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WILD RIDE DOWN MOUNTAIN.

Engineer Coble on Runaway.

Asheville, Jan. 17.—Engineer Coble, pulling the throttle of a westbound freight train on the Murphy division of the Southern Railway, had one of the most thrilling experiences on Balsam mountain Friday, between Willets and Beauty, recorded in railway circles here for many a year. The engineer was on a runaway train down the mountain, and while escaping without a scratch he will perhaps never be able to forget that wild ride down Balsam. All the other members of the train crew jumped.

Engineer Coble, a stalwart son of Erin and making his first run as an engineer, elected to stay with the train, for a distance of perhaps six or eight miles, with the runaway hitting it up at times at the rate of 100 miles or more an hour; worked with the big machine, and finally getting it under control, brought it to a stop. The train's flight, however, was not checked until it had whipped off five of the seven cars, practically destroyed the telegraph office and wires at Addie and made kindling wood of a part of the Addie station.

Crew Jumps To Safety.

According to reliable information received here to-day a freight train of seven cars was passing over the Murphy division westbound. Engineer Coble was pulling the train and, reaching the top of Balsam, started to ease down in careful and efficient manner. About the time the water

the mountain was reached, the wheels began slipping. Soon the train was gathering headway and then the crew, realizing that the thing was from under control of the engineer, lost no time in swinging off to safety. Some of them perhaps had been on runaway trains on Balsam before and they didn't care to go through another experience. Engineer Coble, however, stuck to his post. He worked manfully at his reverse and his brakes, but his efforts were in vain. The train kept getting faster. It swung down the mountain side with a mighty rush and those persons about Addie station, on a curve near the foot of the mountain, hearing the noise but not knowing what it was, took precaution and sought places of safety.

Addie Station Destroyed.

And it was well they did. In an instant or two the engine with seven cars plunged into sight. It is said that the thing was going at 100 miles an hour or more. At Addie five of the cars were whipped off like the tail of a kite. One of the cars was thrown against the front door of the station and that part of the building was converted into kindling wood. The telegraph office, instruments and wires were simply demolished. The operator or station master had got away just in the niche of time. Another car was thrown into the yard in front of the station, while others were piled about the place in heaps.

The engine in which sat engineer Coble and to which the remaining two cars were attached never hesitated. Making the curve it just kept a-going. All the time the engineer was working desperately at his brakes and the reverse. The loss of five cars didn't seem to disturb him. Past Addie and on down the track went the runaway. Two miles further, with the steep incline passed, the engineer succeeded in again bringing his engine under control and then to a stop. He had a frightful ride and a

thrilling experience, but he was unhurt.

The Asheville division officials were notified shortly after the runaway occurred and wrecking train was sent to the scene. The runaway happened about noon and it was well toward nine o'clock that night before the debris at Addie was cleared and the track made ready for use. Those who viewed the scene at Addie yesterday declare that they have never before seen so complete a demolition.

Battle With Bandits.

London, Jan. 23.—Three persons were killed and 21 injured at Walthamstow, a suburb of London, as the result of a sensational attempt made to-day by two Russians at highway robbery. The men were run down and surrounded by a posse, and one of them finally committed suicide. The other attempted suicide but did not succeed, although he is now lying in a critical condition at Tottenham Hospital.

Two of their victims, a policeman and a boy of 10, lie dead, while five of the injured are in a hospital seriously wounded.

London is breathless at the introduction into its precincts of Russian revolutionary methods. One of the revolvers used by the men was found to be the same type as that used by Russian revolutionists, having a large butt with rest, a long, narrow muzzle and firing bullets of the soft nosed, expanding Mauser pattern.

The bandits held up an automobile containing the employees of wages at the entrance to the rubber works at Walthamstow and made off with the money. They were followed by a few employes and a gradually increasing crowd of police and civilians, few of whom were armed.

The police jumped aboard a trolley car, and the bandits, finding themselves closely pursued, jumped aboard another car and forced the driver with a revolver at his head, to send his car along at full speed.

