

THE WEEKLY REVIEW.

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EP DE CROP'S CUT SHORT.

Dey's a heap er discontentment sloshin' loose erroun' de laud.
An' I use ter flounder in it lak' a cat-fish in de sand.
But I studied things, an' argied 'bout respondin' they an' sich.
Yieldin' less dan tares in hahvest towads makin' of us rich.
Tell Ise come ter de conclusion dat it's foolish ter cavort.
Er to let de lip go drappin'.

I is better off to certain dan a big lot I could name.
Dat's elected to de back seats w'en dey's runnin' after fame.
It is comfortin' to know Ise nebbor beat fo' President.
An' Ise nebbor had no hank to bust an' lose mah ebbor cent.
An' a pesson dat has 'scaped dis ort to rendah thanks, he or,
An' not let de lip go drappin'.

PROTECTION FOR WOMEN.

Southern Leaders Tell What Should Be Done to Prevent Negro Outrages.

ATLANTA, Ga., April 24.—The series of crimes which began with the burning of buildings in Palmetto by incendiaries, the lynching a month later of four negroes by the whites of that little town in retaliation, to be followed ten days ago by the murder of Alfred Cranford and the ravishing of his wife, in the same locality, for which the negro, Samuel Holt, was hanged at the stake yesterday, has stirred the people of Georgia and the South into intense interest in the social problems which the crimes reveal.

A discussion of the crimes and the remedy for the lawlessness has reached all circles, and the question of protection for the white women in the sparsely settled farming districts is the topic of the day.

The Atlanta Constitution devotes a page to a collection of opinions on how proper protection can be afforded to the women of the country. On this subject Governor Candler says:

"The question of protection for women and homes in the country is one of deep interest, and which weighs upon my heart. I think the wisest plan for protection will be for the Legislature to take up the matter and provide a sufficient State militia and funds to be expended for a patrol in the country districts."

Former Gov. William J. Northen expressed himself as follows:

"My first suggestion is that all homes should be made miniature arsenals, at least to the extent of one good Winchester rifle and one good pistol; that women be allowed to carry weapons upon their persons, concealed, if so desired, and that they be taught the use and handling of firearms, so that they may become their own protectors in the absence of the husband or master of the house."

"An occasional negro lying dead in the back yard, shot by a brave woman in defence of her honor, will do more to stop this awful crime than all the lynching that may occur in a year. I would have every county supplied with at least half a dozen well-trained bloodhounds. I would have an organization of at least twenty men in each county, who should have supervision of all lawlessness and disorders in the county."

Mrs. Louie M. Gordon, a prominent society woman, not only in Atlanta, but throughout the Southern cities, favors the equipment of a company of militia by each county. She says:

"The Mexican government has a kind of rural soldiery, having the power to hold a drum-head court martial and to shoot the captured criminal if he is found guilty. The per cent. of crime is lower in Mexico than in this country, and yet trains are loaded with silver and bullion."

"It seems it would be a wise investment for our farmers to add a fund to what should be contributed by the Legislature to provide an up-to-date, well-equipped, sufficient military force for the counties, as well as cities and towns, while the good moral effect it would surely bring would produce a sense of safety which would drive fear away from sinking hearts."

Mrs. W. H. Felton, who produced a sensation by her assertion at an agricultural convention two years ago that a thousand negroes should be lynched every week until the outrages stopped, says she has no reason to change her opinion.

How Smallpox Is Spread.

Gastonia Gazette.
The traveling man who goes about over the country unvaccinated commits a crime against his family and his community. If a case like Mr. Sossamon's were to happen in Gastonia it would do the town an amount of harm scarcely second to the wrecking of a bank. Everybody should be on the alert. There is no telling when a traveling man will sit next to a smallpox subject on a car seat, nor when a pastor in his visits among the sick may run up on a virulent case.

The Witch Doctor's Sentence.

