THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

Devoted to the Protection of Home and the Interests of the County.

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THE DIARY OF AN ARKANSAS TRAVELER.

NOTES OF MR. ANTHONY'S TRIP WEST.

He Saw Many Members of the Carolina Colony—Renewed Many Old Acquaintances—A Good Time All the While.

To the Editor of the Gazette:

Nov—7, 1901.—I left Gastonia on the morning train and got to Richland Tenn., about 12 o'clock, Nov. the 8th, where Synod met.

Nov. 9—Went to church and came back to Mr. Macaulay's at night.

Nov. 10—Went back to church. That evening I went with Mr. Tom Bell to Mr. John Bell's about 6 or 7 miles from Richland.

Nov. 11—We went to Salem church where Rev. T. G. Boyce preached. Came back to Mr. Bell's and stayed until morning.

Nov. 12.—Mr. Bell brought me back to Richland. Synod adjourned Monday evening. We got in Mr. Macaulay's buggy and drove some six or seven miles to railroad station. Got on train, went to Memphis, stayed till nine o'clock. Got on train for Little Rock, got there half-past three in the morning.

Nov. 13—Stayed till half past seven, got on train for Russellville, got there at 12 o'clock, where I met Mr. Henry White. I asked him if he could tell me where Mr. James Wells lived. He pointed to a house and told me his brother stayed in second door from the corner. I went in and asked for Mr. Wells. They said he was not in. I asked if they could tell me where Mr. James Wells lived. They said yes. Mr. Williams called a boy and told him to take me in the buggy to Mr. Wells'. So I got in his buggy and rode to Mr. Wells's, where I spent the night.

Nov. 13—Spent the day with my old friend Henry White. After dinner he got his buggy and drove me all over town. I was surprised at the size of Russellville; it is a much larger town than I expected to see. I came back to my niece's (Wells) in the evening, and spent the night.

Nov. 14—Mrs. Margaret Herron, who was a daughter of Peter Hoffman came to my niece's and spent the day. She could ask many questions about old friends in Gaston. We then took a walk out to the Russellville cemetery, where I saw the names of people who came from North Carolina on the tomb-stones.

Nov. 15—J. W. Carson came up in his buggy and took me down to Pottsville, about 6 miles. Mrs Carson was not at home. She was visiting in North Carolina, so we took supper with Mr. Leslie Oates, a son of Thomas Oates, who moved from the Boyd place in 1857. After spending a pleasant evening, we then went to the parsonage to sleep.

Nov. 16—We arose early this morning and I assisted Mr. Carson in getting breakfast. After eating a hearty meal we went down about four miles to see Mrs. Sallie Oates, the wife of John Oates, who sold his place to Rankin Falls, when he moved to the west. We ate dinner with Grier Oates, a son of John Oates, who lived where Baker's factory is now. His mother was Hannah Montgomery, a first cousin of my mother. Here we talked of many of the people who came to this state and of things that happened when we were boys. Mr. Oates showed me a stretcher-chain which my father made before they started west in 1857. We also went to his barn where his sons were shredding corn. I then came up to Mr. Thomas Oates' and spent an hour with him. He is 81 years old; he married a McLewer and said his was the first marriage ceremony Dr. E. E. Boyce performed after he came to Pisgah and Bethany. He was miller at his father's mill when I was a boy. He was full of fun and would play tricks on us boys when we went to the mill. After spending a pleasant hour reading THE GAZETTE we went out and took supper with the Misses Falls, who are grand-daughters of my old neighbor, Nale Falls, who lived where S. E. Foy now lives. We came back to the parsonage to sleep.

Nov. 17—I attended preaching at the A. R. P. Church at Pottsville, where I met a number of friends whom I had not seen. I took dinner with Mr. Ewert Bell, son of Alex Bell, who lived where Mr. Tom Ferguson now lives. Spent the night with Mr. Harvey Oates, who married a daughter of Nale Falls.

Nov. 18—Mr. Carson took me over to Jim Green Ferguson's where we spent the day. Mr. Ferguson is a son of Robert Ferguson and married Jane Sinclair, a daughter of Gregory Sinclair, and a grand-daughter of Captain John Blackwood, who lived where J. B. Carson now lives.

