man and woman—as we have all seen it:

She was a woman, worn and thin, whom the world condemned for a single sin. They cast her out of the king's highway, and passed her by as they went to pray. He was a man, and more to blame, but the world spared him a breath of shame. Beneath his feet he saw her lie, but he raised his head and passed her by. They were the people who went to pray at the temple of God on that holy day. They scorned the woman, forgave the man; 'twas ever thus since the world began.

Time passed on and the woman died; on a cross of shame she was crucified. The world was stern and would not yield, and they buried her in a potter's field. The man died, too, and they buried him in a casket of cloth, with a silver brim, and as they turned from the grave away, said, "we buried a noble man today."

Two mortals knocked at heaven's gate—stood face to face to inquire their fate. He carried a passport with an earthly sign, but she a pardon from love divine. Oh, ye who judge 'twixt love and vice, which, think ye, entered Paradise? Not he whom the world has said would win, but the woman alone was ushered in.

Spurious Money in Salisbury.

Concord Times. Spurious money has been plentiful in Salisbury for the past two weeks and the officers are working hard to locate the source from which it is coming. Certificates of the one dollar denomination has been passed at a number of places and 25-cent pieces, which appears to good advantage, but composed of lead, is also to be found. It is believed the money was floated into Salisbury by workmen on the Southbound railroad.

How Good News Spreads.

"I am 70 years old and travel most of the time," writes B. F. Tolson, of Elizabethtown, Ky. "Everywhere I go I recommend Electric Bitters because I owe my excellent health and vitality to them. They effect a cure every time." They never fail to tone the stomach, regulate the kidneys and bowels, stimulate the liver, invigorate the nerves and purify the blood. They work wonders for weak, run-down men and women, restoring strength, vigor and health that's a daily joy. Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction is positively guaranteed by C. C. Sanford.

News From Smith Grove.

Last week was a rough week—sleet, snow, rain, and mud was no little, and Friday blew up cold again. It made us all sit close to our fires to keep warm. We were proud to see the sun shining those few days, but it did not last long until it was cold and sleeting again.

Mr. P. L. Smith drove in our burg a few weeks ago with his green house on a wagon to take pictures for us, but on account of bad weather we are afraid he has not done much. Boys and girls have your beauty struck for your friends and neighbors will want one, for crows are bad in this country.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. B. S. Cash's mule fell down one day last week, while he was riding him. The animal fell on him, but no bones were broken, although he is very sore. Mr. Cash, that mule must be a bad mule, as this is the second time for him this winter. He fell with Mr. Cash's daughter some few weeks ago, and hurt the girl right much.

The cold and sleety weather caught several of our wood piles with no wood, but we cut some green pipes which stood on the streets and burned chips for coal.

Mr. W. W. Allen has bought Mrs. Henry Saunders timber on Cub creek and will move his mill in a short while.

We are glad to see our young friend, Mr. D. F. Taylor back at home again. He has been holding a position in a furniture factory in Winston, but has come home to till the soil.

Mrs. Josie Ward from Jerusalem, is visiting relatives and friends in and around our burg this week.

Mrs. Beulah Sheek visited Mrs. Georgia Williams last week.

We have understood that Mr. James Crotts is going to leave our burg and move his family to Winston to run a boarding house. We will miss him for the slabs at our woodpiles are getting low. Wish he would saw us some more slabs, for the winter isn't gone yet.

Oh, these beautiful sunny days makes us feel like old rusty shoes look when they are shined and glossed up. It has been so long we have been housed up, that we feel new when the sun shines.

Mrs. Beulah Sheek visited Mrs. Chas. Shackelford one day last week.

Mr. John Shackelford, of Redland, visited Mr. John W. Williams last Saturday and Sunday.

We are glad to see our hustling merchants wearing smiles. Makes us feel like business is running their way. We wish all of them success in their business for the year 1910, for this is going to be a hard year on us poor people and dogs on account of short crops last year.

SILLY BILL.

Concord Druggist Goes to Cooleemee April 1st.