Newton Enterprise.
The witch doctor, Chris Detter, who has had quite an extensive introduction to the people of North Carolina, was sentenced last week in Lincoln court to four months imprisonment in the county jail, and required to refund Martin Smith the \$65 he cheated him out of, with interest, all costs in the case, and Smith's lawyer's fees. It is said that Detter is a man of some property and will be able to foot the bills.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

How these old men do cling together. Almost every day brings a good kind letter from some venerable man who is lonesome or has a community of interest with me, and wishes to write, for he knows that I will listen. There are many more of them living than I thought, for old men grow silent as they near the end. They ponder and ruminate, but make no noise. Providence is kind in giving most of them children and children's children to comfort them and to brighten up the passing hours. An old man must be forlorn, indeed, who has none of these. Charles Lamb, in his old and mellow days, wrote sadly when he said:

"Where are my playmates, the companions of my childhood in the joyful school days. All, all are gone—the old familiar faces gone before me to that unknown and silent shore." But Lamb was wifeless and childless and had a right to be sad. He should have adopted some bright little orphan child who would love him and call him father and cling to him in his declining years. Every old bachelor should.

I have just received a good long letter from an old and forgotten friend whom I knew in the long ago and supposed was dead. He is nearing his four score years, but writes the same old school master hand that his generation were taught to write. He is in good health and strong of mind and loves to commune with memories of the past—the halcyon days, as he calls them. I wonder how many college boys know that the pretty word halcyon comes from two Greek words that mean the sea and an egg.

When the eider duck lays her eggs on the high cliffs by the sea, it is always warm and pleasant weather, and hence came the word halcyon—ais, the sea, and oon, an egg. My friend's name is J. J. Richards and he is the survivor of the three brothers William C. and T. Addison Richards, who were our foremost literary men away back in the forties. They published "Georgia Illustrated" and the Orion Magazine, and many beautiful legends of the Cherokee Indians. This brother published a war paper called The Soldiers' Friend, of which I have some copies issued in 1864, in Augusta, Ga., and are little gems, both in editorial and selected matter. He now lives not far from McPherson barracks, near Atlanta, and is the postmaster at Golden Gate, and still finds time and pleasure in writing poetry when the spirit moves him. He, too, has added some verses to "John Anderson, My Joe." These old men do not like the way that Burns left John and his spouse sleeping at the foot of the hill, but want them to rise again and enjoy heaven. Wallace Reed ought to go out to that Golden Gate and interview Mr. Richards and chronicle some of his memories, for he is about the only literary link between the present and the past. These pioneers should not be forgotten. Most all pioneers are.

We eat the fruit of the orchards and vineyards and take no concern about who planted them. Not a dozen people in Rome, a city of 18,000 people, know who planted the trees that give such magnificent shade around the churches, or who first laid out and ornamented the beautiful Myrtle hill cemetery. Who knows of the long and patient toil of Mark A. Cooper in developing and building up the iron industry of Cherokee Georgia? What engineer sought and found the winding way for a railroad from Atlanta to Chattanooga nearly sixty years ago and planned all its curves and spanned the rivers and creeks with bridges? Not long ago I asked a conductor on the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad to tell me who planned that magnificent work across the Cumberland mountains, and he could not tell me. Who founded old Franklin college, now the University of Georgia, and who conceived and projected the establishment of the Wesleyan Female College, the first female college in the world? The antiquaries and relic hunters will pay big prices for old things, such as ancient coins and furniture and curios, but care nothing for the pioneers of our civilization, the men who cleared the wilderness and blazed the way for the generations to come. This reminds me that a one-armed confederate soldier who is now pinched with poverty wishes to sell two very old volumes that were published in 1842—the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" of Homer. The binding is in whitish leather with raised images and flowers stamped on it and the autographs on the title page are Albert, Prince Glenbevie, and Philip Melancthon. And there is a Latin inscription as follows: "Sum Johani Conradi Rheumati, 1615."

