

The Lenoir Weekly News.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Some Notes Taken by The Way.

Leaving Lenoir on the early train Monday morning, we had a pleasant run of an hour, in the fresh June morning air, to Hickory. Vegetation of all kinds along the way was much refreshed by the rain of the night before and the sun rose back of Hibriten in a halo of morning mist, transforming the rain drops clinging to the foliage into sparkling diamonds. The wheat fields by the wayside looked "ripe unto the harvest"—in fact in many of them the sickle had already been put and the "golden sheaves" were standing in shocks.

There are many signs of progress and improvement all along the way. New residences are being built, old ones improved and painted, and better barns and better tilled farms, are among the many evidences of the prosperity that is so beautifully blessing our land and country.

The new passenger train, under the control of Captain Isaacs and his careful crew, makes good time and is well patronized.

We stopped off at Hickory long enough for breakfast and to look around the town a little. She is maintaining her reputation as being a wide-awake and progressive town and shows many evidences of continued prosperity and development.

At 8:30 the new train, No. 21, which was put on the Southern the 10th, came along promptly on time and we boarded it for Asheville. It is a light four-car train and makes good time, taking care of much of the business usually done by No. 11.

At Connelly Springs, Drexel and Morganton there were many evidences of a storm and heavy rain. It was not a gentle, refreshing shower like we had in Lenoir on Sunday afternoon, but a regular "gulley washer" and "trash mover."

There was one or two land slides along the railroad in the vicinity of Morganton, delaying the movement of trains for several hours Sunday evening.

From the station we could see a number of new buildings going up and other evidences of growth at Morganton.

Marion, Old Fort, and in fact all the stations along the Asheville division of the Southern are growing and developing rapidly. The scenery across the Blue Ridge is always interesting and attractive, and it was particularly so on this trip, viewed from the rear platform of the train. The village of Swannanoa and the country along down the Swannanoa river afford some of the most restful and inviting places to spend the hot months that can be found in the whole country.

We spent a few hours pleasantly in Asheville, met some friends and took a little ride on the street cars. Asheville is quite a city in many respects, and is getting ready to entertain a large influx of summer health and pleasure seekers whom she hopes to have this season.

We got our through car at Asheville for Cincinnati and enjoyed a pleasant run down the French Broad river to Knoxville. There is some fine farming lands down the French Broad Valley, particularly in East Tennessee. The wheat crop is fine this year and is being harvested.

We spent an hour or so in Knoxville. Being tired we did not go out much, but retired to

our berth instead.

Daylight Tuesday morning found us bowling over the Blue-grass section of Kentucky near Danville.

The Queen and Crescent railway, the route we took from Harriman Junction, is a good road and furnishes a first rate service.

The Bluegrass region of Kentucky is very fine; the soil is of that limestone formation that needs no fertilizing and produces splendid crops. The crops all look well but are not so forward as they are with us and East Tennessee. We saw no harvesting going on and the corn is small and good stand and looks flourishing.

The High Bridge, over the Kentucky river, is a point of interest. The river there has cut a channel hundreds of feet deep through the limestone rock and the banks are sheer precipices several hundred feet high. The High Bridge spans this chasm and the river. The scenery is grand and the spot affords a nice and popular picnic ground.

Lexington, Kentucky, the home of the fine horse, was the next place we passed. We only stopped, however, long enough to take water and we saw very little of the city.

We are due in Cincinnati at 1:15 but our train is a little behind time and we may miss our Indianapolis connection.

I am writing and mailing this on train and hope it will reach you in time for this week's issue.

H. C. M.

Catawba College Commencement.

It was the pleasure of this scribe to attend a part of the exercises on May 30 and 31. The Alumni Association met Wednesday p. m. and chose the following officers for next year: Pres. Dr. W. H. Everhart, Vice-Pres. Rev. Milton Whitner, Sec. and Treas. J. B. Leonard, Historian A. C. Sherrill, Rev. C. W. Warlick, of Penn., was chosen orator for next year. Rev. W. H. McNairy, of your town and the writer are the only alumni of this college living in Caldwell County. Rev. W. S. Clapp, of Guilford county, delivered the alumni oration on Wednesday night. The subject was "Hidden Forces." The speaker maintained the reputation he has enjoyed as a fine orator.

