

THE ANSONIAN.

A Weekly Newspaper, To Enlighten, To Elevate, and To Amuse.

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WADESBORO, N. C., JULY 2, 1907.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

"Satisfaction" Clothing

TALK NUMBER TWO

RECENTLY we had Talk Number One about our "Satisfaction" Clothing. The results were so satisfactory, that we come now with Talk Number Two. Why is our Clothing called the "Satisfaction" Clothing? you may ask. For two reasons: we know who makes it, and we put our personal guarantee upon every piece we sell. If it should not prove to be all right, we make it right. Could you expect more?

How We Save You Money On Clothing

It costs us practically nothing to carry the line. We would have to pay just as much house rent and keep the same number of clerks if we didn't sell Clothing. So we can easily save you from 10 to 20 per cent. On a \$5 suit you save about \$1 if you buy it from us. Let us sell your next suit. We also sell Shoes, Shirts, etc.

GRAY GROCERY COMPANY

PHONE 124

EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES.

MERE INCIDENTS

Exchange.
"The drinks. We do not want him." That was all, but it meant that a certain eminently capable young man had lost a valuable business opportunity with a fine Ohio firm. His acknowledged capacities were vain, so soon as it was known that he was a wine-taker. The keen partners of the firm decided that he would be an unsafe, unworthy person.
He drank quietly at home. Bought his liquor in cases. Was never seen to enter a saloon door, or to be intoxicated. But while his judgment was under the influence of the home potations he made a very foolish deal that caused him great financial loss, which it will take him a long time to retrieve. When he realized his silly mistake, he cleared the liquor from his cellar, and to his family declared he was forever through with alcohol. He is a man who will keep his word.

He was a bartender, aged only 21. It was a temporary job, accepted to assist him in pursuing a certain course of study, for which he had not the means. The hotel needed a young man of good address and pleasant ways. So he was offered the bartender's chance, and took it. One night there was a dance in the hotel, and in the intervals of the dancing a number of young men, friends of the young bartender, would slip away from the scene of social festivity and reinforce their strength (as they supposed) at the bar. Finally the tide from upstairs became heavier, and the rude effects of alcohol began to be apparent.

He who dispensed the drink began to think
In utter disgust at the harm that was being wrought, the rest of the night he waded water to the liquor, keeping this mixture a secret for the time being. The next day he resigned his position, and told the reason, frankly declaring that he was a temperance convert. Then he eloquently appealed to his young friends who had patronized the bar. He described how maudlin and boisterous they became, how unfit to accompany young ladies to

the safe shelter of their homes. He proved influential, and helped some to the straight, temperance path of decency. This temporary bartender will never again "touch, taste or handle" intoxicants.

The father was a lawyer. He kept wine in the house. His young son, a bright lad, had been forbidden to taste the dangerous stuff, and it was kept out of sight, except when brought forth to treat the father's friends. Several called at the house one evening on legal business, wishing to hurry in a consultation. A bottle of wine was opened, and after the talk there was the sound of clinking glasses and a gala draught. Then the gentlemen left the apartment, and the lad, who had been in an adjoining room, entered, spied the bottle high upon a shelf, clambered to the back of a chair, helped himself to a generous drink, and made an unsteady descent. When discovered he was stupefied—drunk, lying upon the floor under a table, whether he had drunk or not, his instinctive desire to conceal himself before sleeping his drunken sleep. At 9 o'clock the mother returned home from a chat at a neighbor's. Directly her lawyer husband also came, after a trip to his office, where he had consulted certain authorities on the knotty case which confronted him. Together they searched for their little son, finding him at last on the carpet, under the shadows of a table-spread which hung low over the sides of the table. They drew him forth, saw the flushed face, heard the heavy breathing, smelled the alcoholic breath of the night, and their should be a temperance health officer. And it is! That lawyer is "dry," his lesson well learned; his boy safe from further temptation. The sharp lash of conscience and a heart of love make that home citadel a Temperance fortress.

