

THE POLK COUNTY NEWS.

CHARLIE H. WILLIAMS PUBLISHER

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PHONE No. 2.

THURSDAY, JAN. 21 1909.

Church Directory.

COLUMBUS, N. C.
 Baptist—Rev. T. H. Posey, pastor.
 Preaching 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m. and on Saturday before 2nd at 3 p. m.
 Sabbath School every Sunday 10 a. m.
 N. T. Mills, Supt.
 Presbyterian—J. C. Croker, pastor.
 Preaching—3rd Sundays at 3 p. m.
 Sunday School—Every Sunday 10 a. m.
 C. C. Hampton, Supt.
SECRET ORDER.
 Knights of Pythias—J. E. Shipman, C. C.
 J. P. Arledge, K. of R. and S.
 Meets every Tues. night in hall over P. O.
BUSINESS.
 Livery Stable—J. W. Newman, Prop., Columbus, N. C.
 Lawyers—J. E. Shipman and E. B. Cloud.
 Polk County Telephone Co.—J. G. Hughes Manager and Miss Katie Campbell Ex. Operator—Columbus, N. C.
 Hotel—J. P. Arledge Prop.—Columbus, N. C.
 Railroad Station—Tryon, N. C.
 Private Boarding—Mrs. C. C. Hampton, T. E. Walker.
 Lumber Manufacturers—Cloud & West—Columbus, N. C.

Senator John C. Mills

It is particularly pleasing to the many friends Senator John C. Mills, of this the thirty-third senatorial district to note, that his special fitness and all round ability has been recognized by the President of the Senate in committee assignments. Mr. Mills has been appointed chairman of the committee on railways, one of the most important as well as coveted assignments in the Senate. He is also a member of the committees on finance, pensions and banking, three of the most important committees in the Legislature.

That he will be a valuable member is amply evidenced by the high rank he has taken in the upper house.—Cleveland Star

Smash Carpenter Captured

Smash Carpenter, the negro who shot and wounded Henry Ponder, another negro at the home of Mr. J. T. Waldrop, near Mill Spring, sometime ago has been arrested in Oklahoma.

Mr. Manly a detective from Fingerville, S. C., has gone with requisition papers from Gov. Kitchen to bring him here for trial.

Death of Mr. Floyd Fitch

The death of Mr. Floyd Fitch, of Waverly, Iowa, was learned with much regret by the people of Columbus.

Mr. Fitch spent the winter here several years ago and was liked very much by our people.

New Hope Awaits

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Cartrell, of Mill Spring, with George Cartrell and family.

Mrs. J. H. Penelton, who has been visiting relatives in Arkansas and other points West, has returned and reports an enjoyable trip.

J. M. Robbin, one of our merchants is moving to South Carolina, where he intends going into the mercantile business on a large scale.

Miss Ethel Arledge, has returned to Landrum, where she is attending the high school.

Barton Cartrell, has purchased a fine blood horse.

The one mirror in the mirror in which those at a distance see us.

POLK COUNTY BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The 22nd session of the Polk County Baptist Sunday School Association will be held with the church at Mill Spring January 30th, and 31st, 1909.

The following is the Program.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30TH.
 11.00 a. m. Introductory sermon—T. W. Arledge.
 12 m. Intermission.
 1 p. m. Organization.
 1.30 p. m. The Mission of the Holy Spirit by B. P. Jackson and H. K. Corn.
 2.30 p. m. The great possibilities of the Sunday School by Elbert Jackson and N. T. Mills.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 31ST.
 10 a. m. Sunday School Lesson taught by J. E. Shipman.
 11 a. m. Sermon by W. M. Whitesides
 12 m. Intermission.

1 p. m. Discourse by T. H. Posey followed by J. B. Arledge, on subjects of their own selection. The music will be conducted by W. M. Barnett. Let us have a good attendance.

J. E. Shipman
 J. B. Arledge
 J. H. Gibbs } Committee

ACCIDENTS IN ART.

The Ruin of a Burne-Jones and the Mending of a Turner.

A very curious history is that of Burne-Jones' favorite picture, "Love Among the Ruins," writes M. H. Spielmann in the London Graphic. The original picture was in water color and was sent to Paris by a firm of art publishers for reproduction and in the city forwarded to their photographic studios in the suburbs. The picture unhappily preceded the letter of instructions regarding it and the photographer of the medium in which it was painted, so that immediately on its arrival it was brushed over with white of egg to bring out the color for photographing an excellent procedure in the case of oil pictures, but less and very efficacious. But as to the Burne-Jones picture, Love was not soon among his own ruins, for every swish of the brush brought out the final touches and left a mere smudged ground. Sir Edward Burne-Jones was heartbroken at the loss of a work which his reputation, he considered would in great measure rest and of which he had spent many months' patient toil and the very perfection of his execution in the realization of one of the most poetic conceptions that had sprung from his fruitful imagination.

"Love Among the Ruins" was painted during the years 1870-3. In October, 1883, it was destroyed, and by the following year the oil version was finished. It was generally a consolation to the artist for the loss of his first and more spontaneous work.

