# THE POLK COUNTY NEWS.

CHARLIE H. WILLIAMS PUBLISHER

Entered at the Post office in Columbus N. C. as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year, . . . . . $1.00
Six Months, . . . . . .50
Three Months, . . . . . .25

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

PHONE No. 2.

THURSDAY, FEB. 4 1909.


## Smash Carpenter Bound to Court.

Smash Carpenter was tried here today before Justice of the Peace L. L. Tallant on the charge of assaulting Vance Ponder. It will be remembered that Carpenter shot Ponder several months ago at the home of Mr. J. T. Waldrop and escaped to Oklahoma but was recently brought back here by requisition papers.

He was bound to the superior court in the sum of five hundred bollars.

---

Bill Nye had the truth well told when he said: "A man may use a wart on the back of his neck for a collar button; ride on the back coach of a railroad train to save interest on his money till the conductor gets around· stops his watch at night to save wear and tare; leave his 'i' or 't' with out a tot or cross to save ink; pasture is mothers grave to save corn, but a man of this sort is a gentleman and and scholar compared to the fellow that will take a newpaper two or three years and when asked to pay for it puts in to office and has it maked "refused."

## The Loca. News Paper in the Home

The local newspaper should be in every home. No child will grow up ignorant who can be taught to appreciate the home paper. It 's the steppinp stone of intelligence in all those matters not to be learned in books. Give your children foreign papers which contains not one word about any person, place or thing which they ever saw or perhaps ever heard of, and can you expect them to be interested? But let them have the home paper and read of persons whome they meet and places with which they are familar, and soon an interest is awakened which increases with every arrivrl of the local paper. Thns a habit of reading is formed, and these children will read the papers all of their lives and become intelligent men and women a credit to their ancestors, srtong in their knowledge of world as it is today and there is nothing so cheap as the local paper.

---

It is an every day occurrence to get notice at this office to addresses of our paper change from one postoffice to another, which is easily done when the patrons give their old addresses, which we hope they will do hereafter when as king to change.

## 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 Monufacturers—Cloud & West—Columbus N. C.

## MILL SPRING NEWS.

Mrs. J. M. Lewis, is visiting her mother in St. Petersburg, Fla.

Mrs. Cowart is very ill at this writing she is here with her daughter, Mrs. W. R. Turner.

Miss Mabel Gibbs, visited her brother L. C. Gibbs, Saturday and Sunday.

J. T. Green our popular mail carrier has purchased a new mail wagon.

Grayson Whitesides, of Cooper Gap, was a business visitor here this week.

Milo Foster. of Landrum, was in town this week.

Miss Lillie Hall visited her grand parents here Saturday and Sunday.

A School Girl.

## News From Dennis.

N. C. Burgess, W. S. Corn and others made a business trip south last week.

Some of the Mt. View people attended church at Big 'Leve Sunday and report a nice time.

J. R. Foster County Supt. visited the school at Sand Hill one

"Aunt" Tempie Jackson and Hattie Burgess, visited Mrs. Sallie Hamilton of Bright, Sunday.

## New Hope News

Victor Tate made a business trip to Rutherfordton this week

The Independent Order of the Odd Fellows, which was organized here in September continues to add new members to the order.

Mrs. Robert Clement, who has been indesposed for the past week is much improved at this writing.

John Cantrell, has added much to the appearence of his residence by building a large ell to his house.

Work was stopped for a short time at the Gilbert saw mill on the account of some of the values freezing and bursting during the recent cold weather.

Wm. Tanner, attended the Stewart meeting at Bethelhem church. Sunday.



## A Gambling Episode.

(Original.)

Half a century ago what is now the middle west was the far west. Parts of Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky were inhabited by a very rough people. I went out there to sell goods when I was a very young man, being about the first salesman to visit the region. Of course I traveled armed and kept my money in a money belt strapped around my waist. I was rather a lively boy and not averse at times to a small game while traveling. Indeed I carried a pack of cards and dice.

