

THE NEWS.

H. C. MARTIN, Editor and Prop.

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FRIDAY, FEB. 21, 1908.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 10 Mail and Ex. ar. 1:22 p.m.
No. 62 " " " 2:10 p.m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 9 Mail and Ex. de. 1:50 p.m.
No. 63 " " " 9:05 a.m.

OLD SOLDIERS EXPERIENCES.

Incidents Recorded From 1861 to 1865.

Levi Strauss, the Spy.

By F. T. Mindler, Providence, R. I.

I was a noncommissioned officer in the 37th Virginia Volunteer Regiment, which was a part of Stonewall Jackson's Corps. We were once nearly surrounded in the Shenandoah Valley by three Northern army corps commanded by Generals Banks, Shields, and Sigel their forces outnumbering ours by great odds. The enemy were doing their best to surround us, and we had to work like beavers day and night to get strong positions. General Jackson intended to hold his own until the promised reinforcements from General Lee would arrive.

Stonewall Jackson while living at the academy in Lexington, Va., had a friend and neighbor by the name of Levi Strauss. This man secured the privilege to follow our corps to sell tobacco and cigars and other small things. He had a splendid outfit, a fine new covered spring wagon drawn by two big mules with new harness, all of which proved that our tobacco man was not poor. By dealing with him once in a while I learned that he was a German, like myself. He was an educated German Jew. He was glad to make my acquaintance, and said if I did not object he would like to come and see me some evenings just for pastime, to which I agreed. He also invited me to a walk around the camps to see how we made our fortifications.

One night an order arrived from headquarters for all the teamsters to hitch up and be ready at a moment's time to move out of camp. This was at one o'clock. Two teamsters ran over to the tobacco dealer to get a supply of tobacco to take along, but he did not respond to any of their calls. Their cursing and noise brought many of us to the spot: and after being informed of what they wanted, we opened the front of the wagon, but found it empty. Mr. L. Strauss was not to be found. The order for the teamsters proved to be a false one, and in a short time quietness reigned in the camp once more. The absence of the tobacco dealer was duly reported by the officer of the day. Early in the morning Strauss was in the wagon, and to our questions about not being in his wagon he laughed, declaring that he was in it all night.

Colonel Fulkerson, a very kind-hearted gentleman, sent for Strauss and talked very kindly to him, urging him to say why he was not in his wagon the night before. To him Strauss also declared that he was in the wagon enjoying a whole night's sleep. The Colonel warned him to tell nothing but the truth, as it was no time for trifling. At this Strauss seemed to get somewhat scared, and finally acknowledged that he was with a friend of his, a lieutenant in the artillery camp, but was sure back in his wagon before taps. Colonel Fulkerson was the very best of lawyers in Abingdon, Va., and he quickly

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divined that Stauss was telling stories: so the Colonel sent a message to General Jackson informing him of his friend and neighbor, Levi Strauss, at the same time putting the tobacco dealer under guard. It was not long till General Jackson had a private conversation with Strauss. We all knew the looks of General Stonewall Jackson just before a battle, and the same look he had when he left Strauss: such a look of his was a sure sign of trouble somewhere. I was one of those appointed to search his wagon, and in it we found comfortable bedding, a field table and chair, a heavy rug, and in the back part of the wagon were tobacco boxes, feed and hay, etc. All this we took out, and were astonished to find maps, drawn on paper the same as used by architects, complete drawing outfit, two silver-mounted cadet revolvers, a fine repeating rifle, two ugly-looking knives, two strong boxes filled with coin of all description, also plenty of Confederate and United States money. The plan drawn in ink, a finely executed piece of work, was our whole camp in detail—all contiguous roads, footpaths, bridges, position of artillery, rifle pits, ditches, different camps, and even the headquarters. There was a kind of gully which was not so will protected by artillery. This was extra marked with a big cross and figures. The officers were more than surprised. They congratulated each other on this catch. The plan alone was enough to condemn the Jew.

A drumhead court-martial was quickly formed and met in a grove of fine oak trees. The Jew was brought up under heavy guard and when he saw his plan lying out on a plank before him, he knew well that the jig was up with him, and fainted accordingly. The presiding officer, Colonel Taliaferro asked him only a few questions, which he answered by nodding his head. This was enough for the court. He wanted to make a few explanations; but the court would not allow it, and he was led away.

General Jackson was not present so he was made acquainted with the result, which was that he should be shot within three hours. Colonel Taliaferro objected to this, saying that a traitor like him should be hanged, to which they all agreed. The death warrant, so to speak, was signed and returned from General Jackson in a short time. To my sorrow, I was appointed to stay with him until he should be led out to receive his punishment, just on account of my also being a German. We took him to a near-by tent, and he was watched by four soldiers. Now he began to realize the situation he had put himself in, raved and cried and pulled his hair out, carrying on to such an extent that he was told if he did not behave he would be tied and gagged. This quieted him some, only he wanted to talk with me. He requested me to go to his old friend, General Jackson, and plead for his life, and urge him to do it for the sake of his wife and two children. This I refused to do. Even had it been within my power to save him, I would not have done it. He fully deserved what was awaiting him. I did not pity him, but his wife and children. I told him that I was only sorry he was a German, and reminded him to write to his family, as the time was getting short. The hour set was twelve o'clock sharp. He whispered to me to get him some writing material, which was done; but he was so terribly scared that he could not write a word, and trembled like an aspen leaf. Now it any man gives himself up to be a spy he knows the fate awaiting him if caught, and such a man is naturally no coward; but our Jew certainly was. I told him that I could get him a reprieve if he would tell me the reason of his do-

ing so. Upon this promise, he commenced to tell me that a friend from New York induced him to act as he did, as there was big money in store for him; he gave also the address of his wife in Lexington, Va.