Nov. 19.—I went down and spent the day with Mrs. Rosanna Ferguson. She is 79 years old. We took supper with Mr. Gregory Falls, a grand-son of Nale Falls. His wife is a grand daughter of Peter Hoffman. There I met Mrs. Brown, who is a daughter of Dolph Hovis, who made furniture for sometime at John Ormand's. I spent the night with Mr. Carson and gave him some lessons in cooking breakfast.

Nov. 20.—We took a stroll up on Crow mountain about half a mile from Pottsville. From this mountain one gets a splendid view of the Arkansas river valley, presenting a most beautiful landscape. On this mountain we saw some fine orchards, for which it is noted. About noon I took the train for Russellville, where I went to my niece's. Wednesday night I attended the A. R. P. prayer meeting; there I met a number of friends whom I had not seen.

Nov. 21.—I spent the day with Mr. S. R. Wells, whose wife is a daughter of Rev. Monroe Oates. I then came back to my niece's and spent the night.

Nov. 22.—Mrs. Hannah Wells took me over to Mr. S. A. Henry's. His wife is Thomas Oates's daughter whose mother was James Hanna's daughter. From Mr. Henry's we then went over to Mr. Murray Oates's, who is a son of Joseph Oates, who lived where Baker's factory is now.

Nov 23—Mr. Wells took me over to the ice factory, cotton gin, and the mattress factory. There I met Mr. Alex Oates's son. I spent the night with Mr. Willie Ferguson. He is a grand-son of Warren Ferguson, who lived on the William Beattie place.

Nov. 24—I spent the day at my niece's.

Nov. 25.—I spent the day with Mr. Henry White. In the evening I met with Mr. Silas Henry and he took me over to the Courier-Democrat office. I came back and spent the night at my niece's.

Nov. 26.—I spent the night with Mr. Murray Oates, son of Joseph Oates.

Nov. 27.—Went to cotton yard and saw about 2,700 bales of cotton.

Nov. 28—I took a walk out on the prairie hunting, but did not stay long as birds seemed to be scarce.

Nov. 29.—Aunt Hannah and I got in her buggy and started to Pottsville. We went about a mile and took the wrong road. She said she was lost. I told her I was not lost for I did not know where I was when we started. We found the right road, however, and got to Pisgah cemetery. We spent an hour in the cemetery. Here I saw the names of many people that came from Gaston and from York, S. C. There are very few tombstones put up according to the number of graves. I guessed there was not more than one rock to every ten graves. We then went to Dr. Dick Whitesides's for dinner, and late that evening we went to Mrs. Parker's and spent the night.

Nov. 30—Mr. Parker and I got in his buggy and drove to Pottsville. Stayed around there a while and came back by 12 o'clock. In the afternoon went over to Mr. Bell's where the children's society met to open their missionary eggs. Quite a crowd of little girls and boys and a number of old people. They had twelve dollars and ten cents in their little boxes. Before sundown I came down to Mr. Grier Oates's and spent the night.

Dec. 1.—We went to Pottsville to church. Mr. Carson's text was John 6 and 12. After preaching was over, we came back to Mrs. Parker's for dinner and stayed until morning.

Dec. 2.—We went to Mrs. Rosa Ferguson's, heard her talk about people in Carolina, and in the evening came to Dr. Whitesides's and spent the night. His wife was a daughter of Anderson McArthur's. Her mother died in the J. O. Beattie house.

Dec. 3.—Mr. Carson came this morning and took me over to Mr. William Bell's. His wife was a Dickey. After dinner Mr. Bell went with us to the Arkansas river bottoms. We saw some fine land, some of it in corn and some in cotton. The corn crop was almost a failure, cotton about half crop this year. The river was very low. We got out of the buggy and walked to the banks of the river and saw a little boat paddling across. We then came back to the buggy and went down the river some three miles. Came to the Pottsville road and reached Mr. Calvin Bell's about dark. His wife was a daughter of Gregory Sinclair. She showed me a fire shovel that my father made for Mr. Bell before they left this country, and Mr. Ferguson said he had a frow that my father made for Warren Ferguson. He said it had J. A. on one side and W. F. on the other side. He went out and looked for it, but did not see it. He said it was laying around somewhere there. I spent a pleasant night with him.

Dec 4.—We went to Robert Whitesides's, son of James Whitesides. His wife was a daughter of Moses Wilson. Stayed an hour or so and came to Dr. Whitesides's for dinner. In the evening Aunt Hannah Wells and I started for Russellville; got there about dark.

