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# Lenoir News.

Tuesdays and Fridays

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NO. 3.

## BUCK MOUNTAIN COVE.

### Interesting Letter from the late Silas McDowell to Major G. W. F. Harper.

Cullasaga, N. C., Nov. 23, 1878.  
Mr. G. W. F. Harper,  
Lenoir, N. C.

Dear Sir:  
Your lines of the 18th inst. are before me, and having nought else to do I will reply promptly.

You asked if "a Public road was running up Linville Cove in 1814?" My answer is, no sir—nothing but a cattle track leading from Morganton to the Cove above the Linville Falls to Major James Erwin's cattle farm, and the way led up the valley of Upper Creek and then out at it's head through Nat's old field, North of Table Rock. From this point, the Rock had the shape of a fodder stack. Now, you began to find a few Cranberries, and passing on and up you come to the head Spring of the Creek in Jonas' ridge, and passing over it you were in Linville Cove. Lyon and I did not pass this way, but went directly down the River by way of the Falls and Canon, as our business was to study the Geology and Flora of the Carolina Mountains. All these scenes I revisited in after years during a ten years sojourn at Morganton; as well the North Cove and South Tow River and Black Mountain.

The Cave near the head of the Valley of North Fork, I was the first man who explored and reported it's interior. The thing happened in this way, to wit: Boys and dogs chased a fox that ran in a square opening at the base of Buck Mountain, the entrance not being more than four feet from a Limestone Branch. Into this opening, leading into the bowels of the Mountain, the fox entered; so did the dogs and the boys follow after, but not far, as the way soon grew dark. This was in the Summer of 1823. I was in the Cave at that time suffering from an attack of "Brown fever"—desperately in love with a pretty girl named Matilda Brown.

I heard of the entrance into Buck Mountain and concluded it would be a good place to reduce my fever. I went, I saw, and entered but not without light. A noble young man named Will English, procured torch pine that filled a large basket, and with a blazing light stooped and entered. I did the same thing. Our way was up a brook that had perpendicular banks on each hand, floored above with rock. We of course had to wade the brook, save where the larger apartments expanded into open halls, and here we could mount upon the dry floors and exclaim—"Who cares for cold water in Dog days?" Some of these draperies of the Cave to me, were interesting and beautiful—as their rock walls incrustated with ice, while the vault above seemed draped and curtained within, a scene above from which was suspended, thousands of pointed icicles all glittering in the torch light like myriads of brilliant gems.

Some of these had assumed gigantic proportion reaching nearly half way down to the floor, while opposite to it's point, rises from the floor a stalagmite to meet it on the way and then be united in a graceful column. English awakened me from this dream of rapture by the command—"Move on!" When we quit the lovely scene and again plunged into the cold brook, winding our way along narrow galleries where the roof was so very low that at times we had to creep.

At length we reached a point where the brook forked and another cave opened its way into the

rocks to our left hand, and at right angle. From it's interior chambers we heard the lively chirping of what seem to be ten thousand birds, and I asked English what it was? He replied—"It is the dropping of water from the points of icicles from the top of some high vaulted roof down on the surface of some interior sheet of water, and it is the echoes of the Cave that multiplies and strengthens the sound." "How do you know that?" I queried. "I guessed so," was his curt reply. "I will see and know!" I exclaimed, and then led the way the left. We had not proceeded ten paces before I was up to my arms in water, and thinking the next step might be over our head I ingloriously retreated, leaving the quick sprightly songs of the birds to the echoes of Buck Mountain Cave. We pursued our former direction and after many ins, and outs, at length reached a spacious and lofty Hall, whose upper flooring had given away and in huge boulders lay on the lower floor.

"Bill English, I exclaimed, what does this mean?" "A Dead fall," he replied, if we had been here when these rocks fell." "Bill, I queried, how far have we progressed into the bowels of this mountain?" He guessed, three-fourth of a mile. "How far to the Cave's end?" I inquired. "It has been explored no farther," he replied.

By now, Bill English and myself were tired and hungry, and as he had something else than pine in his basket in the form of a pone of corn bread, a hog's ham and a flask of rum—he spread out his store upon one of the fallen boulders, and now, memory can call no single dinner enjoyed with such keen relish as that in the Buck Mountain Cave with Bill English. For a long while my mineral collection had rare specimens, which I brought as trophies from that Cave; but alas, I've none of them now. There is no class of men who have such "sticky fingers" as a "semi-mineralogist. If he takes a fancy to a thing, give it to him at once, and in so doing you have done an act of righteousness—saved a brother from temptation.

