

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, MAY 11, 1910.

NUMBER 44.

LITTLE ITEMS OF NEWS HAPPENING EVERYWHERE

General Happenings of the Week From All Over the Country as Gathered From Our Exchanges—Many Things Told in a Few Words.

Mrs. J. M. Haire, of Wadesboro, is dangerously ill with pellegra. The Confederate monument will be unveiled at Lenoir June 3rd. Roosevelt received a grand ovation at Copenhagen, Denmark, on Tuesday.

The Southern Methodist Conference convened in Asheville Tuesday.

The entire business section of Stockton, Ga. was wiped out by fire last week.

East Spencer raises up in her wrath and puts a tax of \$2,000 on near beer dealers.

Work on the new boiler shop for the Southern railway at Spencer will begin at once.

Two men were dangerously shot in Catawba county last week by man named Bolick.

W. C. Newland, of Lenoir, is willing to run for governor two years hence. Strange.

The saw mill of Adderholt and Dishman, near Statesville, was destroyed by fire April 30th.

President Taft spent Thursday in Cincinnati, his old home town, and was greeted by thousands.

The Landmark says that it has been agreed that L. C. Wagner should be appointed postmaster at Statesville.

James H. Dobbough, of Charlotte, was struck by a fast train in that city Thursday, death resulting in few minutes.

One man was instantly killed and a score seriously burned in Philadelphia by the explosion of a gasoline tank.

El Clark, colored, is in jail in Winston, charged with cutting his wife's throat. She is in a serious condition.

Fire last Monday destroyed the residence of Marvin Turner, near Turnersburg, Iredell county. A defective flue.

The Standard Oil Co. has been fined \$24,000 for violating the interstate commerce act. Wonder if they will pay it.

Walter Murphy, of Salisbury, announces himself candidate for Congress in the eighth district. Democrat, of course.

The Southern railway shops at Knoxville, Tenn. have reduced the working period from nine to eight hours per day.

Night riders in Kentucky are again active. About 7,000 pounds of tobacco was burned by them at Augusta last week.

Dispatches from Alabama say that local option won out in that state last week, which will likely mean open saloons after Dec. 1st.

Thirteen patriots have offered their services to Gov. Kitchin to fill the post of corporation commissioner, made vacant by the death of B. F. Aycock.

A dispatch from Marietta, Ga., says Capt. R. W. Boone, the last descendant of the famous hunter, Daniel Boone, and a prominent banker of that city, died Friday after an illness of several weeks. He was a native of North Carolina.

Hickory, May 2.—Harris and Little shipped 170 crates or 5,100 dozen eggs on April 28—a big car-

load. This is said to be the largest shipment ever going out of this larding egg emporium of North Carolina.

Mark Twain was in New Orleans when Louisiana settled. He served two weeks as an officer in the Confederate Army. He says he resigned giving as his reason that he had been 'incapacitated by fatigue' caused by continued retreating.

Mayor Gaynor, of New York City, who has been prominently mentioned for the Democratic nomination for President, has been charged with authorizing the payment for a payment of an illegal fee of \$48,000 to the private lawyer of Chas. F. Murphy, the Tammany leader. Mayor Gaynor was elected on the Tammany ticket, but has posed as being independent. The payment was made the day after the Mayor was elected.

A Champion Mail Carrier.

A correspondent of the daily papers from Elkin, N. C., claims, and without doubt, that Mr. Frank Day, of Jonesville, is the champion mail carrier of the State. Here is his record: At the age of 14 years he lost his right arm in the machinery at the Patton mill here. The year after the war closed he secured a job as carrier on the route from Elkin to Huntsville, a distance of 25 miles. Twice a week for three years he averaged a total of 15,630 miles; for two years three times a week, 15,600 miles; from Jonesville to Mocksville, 30 miles, twice a week for six months, 2,880 miles; from Elkin to Dobson, 18 miles, twice a week. 18 months, 5,184 miles; from Jonesville to Clingman, 8 miles, four years, daily, 20,032 miles; Jonesville to Swan Creek, 5 miles, eight years, twice a week, 8,320 miles; Elkin to Jonesville, one mile, 13 years, twice a day, 16,276 miles; two years, three times daily, 3,756 miles. This makes a total of 87,642 miles. During these 45 years of mail service he never lost a mail lock, was never more than 15 minutes behind the scheduled time and more than half the time was made on time on foot. He is now 60 years old and still tramping the road three times each day, except Sunday, from Elkin to Jonesville.