Dec. 5.—I lay up and rested to-day, did not go any where.

Dec. 6.—I went up in town awhile. Went to Mr. White's hotel and spent an hour. Mr. Lark White and I went over to the mattress factory, saw them making mattresses. Saw Thomas Oates, Alex Oates's son. His mother was Frances Beattie's daughter, a sister of Aunt Betsy Whitesides. Went home and took dinner. In the evening we went over to Mr. Love's. He showed me an Indian's hunting outfit, with bow and arrows, and a fine cane to put them in. The cane was all worked over with beads in rows and squares of different kinds of beads of all colors and sizes. It was a beauty. I would like to have brought it home with me. His wife was a grand-daughter of old man Wm. Oates, who lived near the Lincoln Academy. We came home and after supper we went to James McArthur's. His wife was a Torrence, from Gaston. We stayed till 9 o'clock, came home and spent the night.

Dec. 7.—I went up town, stayed awhile with Warren Ferguson, came home and ate dinner. In the evening I went to Willie Ferguson's and spent the night. It rained all day Sabbath, so I never got home until Monday morning, Dec. 8.

Dec 9.—Went out to the coal mine. We did not see much, for they were not working in the mines. We came back before night. It was the coldest night it had been since I came out here. We went to the Christian church and heard a man preach.

Dec. 10.—We went over to Mrs. Love's and took dinner. Mrs. Love is a great talker and could ask many questions about people in the old country.

Dec. 11—We aimed to go to Mrs. Herron's but it rained all day. It commenced thundering about midnight, like summer. The rain just poured down.

Dec. 12.—This was certainly a pretty day, just like summer. About sun down the wind began to blow from the north. In the morning the ground was covered with snow.

Dec. 13.—I went to town and came back to dinner.

Dec. 14.—It was so cold I had to stay in the house all day.

Dec. 15.—Cold and cloudy.

Dec. 16.—Ruth Wells and I took the train about six o'clock for Atkins. Mr. Gateany was at the train to meet us and took us to his house. We spent the night and until ten o'clock the 17th. It was very cold; we had a regular blizzard. In the evening we went to Mr. Dickey's. We found him fat and hearty looking. We had a very pleasant time. Mr. Dickey and his wife were in this country ten years ago. He could ask many questions about the country and people. He showed me a bottle of blackberry wine 17 years old. About 12 o'clock I took the train for Russellville. I took dinner with Mr. Henry White. After dinner we took a walk up town. Saw a very large dog; he had the largest head I ever saw on a dog. Came back home and spent the night.

Dec. 18—I wrote a letter home; it was so cold I could not go anywhere.

Dec. 19—Went to cotton yard, saw a lot of cotton. Mr. Oates said he had weighed 7,000 bales this year and about 10,000 last year. He thought he would get 1,000 more to weigh this year. Mr. Oates is a son of Rev. M. Oates. I came home in the evening, went out to Mrs. Herron's and spent the evening, came home, took supper, went to Mr. Rush McArthur's, stayed until 10 o'clock, came back home.

Dec. 20.—Went to Willie Ferguson's stayed a while, came back by the depot, waited till train came. Miss Ruth Wells got off the train. We went home for dinner. In afternoon went to stores and looked at the Christmas goods. There were lots of them.

Dec. 21.—Stayed at home all day.

Dec. 22.—Went to town, came home for dinner. Mr. Carson came up from Pottsville, and took me to his house. We stayed there until night, went to Mr. Harvey Oates' for supper; his wife is a daughter of Nale Falls, and is a good talker.

Dec. 23.—Came back to Mr. Carson's sat awhile, went to the church, helped put up the Christmas tree, went to Mr. Ewart Bell's for dinner. In the evening we went to the church, watched the ladies put the presents on the tree, went to Mr. Thomas Oates's for supper, came back and saw them take the presents off. The house was full of people. Went back to Mr. Thomas Oates's.

Dec. 24.—Mr. Cal Bell came to Pottsville. I got in his buggy, went to his house, he got out of the buggy, his wife got in the buggy and drove over to Mr. John Sinclair's where they had a sort of reunion—Mr. John Oates and wife, Mr. Will Green Ferguson and wife, Mr. Bell and wife, and some young girls. We had a nice time. In the evening I went home with Mr. John Oates and spent the night.

