

How the Scout got his Breakfast.

Times Democrat.

"We were on our way to Maryland," said Squire Hilton, "and just before our cavalry reached the Potomac we were ambushed by a party of yankees. A sharp skirmish followed, but we extricated ourselves and proceeded across the Potomac at Leesbury into Maryland, and our forces rested in Frederick. Being a member of Gen. Hampton's scouts, I was sent down the road towards Washington the next day to look out for yankee. I was riding all day and as I had not brought much rations with me I did not have any supper that night. The next morning I was hungry and, as I was riding along sum up, I began faintly to catch the odors arising in someone's kitchen.

"You know when you are hungry you can smell something to eat a long ways off. Well, I began to look around and far off on one side of the road I spied a beautiful grove. Sniffing once or twice to make sure of my bearings, I turned my horse's head towards the grove. Soon I arrived in front of a beautiful home. There was a white fence extending around the yard and a beautiful lawn reaching from the house to the gate. The grass was green and well kept and everything presented the appearance of beauty. On the broad piazza which extended around the house I could see the figure of a man walking back and forward with his hands clasped as his back. Hailing him, I asked him to come down to the gate. He leisurely descended the steps and approached me.

"When he reached the gate I politely told him I had not eaten anything for some time and would like to get breakfast from him. I had on a blue uniform but underneath my coat I wore a gray jacket. The man looked me over but spied that piece of gray.

"You are a rebel he replied, and can't eat any breakfast of mine." "Reaching back into my holster I pulled out a pistol, and, leveling in on him said, "You call a servant and tell him to bring me a waiter containing something of everything in your house to eat or I'll pull this trigger as sure as fate!" and he saw I meant it.

"John, he called, bring a large waiter of something to eat down here and hurry up!"

"Pretty soon I saw John coming and, sure enough, he had everything, fried chicken, eggs, ham, sausage, rolls and what not. Raising the flaps of my saddle bags I told him to dump the waiter. This he did, and then I sent him back to the house still covered and forbidding him to move until I was out of sight, I rode away. Well, sir, that was the best breakfast I ever ate, I really enjoyed it.

"Several years ago while attending a reunion in Richmond I met a man from Frederick and on enquiry found that he knew the man who had furnished me my breakfast. I sent him word to come down to Charlotte and spend a while visiting me. I never heard anything from my invitation and a few years ago there came here from Frederick a gentleman who opened a cigar factory. In talking with him one day I related the incident and described the horse at which I had got my breakfast. This gentleman said he knew the man who lived there and that he would see him on his next trip up that way. I told him to tell him to come down and spend a week with me and I would give him a good time.

"Well, shortly afterward this gentleman made a visit to Frederick and on his return to Charlotte

I asked him if he had seen my friend.

"Yes," he replied. "Did he say he remembered me?"

"He said he could never forget you. He said the bullets in your pistol looked like cannon balls that morning."

"What did he say in regard to my invitation? Is he coming to see me," I asked.

"I told him that you sent him a cordial invitation to come down and spend a while with you," replied the gentleman, "and he looked at me in somewhat of a peculiar way and said: "You tell that man that I say for him to go to the —."

"Now, didn't that show appreciation of my invitation?"

Picked up Here and There.

Morris Cohen, grocer of Atlanta, tried on a charge of storing and selling intoxicants in violation of the prohibition law, was Friday sentenced in the city court to serve thirty days in the stockade and to pay a fine of \$500. Recently a thousand bottles of beer and 100 flasks of whiskey were seized at Cohen's place.

Monroe Journal: Two farmers were yesterday talking about the local papers, and how interested everyone is in them. "I read everything in the Journal," said one, "even the advertisements." "I do, too," replied the other. "I am just as interested in what our home merchants are saying as in the news in the paper." And so it is all along the line. The people are looking to the columns of the papers for store news as well as every other kind, and the merchant whose name is not found there isn't cutting much ice.

Matthew Ferris, a negro truckman of Fayetteville, died Monday afternoon from drinking a bottle of blind tiger whiskey, expiring about 15 minutes after imbibing the liquor. Ferris was given a dollar to secure a quart by a white man; When Ferris returned, not finding his man, he proceeded to drink the stuff himself with the result that a quarter of an hour later he fell across a table in his home dead.

A Fine Bunch of Cattle.

Statesville Landmark.

Quite a number of farmers and others were on the square Wednesday morning to see the fine lot of beef cattle which were shipped by Supt. Meacham, of the State Farm, and the Henkel Live Stock Co. The 25 head which were fed at the Farm under Mr. Meacham's personal management weighed about 30,000 pounds, an average 1,204 per head, and the 37 head fed by the Henkel Company weighed 40,000 pounds.

The three largest steers in the bunch were from the Henkel lot and weighed 1,600 each. There were about 80 head in the whole lot, those not fed by Mr. Meacham and the Henkel company having been fed by farmers in the county. Some of the cattle were fine specimens and all brought good prices.

