

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Happenings In and Near Marshall

Friends of this happy couple received the following announcement: Mr. and Mrs. George B. Bryant announce the marriage of their daughter Martha Julia to Mr. Wayne M. Farmer on Sunday, June the third nineteen hundred twenty-eight at Charlotte, North Carolina At Home after June the eighth Marshall, N. C.

Misses Laura Mae O'Dell and Frances Snyder, of Tennessee, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Giezentanner for several days, have returned to their respective homes. Both girls have been students at Mars Hill College for the past term. Miss O'Dell left Monday afternoon and Miss Snyder left Wednesday. These young ladies were very popular in Marshall during their stay.

Mrs. M. A. Chandley, who was hurt in a car wreck at Woodfin on the twentieth of May, is still confined to her room with a badly hurt leg.

Mrs. W. F. Deaver spent last week in Knoxville, visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. E. Heinz.

Miss Flossie Murray of Mars Hill, R. F. D. No. 2 was in Marshall Tuesday on business. She was accompanied by Miss Annie Young of Mars Hill. Miss Murray is the granddaughter of Mr. W. B. Murray, who celebrated his 95th birthday Thursday, June 7, 1928.

Rev. J. O. Cox, pastor of the Methodist church here, left Tuesday for Duke University, Durham, N. C., where he will attend the Pastors' Summer Conference to be held there from June 6th to the 20th.

Mrs. Margaret Henderson of Black Mountain is spending a few weeks with her niece, Mrs. W. F. Deaver.

Misses Frances Snyder and Laura Mae O'Dell and Messrs. John Redmon and Lankford Story motored to Laurel River Sunday afternoon.

Miss Nettie Tweed, Miss Manie Tweed, Mr. Chie Rector, Mrs. R. C. Nanny, Mrs. J. Will Roberts, Misses Clem Rector and Mary Morrow all went to Asheville Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy V. Roberts and two sons, William and Landon, went to Asheville Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Morrow went to Pickens, S. C., Tuesday on a short trip.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Smith took the children of the R. A.'s and G. A.'s of the Baptist church to the Asheville Recreation Park Wednesday for an outing and they all had a delightful trip.

Mr. Jim Redmon has accepted a position in Asheville.

Mr. Ted McKinney, who is graduating at the University of North Carolina, is expected home the first of next week. He will be a member of the faculty of Flat Creek school in Buncombe County next session.

Mr. J. M. Baley of Asheville was in Marshall Thursday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Freeman were among the number who attended the Rhododendron Festival in Asheville this week.



WE WANT! HAVE MONEY!

We want your business.

The Bank of French Broad Marshall, N. C.

ZELL'S FERTILIZER

If any of the farmers of Madison County know of a brand of Fertilizer for Tobacco better than Zell's we would be glad to put it in. Many farmers, though, tell us we can find no better brand than Zell's, and we agree with them. When you consider the high quality of this fertilizer, the small loss you have in it, and the satisfaction of knowing that it is a fine fertilizer, our line is cheaper. This fertilizer grows that superior type of bright smoking tobacco that is at present in such demand by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company. We have this fertilizer now, at our warehouse near the depot at Marshall. Come to see us if you want Zell's high grade fertilizer. Be sure that the word ZELLS in red letters printed on each bag before you buy. It cannot be sold on time. It is cash.

Yours for a fine crop. ROBERTS & DAVIS

VALLEY FORGE PLANS TWO MEMORIALS TO HONOR HEROIC SOLDIERS OF 1778

Library and Non-Denominational Church Will Rise on Broad Acres Near Philadelphia - Celebration Arranged for June to Mark 150th Year.



Washington's Headquarters and Memorial Arch at Valley Forge. The Walk Approaching the Arch Has Been Chemically Treated.

for which will be laid June 19, 1928, as the closing feature of the Sesqui-Centennial observance. History only will have a place on the library shelves. Each state will be represented by works dealing with the history of that state and the library will have, therefore, 48 alcoves. Valley Forge continues to be the center of interest of thousands and thousands of visitors from every section of the country, as well as from abroad.

Railroads and automobile bus companies regularly run excursions to the famous old shrine of patriotism and on Sundays and holidays even the broad acres of Valley Forge are taxed for space by the huge throngs. In addition many visitors travel by private motor cars over the excellent roads, kept in splendid condition by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

All roads to Valley Forge run through a landscape of remarkable beauty, artists agree, and these roads are treated, as necessity arises, with chemicals, especially calcium chloride, to lay the dust.

Only 32 miles from Philadelphia, the shrine has long been one of the favorite objectives for daily excursions for Philadelphians, as well as for visitors to that city who have combined the Valley Forge trip with a tour of other places of historic interest, such as Independence Hall, the Betsy Ross House and other relics of the Revolution.