Dec. 25—Mr. Oates took me to Mrs. Parker's. We stayed a while, then went to Grier Oates', took dinner, got acquainted with two Mr. Henrys from South Carolina. In the evening came to Dr. Whitesides's stayed there until morning.

Dec. 26—Dr. Whitesides took me to Pottsville, went to Mr. Carson's, played a game or two of crokinole, ate a few apples, went to depot, got on train, came to Russellville, went to Mrs. Wells's, took dinner. That night went to Mr. Burton's, stayed till bed time, came home.

Dec. 27—Went to town looked around a while, saw Mr. Will Ferguson buy the hind quarters of a deer. He said he had bought five deer this winter. Came home, listened to Ruth play the piano until night.

Dec. 28—Stayed at home all day.

Dec. 29—Aunt Hannah went with me to Mrs. Herron's for dinner, had a long talk about N. C. folks. Went to Mr. Jasper Hoffman's, he was not at home. We stayed awhile, and Mr. John Bradley came along. I got in his buggy and went to his father's, Mr. John Bradley, son of Mr. Jim C. Bradley, who lived where Mr. Sam Bradley now lives. Heard Mr. Bradley talk about killing deer and turkey and all about the first settlers in that neighborhood. He is paralyzed in his legs, can't walk about much. He said he would give fifty dollars if he could go home with me. His son got his buggy and brought me to Russellville.

Dec. 30—Went to Mr. Miles', stayed awhile got acquainted with Judge Merryman, and Dr. Pruett. Coming home met Mr. Fizer, a methodist preacher. He came home with me, wanted to get acquainted with Aunt Hannah Wells. Mrs. Love came over to see me, stayed till sundown. Mr. Jasper Hoffman came by and took me to his house; his wife is a daughter of Mr. John Bradley.

Dec. 31.—At midnight we heard the bells in Russellville ringing the old year out and the new year in.

Jan. 1, 1902—Came home from Mr. Hoffman's, stayed until evening. Aunt Hannah and Mrs. James McArthur went with me to Mr. Sid Bradley's, spent the evening with him. His daughter was in Gastonia last summer. Came home about night, went to prayer meeting at the A. R. P. Church. Mr. Henry Ferguson conducted the prayer services.

Jan. 2.—Went to Mrs. Love's, stayed an hour or so. Heard her talk about the people in Carolina. Came home by the school house, where there are about 400 scholars. It was recess when we passed.

Jan. 4.—Had deer meat for dinner. Spent evening with Mrs. Ludrick, she is 73 years old, and was a Withers before she married. She is living with her grandson, who is a great-grandson of George Ferguson.

Jan. 5.—Stayed at home till evening. Went to Mr. Will Ferguson's and spent the night.

Jan. 4—Went to Mr. Ross's in the evening; he is a son of Dr. Ross. His wife was a Pearce.

Jan. 6.—Went up town with Mr. Wells, met Mr. Lark White. We walked around town, went in several stores and business houses to bid goodbye to friends I got acquainted with while I was out here. In evening packed my valise ready for home.

Jan. 7.—Got up half-past one o'clock, talked about my trip home until three o'clock, and went to depot. Train came at quarter to four. Got in train at Russellville; got to Little Rock half-past six in the morning; stayed until nine o'clock. Got on train, got to Memphis half-past six in the evening, stayed until eight o'clock, got on train, got to Chattanooga at day light.

Jan. 8.—Waited about an hour for train to start, got to Atlanta about one o'clock. The train was waiting for our train to come. So we got out and got in just in time. The train started in a few minutes for Gastonia. The Airline is the smoothest road I rode on while I was gone, so I had a nice ride to Gastonia. I got off the train and walked to Mr. Thomas Wilson's. I went in and looked at him o'clock. It was half-past nine. I ate supper and went to bed.

Jan. 9.—Got up, ate breakfast, went to town, looked around awhile, got in Will Anthony's milk wagon and rode home with him. In the evening Rob Wilson came along with his wagon. I got in, and rode home. I walked on the porch. The door was shut. Some one in the house said, "That's Grandpa, I know his walk!"

J. C. ANTHONY.

CIVIL ISSUE CALENDAR

GASTON COUNTY SUPERIOR COURT,

FEBRUARY TERM, 1902.