One evening I was on a stagecoach that pulled up at a tavern in a small town in Kentucky on the Ohio river. I had gone there to take the first steamboat that would pass up to Cincinnati, where I could take a railroad train for the east. No one could tell me when a boat would stop there, and I had the prospect of a dreary time ahead of me. In those days in that region gambling was open on the boats and in the taverns. During the evening of my arrival I watched a party of men shaking dice in the bar, which was in the same room with the office. The next day I spent my time watching for a steamboat. A number of boats passed, but none of them had freight or passengers for that landing, for they did not stop. In the evening I went in and watched the dice throwers.

Now, I defy any young man of ordinary spirit spending his time in such a place watching a game without longing to be in it. I resisted for some time, for the men were a bad looking lot, then pulled out some coins and called for the dice box in my turn. I played far into the night and when I got up from the table had parted with every cent of money I had for my expenses, some $300. I was not quite so much of a fool as this confession indicates, for I had noticed that my opponents knew exactly how to roll the dice so that the figures they wished should come up. Besides, I was not especially timid. When cleaned out I reached for the dice and put them in my pocket. The men who had won my money looked threatening, but said nothing. To object would have been to confess that they were loaded. I had no idea of recovering my money by an exposure. I wished to satisfy myself as to whether I had been swindled.

Taking my candle, I went upstairs and to bed. Undressing, I threw my trousers on the back of a chair, not thinking, since I had lost all my money, to take any precautions for their safety, but I didn't care to lose the dice till after I had a chance to break them, so I took them from the pocket and replaced them with my own set; then I went to bed and to sleep.

I was awakened during the night by some one tampering with my door. I lay still and presently heard the door open and a stealthy step in my room. A figure passed the window, and I could hear it searching among my clothes; then it went out. I got up, felt in my trousers' pocket for my dice, and they were gone.

The next morning I was not especially surprised to see some of the men who had my money still about the place. Had they not, as they supposed, secured the dice they would have got out of the way. After breakfast I told the landlord that I suspected that I had been swindled with loaded dice. He professed to be very indignant and swore that if such were the case he would make the men who had won my money disgorge. I told him to call them in and I would prove my charge. They came, and I could see by their assumed indignation that they were confident that they had their dice and I could prove nothing.

After they had expended sufficient verbal ammunition they called upon me to give a reason for assuming that the dice they had played with were loaded. I asked the landlord for a hammer, and when he had produced it I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out the dice I had kept under my pillow.

"Hold on," said one of them. "Those are not the dice."

"Why so?" I asked.

"Because"— He stopped short. He couldn't own that I had been robbed of a set of dice.

"Crack 'em," I said to the landlord.

Reluctantly he put one of them down on the hearthstone and cracked it. There was the lead plain enough.

The men and the landlord stared at one another, surprised. Meanwhile I had backed to a safe position and had my hand on my pistol. Hearing the stroke of a steamboat bell—a signal to bank fires—I knew that a boat was about to land.

"You men produce my money," I said, "or I'll see what I can do when that boat lands."

The landlord was in no mood for the reputation such a charge would give his place, and after a few words with the others he returned me my losings.

I don't think I should have had the courage to demand my money had I not heard that stroke of a steamboat bell. It came in the nick of time. I stuffed the funds into my pocket, ran upstairs for my belongings and down again, keeping a sharp lookout and my hand on my pistol. Then before going to the landing I said: "You've done the right thing. Never fear that I'll peach on you." The men who had [illegible] looked very ugly, but as I could be seen by those on the boat going from the tavern to the landing I felt safe to walk there with my back to those who I knew [illegible] circumstances would shoot me.

GEORGE DISNEY MILLS.

## The Priceless Gift.

(Original.)