Accidents of this sort are happily not of frequent occurrence, but one case has come within my knowledge which has never, I believe, been recorded. A wealthy connoisseur, with a roomful of beautiful Turner drawings, was in the habit of instructing a firm well known as honorable picture dealers to overhaul his drawings, but his Turners had not for some time been touched, and the glasses had become much darkened with dust. On his leaving town the senior member of the firm went to his house and brought away the precious drawings and carrying them into the room behind the shop, took the first drawing out of its frame and mounted preparatory to dusting it and laid it on the table. Being suddenly called into the shop by a customer, he covered it with a sheet of Whatman paper and left it. His brother entered from the street and passed into the private room. A moment later the other allowed and found him, knife in hand, cutting a moment on the top of the Turner. With a cry, he rushed to the paper and lifted it, and there the horrified brothers found the 2,000 guinea drawing cut into two pieces. What was to be done? To make a clean breast of it was apparently out of the question, so it was determined to call in the clever artist and repairer attached to the firm, and he joined the pieces and re-mounted the drawing and down where the vertical cut was he boldly painted in a tree! The picture was in due course taken back and rebung in time for the owner's return. A couple of days later came an urgent letter calling the dealer to the house. "Look at this drawing," said the collector. "What does it mean? There's a tree here. I never saw that tree before!" "No more did I," quietly replied the dealer. "I told you that you would hardly recognize the drawings when the glasses had been cleaned inside and out. Why, you could hardly see them!" The owner, though still astounded, accepted the explanation and in this day has probably never guessed the truth. The dealer told the story himself shortly before his death. Will it meet the eye of the honest proprietor, I wonder?

A Child of Nature.

(Original.)

"There's a man in the front office looking for some property in Boonton county. Perhaps we can sell him the Gardner tract. You go in and talk it up at what you think you might get out of him, then call me and ask what I think about selling at the price you give. I'll ask if you're crazy to part with such a property at the figure, and we'll have a sham battle over it. I'll go out mad, and you sell the property because you're mad too. See?"

"Good scheme. We'll try it on."
 Dobson of Dobson & Cram went into the front office, where he found a young man who in his innocence admitted that his father had recently died and left him \$10,000 and a small farm. His purpose was to sell the farm and buy a larger tract somewhere which was liable to improve in value.

"I've got just the thing you want," said Dobson, taking out a beautifully drawn map. "There's 800 acres of it, which we can sell you at \$100 an acre. This will leave you a couple of thousand for improvements besides your farm. There's only one trouble about my selling it to you. My partner is dead set upon our taking it ourselves. I would be in favor of it, too, but we've got so much now we can't pay the taxes."

The young farmer studied the map deliberately and after he had finished said he would go and look at the property. Dobson touched a bell. An office boy entered and was directed to call Mr. Cram. The junior partner came in and was informed by Mr. Dobson that he had offered the farmer the Gardner tract at \$100 an acre, whereupon a violent quarrel ensued, at the end of which Mr. Cram left the room in a huff, threatening to enjoin his partner from making the sale. Dobson was so angry that he vowed the trade should be made before Cram had a chance to interfere.

The young man took the hook and paid two ten-dollar bills to bind the bargain. Before he left the office he had drawn a check on his bank for \$8,000 and had a deed for 800 acres of swamp and hill land, the latter covered with a second growth of worthless timber.

"Goodby, Mr. Dobson," he said at parting. "I shan't forget your effort in my behalf, and I hope it won't get you into trouble with Mr. Cram."

He had no sooner gone than the two partners were congratulating each other on the sale.

"Shake, old man," said Dobson. "You played your part beautifully."

"But you landed him. He's as innocent as a kitten."
 Two years passed during which neither Dobson nor Cram heard anything of the Gardner tract or its purchaser. When one day Cram said to Dobson: "The young man we scooped with that swamp and timber land in Boonton county is in the other room and wants to see you. Look out for him. Some one may have put him up to getting even. The law can't touch us, but he may have some game to play."

"Trust me for games."
 Dobson went in where the young man was waiting, with outstretched hand and eyes beaming with kindness.

"Mr. Dobson," said the youngster, "that property has turned out better than was expected. There's coal on it."

"Good!" exclaimed Dobson, slapping the boy on the back. "I wish you had said 'Why didn't you say gold or diamonds?'"

"Yes; they say it's the finest anthracite in the state."

"Splendid!" Another slap on the back.

"I'm indebted for my good luck to you. Do you remember how you sold me the property before your partner could interfere?"

"Yes; I remember that."
 "Well, one good turn deserves another. I've got an offer of \$250,000 for the property from a coal company. I feel that I shouldn't keep all this good luck to myself, seeing that you were so kind to me. I'll divide it. I'll sell to you for half, \$125,000, and turn you over the coal company's written offer, good for thirty days."

"My dear fellow," said Dobson, straining to maintain a countenance that would not betray his seeing through the stupendous game, "you are the very soul of honor. I'll speak to Cram about it."

Going to Cram's office, he shut the door and as soon as he could control his laughter told him how the young farmer was trying to pay them in their own coin. After a pretended consultation he returned to the boy and said: "That parcel of mine will be mine. Do you know he's so much about selling the property to you that I won't consent to my having anything to do with the matter and our partnership forbids any purchase without consent. I'm awfully sorry. There's a gentleman waiting to see me."

There was a coolness in the last words, a steady look in the eyes, that was not lost on the youngster. He went away not in anger but in sorrow, and thinking what a despicable man Mr. Cram was.

A few days later Mr. Cram rushed into his partner's office with a newspaper in his hand.

"Great Scot Dobson! What's this? Big find in coal. Sale of a tract in Boonton county. A young farmer made rich!"

He went on to read that the story told them by the grateful boy was true and that they had thrown away a fortune. EDWARD B. KIMBALL.

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