The Montgomerian

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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Editor and Manager.

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KEEPING THE DOLLARS AT HOME.

"Ten years ago a farmer put his initials on a dollar bill. The next day he went to the nearest town and spent it with a merchant. Before the year was out he got the dollar bill back. Four times in six years the dollar came back to him for produce, and three times he heard of it in the pockets of his neighbors. The last time he got it back was four years ago. He sent it to a retail mail order house. He has never seen that dollar since, nor never will. That dollar will never pay any more school or road tax for him, will not build or brighten any of the homes of the community. He sent it entirely out of the circle of usefulness to himself and his neighbors."

The above is an oft-repeated story, but it is to the point.

The home merchants are responsible for the condition stated. They complain at those who patronize the mail order houses, but refuse to adopt the remedy at hand. The mail order houses advertise to acquaint the people with their goods and prices. They get the business as a result of it. They use both catalogues and newspaper space—the former the more expensive but because of the nation wide field of operation most convenient, and the latter almost impossible to conduct satisfactorily on so large and varying a scale.

The home merchant can afford easily to buy one to five dollars worth of advertising each week if he puts thought and prices into his ads. Probably nine-tenths of the people know nothing of the stock carried by the local dealers, hence they order by mail.

Money spent for judicious advertising is worth more to the business than the same money spent in any other way. Those who have tried it say so.

DON'T "MAKE US TIRED."

Editor Huggins of the Marshville Home says: "But it does make us tired to hear the Governor criticised so for 'assriling the saintly Senator's spotless record.'"

Doubtless since that statement went into cold black print it fails to shine as its writer anticipated. The expression "makes us tired," is rarely associated with the discussions of the mighty affairs of government or public questions. It has the sound of loss of sleep, indigestion, grouchiness, intolerance and some other things.

We give Brother Huggins the benefit of the doubt, however, for it is hardly probable that he meant it if he did say it. He is a bright young man and should be forgiven this blunder—all of us make them occasionally.

North Carolinians have known Senator Simmons for years, both at home and in Washington. They have kept pretty close track of his record, as has the governor, but without "purpose" or secret evasion of mind in the watching.

Thousands of the sturdiest of the old North State citizenship are eminently satisfied with the Senator's record as a Senator, and his democracy. Not a new "fandangled" butterfly democracy, but the old—the original—fundamental Jeffersonian democracy upon which our great and mighty government is builded even unto this day.

BLOOD HOUNDS.

Recently a Texas farmer lost his barn by fire. Suspicious tracks were seen about the place and were covered with boards until blood hounds could be secured, which was twenty four hours after the burning. The tracks were uncovered, the dogs scented them, circled about the place, struck a trail followed it steadily through a man's house occupied by himself and family at the time. The dogs continued the trail for some miles beyond, and caught their man. The farmer whose house the dog trailed through said a man passed through his house nearly twenty four hours ahead of the dog.

Those skeptical about here, and The Charlotte Observer as well, are cited to this true account of the ability of the blood hound to make good in his profession—man trailing.

PORK AT HALF PRICE.

The Alabama Experiment Station has found that corn is an expensive food for pigs. Their tests have proven that pigs fed on corn alone gain two-fifths of a pound a day and costs seven and a half cents per pound, whereas, when soy bean pasturage was substituted for a part of the corn ration, the gain was more than a pound per day and the cost of production only three cents a pound.

The tests in other states have shown that peanuts and chufas are excellent fattening foods for hogs, but they should be followed by either sweet potatoes or corn to finish off on making the meat white and firm. In Mississippi they made pork at 2 1-2 cents per pound when the pigs were given pasture and peanuts to feed on and finished on sweet potatoes.

The same can be done in North Carolina that is done elsewhere.

AYCOCK STRONG

Ex. governor Aycock holds a warm place in the hearts of all true North Carolinians. He has launched his campaign for the nomination for the Senatorship, and he will make a strong race. The people in the towns and county alike hold him near and dear to them and this unity will result in little fuss but many votes in November.