Concord, Feb. 28.—Mr. W. D. Turner, the well-known druggist of this city, head prescription clerk at M. L. Maxwell's drug store for the past several years, has resigned his position to take effect Apr. 1st, and on that date he and his family will leave for Cooleemee, where he will have charge of the handsome new drug store that will be opened at that place. Cooleemee has grown to be quite a lively mill village of more than 3,000 people and has never had the conveniences afforded by a first-class pharmacy. A handsome brick store has been erected, elegant fixtures have been ordered and the latest and most modern soda fountain will be installed.

Pneumonia follows a cold but never follows the use of Foley's Honey and Tar which stops the cough, heals the lungs and expels the cold from the system. Sold by all Druggists.

Horse Drowned and Mail Lost.

Last Tuesday Mr. Watson Lowery, rural mail carrier on Route 1, from Cana, had the misfortune to lose his horse and pouch of mail in Dutchman creek. Mr. Lowery was crossing the swollen stream on a bridge, when a chunk or log came floating down the stream, and the horse, seeing the object, became frightened and jumped from the bridge into ten or fifteen feet of water, and was drowned before he could be gotten out. The mail pouch was also washed away, but we understand that there was no registered mail in the pouch. We sympathize with Mr. Lowery in the loss of his horse, but glad that the accident was no worse.

Marriage and Runaway.

Mr. H. Robert Williams and Miss Lula Barneycastle were married at Advance, Feb. 27th. Mr. Williams is a brother of F. M. Williams, of Bixby, and B. G. Williams, of Advance.

Mr. G. W. Potts had a horse to run away last Saturday evening at Advance. He ran against a tree and killed himself.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Probably Fatally Burned.

Harmony Cor. Statesville Landmark.

Miss Beulah Gaither, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gaither, who live near Harmony, fainted while sitting before the fire Feb. 25th, and fell into the fire. Mr. Gaither, who had been out only a few seconds, came in and found her face in the fire. He pulled her gut as quick as he could, Dr. Journey was sent for and everything is being done that can be done, but it is feared her burns will prove fatal. Mr. and Mrs. Gaither are almost prostrated over the accident.

People look upon a 6-footer who weighs over 200 as a big man—until he proves that he's little.

To Our Subscribers.

We are not in the habit of calling on our subscribers for money, but we have reached the point that we feel constrained to ask for a share of your consideration. Not that we need the money of course, because editors never need money. Our groceryman is always glad to feed us free of charge while the dry goods merchants and clothiers are anxious to have us draw on them for our needs when it suits us to do so. The man from whom we rent is also glad to extend us the free use of his building, while ink and paper houses are vying with each other to see who can furnish us the most stock free of charge. Our printers are also falling over themselves to work for us simply for the love they have for us. It will thus be seen that we have absolutely no use for money, but we must confess that we sometimes get to wondering how money looks and get to actually craving sight of the stuff. We are not greedy but we would actually be glad to have a three months subscription to our paper paid in advance so that we could say that we had money. Think over the matter, brethren, and imagine how you would feel if you never caught sight of "the coin of the realm" even though you had no use for it. When you come to town bring along twenty-five cents and leave it with us, and we will certainly thank you.—Times-Mercury.

Solomon Shepard Recaptured.

Burlington, Feb. 28.—Solomon Shepard, the convicted murderer of Engineer Holt and who a few weeks ago was sentenced to serve a 30-year term in the penitentiary and who escaped from a railway construction camp near Laurinburg, gave the people of Alamance a lively chase yesterday and was finally captured and returned to the penitentiary today by Officer G. L. Patillo and Deputy Sheriff C. D. Story of Burlington.

In a musician's strike the wind instrument players are not likely to come to blows.

Are You Honest?

With your land when for the sake of saving a few dollars you use a fertilizer whose only recommendation is its analysis. It requires no special knowledge to mix materials to analyses. The value of a fertilizer lies in the materials used, so as not to over feed the plant at one time and starve at another. This is why Royster brands are so popular. Every ingredient has its particular work to do. Twenty-five years experience in making goods for Southern crops has enabled us to know what is required.

See that trade mark on every bag



F. S. Royster Guano Co.
NORFOLK, VA.