What Everybody Wants.

Everybody desires good health which is impossible unless the kidneys are sound and healthy. Foley's Kidney Remedy should be taken at the first indication of any irregularity, and a serious illness may be averted. Foley's Kidney Remedy will restore your kidneys and bladder to their normal state and activity. Sold by all druggists.

Travel 20 Days to West.

Two families, consisting of five people, arrived at Spokane, a few days since after one of the longest journeys possible in the United States proper. They left Mt. Erie, N. C. on March 1, and arrived here March 21. Barring delays they were traveling all the time, in day coaches by preference. They will locate on a ranch near Sunnyside. — Spokane, Washington dispatch.

Foley Kidney Pills are antiseptic, tonic and restorative and a prompt corrective of all urinary irregularities. Refuse substitutes. Sold by all druggists.

UNCLE TOBEY'S LECTURE ON "WHEN I WAS A BOY."

Uncle Gives Good Advice to the Boys—Says Times are Different Now From His Young Days—Had a Lot of all Kinds Fierce Experiments.

Your Uncle Tobey was once a boy; he couldn't help it; he was born that way. It might have been different; then there would have been no Uncle Tobey. So probably it is best it happened the way it did. I don't remember the event of my being born, but there can be no doubt of it, as there was unimpeachable witnesses present. I was present, too, so they told me afterwards, but I don't remember it.

The first thing that I do remember is that I was trying to saw wood with one of those old buck saws. The buck was so high that when I put my foot on the stick of wood to hold it down and drew the saw toward me the whole thing, buck included, would come tumbling down upon me. You see I was below the center of gravity and much to one side of it.

I was about two years old then, and later on I mastered the art of sawing wood on a buck under the careful supervision of father. In those days, when I had to saw wood I was in the habit of saying something, but I have since learned that it is best to just to "saw wood and say nothing."

I was a contractor at a very early age; that is I contracted all the diseases to which children are subject. The measles caught me before I could walk, I caught everything else myself. The measles held of me when I was only sixteen months old, and they almost killed me. A boy of that age seldom gets a "square deal" from the measles. I beat the scarlet fever in a tussel at the age of seven, the whooping cough at nine, the chicken pox at ten and the mumps at twelve. Aside from these diseases, which are hard to dodge for a boy who follows a boys' business and does the usual amount of running around, I usually carried about my person a stubbed toe. At the age of twelve I was pronounced proof against green apples and drowning.

I was a healthy boy. In fact there weren't many sick boys in those days. Just the thought of the medicine which the doctors gave them kept many a boy from being sick. They never gave you less than a tablespoon full, and it was always black and dusty looking. I am sure now that the medicine as boys didn't take saved many of our lives. We just could not bear the thought of taking the nasty medicine, got out doors and got well without it. When I was a boy the doctors were not in such a big hurry to get a patient in the graveyard as they are now. They waited till you got sick before they gave you any medicine, and then they gave you enough to cure you or kill you. Now they give you the medicine and you get sick afterwards. In those days a doctor who didn't carry pill bags that would hold from a peck to a half bushel of medicine could not get much practice.