PLAINTIFF'S ATTORNEYS	NO.	WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26th.	DEFENDANT'S ATTORNEYS
Osborne, Maxwell, Keerans.	10.	Fred H. Lay, by his next friend J. D. Lay, vs. The Stanley Creek Cotton Mills.	Burwell, Walker, Cansler, Mason.
Osborne, Maxwell, Keerans.	20.	J. D. Lay vs. Stanley Creek Cotton Mills.	Burwell, Walker, Cansler, Mason.
		THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27th.	
Osborne, Maxwell, Keerans.	26.	Larkin Pasour vs. D. A. Garrison.	Burwell, Walker, Cansler.
Whitney, Campbell.	17.	S. B. Huffstetler vs. T. A. McGill.	Mason and L. J. Holland.
Durham.	18.	A. L. Baker & Company vs. W. B. Deaton.	R. B. Wilson.
Webb and Webb.		Cherryville M'f'g Co. vs. Dallas Cotton Mills.	Mason.
		FRIDAY, FEBRUARY, 28th.	
Mangum	25.	John E. Cloninger by his next friend Robert Cloninger vs. The Southern Railway Co.	Bason and Mason.
Osborne, Maxwell, Keerans, Whitney.	38.	J. M. Mercer vs. The Southern Railway Co.	Bason and Mason.
McCall.	33.	J. W. Taylor vs. A. P. Rhyne.	L. J. Holland.
Mason, L. J. Holland.	34.	A. P. Rhyne vs. David Kincaid.	Durham.
		SATURDAY, MARCH 1st.	
Osborne, Maxwell, Keerans, Whitney.	37.	John Downs and wife vs. Western Union Telegraph Co.	Jones and Tillet.
Cooke.	39.	Craig & Wilson vs. The Southern Railway Co.	Bason and Mason.
Mangum.	43.	R. M. Paire vs. The Southern Railway Co.	Bason and Mason.
Mason.	42.	A. P. Rhyne vs. Houston Hoover.	Burwell, Walker, Cansler.
Mason.	50.	Emma Martin vs. James Martin.	
		MONDAY, MARCH 3rd.	
Osborne, Maxwell, Keerans, Whitney.	36.	G. W. Gamble, admr., vs. The Ormand Mining Co.	Burwell, Walker, Cansler, Mason.
Mason.	4.	A. K. Loftin vs. Cooper Workman.	Burwell, Walker, Cansler.
John Cooke, Mangum.	15.	J. W. Carter vs. J. A. Pinchback.	Whitney.
Mangum.	16.	C. M. Pool vs. John E. Gray.	C. D. Holland.
Burwell, Walker, Cansler, Durham.	28.	Town of Gastonia vs. The McEntee-Peterson Engineering Co. and The American Surety Co.	Martin for American Surety Company.
		TUESDAY, MARCH 4th.	
R. B. Wilson, Mangum.	52.	Charles Odell vs. The Southern Benedictine Society and Father Charles.	Jones and Tillet.
L. J. Holland.	48.	J. F. Flowers vs. M. J. Rhyne, admr.	
R. B. Wilson, Mangum.		Chas M. Odell, admr., vs. The Southern Benedictine Society and Father Charles.	Jones and Tillet.
		WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5th.	
Mangum.	3.	I. N. Davis vs. Emma Morris and her husband S. M. Morris.	Burwell, Walker, Cansler.
Durham.	21.	The Post-Glover Electric Co. vs. The McEntee-Peterson Engineering Co.	Burwell, Walker, Cansler, for the town of Gastonia.
Durham.	22.	The Illinois Insulated Wire Co. vs. The McEntee Peterson Engineering Co.	Burwell, Walker, Cansler, for the town of Gastonia.
L. J. Holland.	44.	James Philips vs. Hattie Philips.	
Lewis.	54.	Gray & Love vs. John L. Wood.	Mangum.
Mason.	51.	George Quinn vs. Frances Quinn.	
Mason.	53.	Jas. H. Ware vs. R. A. White.	L. J. Holland.
Mason.	35.	Craig & Wilson vs. J. F. Plonk and S. C. Plonk.	L. J. Holland.
Mason.		J. M. Skidmore vs. W. C. Abernethy.	C. D. Holland.