We need not be surprised if Mr. Aycock leads the other three gentleman who are in the race with him—Simmons, Kitchin and Clark—Although it does seem that the state needs Mr Simmons and his valuable experience now more than ever before. He is an exceedingly valuable statesman at the critical stage in the political affairs of the nation.

A STOCK RAISING SECTION.

This section of North Carolina is naturally one of the best stock raising sections in the South yet the industry is hardly known.

Tenneesee and Virginia mules can be supplanted with North Carolina mules if only our farmers would buy Percheron mares instead of mules, for their farm work. Some day, not long off, we are going to be a stock selling people instead of a stock buying people. That day means more and better farmers, more money in the bank, and many other conditions conducive to man's happiness and welfare.

THEN AND NOW.

Mr. Roosevelt's "my policies" then and now involuntarily and persistently, to our mind, associate themselves with that of the hybrid zebras of his in the National zoo at Washington—a coincidence the mind cannot dissociate. It lingers, the one recalling the other.

The Elephant and the Donkey refuse to blind at the instance of the Colonel's recent "face about." Nothing short of a hybrid from an African zebra and a Mexican burro can meet the emergency of the occasion.

ROADS AND THE WEATHER.

Old men say the past winter has been the worst on the public roads they have ever known. Every county in the state has suffered from bad roads—even the macadam roads of Mecklenburg came in for quite a lot of damage by the severe winter. The sand clay has held up well where properly put up and cared for. After all, the experience may be worth hundred of thousands of dollars to North Carolina, for hereafter all will want good roads and to build them of the material that has best withstood the test.

Montgomery County needs a poultry association. A year ago an effort was made to sound the poultry sentiment but the response was to feeble too warrant any considerable efforts toward organization. A postal card to the editor of The Montgomerian saying that you will join if an organization is perfected will be fuel such as is needed. Now is the time. Get a postal quick, lest you forget.

Our brilliant governor will find it a rather irksome, and ultimately unpleasant task, if he undertakes to bequeath unto North Carolina democracy another imbroglio similar to that of four years ago. Patriotism should outweigh personal ambition.

The County blood hounds are receiving a lot of good training these days and it is almost astonishing to see how rapidly they learn to trail a man and allow nothing to put them off the track. They show greater proficiency each day they trail.

The Chinese and Mexicans are unruly specimens of humanity just now—both nations seething in rebellion and riots.

Mr. Page Alert.

Representative Page of North Carolina has called the attention of the Attorney General of the State to the fact that the State can recover about $30,000 for cotton seized just after the civil war by the Federal government. There were three lots originally, containing 175, 70 and 247 bales, but the small lot was paid for at the rate of $71.35 a bale years ago. At the same rate the other two lots should bring $30,000. The cotton in question was bought by North Carolina in Georgia in 1865 and seized about the same time. The Treasury Department notified Mr. Page that to get the money the State must establish its claim in the court of claims, and then have Congress make the appropriation.

Horse the Most Faithful.

Of all the brute friends of man, the horse is certainly by far the most useful and the most valuable to him, states Horse Journal. In these later days he earns the living for his master, his master's family and himself; usually he works six days a week and hauls the family around on the seventh, accept the poorest shelter or none at all, takes what food his master allows him uncomplainingly, is always ready to do his best at any task to which he is assigned, and through thick and thin, bad luck or good, weal or woe, is the reliable, faithful, efficient and optimistic friend of his master, his family and his interest.

In peace the horse toils for man in many ways; in war he suffers and dies for him. In disaster he carries his master out of danger; in victory he bears him proudly in the triumphal march. He shares his sorrows and his poverty in full and gets but little share in his prosperity. Though he would enjoy rest and recuperation in the green fields, he continually toils and struggles at his task on the bare roads between them.

Blows he receives patiently from the hands of his taskmaster, nor resents them except when long continued, and sometimes not even then. Worn and weary, he drags out his life day in and out; whether he is mortally ill or weakened for loss of rest or lack of food.