Now if this be Melancthon's genuine autograph these volumes are of great historic value, for no greater man has lived or died in all these centuries—the man at whose feet Luther knelt in reverence, and of whom Erasmus exclaimed, "My God, how profound is his learning, how exalted is his virtue." These two, Luther and Melancthon—sleep side by side in Wittenberg and in 1860 the king of Prussia erected over his grave a beautiful monument—a duplicate of that over Luther's. I do not know what evidence this veteran has that Melancthon ever owned these ancient volumes, but I will know. It is certain, however, that they were published in his day and he could have owned them.

The Latin inscription reminds one of another that was sent to me for translation not long ago by a friend in Alabama. It is on the top of a massive gold-headed cane that is an heirloom in the family. There is a crown engraved upon the golden head and underneath are these words: "Epis noe ebor," which are not good Latin nor Greek, but I suppose are abbreviations. At any rate they pass my comprehension. The cane descended from a distinguished Episcopal bishop of New York city. The more I try to solve such problems, the more I am convinced that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." Will not some college boy tell me what that Latin means? BILL ARP.

Spanish-American Islands.

Two hundred Filipinos attacked the American outposts near Tagnig, Luzon, on the 22nd and were repulsed after several hours' fighting, leaving twelve dead on the field.

The Filipinos are building new intrenchments north and west of Malolos. Intense heat prevails in Manila, the thermometer registering 95 degrees at noon one day last week.

The wreck of the Spanish torpedo boat destroyer Pluton, which was sunk by the Gloucester July 3 last, has been found by divers about three miles west of Morro Castle.

Admiral Dewey has heard nothing to determine the fate of Lieutenant Gilmore and the fourteen American soldiers who disappeared near Baler, Luzon. Late advices from Mindanao state that war is likely to break out there as soon as the Spanish garrisons are withdrawn.

A split has occurred in the European junta of the Filipinos, a majority of the members favoring negotiations leading to peace with the United States.

Six Americans were killed and forty-three wounded Monday in a fight near Quengua, six miles northeast of Malolos. The Filipinos were routed. Col. Stolsberg was among the killed.

Spainards in Cuba are uneasy, and a number of them say they will leave the island when the American troops are withdrawn.

General Lawton has started with a flying column to clear the jungle north of Manila.

The Bible and Early Rising.

Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's little granddaughter, according to the Young Woman, one morning at Hawarden, refused to get up. When all other means had failed to coax her out of bed her grandfather was called. "Why won't you get my child?" he said. "Why, grandfather, didn't you tell me to do what the Bible says?" asked Dorothy. "Yes, certainly." "Well, it disapproves of early rising; says it is a waste of time." Mr. Gladstone knew his Bible better than most men, but he was not equal to Dorothy. For once in his life he was nonplussed as to his scriptural knowledge. "You listen, then," went on Dorothy in reply to his exclamation of astonishment, and, turning up the Bible, she read the second verse of the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Psalm, laying great emphasis on the first words, "It is vain for you to rise up early."

Rudyard Kipling had an experience of his own with the same girl one day when he was on a visit at Hawarden. Being left alone with Dorothy by her mother, the poet exerted himself to entertain his little companion as well as possible. Upon Mrs. Drew's returning and asking Dorothy whether she had not bored Mr. Kipling, Gladstone's grandchild replied: "No, but he did me."

Signs Point to Bryan.

WASHINGTON, April 29.—The emphatic denial of Senator Jones, of Arkansas, that he has any intention of resigning his present position as chairman of the Democratic National Executive Committee, coming simultaneously with the statement of Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, that he is for Mr. Bryan's renomination in 1900, would seem to indicate that the friends of Mr. Bryan, as well as his latent enemies, are agreed that the Nebraska man is still the strongest candidate for the Democratic nomination. Indeed, if the reports of the Democratic congressmen who drop into Washington can be relied upon, Mr. Bryan's renomination is almost as certain as is Mr. McKinley's. Mr. Harrison, in an interview, says that the Chicago platform of 1896 will be reaffirmed, "together with some additions." These "additions" will, of course, be planks denouncing trusts, and denouncing the present administration policy of expansion of our national territory.