The time of year has come when everyone will do well to see to it that his system is in the very best condition possible. Your health is certainly important to your success and if you are run down and weak, contagion will find you and easy mark. Try a few weeks at Rocky River Springs and you will feel like another person. Rates reasonable. Address W. H. Bivens, Rocky River Springs, N. C.

NEW GOODS

I Have Just Received A New Lot

Porch Shades,
Lawn Swings
And Hammocks

My stock of Window Shades is complete.

New lot of Fine Felt Mattresses and Springs.

Am looking for Two New Lots of Matting to arrive any day

Many things too numerous to mention here. Just call and see my complete line.

I sell Pianos of 40 styles and one of the best Organs on the market, and my MOTTU, "Quick Sales and Small Profits," will save you money. Be sure to see me. Terms Easy. Prices Very Low.

PHONE H. H. COX 145

FARMERS, RAISE YOUR OWN MULES

Rather Than Tax the Cotton Crop With Everything—There is Money in Stock Raising.

(W. F. Massey in Progressive Farmer.)

A correspondent in the Central West, who is thinking of buying land in North Carolina, assumes from my long residence there I can assist him to what he wants. He wishes to know what part of the State is fitted for the raising of mules. Now it seems to me that with the great demand for mules that always exists in the cotton belt, and the little attention that has been paid to the industry there, most of the cotton farmers depending on the cotton crop to furnish them everything else, and keeping no breeding animals, that there would be a fine opening for the breeding of mules in the South. Most of the mules sold in the cotton belt are brought there in droves from Kentucky and Missouri and Southwest Virginia, while all the mountain and Piedmont sections of the State of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia are well fitted for the breeding of mules and horses as any other States.

Raising Mules in the Mountains.

A little has been done in mule raising in the southwest counties of North Carolina, particularly in the valley of the Little Tennessee River, in Macon county. The upper northwest counties of North Carolina, Ashe and Alleghany, where the farms lie on the great plateau at an elevation of from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea level, the grazing of horned cattle as feeders to be sent in the fall to the corn States of Indiana and Illinois is the chief business. There it would seem that the conditions are also good for mule raising, especially as the counties north of there in Virginia have long been raising these animals. But the raising of mules means first good stock to breed from, good mares and mules of high class. While in some sections heavy mules are in demand among the lumbermen, the chief demand in the cotton States is for mules of a comparatively small and compact build, "cotton mules," as the drovers call them. Different classes of breeding animals are needed for the two classes of mules.

"Cotton Mules" Pay Best in the South.

For heavy team work on the farms, the mules of the upper northwest produce the finest and most blocky animals. The finest wheel mule I ever had was out of a full blood Percheron mare. But for the cotton belt sale of mules, and the mares of good blocky shape mated with any one intending to supply the general Southern demand. One endeavoring to raise mules in the South should give his attention entirely to the cotton mules and let the Missouri and Kentucky breeders furnish what demand there is for heavy mules.

Now, as to the best sections of North Carolina for raising mules, I would say that any of the mountain valleys are suitable, and all the rolling uplands of the upper Piedmont section, west of the main line of the Southern Railway. In fact, if I were intending to raise mules in North Carolina I would select first the valleys of Cherokee and Macon, the counties of Ashe and Alleghany, and then in the Piedmont section I would prefer the counties of Catawba, Burke, McDowell, Rutherford and Forsyth.