Mr. Redman, of Richmond, who bought the cattle, says that he has bought \$22,000 worth of cattle in this section of the State this year, compared with \$18,000 worth last year. Cattle feeding is proving a profitable industry in this section and each year more are fed by our people.

A wealthy ex-saloon keeper of Winston was sentenced in the Recorder's Court to the county roads for twelve months for retailing. He appealed to the Superior Court.

An elephant has only eight teeth.

Novel Place For Distillery.

Asheville, March 18.—A fine old copper still and a barrel containing twenty-five gallons of raw "blockade" liquor have been placed in the building occupied by Revenue Agent Sams, and represent the results of a raid made by revenue officers in McDowell county a day or two ago. The name of the alleged moonshiner is not divulged. It is said that the still, a big copper affair, was found beneath the kitchen of the man supposed to be blockading, and so concealed that it was only by accident found. The raiders had been tipped to the location of the still or place where whiskey was sold, and, visiting the place, found a considerable quantity of "corn juice" and many bottles. There was plenty of evidence of a "blind tiger," but none of a still. Finally one of the officers, by accident, discovered a door leading beneath the kitchen, and, investigating, found the blockade distillers well rigged up and ideally located.

Chicken Fight in S. C.

Charlotte Observer.

A big cocking main between North and South Carolina was pulled off at a point about two miles southeast of Bowling Green, in this county, Tuesday of last week. Several similar affairs have taken place in the same neighborhood during the past two or three years, much to the regret of the good people living in that section. The affairs are said to be promoted by a man who lives across the line in North Carolina.

The laws of North Carolina prohibit cock-fighting where the birds are supplied with gaffs, while there is no law on the subject in S. C. It is said that few, if any, of the large crowd attended the recent event above referred to live in S. C. and that the leaders of the North Carolina crowd came from Hickory. The Tar Heels claimed to have won 13 out of 16 fights. It is also claimed that at these mains large sums of money change hands in poker games played on the side.

Virginia Drys Win in Court.

Richmond, Va., March 18.—The Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia today decided the Ward law to be constitutional, the effect of which is that certain towns and cities, a majority of whose citizens voted "dry" must remain "dry" though the "wets" contended that many who voted "dry" voted illegally because they had not paid their poll tax. The decision is far reaching in that it also involves the legality of bonds issued for road and others purposes in cases it was claimed many of the voters had not paid their poll tax.


It was held that the qualifications prescribed by the constitution for voters apply to elections held for members of the general assembly and all officers elected by the people that this provision does not prevent the legislature from prescribing the qualifications for an electorate to vote in special elections for which the constitution does not provide.

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Broker Flees With \$117,000 in Auto.

Los Angeles, March 18.—Harry D. Brown, the broker, is believed to be speeding towards the Mexican line with \$117,000 in an automobile. A posse in autos are hurrying after him. Hundreds of angry creditors besieged Brown's office today on the report that he had disappeared. His debts are said to aggregate \$200,000. He came here from New York.

Dogs Make Raid on Sheep.

Watauga Democrat.
Some dogs made a raid upon the fine flock of sheep owned by Mr. J. B. Council last week, and but for his timely appearance upon the scene, sad havoc would have been wrought upon his fine flock. One of the pesky animals was slain, but others are still at large.

Girls Assailant Gets Five Years.

Freeland Tharye, the young white man who was convicted in Wilkes Superior Court of secret assault upon his sweetheart, Miss Mary Ball, because she refused to marry him, has been sentenced to the State prison for a term of five years.

Three Trainmen Killed.

Wilmington, March 18.—The Florida Limited train on the Atlantic Coast Line jumped the track at Pikesville, near Wilmington, today, killing the engineer, fireman and brakeman. The conductor and several passengers are believed to be fatally hurt.

Express Landed in Waiting Room.

Montreal, March 17.—Boston and Montreal express train, reaching here at 9 o'clock today, ran wild into the terminal station at 40 miles an hour, crashed through a granite wall and landed the engine in the ladies' waiting room.

Between 10 and 12 were killed instantly and many more were seriously injured. Most of the victims are women and children.

Two miles out from the city the breaking of a stay bolt hurled the engineer and fireman from the cab, the train thundering on without drivers.

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\$2,500,000 to Southern Institutions.
New York, March 18.—The trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund at a meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria today voted to distribute the money now on hand, amounting to \$2,500,000, rather than continue donating small amounts from the income of the fund to the colleges of the country. It was voted to give 1,000,000 to the Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville, Tenn. The rest of the amount will be distributed in amounts of about \$50,000 each to other colleges in the South.

SALE OF VALUABLE STOCK!!
As executor of Samuel L. Patterson, deceased, I will sell for cash at public auction at the Court House door in Lenoir, N. C., at 12 o'clock, M., on Saturday, March 27, the following Stocks:
Fifteen shares of \$100 each in the Citizens' Light & Power Co., of Lenoir.
Sixteen shares of \$20 each in the Caldwell & Watauga Turnpike Co. This Mch. 13th, 1909.
LINDSAY PATTERSON,
Executor of Samuel L. Patterson, Deceased.