Yours truly  
(Signed) SILAS McDOWELL.  
(Lyon referred to was Silas McDowell, teacher at Morganton and the trip through Linville Gorge in 1814 was the subject of a previous letter. Lyon died and was buried at Asheville in the graveyard near Presbyterian church.)

### Dying of Hydrophobia.

Mr. William G. Rouse, of La Grange, has arrived in the city to take the Pasteur treatment, at the State Laboratory of Hygiene. The case is one of peculiar interest, as Mr. Rouse was not bitten by a mad dog, but was scratched by a man that was dying of hydrophobia.

Last Friday he was asked by the father of a nineteen year old youth, who was dying with hydrophobia, to help him hold his son on the bed. The other people of the community had been asked to assist in this dangerous task, but they refused. Mr. Rouse consented, but found the task to be a difficult one, as the young man's strength was abnormal, and his struggles were terrible to see. The face and hands of the dying youth were covered with saliva and he scratched Mr. Rouse on the arm.

The youth was bitten by a mad dog last May, but no attention was paid to the matter until four days before his death, when he was gripped by the deadly disease. He never again slept, for he was tormented by the fancy that he was again being attacked by vicious dogs, and scratched in mad frenzy. —News Observer.

### Rockefeller Donates \$1,000,000 to Fight Hook Worm.

New York, Oct. 28.—A gift of one million dollars by John D. Rockefeller to fight the "hook worm disease" was announced at the office of the Standard Oil company here late today.

A dozen well known educators and scientists, selected in large part from institutions of learning in the south, where the parasite is prevalent, were called in conference with Mr. Rockefeller's representatives at the Standard Oil company's office, at 26 Broadway, last Tuesday, and at that meeting Mr. Rockefeller's desire to organize a commission to carry on a campaign against the malady was discussed. As a result of this discussion of the situation, the "Rockefeller Commission for the Eradication of the Hook Worm Disease," was organized.—We give Mr. Rockefeller's letter to the Commission which is composed of a number of gentlemen of high standing; among the number we notice Prof. P. P. Claxton of Tennessee and J. Y. Joyner of North Carolina, and many others.

Mr. Rockefeller wrote to the conferees as follows:

"New York, Oct. 26, 1909. Gentlemen—For many months my representatives have been inquiring into the nature and prevalence of 'hook worm disease,' and considering plans for mitigating its evils. I have delayed action in this matter only until the facts as to the extent of the disease could be verified and effectiveness of its cure and prevention demonstrated.

"The wide distribution and the serious effects of this malady, particularly in the rural districts of our southern states, first pointed out by Charles Wardell Stiles, of the United States Public Health and Marine hospital service, have now been confirmed by independent observations of other distinguished investigators and physicians, as well as by educators and public men of the south. "Knowing your interest in all that pertains to the well being of your fellow men and your acquaintance with this subject, I have invited you to a conference in the hope that it may lead to the adoption of well considered plans for a cooperative movement of the medical profession, public health officials, boards of trade, churches, schools, the press and other agencies for the cure and prevention of this disease.

"If you deem it is wise to undertake this commission I shall be glad to be permitted to work with you to that end and you may call upon me from time to time for such sums as may be needed during the next five years for carrying on an aggressive campaign, up to a total of \$1,000,000.

"While it would be a privilege to act in any movement which offers assurance of relieving human suffering, it is a peculiar pleasure to me to feel that the principal activities of your board will be among the people of our southern states. It has been my pleasure of late to spend a portion of each year in the south and I have come to know

### Croup Cured and a Child's Life Saved

"It affords me great pleasure to add my testimony to that of the thousands who have been benefited by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. My child, Andrew, when only three years old was taken with a severe attack of croup, and thanks to the prompt use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy his life was saved and today he is a robust and healthy boy," says Mrs. A. Coy, Jr., of San Antonio, Texas. This remedy has been in use for many years. Thousands of mothers keep it at hand, and it has never been known to fail. For sale by J. E. Shell and Dr. Kent, druggists.

and to respect greatly that part of our country and to enjoy the society and friendship of many of its warm hearted people. It will therefore be an added gratification to me if in this way I may in some measure express my appreciation of their many kindnesses and hospitalities."

John D. Rockefeller's donation of \$1,000,000 to fight the "hook worm" disease means that what heretofore has been an isolated and sporadic war on the malady which for decades has been sapping the strength of the soul's yeomanry, will now be an organized warfare against the "necator Americanus" especially a menace to the lower latitudes of the United States, where the climate and soil are favorable to its propagation.

The effects of the hook worm, both direct and indirect, are distressing and dangerous to the economic welfare of the country.