One of the men ran to the rear of the car and repeatedly emptied his revolver at the pursuers. Reinforcements of armed police on foot, bicycles and on horseback joined in the chase and fusillades were exchanged for a distance of a mile.

The car went thundering down the track with the mounted and bicycle police straining every effort to keep up with the peace-makers. Nearing the Tottenham marshes the bandits made the motorman slow down and, jumping off, seized a milk cart and made for the country district. An automobile was pressed into service by the police and it was rapidly overhauling the assassins when they took to the marshes.

The pursuit in this treacherous ground was a difficult one, but eventually the police succeeded in overtaking one of the men, who, finding his position hopeless, turned his weapon upon himself, inflicting a dangerous, though not a fatal wound. The other man, failing to reach Epping forest, took refuge in a cottage, which the police, now reinforced by buckshooters, who were in the vicinity, first fusilladed and then stormed. They found the assassin dead on the floor, he having sent a bullet into his own head.

Charlie—There was a splendid trick done last evening. I saw a man actually turn a handkerchief into an egg.

Billy—That's nothing. I saw a man only about two weeks ago turn a cow into a field.

Garnegie Medals Awarded.

Pittsburg, Jan. 20.—The Carnegie hero fund commission, at its annual meeting here to-day awarded 26 medals, \$14,750 in cash, and pensions aggregating \$565 per month for deeds of valor investigated since the last meeting of the commission last October.

Joseph A. Forsyth, aged 49 years, of Atlanta, Ga., received a bronze medal and \$1,500 with which to liquidate a mortgage on his property. Forsyth on February 10th, 1907, pulled John C. Reed, aged 71, from the railroad tracks just as a train reached the spot.

For rescuing Carl V. Chalk, aged 18, and his father, Walter V. Chalk, aged 38, from drowning, on July 4th, 1907, James H. Archibald, aged 35, of Gates Tenn., was awarded a bronze medal and \$1,000 to be applied toward the purchase of a farm. The younger Chalk had become exhausted while swimming, and hampered his father so much when the latter tried to save him that both men would have drowned but for Archibald's assistance.

A silver medal and \$1,000.00 awarded to James B. Goldman, of Cambridge, S. C., who risked his life to save Warren Finley, a negro section hand, from being run over by a train near Waterloo, June 29th, 1907. Finley's legs were cut off but his life was saved.

A silver medal and \$50 a month, with five dollars for each dependent child under 16, was awarded Rosa Omner, of New Orleans, La., widow of Frank Omner, who lost his life rescuing John Devin (colored) who was overcome by sewer gas October 22d, 1907, in a city sewer.

Cleansing His Conscience.

There was once in Boston an old codfish dealer, a very earnest and sincere man, who lived prayerfully every day. One of the great joys of his life was the family worship hour. One year two other merchants asked him to go into a deal with them by which they could control all the codfish in the market, and greatly increase the price. The plan was succeeding well, when this good man learned that many poor persons in Boston were suffering because of the great advance in the price of codfish. It troubled him so that he broke down, in trying to pray at the family altar, and went straight to the men who led him into the plot, and told them that he could not go off with it.

Said the old man: "I can't afford to do anything which interferes with my family prayers. And this morning when I got down on my knees and tried to pray, there was a mountain of codfish before me high enough to shut out the throne of God, and I could not pray. I tried my best to get around it, or get over it, but every time I started to pray, that codfish loomed up between me and my God. I would not have my family prayer spoiled for all the codfish in the Atlantic Ocean, and I shall have nothing more to do with it, or with any money made out of it." —Selected.

A Religious Author's Statement.

For several years I was afflicted with kidney trouble and last winter I was suddenly stricken with a severe pain in my kidneys and was confined to bed eight days unable to get up without assistance. My urine contained a thick white sediment and I passed same frequently day and night. I commenced taking Foley's Kidney Remedy, and the pain gradually abated and finally ceased and my urine became normal. I cheerfully recommend Foley's Kidney Remedy. Sold by J. H. Gwyn.