This morning the new chapel was formally opened. Dr. J. L. Murphy was chief speaker. The two graduates, A. A. Keener, Maiden, and T. L. Wilson, Clover, S. C., delivered their orations in the afternoon.

Hon. J. D. McCall, Charlotte, delivered the literary address. Music was furnished by the Reedsville band. The exercises were held in the fine new chapel which has just been completed. This building and other improvements cost about \$20,000. The entire buildings are lighted by gas and steam heating will be used this winter. We all rejoice in the prosperity of our alma mater.

A. C. S.

June 6th, 1906.

A few days ago a rather bashful young woman went into a store carrying three chickens. She inquired the price of chickens and at the same time put them on the counter. The clerk didn't know the chickens' feet were tied and asked if they would lay there. She bit her handkerchief and said: "No sir, they are roosters."

FLAG ON BOY'S GRAVE.

Eather Puts Stars and Bars on His Son's Green Mound.

Washington Post.

A pathetic little incident, which served to show how well the bond between the North and the South has been cemented under the Stars and Stripes, occurred yesterday afternoon in Glennwood Cemetery.

The graves of men who had fought in the service of the United States during the "days that tried men's souls," had been decorated with flags and flowers, and the Grand Army of the Republic men and others who had participated in the ceremonies had departed.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon while the carriages and automobiles were crowding through the gates, a tall man with a bronzed countenance appeared. In his hands he carried a small bunch of daisies, which had been sold in front of the entrance to the cemetery.

With a firm tread he walked into the office and asked where grave —, plat —, was located. Only the superintendents of the cemetery knew that in that isolated spot rested the body of one who had fallen under the "Stars and Bars."

One of the grave diggers, acting as a guide, showed him to the lot and pointed out the grave. With tears streaming from his eyes, the old fellow walked forward and deposited the bunch of daisies. Then reaching down in the inside pocket of his coat, he drew forth a flag. It was old, tattered and torn, and its center showed where the banner had been pierced by bullets.

It required a few moments to bring the furled properly, as the flag had to be handled tenderly, for it looked as though it would fall to pieces.

Then the man walked out and picked up a small twig and wrapped the end of the flag around it and returning to the grave, planted the flag at the head. An instant later the "Stars and Bars" were unfurled.

The cemetery was filled with people, and among them were several members of the Grand Army of the Republic. Finally they came across this isolated spot and saw the Confederate flag flying.

"What's that flag doing there?" asked a Northern man.

The old Southerner straightened up. One sleeve of his coat was empty, but there was a look of defiance in his eyes which seemed to say: "There is no man going to remove that flag." Then, carefully removing his wide white hat, he said: "I came up here to see whether this grave was going to be decorated or not. You fellows have forgotten him. He was killed in the seven days' fight around Richmond. He was my boy, the only boy I ever had; my name's Amis, and I thought you would overlook this grave, but I've bowed down to the Stars and Stripes, and would fight for it today, but there is no one ever going to remove this old flag under which he died until the Stars and Stripes are placed on there."

And then three men, whose days are numbered in this world, tried to outrace each other to get a flag, and when they brought a small one and planted it on the grave, together with a large wreath, the old Southerner got up and shook hands and then carefully wrapped up the flag with which he had decorated the grave.

"We'll take that," said one of the Grand Army of the Republic men.

"No you won't," said the old

man. "That was my regimental flag in the Stonewall Jackson brigade. It was not taken away from me then, and it won't be given up now," and words of thanks and tears streaming from his eyes he walked away, and one of the Northern men said: "No wonder we had to fight."

Summer Churning.

Woman's Farm Journal.