The direct results are retardation of physical and mental development, extreme anemia, often mistaken for malaria, ulcers on the shins and weakness, frequently characterized as laziness.

Among the indirect effects of the disease is predisposition to pulmonary diseases, increasing the death rate appreciably. A significant fact regarding this feature of the disease is that the negroes, who seem to be more generally infected with the hook worm, suffer three times the mortality from tuberculosis than the whites do.

Dr. Weston, who has made an extended study of the disease, has found that thymol, the active principle of thyme, followed by salts is the best remedy for the disease, and he has achieved some most satisfactory cures. This treatment, widely applied, together with generally better sanitation, may be expected to do much in relief of the suffering people of the south.

### President Taft Addresses the Little Folks at Terrell, Texas.

President Taft spoke to a throng of eager faced little Sunday School children and delivered a near approach to his usual Sunday sermon.

He winds up his address to these young people as follows:

"I sincerely hope that you are not growing up with the idea that it is your business to go into the towns and cities. The future of the American boy, in my judgment is largely involved in his pursuing the science and profession of the farmer. The results of economic, business like farming are more profitable than any other trade or profession, and when you look forward just consider that you are going to follow along the course of our fathers and that you are going to make this country, or some other country, blossom as the rose. The tendency toward the city is not one that we ought to encourage. I hope that the development of the comforts of country life are such that we may look forward now to a lessening of the movement toward large cities. The place for us to accomplish things is in the country.

### Good Cough Medicine for Children and Grown Folks, Too.

"We could hardly do without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says Mrs. Flora Despain of Bloyd, Ky. "I found it to be so good for the croup and have used it for years. I can heartily recommend it for coughs, colds and croup in children and grown folks, too." The above shows the implicit confidence that many mothers place in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, a confidence based on many years' experience in the use of it. No one need hesitate to use this remedy for it contains no chloroform, opium or other narcotics and may be given to a child as confidently as to an adult. For sale by J. E. Shell and Dr. Kent druggists.

## When Furniture Buying Time Comes

There are two words of advice that all should remember—GO SLOW.

You may safely hurry when purchasing a new pair of gloves or shoes or any article that you will be done with in a short time.


But with Furniture GO SLOW—you are buying for life.

We invite you to be deliberate—ask questions, so that you may know exactly what you are doing.

There's our experience to help the inexperienced, and there's a carefully chosen stock to do your choosing from.

Nobody who buys Furniture here ever regrets it. Like wine our Furniture improves with age.

There's a reason.



**Bernhardt-Seagle**  
HARDWARE & FURNITURE COMPANY

## A Man Once Complained

to his coal merchant about the price of coal. Said the dealer:

"Yes, I know, but just now, coals are coals."

Said the customer:

"I am glad to hear it, as the last few lots you sent me were mostly slates."

The moral of this simply means that it is easy to pay for one thing and get something else.

We have been selling harness for a good many years and we have gained a good name for selling honest goods at honest prices.

We don't sell shoddy and call it harness. You can rely on what we sell. We don't sell slate and call it coal.

"WHEN IN DOUBT, BUY OF PRICE!"

## Price-Cline Harness & Tanning Co

### Charlotte Man Honored

Charlotte Chronicle.

Mr. Roscoe Mitchell, formerly of Charlotte, and later with The New York Herald, has been chosen private secretary to Dr. Cook, of North Pole fame, so a friend of Mr. Mitchell's stated Saturday, and Mr. Mitchell will go to Copenhagen, Denmark, later on, to carry the much-discussed and talked of records of Dr. Cook, together with all data pertaining to the trip to and from the Pole.

Mr. Mitchell has been doing reportorial work on The New York Herald for some time, and when that newspaper took up Dr. Cook's cause, as it were, and handled his story of the trip to the Pole, the way was opened for Mr. Mitchell who was offered the private secretaryship and who has been delegated to make the trip to Copenhagen.

He will act as Dr. Cook's representative and will be with the Danish University committee when they make their examination of the Cook records in accordance with Dr. Cook's promise to place his data and proofs in the hands of the University first.

The honor conferred on Mr. Mitchell is no small one and his friends here will watch the results of the trip with keen interest.

Too many people "talk shop" at the table, and table at the shop.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers—the safe, sure, gentle, easy little liver pills. Be sure to get DeWitt's Carbolic Witch Hazel Salve, the original. Always refuse substitutes and imitations. The original DeWitt's Carbolic Witch Hazel Salve is good for anything a salve is good for, but it is especially good for piles. Sold by J. E. Shell, Lenoir Drug Co., and Granite Falls Drug Co., Granite Falls.