One family with the business and with the best breeding stock to produce the cotton mule could make a very remunerative business in any of these counties. But why should any farmer who is engaged in the growing of cotton keep only mules on his farm? Why should not every farmer in the cotton belt raise his own mules rather than tax the cotton crop with everything? And yet there are hundreds, nay thousands, of farms in the South on which there is not a breeding animal, mules and mules only, and when new mules are needed it makes a big hole in the cotton crop to buy them, while the cost of a mule or two grown on the farm would hardly be felt, and the mares could be as available in the cotton field as the mules. If the Southern cotton growers are ever to attain the independent positions of real farmers they must realize that live stock raising in some form lies at the very foundation of improving agriculture. The prospect is that with the growing demand for cotton, the price of the staple will never again touch the low figures it has in past years. But it is not in an exclusive devotion to cotton, even high-priced cotton, that the development of Southern agriculture is to be worked out. Taking the whole cotton belt the average crop of cotton is about 200 pounds per acre one season with another.

One Profit From Cotton; One From Stock.

And yet there are thousands of farmers who make a bale per acre and here and there a good farmer who makes two bales in a favorable season. So that the average is made by those who never make a paying crop. And these are

those who grow only cotton, raise nothing else, and keep no stock. With a prospect for fair prices for cotton, the area cannot be greatly increased because of the scarcity of labor, and it should be the aim of every good farmer in the South to increase the yield per acre instead of putting in more acres. And mule raising, cattle raising and hog raising will help to do this, and there is no section of the entire country where such an abundance of good forage for stock can be produced as in the South, and no part of the country where heavier crops of corn can be made by good farming.

When the Southern farmers raise their own mules their own cows and their own bees, they will make all the more money out of the cotton crop.

Good News from Dr. C. D. Graves.

After quite a lengthy account of the Baptist Church's past history, the Clarksville (Tenn.) Leaf-Chronicle has the following to say of its recent work and the part our good friend and brother, Dr. Graves, formerly pastor of the Baptist church here, is having in the improvements:

"As little as the young pastor knew how well he was reciting the history of the Clarksville Baptist Church, he traced it well and stirred the fervor of the entire church."

"Now the church is going to make more history. Dr. Graves proves to be one of the liveliest workers known in the cause, and is doing great things for the young people. Co-operating with Supt. Smith, they have built up the Sunday school to over 250 members, and expect 300 next Sunday. They have organized a Baraca Class of young people numbering now 44 members, and still growing. The church has become over-crowded and more room is necessary for the accommodation of these classes and the growing school. Now it comes to business. After the close of Dr. Graves' fine sermon on faith, the proposition was submitted to buy the Sears cottage—not first raise the money, the usual way—but buy it. The resolution carried by unanimous vote, every member standing. And then in fifteen minutes, \$1,300 was subscribed. Norman Smith and Emmett Morrow led off with \$250 each, and the committee soon raised the remainder this morning from members not present yesterday, and closed the trade, paying \$1,800 cash for the property. This building has the several classes, and will be conveniently connected with the rear of the church. A reading room will be opened at once, and study for the Baraca Class. The grand object and purpose in view is to open a "home" for young men, provide suitable entertainments for young men, a place where all visitors and strange young men coming to town will find a "home" and hearty welcome. The next thing will be a splendid building for a gymnasium, reading rooms and class study and entertainments. The young people are thrilled with the movement."

To Stand the Test.

(Young People's Weekly.)
Every yard of cloth that goes to make a uniform for the navy is tested for flaws. How ashamed Uncle Sam would be to have one of his boys of the men-of-war appear in some foreign port with a shabby hole in the arm of the blouse! There must be no flaws in the cloth; such is the order of the Navy Department.

Accordingly, the thousands of bales of woolen material, before being worked up, are rigidly examined by cloth inspectors. A machine is used for the purpose. In this contrivance the cloth is reeled from the bolt over rollers geared to a dial, which measures the length of a piece of goods in yards. As the cloth passes down over the rollers, the examiner marks any holes or imperfections with tailor's chalk.

Besides, each bolt is submitted to a physical and chemical test. A small strip is taken from the bolt and set into the machine. It is caught with a firm grip in a set of jaws, which can be tightened so as to stretch the fabric. A dial indicates the breaking strain, which varies according to the size and weight of the cloth. The navy requires that blue trousers' cloth stand a strain of sixty pounds to the square inch.