They didn't fix up the medicine to take like they do now, in capsules and sugar-coated pills and pellets. When I was boy we would suffer a whole heap of belly-ache, and not let the old folks know it, rather than take the big tablespoonful of nasty black looking medicine. Now they fix it up so you can't taste the medicine, and make some of the children think it's candy. When I was a boy the parents didn't lie to their children except about Santa Claus. They just gave us that tablespoonful of old black nasty stuff and in an hour we didn't know which end

of us was the sickest. The medicine in those days was mighty quick on trigger.

When I was a boy there was many doctors, and they were mostly honest. People didn't eat much medicine then like they do now and there wasn't much sickness. So far as your Uncle Tobey knows there wasn't much sickness nowhere until people got to having livers and kidneys and appendices and such things as that. Just as soon as anybody knows that he has all kinds of machinerp on his inside and that it has all got to be kept in proper condition he feels a little hurting here and a little hurting there, and he begins to take some kind of dope. The kind of dope that loosens up one wheel clogs up two or three others and then the trouble begins. The doctor comes and gives medicine for the liver and then the kidneys won't play, and the bladder becomes "blocked up." In the meantime the patient, not being able to live on bluemass alone, eats something that lodges in his appendix and a surgeon is called in to cut him open and cut off his appendix to feed the cat. If the patient gets well after all this he might have as well died, for it will take all he has to pay his doctor bill and he'll starve to death.

When I was a boy just the sight of a pair of medicine bags made sicker than a half dozen calomel tablets do now. In those days the doctors bombarded the disease with artillery; now they shoot at it with bird shot. If the artillery failed to kill a man he got well, and the fear of having to withstand another bombardment kept him well.

When I was a boy taking medicine never became a habit. The medicine was too nasty and too "drastic" in its effects. But nearly everybody nowadays has the pellet and tablet habit.

When I was a boy I was very healthy and thus escaped death at the doctors' hands, although I had several narrow escapes. Besides this, however, I had many opportunities of being killed, but hoping that better ones would come later I did not embrace any of them. I was in a wagon when a vicious team ran away with it. They made a sudden turn, upset the wagon, turning it completely over, and running off with the broken tongue, left me under the upturned bed. I crawled out before the whools stopped running around and wondered why the other part of the wagon wasn't moving too. I hadn't a scritch on me, but the horses were pretty badly "scratched up." I was also exposed to the comet before the civil war, but it never hurt me.

A cousin fooling with the tongue of an empty wagon started it towards a steep precipice, but it caught on a tree, at the very edge, and my life was saved. These little occurrences happening at so early an age made me a hero, but I don't think I appreciated it as much as I should now.

I do not regret having had these opportunities to get myself killed at any early age offered to me. They had no temptation for me while other boys might have yielded and left a bright future behind them. I cannot forget these incidents. Other boys fell around me. One was bitten by a mad dog within a few hundred yards of my home and died with hydrophobia. Who knows but what that dog was intended for me, and that if I had been present I might have saved the boy's life?

At any rate my uncle killed the dog, and when I was a boy, I was a boy, I did what I could to avert what might have been calamities to other boys.

There ought to be enough for everybody these good times. Even the plow has its share.

A TRIP TO THE CLASSIC

SHADES OF YADKINVILLE.

What We Saw, Heard and Thought—A Good County and a Good People—A Few Rambling Remarks About the County and its People.

It was our good fortune to spend a day and night in the quaint and historic old town of Yadkinville during court last week. We left Mocksville Sunday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock, going by Holman's and Courtney. Courtney is located just within the borders of Yadkin county, and is one of the prettiest little country villages that we ever ran up against. There is a nice school building, church, two first-class stores, conducted by Mr. Rollins and a Mr. Cranfill. Courtney has a number of beautiful residences and some of the finest pear orchards we have ever seen. She also has lots of handsome men and fair maidens, not counting a washboard factory. Here is also located a keg factory, where many kegs are manufactured and shipped empty to old Virginia, only to return to North Carolina in a short time well filled with "mountain dew." All Courtney needs to make her a lively town is a railroad and a few old bachelors—she has the old maids. We arrived within the classic precincts of Yadkinville shortly after the evening shades had fallen, and put up with our friend Mr. Isaac Shores, former sheriff of Yadkin, but now proprietor of the leading hotel. We want to stop right here long enough to remark that friend Shores is one of the cleverest men in that town, and that no one ever leaves his table hungry. It makes our mouth water to think about the fine country ham, fresh eggs corn, beans, cabbage, cakes, corn bread, hot biscuits and juicy black berry pie we devoured while there.