New Things to Wear.

THE season's new things the ladies read of in their fashion journals but have not yet seen are already taking their places upon our counters. Call and see our fresh arrival of . . . . . .

The New Silks,
The New Ribbons,
The New White Goods.

All belong to the approaching season's elegant new fabrics that are sure to become popular. While here you will also be interested in our beautiful

Appliques, Embroideries and Pearl Buttons

J. F. YEAGER,

LADIES' FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY.

ABE HAS THE CHIP.

Bill Says He Is Busy Taking Medicine These Days.

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

"I knew him well, Horatio. A man of infinite jest and most excellent fancy."

It has been years since I met my friend, Mark Blanford, I see by the press dispatches that he is dead—died in Columbus last week. It grieved me for a time, although he was old enough to die. Eighty years is a good old age if the man is good. Every time one of these old users fails it shocks me. George Barnes died not long ago in Augusta, and I unconsciously whispered, "Next." Only three of us left of the senate of 1866. There were forty-four, but the old reaper has cut down all but our Chief Justice Simmons, our chaplain, Brother Yarbrough, and myself—and I am sick.

But I was ruminating about Judge Blanford—men called him Mark—we who knew him best. He was, as Hamlet said of Yorick, a man of infinite jest and most excellent fancy.

When the spirit moved him he could entertain his friends most pleasantly and it was our delight to get him and Judge Underwood and Judge Buchanan together with Evan Howell as a teaser and spend the evening hours during the session of the supreme court when Mark was one of the judges. During the court hours Chief Justice Warner was sitting there as serious and solemn as a Presbyterian preacher drinking in the record and digesting the law of the case, while Mark took in the surroundings and absorbed the humorous side of everything. He was a good lawyer, but jumped to conclusions like a woman and never saw much difference between the plaintiff and defendant unless one of them was a woman or a widow. One night we visited Mark in his room and he regaled us with his experiences in justices' courts when he was young and devilish. The old time justice court was a good school for a young lawyer. He not only practiced law in it, but the arts of oratory, and could use big words with impunity, for neither the old squire nor the jury knew their meaning, but were impressed with their learned length and lingering sound. I still remember the Fretman case that Mark rehearsed that night. A yankee school teacher from the Nutmeg state had sued Jim Jenkins for $18 worth of schooling for his two boys, Troup and Calhoun. Jenkins wouldn't pay it because the two little sallelers hadn't learned anything hardly and they told him that Fretman gave powerful long recesses and carried on amazing, especially with Sally Amanda Jones. Fretman was a good-looking yankee, with pink cheeks and winning ways, and was popular with the girl scholars. Sometimes Salamander, as they called her, didn't go out at recess, but pretended she had some sums to do, and wanted the teacher to show her how. Troup said he heard her squeal one day, and peeped through the crack and saw Fretman squeezing of her. She was a red-headed gal.

Old Phil Davis was the justice court. Mark's plea was that Fretman wasn't a scholar, and not fittin to teach, and that he couldn't read writin nor write readin nor spell all the words in Daniel Webster's blue-back spellin book, and he made a motion to put him on the stand and spell him. Fretman's lawyer fought it, but the old squire said he must spell. Fretman was scared. He trembled all over like a cold wet dog. "Spell Pothisic," said Mark, and he spelt it correctly. He then spelt him right along on all sorts of big words and little words and long words, and afterwards, but Fretman never missed until finally Mark says "Now spell Ompompyanoux," Fretman drew a long breath and said it wasent in the book. But Mark proved that it was in his book, and so old Phil spoke up and said: "Mr. Fretman, you must spell it, sir." He then sweated like a run down filly. He took one past it and missed. "You can come down, sir," said Mark; "you've lost your case." And sure enough old Phil gave a judgment against him and he had the cost to pay. But he was good grit, for he stuck to his school and his salamander.