All this to detect flaws in uniforms! How much greater should be the care we ought to take in detecting anything detrimental to the fabric of our characters! In these days of scientific investigation, and keen observation on the part of business men, it is recognized that only sound, honest character will stand the test of life. The "shoddy" places caused by scallied small indulgences, are bound to show in the wear and tear.

The young man of today needs to keep every inch of his character-fabric up to the all-wool firmness standard, if he is to stand the test that will be imposed upon him in the years of service.

Talk about your breakfast foods.

A thousand you can see; I would not have them as a gift. But would have Rocky Mountain Tea. Martin Drug Co.

JUDGE LOVING ON TRIAL

Admits Killing Young Estes—Sad Story Told by Miss Loving.

Houston, Va., June 25.—Between stifling sobs, with tears streaming from her bright blue eyes, and vainly struggling to control her emotions, Miss Elizabeth Loving, who has occupied the center of the stage in the trial of her father, Judge William G. Loving, for the murder of Theodore Estes, told on the witness stand here today of the story of her alleged ruin at the hands of the young man her parent shot down. The recital was the most dramatic ever heard in a Virginia court of justice and rivaled, if not surpassed, in point of atrociousness the story told by Evelyn Nesbit Thaw of her experience with Stanford White. It was the same story she said she told her father on the day of the tragedy.

Miss Loving's Recital.

"He told me that Uncle Harry Snead had told him that Theodore Estes had brought me home the night before in a drunken and unconscious condition and he wanted me to explain to him what it all meant. I went over and knelt down by father and put my arms around him and he put his arms around me, and as soon as I could speak I told him that while I was in Lovington Theodore Estes had asked me to go driving with him; that I first refused, but that on Annie Kidd's insisting I did finally, but thought we would only go a little ways. I did not put my hat on, just thought it would be a short drive. We first drove out towards Oak Ridge station, drove about half way to Oak Ridge station, then turned around and came back and drove down through Lovington and stopped at his house. He told me he was going in his house a minute, would I wait there and hold the horse until he came back. He was in the house five or six minutes. He came back and we drove on down through Lovington, through the Gap, and down below Mr. Coleman's old place and turned around and came back towards Lovington. Just before we got to the gap he took out a bottle of whiskey and asked me to take a drink and I took a swallow of it. I told father I thought it must have been drugged because I immediately began to get dizzy and could not see things; everything came in a mended to dance before me, and I asked him to take me home at once."

"I told father I thought it must have been drugged because I immediately began to get dizzy and could not see things; everything came in a mended to dance before me, and I asked him to take me home at once. He said he would take me home at once, but he would take me to Lovington and one up the mountain, instead of turning towards Lovington he started up the mountain. I asked him to take me home at once, that I was feeling very badly and was sick, to please take me. He didn't answer me at all, but drove on as rapidly as he could. So father then asked me if he attempted to assault me, I told him that he had forced himself upon me, I tried to resist him, I tried to push him off; I screamed, but I suppose no one heard me; that I resisted all I could, but I could not keep him back; that he forced himself upon me; and that I then lost consciousness and didn't remember anything after that until I was at Mrs. Kidd's house that night. When I told father he got so white and unnatural looking that it scared me, I ran out to mother and told her I believed I had killed my father."

The Cross-Examination.

At the conclusion of her statement, Miss Loving regained her composure and the cross-examination by the prosecution began. Attorney Daniel Harmon presented a map of the country over which the buggy ride was taken, and asked that the witness fix the point where Estes gave her a drink. She could not remember exactly, but designated the neighborhood. She was then asked where the assault occurred, to which she replied that it was after she and Estes had turned up the mountain road.

"When did you remember gaining consciousness?"
"During the night at Mrs. Kidd's."

"Do you remember telling Mrs. Kidd that you had taken too large a drink and that you did that once before at Bellevue?"
"No."