Pinesalve ACTS LIKE A POUltICE RELIEVES ALL FORMS OF SKIN DISEASE

Court Stops His Persistent Wooing.

"And it being satisfactorily shown to the court that the love of William C. Ragan, party of the second part, is distasteful and otherwise objectionable to Mrs. Elsie Smith, party of the first part, it is ordered, adjudged and otherwise decreed that the lavishing of the affections of said William C. Ragan, party of the second part, toward said Mrs. Elsie Smith, party of the first part, is hereby enjoined and otherwise prohibited. And the said William C. Ragan, party of the second part, is ordered to come into court and show cause why said decree against his amorous activities should not be declared final."

So the courts of the land and the State of Ohio heartlessly, cruelly and with all the sternness of their puissant powers have put to fight, imprisoned, but not conquered the divine passion of the enraptured Ragan, writes the Toledo correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Blind justice has ordered that the faithful and persistent swain shall no more utter oot-see-ooos in the presence of his adored, shall no more warble lovelorn ditties to the trumming of his soft guitar, shall no more shower her with theater tickets and be-ribboned boxes of bonbons.

And all because the object of his affections cares not for them when they emanate from William C. Ragan. 'Tis a bitter world!

Two years ago the sprightly and comely widow Mrs. Elsie Smith met the unhappy Ragan. Since that ill fated hour Ragan has been the devoted slave of the pretty widow. His visits to her home number hundreds, his proposals reach the scores, his attentions know no bounds.

But despite the ardor and the persistence of this attack, on her heart the affections of the widow remained intact. And as the weeks wore on the more distasteful became the attentions of her admirer.

"Get out," she ordered as he proposed for the three hundred and thirty-eighth time last week.

"If you run me away I'll take carbolic acid, shoot my head off and jump in a beer vat," he threatened.

"I'll give you a \$100 if you don't," she promised, and surreptitiously winked the other eye.

"Under those conditions I'll postpone suicide until you refuse me tomorrow night," replied the would-be benedict.

"Here's the check. On your way," and as her admirer disappeared the comely widow's voice was heard stopping payment on the check over the telephone.

In desperation she appealed to the courts. Her petition for injunction was granted but the order does not extend to preventing Ragan taking his own life. It is not chronicled in the court record that the young woman asked that boon.

She Didn't Sleep Well.

A woman who lives in an inland town, while going to a convention in a distant city spent one night of the journey on board a steamboat. It was the first time she had ever traveled by water. She reached her journey's end extremely fatigued. To a friend who remarked it she replied:

"Yes, I'm tired to death. I don't know as I care to travel by water again. I read the statement about how to put the life-preserver on, and I thought I understood it; but I guess I didn't. Somehow, I couldn't go to sleep with the thing on."

SAYINGS OF MRS. SOLOMAN

Being the Confessions of the 700th Wife, as Translated.

Wouldst thou be a bachelor girl, my daughter? For this is the great feminine bluff; and no such thing existeth, except in the magazines and the imagination.

Lo, a bachelor girl may be a sweet young thing who assumeth a becoming pose, or she may be an old maid who maketh the best of an unbecoming situation; but a confirmed bachelor girl is one who hath not married—yet.

For the single life is a perfectly lovely thing—in story books. Yea, it is made up of rarebit suppers and high art and the admiration of the multitude; but in real life it is a back hall bedroom with a gas stove for company and twenty-five cent table d'hotel for excitement.

Verily, I say unto thee, no woman who would not exchange a type-writer for a cradle, and a desk for a sewing machine, and an easel for a cook stove, and an armful of diplomas for an armful of babies—and a latch key for a nice pair of broad shoulders—if the right man offered them to her.

Yea, observe how easily a lady college professor droppeth her Hebrew and her Greek and learneth to talk baby-talk.

And mark how willingly a lady doctor stoppeth rolling pills for the pleasure of rolling a baby carriage.