That interest is expected to be stimulated by the forthcoming celebration.

Stalk Basis of Cotton Production



In a recent radio speech given over WSB the Atlanta Journal Station, J. C. Pridmore, Director of the Soil Improvement Committee of the National Fertilizer Association, outlined the reasons prompting the National Cotton Show which is being staged by the Committee together with the Sears Roebuck Agricultural Foundation.

"The stalk," stated Mr. Pridmore, "is the basis of all cotton production. No single acre yield, no ten acre yield is greater than the average stalk yield within that acre or ten acre tract. It was with the development of the unit, namely the stalk in mind, that the National Single Stalk Cotton Show was conceived.

"If we can stimulate the farmer's interest in the single stalk and bring his attention to the bearing of the stalk on his entire yield, our purpose in conducting the show will have been served."

Mr. Pridmore has just returned from a trip throughout the cotton producing territory where he has consulted with the agricultural leaders of the South. In addition to outlining the general plan of the show, Mr. Pridmore in association with outstanding cotton authorities has developed a score card by which the cotton is to be judged.

"The show has been announced early," concluded Mr. Pridmore, "in order that every cotton farmer may have ample time to select his best stalk. We are going to broadcast about successful cotton practices all during the summer. Seed selection, preparation of seed bed, proper spacing, and approved means of fertilization and cultivation will be among the subjects touched upon. It is going to be a dirt farmer's show and it has been arranged and planned so as to make it easy for the average farmer to enter. It is only by appearing directly to the farmer himself that a project of this kind can be successful and that is precisely what we have set out to do."

NOTICE!

TO THE TAX PAYERS OF THE TOWN OF MARSHALL

Your taxes are past due. Call and pay same to either R. N. Ramsey or Claud Sawyer. If not paid by July 1st, 1928, we will be forced to levy and collect. Will you please think of this in a sensible and business-like manner? It's impossible for the Town to meet its obligations unless the Taxes are collected.

Respectfully,

R. N. RAMSEY and CLAUD SAWYER, Tax Collectors.

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AT THE CLOSE OF DAY

At the close of the day when the birds hide away, And the breeze begins to play among the trees; When the sun's very light fades away into night, And there is no drowsy hum of bees.

My thoughts soon fly to a friend no longer nigh, And as the breezes sigh, I dream Of the days past, so joyous while they last; But now forever thrown into the time gone stream.

As the first bright star twinkles from afar, And the bar of the west closes; When the crickets sing, And the frogs' drone ring, And the dew begins to fall upon the roses,

My heart burns while my soul yearns, But my friend returns in my dreams, That face so dear always seems so near, When the moon's silvery light across my pillow streams.

-BONNIE ENSLEY.

From BLUFF

Our Sunday School is still progressing nicely. Next Sunday is our regular meeting day. Hope all will come out.

Mr. Jim Holt visited Mr. R. H. Waldroup Tuesday.

Messrs Ernest Thomas and Henry Davis visited Mr. R. H. Waldroup also Mrs. Emma Brown last Saturday.

Misses Lizzie and Delia Waldroup visited Mrs. Sampson Roberts Monday.

Mr. R. H. Waldroup visited Mr. and Mrs. Claud Brown Saturday.

We are having some awful bad weather here now.

Miss Eula Waldroup spent Sunday night with Mrs. Violet Waldroup.

Miss Rosa Waldroup and Mr. Henry Davis took dinner Sunday with Misses Lizzie and Delia Waldroup.

Messrs Raten and Glen Waldroup took dinner Sunday with Mr. Gorlon Will.

Messrs Ernest Thomas and Henry Davis called on Mr. Walter Roberts Saturday morning.

Mr. Dock Willis called on Mr. R. H. Waldroup Sunday afternoon.

The people are busy setting tobacco plants these days.

Mrs. Alfred Thomas visited Mrs. Emma Brown Sunday.

Those who visited Mrs. Violet Waldroup Sunday afternoon were Messrs Walter Roberts, Ernest Thomas, Henry Davis and Misses Delia Lizzie and Rosa Waldroup, and Drusilla Davis.

Mrs. Maud Waldroup and children Messrs Dan Fenley and Albert Jones from Balfour were visiting relatives and friends here Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Claud Brown has been very sick but is improving.