At the next court Mark moved to non-suit a doctor who had sued a feller and he filed a plea of malpractice and demanded a profest of his diploma. The doctor said he had one at home, and begged for time to go after it. Old Phil gave him time, and he rode 6 miles and back as hard as he could lick it, and shook it in Mark's face triumphantly. Mark smiled and said: "Now, doctor, please take the stand and translate this furrin language into English, so that his honor may know whether it is a diploma or not. It looks to me like an old revolutionary grant of land." Of course the doctor couldn't translate it, and he lost his case in a jiffy. I don't believe we have as good anecdotes now as we use to have. I don't know anybody who has taken the place of Howell Cobb and Charles J. McDonald and Cincinnatus Peeples and Hope Hull and the others I have already named. I am writing about them now because I am sick and it cheers me to think of them. If it were not for the bright little grandchildren who come to see me I should go to bed and give up the ship. For two weeks I have had the grip and am a nuisance—blowing and coughing and sneezing and wheezing, my head a fountain and mine eyes rivers of tears and nobody cares very much, but they dose me with quinine and bromine and calomel, and, at last, prescribed castor oil and turpentine. I rebelled, but they brought me something in a cup that they said was the white of an egg and sherry wine, and so I gulped it down and found it was castor oil. My head aches, I want a dozen holes bored in it and a dozen corkscrews to pull the stuff out. Sick as I am, my wife laughs at me and says if I expect to rate as a gentleman I had better be more careful how I expectorate and she made me an old fashioned boney stew and I'm trying that now. Its the weather—the horrid old weather that has flopped over on us from pastoral land.

Every old veteran who has the grip in bad weather ought to have some children to play around and cheer him up with their merriment. The old Persian monarch, Haroun al Raschid, was kept alive by listening to the beautiful stories in the Arabian Nights. Certain it is I don't hanker after any serious or mournful company. I've coughed until I am almost a coffin. I'm like that bad boy who got to saying damn it and his father whipped him for it and so one day he asked his father if there was any harm in saying "cofferdam."

"No, of course not," said the old man. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," said he, "the old cow has swallowed a cob and is about to coffer-dam head off."

My daughter regales me with anecdotes and my wife feed me on anti-dotes and so I am worrying along, waiting for the spring. If I can live a month longer I will get well.

SAWED BY A SAW MILL.

Man Lived 30 Years Afterwards—Surgeon Washed Blood Off of His Heart.

Statesville Landmark.

The Landmark mentioned a week ago the death of Mr. Green Summers, who lived for 30 years after he had been cut to pieces at a saw mill. At the time of Mr Summers' accident Dr. J. B. Gaither (a son of Mrs. Caroline Gaither and brother of Mr. H. C. Gaither and Mrs. J. E. Colvert, of Statesville,) now of China Grove was a young physician, just home from a medical college in Baltimore. He was at the Gaither homestead, "Holly Grove," in north Iredell, when Summers was injured and was called to attend him. Dr. Gaither held Summers' heart in his hand and saw it pulsate while he washed off the blood and sewed him up. A part of one lung was also cut off. Summers was patched up without the use of chloroform and he insisted all the time that he could live and he did live.

Summers' case, which was among Dr. Gaither's first, made a reputation for him. He soon after moved to Rowan, where he has since enjoyed a successful practice.

Dream Saved Child's Life.

Salisbury Sun.

A dream saved little Willie Hennessee's life this week. The little fellow has been desperately ill and his mother dreamed Monday night that he was dead. She also dreamed that he had been restored to life by the breath of another, who blew in his mouth.

Wednesday the attending physicians removed the tube which they have kept in the child's throat for two week's and his condition was so favorable that it was decided to keep the tube out. During the day Mrs. Hennessee told Mr. Hennessee of her dream. About 1 o'clock Wednesday afternoon the little patient had a relapse and almost before his father could reach the room had ceased to breathe.

Life appeared to be extinct but Mrs. Hennessee in a frenzy of grief exclaimed "Blow breath into his body." Mr. Hennessee stooped over and parted his sons lips. He blew perhaps 30 times with all his might and in a moment the child began to heave. About this time a physician arrived and replaced the tube in the throat.

The little fellow is doing well now and will recover unless some unforseen circumstances arise.

Pecan and Walnut Trees Should be Planted.

Roanoke-Chowan Times.

If the low lands of the Roanoke had been planted to pecan and walnut trees twenty-five years ago they would now be equal in value to a gold mine. Single pecan trees on the Roanoke have been known to produce nuts to the value of $30 per year, and thirty or forty trees can be grown on an acre. Pecan trees begin to bear when about seven years old. Walnut trees are highly valuable for timber and their growth, if planted in the deep, rich soils of the Roanoke meadows, would be rapid.