AFTER BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE

Julius Heidenreich of Chicago Tells of Lying Wounded Two Weeks on Battle Field.

Hairbreadth escapes are related by veterans of the Civil war and wondered at by a younger generation, but the tales of fortune in the thick of battle are sometimes not the most wonderful of the war. Those that come nearest to being incredible and leave the listener confounded by the thought that only through a miracle has the narrator been saved to the world are those of long continued suffering in prison or in hospital. One man who has such a story to tell is Julius Heidenreich, who lives at 11112 Fairfield avenue, South Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Heidenreich, who for twenty-five years has been a member of U. S. Grant post of the G. A. R. and color bearer, was in Company K of the Fifty-ninth Illinois infantry regiment, which with the Thirty-seventh Illinois and Eighth, Eighteenth and Twenty-second Indiana regiments and the Peoria battery made up the division of the Union army commanded by Maj. Gen. (then colonel) Jefferson C. Davis. The story is of the three days' fighting at Pea Ridge, Ark., one of the half-dozen big battles of the west.

"My regiment, the Fifty-ninth Illinois, was sent west after it was formed late in the summer of 1861," said Mr. Heidenreich. "By the beginning of March, 1862, we had gone on foot about 700 miles from Jefferson City, Mo., and were headed into Arkansas at the rate of twenty miles a day, hot in pursuit of General Price's Confederate army. We were 200 miles from our base of supplies. We were shoeless and in rags and we lived on corn issued in the ear by the commissary.

"We caught up with General Price and had three days' fighting with him. This was the battle of Pea Ridge. The afternoon and night of March 6 I helped build defensive breastworks. The next afternoon we were sent through an open field into the woods and there saw soldiers partially concealed by a scrub oak thicket. They displayed the stars and stripes, but we suspected them. The order was given to advance, but to hold our fire until the fact that it was the enemy

"I Fell in the First Volley."

beyond a doubt. Then we fired into them and they returned the fire. They were ten to our one.

"I fell in the first volley. One shot went through my forehead, two others, which I still carry, through my right arm and shoulder, another through my left leg and a fifth through my left side and a sixth struck a needlecase and a tintype that I carried over the right breast and knocked me over among the others, who were left for dead and dying.

"What was left of our regiment fell back and the rebels advanced, shooting into our rear. At my left lay a corporal, wounded. A rebel plunged his bayonet through the man, who grasped the blade, called out to his wife and daughter, and died. The rebel was about to do the same to me when another stepped up and prevented him. This man gave me a drink of water from his canteen, washed the blood out of my eyes, straightened my wounded limbs and took my revolver away. While he stooped over me a heavy volley came from our army and I saw a rebel commander fall from his horse.

"I lay there for thirteen days without medical attention or anything to eat except soaked corn. Water was brought to me in a greasy haversack. The wounded comrades beside me were all silent, and just beyond my head there was a trench in which the dead were buried. Day by day I could hear the grave diggers at work and hear the bodies cast into the trench and the clods falling back again. This went on six feet from me and yet I saw nothing of it, for I could not move or turn my head. After thirteen days Samuel Pearsons of the Third Iowa regiment found I was still alive. He picked me up and hauled me on the bare, hard bottom of an army wagon 18 miles over rocky roads to the hospital in the Prairie Grove [illegible]

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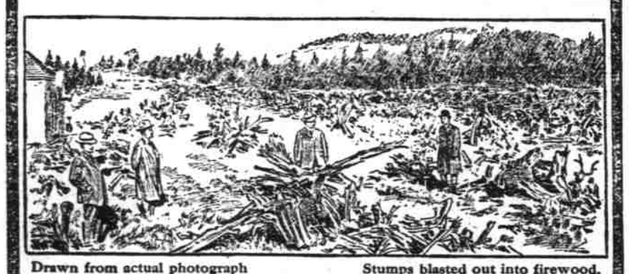

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