McLubberty—Owld Uncle Moike Duffy is out av his mind intirely!

Mrs. McLubberty—Phwot make yez say thot?

McLubberty—Phwoy, he's been afther makin' his will an' lavin' everyting he's got in de worruld to his heirs, not kapin' back for himself as much as a quarter's wort' av anyting. Tink av ut, lavin' himself pinless at his age, in case he should dole!

Mr. Thad. Seigle, of Charlotte, who went West a year or two ago and last year joined the volunteer army and was sent to the Philippines, where he took part in the battle of Manila, has returned to his home in Charlotte. He was made a sergeant during his army service and was wounded in the leg in the battle of Manila.

LETTER FROM REV. SAN JONES.

I find in all these sections that spring time "came, gentle Annie," about one month behind time. I find again that most of the fruits have either been killed or badly damaged, with the exception largely in favor of the apple. I passed through Texas about the middle of March last year and corn was knee high and cotton well up. This year in the middle of April I say but little corn up and scarcely one-third of cotton planted and but little up out of the ground. Gardens are belated.

In Texas it has been dry and cold. Very little rain has fallen in Texas since Christmas. Last week they had good rains, which gladdened the farmer and merchant and drummer. I tell you, when you make the drummer happy you have made a crowd happy in Texas. It seems to me that nearly every other man a fellow meets in Texas is a drummer. Sometimes one thinks there are more drummers than farmers and merchants combined. Anyway, they are a jolly set of fellows, and they are doing much to keep the world rolling along.

In spite of late seasons and untoward circumstances, I am glad to find the people everywhere hopeful and cheerful. I am sure I have met fewer growlers and heard less growling on this tour than I have ever known on a three weeks' tour in years. Both merchants and farmers, railroads and manufacturers all talk like things are either all right or soon will be.

Birmingham, Ala., has surely got a move on it. A blind man can spend a day in Birmingham and see things move. An air of thrift and a glow of activity is apparent on all sides at Birmingham. Atlanta had well look to her laurels.

I spent one day in New Orleans, and I confess I was surprised at sleepy old New Orleans. Even that old city has a move on her. They are now taking up her old big flat rock pavement and putting down asphalt, and a magnificent system of underground sewerage, and many other things they are doing that gives evidence of new life. Houston, Dallas, Waco and Fort Worth show again much of their old life and vigor. Really the whole country has a glow of life, and activity on it.

The timber men are happy—they are getting \$6 per thousand more for their lumber now than a year ago. The hardware men are jumping up and down; their prices are going up. Groceries and dry goods men look happy and seem to wear an air of contentment. But the southern farmer will never be happy until he gets sense enough to see that a twelve million bale crop of cotton means 4 cents a pound and that a six million bale crop means 15 cents a pound, in spite of the monumental crime of '73 that demonized silver, precipitated panic upon the country, etc.

And that reminds me, Mr. Editor, that my good wife sent me your edition of two weeks ago in which you, in so much sorrow for Brother Jones, expressed regrets that he should champion the trusts and combines of this country. I fear you misinterpreted me, Mr. Editor. I assure you; my dear sir, that I am no champion or apologist for the trust, but when there are more dogs than rabbits, I rather shoot dogs than rabbits. They are having a picnic in Arkansas and Texas now on that subject.

The Arkansas legislature has passed an anti-trust law that cleans up the deck, and the Texas legislature has a similar law under consideration and the business men of both states are protesting with a vengeance. I dare assert the people need not be afraid of trusts. They will fall of their own weight and perish in their own greed. No combination of money or men can stand long that stands in violation to public sentiment, and when they shall cease to do business on a fair and equitable basis, down they will go, and no one knows this better than the authors and builders of these trusts. I prophesy that ten years will not pass until the trusts are all busted and business will take on normal conditions.

These trusts devour each other. I rather have a parallel railroad than all the laws you may make regulating railroads. One set of men, where greed is so intense and wits so sharp, are not going to let another set of men have all there is in a good thing. When there is big money in a thing, some other fellow is going at it. This is a free country and will be in spite of trusts, combines, men and devils.