"Did you not get out of the buggy and walk up the steps and into the house without any assistance?"
"No."

"On the next morning did you see Miss Shelton, the dressmaker?"
"Yes."

"Did Miss Shelton come up to take your measure for a dress?"
"Yes."

"Did not Mrs. Estes, mother of Theodore, come to see you on the day after the assault and give you a cup of chocolate?"
"Yes."

"Did you not take breakfast at the home of Mrs. Kidd on the following morning?"
"Yes."

Key Experience Omit.

The prosecution brought the statement from the witness that she had not mentioned a single word of her experience on the evening prior to her father's death on the same day. She has talked pleasantly with the mother of the victim on the morning of the tragedy

but had not mentioned her experience to her. The witness was asked if she went buggy riding she had not taken a drink of whiskey at Estes' store, to which she replied yes.
"Did you drink in Estes' store on Easter?"
The defense objected to the question and the jury left the court room.

Mr. Boulding, who was conducting the cross-examination, said that his motive in asking the question was to show that Miss Loving was in the habit of drinking whiskey. However, the prosecution waived the question without Judge Barksdale rendering an opinion, but intimated that it might be brought up again at the proper time. Mr. Boulding stated that he expected to show that Theodore Estes was guilty of impropriety to Miss Loving. The jury was brought back to the court room and the questioning resumed.

Miss Loving in answer to questions stated that she was an expert horsewoman and weighed 140 pounds.

Houston, Va., June 27.—The taking of testimony in the case of former Judge William G. Loving, who was placed on trial here last Monday for the murder of Theodore Estes in Nelson county on April 22, was concluded at 5 o'clock this afternoon. The court adjourned until 10 o'clock tomorrow when the instructions to the jury will be argued before Judge Barksdale. The rapidity with which the trial has progressed has been most surprising to all concerned.

Today marked a most important turning point in the case, when Judge Barksdale rendered an opinion concerning admissibility of certain evidence, the decision dealing a heavy blow to the prosecution yesterday. Attorney Daniel Harmon, for the prosecution, announced his intention to call witnesses to show that the story told by Miss Elizabeth Loving to her father that she was drugged and assaulted by Theodore Estes was a fabrication and that Estes never offered an indignity to the girl, even suggesting that there might be another motive back of the killing. The defense objected on the ground that such testimony had no bearing on the case, and whether true or false had nothing to do with the question of Judge Loving's state of mind at the time of the tragedy. Judge Barksdale in a lengthy opinion today sustained the contention of the defense, and among the cases he cited as precedents were the cases of New York.

Bull Weevil in Texas.

(Progressive Farmer.)

Dr. W. D. Hunter, Government Entomologist, and the most eminent authority in the world on the bull weevil, was in New Orleans a few days ago on his way from Dallas, Texas, to Washington, D. C. Before leaving he gave out the following statement about the tremendous increase of the bull weevil:

"The mild winter and the wet spring have been exceptionally favorable to the bull weevil, and they have increased amazingly. From my observations and from the observations of my assistants I calculate that there are thirty times more weevils at the present time than there were at this time last year. The propagation of the weevil was materially assisted by the great quantity of volunteer cotton in Texas this spring. The winter being so mild that much cotton, even as far as North Texas was not killed. The weevil now extends from San Antonio to the river in Louisiana, and for a distance of seventy miles up into the Indian Territory."

Big Fire at Jamestown.

Norfolk, Va., June 26.—One whole block of the Pine Beach section, immediately adjoining the Jamestown exposition grounds, was swept by fire today.

The Arcade hotel, Berkeley hotel, Outside inn, Powhatan hotel, Carolina hotel, several other smaller hotels, and a large part of the outside warpath were destroyed. The loss may aggregate \$300,000.

Between 40 and 50 structures were entirely consumed.

On 102nd street ten were swept away. A like number were destroyed on Maryland avenue and on 103rd street it is estimated about 20 structures were burned.