For art thou canst not run try fingers through its hair, nor call it funny nicknames, nor cry upon its coat lapel. Neither canst thou worry about it, nor wait upon it, nor "fus" over it. Verily, verily a woman must have something to coddle—and a man is better than a teddy bear. Selah!

For Apartment Houses in City.

Winston-Salem Journal.

With the intention of constructing model apartment houses, Mrs. R. J. Reynolds yesterday through Mr. Jas. S. Dunn purchased from Maj. T. J. Brown a lot on West End. The lot, which fronts on Fifth street, is 150 feet wide and extends back to 5 1-2 street a distance of 200 feet. The price paid was \$8,000.

Mrs. Reynolds proposes to erect the most up to date apartment houses possible. They will be furnished with every convenience, including janitor service and heat. This will be the first real ambitious attempt to erect modern apartment houses in the city and they will be similar to the larger cities. The plans for the houses have not been drawn yet.

It is interesting to note in connection with the purchase of the lot by Mrs. Reynolds from Maj. Brown that he purchased this piece of property in 1885 from the congregation of the Moravian Brethren for the sum of \$320. Three years ago Maj. Brown sold a slice of fifty feet fronting on Fifth to Mr. Lobberton for \$1,200, and yesterday disposed of the remaining 150 feet front for \$8,000. Real estate property has increased at practically the same rate through-out the city.

The Tactful Suitor.

Harper's Weekly.

A youth in Trenton, whose devotion to the young woman of his choice has encountered many obstacles during his long courtship, recently sought her out with this encouraging statement:

"I think it's all right now, Alice. I managed to get access to your father the other day and while he wouldn't exactly give his consent I rather imagine I've made some headway. He borrowed \$40 of me. Surely he can't stand me off much longer after that."

The young woman sighed. "Yes, I've heard about," she said "and I think you've made an awful mess of it. Father mentioned the \$40 and remarked that I'd better give you up—you were too easy."

CROWS HAIR ON BALD HEADS.

Bald Headed People May Get a New Chance in Life.

In these days when youth is the moving factor in business; when a man makes his mark at thirty-five and is ready to retire at forty-five; when business houses pension the man we call "middle aged" rather than allow his lagging influence to intrude upon the commercial rush, a bald head is almost fatal to any man's hopes. The following must therefore prove interesting to people who are losing their hair or who are bald.

Resorcin is one of the latest and most effective germ killers discovered by science, and in connection with Beta Naphthol, a powerful antiseptic and an-

gericide, it enters the pores of the scalp, which prevents the development of new germs.

Pilocarpin is a well known agent for restoring the hair to its natural color, where the loss of color has been due to a disease of the scalp. Yet, it is not a coloring matter or dye.

This combination of curatives mixed with alcohol as a stimulant perfects the most effective remedy for hair and scalp troubles.

The famous Rexall "93" Hair Tonic is chiefly composed of Resorcin, Beta Naphthol and Pilocarpin. It makes the scalp healthy, nourishes the hair, stimulates the follicles. Where the hair is already bare, it enters the follicles, revitalizes the roots, supplies nourishment and stimulates a new growth.

We want you to try a few bottles of Rexall "93" Hair Tonic, on our personal guarantee that the trial will not cost you a penny if it does not give you absolute satisfaction. That's proof of our faith in this remedy and it should indisputably demonstrate that we know what we are talking about when we say that Rexall "93" Hair Tonic will grow hair on bald heads, except of course, where baldness has been of such long duration that the roots of the hair are entirely dead, the follicles closed and grown over, and the scalp is glazed.

Remember, we are basing our statements upon what has already been accomplished by the use of Rexall "93" Hair Tonic, and we have the right to assume that what it has done to hundreds of others it will do for you. In any event you cannot lose anything by giving it a trial on our liberal guarantee. Two sizes: 50c, to \$1.00 The Ashcraft Drug Co. Mt. Airy, N. C.

PIGS.

Fine Polan China and Mammoth Pigs ready to ship. Order before they are picked over.

JOHN A. YOUNG,
Greensboro, N. C.