Suppose, Mr. Editor, that you and I should have given to us tomorrow all the stock in the Pullman Car company or Bell Telephone company or the Standard Oil company. Do you believe for a moment that we would ever write or speak against monopolies? Or suppose every calamity hawker in this country had a first-class monopoly of his own? Then would they howl any more? I tell you, Mr. Editor, the difference is mainly in who has it more than what it is he has. I repeat I won't kick on the Standard Oil company as long as I get oil at 10 cents, and the flour combine as long as I get good flour at \$3 per barrel, etc., etc."

It is also true, Mr. Editor, that these trusts and combines have within the last three months, voluntarily raised the wages of a half million workmen and still the good work goes on. You can abate some of your sorrow for me, Mr. Editor, I am not sick abed on the subject one way or the other. S. P. JONES.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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SAVED THE CRUISER BUFFALO.

BY REV. D. D. HATHOCK.

[This story wins the prize of \$50 offered by the New York Voice for the best true tale of heroism submitted by a preacher.]

A motherless boy of eighteen obtained the reluctant consent of his father—an advocate of the peace principles of the Religious Society of Friends—to enlist for the war to liberate Cuba. Being a fine shot and something of a "rough rider," he joined a company of cavalry. Not long afterward he made application and was transferred to the navy and given the appointment of assistant electrician on the cruiser Buffalo, named after his home city. He had worked himself through the various departments of an electrical manufactory, and had served some time in the adjusting room for the finished products of the factory. So, as assistant electrician, he had charge in his watch of the electric lights of six decks and of the great flashlight.

His boyish imagination had pictured a patriotic company of young men, the ship's crew with whom he should find noble fellowship. When he found them all given to the use of intoxicating drinks, tobacco, profanity and obscenity, he suffered keen disappointment, and was much inclined to let down his standard a little to find sympathy and fellowship. He had smoked cigars for a week, when one day he stood alone with a cigar in his mouth, thinking of his brothers and sisters and the sainted mother whom he could scarcely remember. He took the cigar from his lips, and, as he wrote his father, "I threw it away and made up my mind to go through alone."

On November 6, 1898, the Buffalo left New York with a crew of 350 men and 400 extra sailors for Dewey's fleet at Manila. When about 600 miles out the great November gale struck them, and about midnight "all hands" were called out, and the assembled men were informed that the ship had received such damage that she was filling, with the prospect of foundering unless some means could be devised to stop the leakage.

Most of the men fell into a panic, and with cries of childish terror man ran to provide themselves with life-preservers and to secure control of the ship's boats. A few heroic men set resolutely about the work of plugging the leak and repairing the damage.

The young electrician looked for a moment at the strange conduct of the unthinking mass, and turned away to find something to do in the dynamo room. As he reached the hatch the chief electrician rushed past him crying frantically, "The ship is sinking! The ship is sinking!" and disappeared among the life preservers.

In the dynamo room he found the machinery deserted, and devoted himself to the task of keeping up the ship's lights. For twelve anxious hours he worked on without seeing a human being, or hearing from the workers who were trying to save the ship. Some time after 12 o'clock the executive officer made a visit to the dynamo room to thank the electrician for the splendid service of the lights which had made it possible to save the ship with the human freight. Then he learned that a hungry and sleepy boy who had determined "to go through alone" would like to be relieved.

The electrician was found hiding in one of the ship's cutters, surrounded by a pile of life-preservers, not yet free from the terror of the night. He was court-martialed and dismissed from the service in disgrace. The Buffalo returned to New York and after repairs in the dry dock started again for Manila.

Peanut Butter.