Wise people who have business in Yadkinville, will always stop at the Shores hotel. Early Monday morning the people from far and near began pouring in for court. The judge did not arrive until the afternoon, but the crowd amused themselves by drinking lemonade, eating peanuts and buying town lots. We secured a number of new subscriptions for The Record, and succeeded in running down several of our enemies. The people of Yadkin county are the greatest newspaper readers in the world or the biggest hars that we ever came in contact with. Nearly every man we approached said he was taking from four to fifty newspapers. Yadkinville is a nice little town, inhabited with good people who cannot help that they are ugly so far as looks are concerned. The merchants there seem to be doing a good business, so are the lawyers and doctors, judging from their well-fed appearance. Yadkinville needs a railroad, and needs it badly, and one of these days she is going to get it. With a railroad running through that town and county they would bloom forth as the rose. We had to return home Monday afternoon, and therefore missed seeing many of our old friends whom we are accustomed to meeting there during court. The crops in Yad-

kin and Davie are looking fine. Much of the wheat is in head, and corn is looking fine. The fruit crop will be the largest in years, and the farmers are wearing broad smiles. Sorry space will not permit us to give a more lengthy account of our trip, which was indeed a delightful one.

The High Cost of Living.

Increases the price of many necessities without improving the quality. Foley's Honey and Tar maintains its high standard of excellence and its great curative qualities without any increase in cost. It is the best remedy for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough and all ailments of the throat, chest and lungs. The genuine in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. Sold by all druggists.

Great Honor to Ex-President.

Paris, April 28.—With military honors, Paris bade adieu to Theodore Roosevelt today. So great was the crush at the Gare Du Nord, from which the former president left for Brussels, that for five minutes the railroad officials vainly tried to get the train under way. Officials thronged the platforms, and about the station and on the streets for blocks around the citizens of Paris were jammed into close packed ranks, cheering and waving the stars and stripes and the tri-color of the French republic. It was a farewell such as is usually accorded to royalty.

As Mr. Roosevelt arrived at the station, accompanied by his family, Ambassador Bacon, Ambassador Jusserand and representatives of the army, the navy, the government and President Fallier's the crowd burst into cheers.

Commander Julius A. Pratt Post No. 134, Dept. III., G. A. R.

Mr. Isaac Cook, Commander of above Post, Kewanee, Ill., writes: "For a long time I was bothered with backache and pains across my kidneys. About two months ago I started taking Foley Kidney Pills and soon saw they were doing just as claimed. I kept on taking them and now I am free from backache, and the painful bladder misery is all gone. I like Foley Kidney Pills so well that I have told many of my friends and comrades about them and shall recommend them at every opportunity." Sold by all druggists.

Laying of Rails Begins Next Week.

President H. E. Fries stated yesterday that the work of laying rails on the Southbound Railway would start next week at Lexington. Then about May 20 the work will be started here and at Norwood. And before September shall have passed the road will be banded together as a unit by steel rails, and trains will begin the work of pouring out the wealth of the factories, fields and mines of the north to the south and receive wealth in imports and moneys of countries with whom new trade will be established.—Winston Journal, 28th.

For More Than Three Decades

Foley's Honey and Tar has been a household favorite for all ailments of the throat, chest and lungs. For infants and children it is the best and safest as it contains no opiates, and no harmful drugs. None genuine but Foley's Honey and Tar in the yellow packages. Refuse substitutes. Sold by all druggists.

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