This is a true historical story, but as I give it in story form I think it best to change the names. The main incidents are given exactly as they occurred in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

Alvin Marston, a cabinetmaker, had a son, John, whom the father was bringing up in his business. But the young man was of a very different texture from that of a builder of furniture. He was of an ideal, dreamy nature and instead of attending to his duties spent his time in making little sketches. Was there a clean, smooth board or an unpolished desk in the shop there was sure to be a pencil drawing on it which could at once be recognized as a likeness of some of the workmen. Alvin Marston saw some of them and was pleased with them. He was more pleased when he learned that his son had made them and, relinquishing his design of teaching the boy a trade, put him in a way to take drawing lessons. The student improved rapidly, showing sufficient talent to warrant becoming a professional artist. Then he fell ill.

There being no one in the family to nurse him, a country girl was called in for the purpose. That was long before trained nurses were thought of. Mary Keyes was not made attractive by the uniform that now decorates the nurse. She had no beauty to win the young artist, nor had she mental endowments above her station. She was a plain country girl, nothing more. But John Marston was imaginative. He saw her moving about the room ministering to his comfort, and of the commonplace figure he made a Venus, while the ordinary face in his eyes became a paragon of sweetness.

The invalid recovered and married Mary Keyes. He lived with her several years and had children by her. Had it not been for his talents doubtless there would be no especial story in his life. It was only too evident that he was born for a higher life than the one he was leading. His pictures excited the admiration of critics, and the young man grew ambitious. One day he said goodby to his wife and children to go to London to study art. He did not return to them for more than thirty years.

The cabinetmaker's son became a great artist. In portrait painting he was the only rival to the celebrated Sir Joshua Reynolds. His name, his fame, his praise, were on every lip. He was invited into the houses of the nobility and was paid enormous sums for painting their portraits.

Why did he never return to his family? Who knows? Possibly before he left home the beauties he had himself created had fallen away and he saw the ordinary woman, neither endowed with beauty of person nor of mind. Perhaps the scales were removed from his eyes by visions of the women of the capital. One of these after he became famous wove about him a spell. She had a beautiful body and a corrupt soul. There was the same imaginative process in a different form as had moved him in the case of Mary Keyes. Mary had a pure spirit, but an ordinary face and figure, on which he had built a thing of beauty. On the woman he met in London, beautiful without and rotten within, he built a superstructure that enthralled him. She was the mistress of the greatest sailor of a nation of sailors. She was pleased to bewitch the famous painter, but she laughed at his bewitchment. He stretched forth his hand to grasp a rose and plucked a thorn.

And now comes something more perfect than any of the beautiful creations of the artists.

An old man, he returns to the wife and family he has neglected for the greater part of a lifetime. His wife, too, has grown old. She knows of his triumphs and of his desertion of her in heart as well as in person. We may expect that she will receive him as a stranger, that she will reproach him with his neglect and that she who had the first right to share in his triumphs has been denied them, that, if possible, they would have been given to others—others signally unworthy of them.

When the aged invalid rode up to her door she went out with open arms to receive him. He tottered into the house supported by her. She spoke no word of reproach. The love he had slighted for more than three decades was still there for him. As she had nursed him in his youth she nursed him in his old age.

Again he saw her ministering to him not as a youth, in youth herself, with life before them, but as a decrepit old man. The dreams they then dreamed had been far more than realized, but not for her, and they could not now be recalled that she might enjoy them. He remembered his triumphs and how unworthily they had been bestowed. And yet she was caring for him as tenderly as if he had shared them with her.

A poet has created a fancy of a peri asking for admittance to heaven and denied unless she will bring a gift most acceptable. She goes back to earth and brings various gifts, all of which are rejected. At last she takes a tear from the eye of a repentant sinner. This is the gift, the one gift, by which she may attain a dwelling with the blessed.

May not the neglected wife have seen that tear in the eye of the man who had so shamefully deserted her? Then was a heaven opened to both with which the plaudits of the heathen throngs of London could not be compared. Though the past could not be recalled, what remained of the future was of heaven's own kind.

LAURENCE FOSTER CHURCH.