In Indiana, according to the Monthly Bulletin of the Bureau of American Republics, butter is being manufactured from peanuts and is being sold wholesale at 15 cents a pound. The process of manufacture is simple. After roasting over a rotary oven the nuts are ground fine. The natural oil in the nuts give the flour thus produced the consistency of putty and the color of rich cream. To convert it into butter a little water is added, and nothing more, not even salt, is required. "It never grows rancid," says the report, and is in great demand at health resorts." It can be used on the table as dairy butter, or for frying. Water added forms with it "a delicious cream," and more water converts it into a sort of milk. Our Southern States ought to find a new source of wealth in the neglected "goober."

Quicker Than Thought.

The teacher had been trying to explain to the class the instantaneousness of thought, if the term may be used.

"Though it is the quickest thing in the world," she said.

And, turning toward the head of class, continued, "Clarence Fitzgerald, do you know of anything quicker than thought?"

"Yes'm," was the quick reply.

The teacher started and squinted over her glasses.

"What?" she asked.

"Laffin'."

"Why, Clarence Fitzgerald, what do you mean?"

"Well," went on the youth, "I know it is, for th' other night my pa asked th' blessin' at supper an' said 'Oh, Lord, bless this meat before us,' when they wuzn't nothin' on th' table but beans 'n' ten, 'n' I laffed before I thought."

WHY BOOTH KILLED LINCOLN.

Wilmington Messenger.

We were much interested in a short article in April number of Wake Forest Student. It was sent by George Anderson Foote, son of the late Dr. George A. Foote, of Warrenton, an honored and highly-reputable physician, lately deceased. He first gives an extract from Appleton's Cyclopaedia of Biography (wrongly printed "Biology"), of the hanging of that very gallant and meritorious officer, Captain John Young Beall, a native of Virginia, and born in 1835, and hanged 24th of February, 1865, as a spy, which was most infamous, most infernal. He was regularly commissioned, and was acting under orders. It was one of the many disgraceful acts of the Goths and Vandals in their war upon the South, and literally without any reasonable or just cause. A sketch was found among Dr. Foote's papers, who was a surgeon in the Confederate army and was imprisoned in Fort Columbus, New York harbor. Dr. Foote's posthumous paper is both interesting and informing. He tells of the efforts made to save Captain Beall's life by Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, and others, but in vain. Dr. Foote's cell in which he was confined was adjoining Captain Beall's. Beall and John Wilkes Booth had been room-mates at college, and were very dear friends. Booth tried every way to secure Beall's release from prison, but in vain. An effort to secure his escape was made, in which Dr. Foote was to be a party. In fact, two plans came to naught.

The interesting point really of historic interest is to follow. Dr. Foote's private memorandum gives a statement that will surprise many, as it did us. The common idea is that President Lincoln was murdered by John Wilkes Booth because he was the head of the Northern States and was responsible for the war upon the South. In other words, that Booth, being in intense sympathy with the South, and being somewhat daff, had assassinated the President on account of his course in the war. After the plans failed Dr. Foote says Booth hurried to Washington, and on his knees implored President Lincoln and Secretary Seward to pardon or at least respite Beall. Lincoln promised to respite, but that night ordered his execution. Dr. Foote says: "This order was executed, and Beall was hanged within thirty yards of my window and inside Fort Columbus, and not at Johnson's Island, as has been frequently reported."

"Booth, for what he termed the perfidy of President Lincoln toward himself and friend Beall, at once swore to avenge his friend's death by killing both Lincoln and Seward. He did not intend to shoot Lincoln in the theatre, but the contemplated opportunity did not offer itself elsewhere."

"But for the fact that Booth's spur caught in the curtain that fatal night, he would have escaped—at least for a time. The war had nothing to do with the assassination of the President; it was done simply and solely to revenge, intensified by Booth's love and admiration for his friend."

"Booth went to New York the morning of Beall's execution, and being so grievously disappointed at what had occurred, he became measurably an insane man. I had not the least idea of Booth's plan to assassinate the President. This plan was known only to one man, and to him Booth revealed it only an hour before the assassination. The man to whom he thus confided his purpose begged him not to carry it out, and finding that Booth was not to be turned from his revenge, left the city before the horrid tragedy occurred."

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