Capt. J. Walker, acting provost marshal, had to make arrangements for the execution. We had old sailors with us, and they asked Captain Walker to let them do the hanging of the spy, promising to make a good job of it. Captain Walker was only too glad to let them do it. They at once got others to help them, and first dug a grave under one of the big oak trees. They then got a strong tent rope, made a genuine hangman's knot; peeling off the bark of a limb that extended almost straight out, they threw the rope over it, and all was ready in a very short time, though the time seemed awfully long to me till twelve o'clock. The Jew said to me that he was willing to be punished with imprisonment if he only would not be put to death. His lamentations were fearful, one of his expressions being: "Why did I do this to my friends, especially to General Jackson, who was such a good and kind friend to me to my wife and children, and to good old Virginia!"

It was a quarter to twelve when the four sailors stepped in and took him out under the limb from which the rope was swinging. The spy looked up and saw the rope, the last thing he was to see on earth, and broke down completely. The sailors had to hold him up while they put the noose around his neck. As many boys as there was room for had hold of the rope at the other end, waiting for the word, which was given, and up went Levi Strauss, one of the worst spies that was ever caught in our corps. It seemed to me that he was unconscious when he was drawn up, as there was no motion of his body. After he was put in his grave, General Jackson sent for me and asked me to write to Mrs. Strauss of the fate of her husband, and that his personal effects would be sent to her as soon as there was a chance to get them through the line. They reached her all right, and I got a very kind letter from her in answer to mine.

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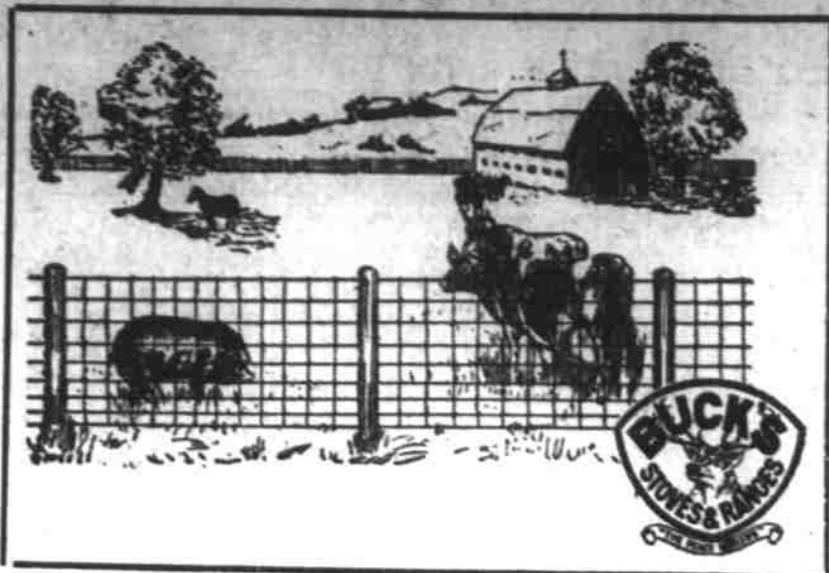
"Back to the Farm."

Greensboro Record.

One of our exchanges in the western part of the state reports a movement of many people back to the farm and says they are "going back to stay." This is good news, for entirely too many North Carolina people have left the peaceful (if sometimes hard) life of the farm for a more or less precarious existence in the towns and cities. While it has its dark side, we believe the average person does not make a mistake in sticking to the farm in preference to moving to town to find work in store, shop or mill, for one loses much in giving up the free, open life of the country for a town existence that is a daily grind at its best. There has never been a period in the history of North Carolina when farming was as profitable as it is today. The rapid increase in the population of our towns and cities has created an unsupplied demand for most of the products of the farm at remunerative prices. The demand for poultry, fruits, vegetables and other products of the farm is always greater than the supply, and the farmers who are staying by their farms will tell you that there is more money in supplying a part of this demand than in moving to town and spending the greater part of your earnings to keep soul and body together.

The larger a man feels the smaller he appears to other men.

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Men's Suits.

\$15.00 Suits for \$10.00 to \$10.50
12.50 Suits for 8.50 to 9.50
10.00 Suits for 7.00 to 7.50
7.50 Suits for 5.00 to 5.50
5.00 Suits for 3.50 to 3.75
Boys suits will be sold equally as low.

There will be lots of other goods on sale not mentioned, at equally low prices. Please be on hand for your share of these are bargains. Bear in mind that this sale is for four days only. Men's Pants, Underwear, Men's Heavy Overalls, etc., will be included in this Sale. When you come to court don't fail to see us, we can save you money on your purchases.

Respectfully,

W. A. WATSON,
South Main St. - - - LENOIR, N. C.