CULSION THE DRUMMER BOY (Continued from page one)

by me now." He kept his promise and never groaned. That night I could not sleep, for whichever way I turned my head I could see those soft blue eyes, and when I closed mine, the words, "Blessed Jesus, stand by me now," kept ringing in my ears. Between twelve and one o'clock, I left my bed and visited the hospital, a thing I had never done before, unless specially called, but such was my desire to see that boy. Upon my arrival there, I was informed by the night steward that sixteen of the hopeless cases had died and been carried down to the dead house. "How is Charlie Culson, is he among the dead," I asked. "No sir, answered the steward, he is sleeping as a babe." When I came up to the bed where he lay, one of the nurses informed me that about nine o'clock, two members of the Y.M.C.A. came through the hospital to read and sing a hymn. They, accompanied by Chaplain R. who knelt by Charlie Culson's bed and offered up a fervent and soul stirring prayer, after which they sang while still upon their knees, the sweetest of all hymns, "Jesus Lover of My Soul," in which Charlie joined. I could not understand how that boy who had undergone such pain, could sing. Five days after I had amputated that dear boy's arm and leg, he sent for me, and it was from him on that day that I heard my first Gospel sermon. "Doctor," he said, "the hour has come, I do not expect to see another sunrise, but thank God I am ready to go, and before I die, I desire to thank you with all my heart for your kindness to me. Doctor, you are a Jew. You do not believe in Jesus. Will you please stand here and see me die trusting in my Saviour to the last moment of my life." I tried to stay but I could not, for I had not the courage to stand by and see a christian boy die rejoicing in the love of that Jesus whom I had been taught to hate. So I hurriedly left the room. About

twelve minutes later a steward who found me sitting in my private office covering my face with my hand, said: "Doctor, Charlie Culson wishes to see you." I have seen him, I answered, and I cannot see him again. "But Doctor, he says he must see you once more before he dies." I now made up my mind to see him, say an endearing word and let him die, but I was determined that no word of his should influence me in the least so far as his Jesus was concerned. When I entered the hospital, I saw he was sinking fast, so I sat down by his bed. Asking me to take his hand, he said: "Doctor, I love you because you are Jew, the best friend I have found in this world was a Jew." I asked him who that was. He answered, "Jesus Christ to whom I want to introduce you before I die, and will you promise me Doctor that what I am about to say to you, you will never forget." I promised and he said, "Five days ago while you amputated my arm and leg, I prayed to the Lord Jesus Christ to convert your soul." These words went deep into my heart. I could not understand how, when I was causing him the most intense pain, he could forget all about himself and think of nothing but his Saviour and my unconverted soul. All I could say to him was, "Well my dear boy, your will soon be all right." With these words I left him, and twelve minutes later he fell asleep safe in the arms of Jesus. Hundreds of soldiers died in my hospital during the war, but I only followed one to the grave and that was Charlie Culson, the drummer boy, and I rode three miles to see him buried. I had him dressed in a new uniform and placed in an officers coffin with a United States flag over it. That boys dying words made a deep impression on me. I was rich at that time so far as money was concerned, but I would have given every penny I possessed if I could have felt toward Christ as Charlie did, but that feeling cannot be bought with money. Alas, I soon forgot all about my christian soldiers little sermon, but I could not forget the boy himself. I now know that at that time I was under deep conviction of sin but I fought against Christ with all the hatred of a Jew for nearly ten years, until finally the dear boys prayers were answered and God converted my soul. About eighteen months after my conversion, I attended prayer meeting one evening in the city of Brooklyn. It was one of those meetings when christians testify of the loving kindness of their Saviour. After several of them had spoken an elderly lady arose and said, "Dear friends, this may be the last time that it is my privilege to testify for Christ, my family physician told me yesterday that my right lung was nearly gone and my left lung is very much affected, so at best I have but a short time to be with you, but what is left of me belongs to Jesus. Oh, it is a great joy to know that I shall meet my boy with Jesus in heaven. My son was not only a soldier for his country, but a soldier for Christ too. He was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg and fell into the hands of a Jewish doctor who amputated his arm and leg, but he died five days after the operation. The chaplain of the regiment wrote me a letter and sent me my boys bible. In that letter I was informed that my Charlie in his dying hour, sent for that Jewish doctor, and said to him, "Doctor, before I die, I wish to tell you that five days ago while you amputated my arm and leg, I prayed to the Lord Jesus Christ to convert your soul." When I heard the lady's testimony I could no longer sit still. I left my seat and crossed the room, and taking her hand said, "God bless you my dear sister, your boys prayers have been heard and answered. I am the Jewish doctor for whom your Charlie prayed and his Saviour is now my Saviour too."

SPECIAL LICENSE TAX DUE

MADISON COUNTY, FOR YEAR, MAY 31, 1928 TO JUNE 1, 1929

Each person, firm, or corporation who engages in any business or practices any profession for which a license is required by this act shall procure said license annually in advance on or before the thirty-first of May or before engaging in the business or practicing the profession for which a tax is levied by this act. Any person, firm or corporation who engages in any business or practices any profession for which a license is required by this act without having first procured a license therefor shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be fined or imprisoned, in the discretion of the court, not less than \$100.00 nor more than \$500.00. Respectfully,
ANNIE MAY WHITE,
Tax Collector.