Probably 1,000 people are homeless. Captain Carpenter, with the Powhatan guards and Sheriff Cromwell, with his force, are doing their utmost to relieve the distress.

It is reported that two lives were lost but the report can not be confirmed.

What Mark Twain Wanted.

Mark Twain once wrote to Andrew Carnegie as follows:

"My dear Mr. Carnegie: I see by the papers that you are very prosperous. I want to get a hymn-book. It costs two dollars. I will bless you, God will bless you, and it will do a great deal of good. Yours-truly, Mark Twain."

Something New Under the Sun

Appell's South African Water Bags

Are made of a material having the peculiar property of holding water and yet exuding enough moisture to prevent the sun from having any effect on the water inside the bag.

This Water Bag is guaranteed to keep water cool for forty-eight hours.

Every Bag is guaranteed to do what we claim for it, or your money will be refunded with pleasure.

Call at my store and get a cool drink and be convinced. Every traveler needs it, every farmer needs it, everybody needs it. No ice used. Hang it on your plow handle or any machine in use or anywhere.

In all ages pure, cold water has been the first necessity of man. It is necessary for your health.

This Bag is a cooler and purifier of water. Preserve your health by using it.

FOR SALE AT
A. B. Caudle's
Furniture Store
IN FRONT OF THE COURT HOUSE

THE SONG OF THE GENERAL PRACTITIONER

(Exchange.)

He must not walk his rounds for fear his patients think him poor. And dearly do they love to see a carriage at their door.
And if his horse is fat—"He must have little work to do."
And if it's lean the reason is—"He starves the poor old screw."
Should he call upon his patients every day when they are ill.
His motive plainly is "to make a great big doctor's bill."
If he visits them less frequently—thus lessening their expense—
The chances are he'll be accused of nightful negligence.
He must work all day and never say he ain't simply as pure philanthropy.
For the public look for a servant by a holiday he'll find And should become back whings have resented it by giving him "the sack."
Some, when they see him, say "You're getting money he must seem indifferent to be."
And folks will think he practices from pure philanthropy.
When we hear about him boasting of the guineas that he earns
We wonder if they all appear in his income tax returns.
The notion of a doctor's absurd!
And when, perhaps from overwork, he's laid upon the shelf,
His sympathizing patients say: "Physician heal thyself!"

Maxims.

If you can't speak well of your neighbors, do not speak of them at all.

A cross neighbor may be made a kind one by kind treatment.

The true way to be happy is to make others happy.

To do good is a luxury.

If you are not wiser and better at the end of the day, that day is lost.

Practice kindness, even if be but a little each day.

A Georgia professor wrote an arithmetic that contained such tough problems that nobody could solve them. One teacher wrote, asking for a key. The professor replied on a postal card: "Dear Sir: It has no key. It's a stem winder."

Columbus just landed, meeting a big Indian chief with a package under his arm. He asked what it was. "Great medicine, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea," said the Indian. "35 cents. Tea or Tablets. Martin Drug Co."

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE
Rocky River Springs Hotel

THE LEADING SUMMER RESORT IN THE
PIEDMONT SECTION OF NORTH CAROLINA

Will Be Opened 1907 Season June 10

THESE well-known Springs are delightfully situated in a strictly rural district, only a few hours' drive from
Norwood, Albemarle and Wadesboro.

Hack Lines from all the above-named places and Phone Connections with the surrounding country.

The Hotel is under new management this year and every effort will be made to make pleasant the stay of all guests.

The famous Iron, Sulphur, Arsenic and Magnesia Springs will be carefully looked after and their waters served in the best manner possible.

It will be a delightful place to resort for a few months' rest, and where rates are moderate. A few cottages to rent to those who wish to live at home. For further information, apply to

W. H. BIVENS, Manager,
ROCKY RIVER SPRINGS, N. C.