If a supply of ice is not available the task of making a uniform, high-class product of butter week by week throughout the summer is a rather difficult one. Under such circumstances cream is likely to develop too much acid, and where this is the case first-class butter can't be had. Those who are confronted with this difficulty in making butter of good quality during the warm months can overcome much of it by frequent churning. It is an unfortunate fact that the task of churning is shunned in the home because it is supposed to involve considerable labor, yet the postponing of it generally means a loss in the quality of the product and a lessening of prices. Unless one has a very cool cellar or place to keep the milk cool churning should be done more than once a week, otherwise it will be impossible to make good butter because too much acid will develop in the milk. Where only a few cows are kept and a good cellar can be used there is no reason why good butter cannot be made by churning twice a week. Too much care cannot be exercised, however, where there is no ice to keep the temperature of the cream as low as possible. This can only be done by churning in cool quarters, and by thoroughly cooling off the churn with cool water before putting in the cream. Where ice can be had it is sometimes possible to churn but once a week, but it is necessary that the cream be kept in a close box in which is stored a liberal supply of ice. Without ice, however there is no certainty of the result. The cream may act very nicely at one churning and the exact opposite at another, and as a result one can put very little skill or science into the work because of the uncertainty as to the cause of the trouble.

The Best Insurance.

Exchange.

Many of us think more about leaving our families money and a home here than we do about preparing for ourselves a home hereafter. We spend more for the happiness of our loved ones here than for their welfare in the life beyond. In short, we are more concerned about keeping them out of the poor house than out of hell.

We will pay our insurance or society dues—spend hundreds of dollars and never complain—for the mere promise of money in return. But when it comes to paying to the church and for the extension of Christ's kingdom in the world, which has with it the assurance of a life policy forever in the glories above, we complain and plead poverty. No wonder God allows us to fail in business and not only lose our insurance here, but lose eternal life hereafter. When it will be too late, we will realize that we have not only robbed God, but ourselves.

The negro, Bud Richardson, whom Miss Pearl Jones, the telephone operator shot at Selma last Saturday night, died Tuesday afternoon.

Did you know that it's easier for the average woman to preserve fruit than it is for her to preserve her good looks?

No. 12 Wrecked.

Charlotte Observer.

Passenger train No. 12, running between Knoxville and Salisbury, due here at 3:15 p. m. and running nearly two hours late, was wrecked at Alexander, 12 miles from Asheville, at 4:15 o'clock this afternoon. The engine, baggage cars and mail car went into the French Broad river, while the express car went to the water's edge, plunging into a great tree on the bank. No one was killed and only the mail clerk was slightly injured. The 100 or more passengers on board had a miraculous escape. The passengers were all badly frightened but not one is reported hurt.

Engineer Brooks was pulling No. 12 this afternoon. He was behind time and was running, the passengers say, 40 miles an hour. Just as he blew for Alexander, the engine trucks struck the switch, the track spread and the trucks were wrenched loose. The train lurched, the engine left the track, pulling three cars with it; the couplings to the second class coach parted and the engine and two cars went into the deep water, while the third car struck a tree on the bank. As the engine went into the deep water the engineer and fireman jumped and succeeded in swimming out. A large tree on the bank of the river was struck by the engine and felled. The car next to the engine was shot past the tender and went into the water some distance from the engine. The second class coach, the first class coaches and the Pullmans remained on the track.

Lady Nicotine's Venomous Sisters.

Harper's Magazine.

The outcry is always the same—Nicotine! But many other of the principles of tobacco are as pernicious as nicotine, and when it comes to that it would be equally pernicious to smoke rye straw or any other simple substance, because (for one of several reasons) there is a continuous production of oxide of carbon wherever there is imperfect combustion.

The smoker carries in his mouth a little furnace, whose fires are fed with oxide of carbon; the fire smoulders under ashes, and the smoker fans it by means of the stem of his pipe or the vent of his cigar or cigarette. Year after year, and all the year, the furnace is in place, burning oxide of carbon, and the smoker is working the bellows with a part of the force of his respiratory organs. The composition of tobacco is complex. Analysis gives: Nicotine, pyridic bases formic aldehyde, ammonia, methylamin, pyrrol, sulphuretted hydrogen, prussic acid (butyrin), carbonic acid, oxide of carbon, the steam of water, and etherized empyreumatic oil and tarry or resinous products, among which we detect small quantities of phenol. Of all the products of tobacco, the most venomous are nicotine, parid and methylamin bases venomous acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, oxide of carbon and empyreumatic oil; and all that we draw into our lungs with more or less satisfaction.

Now, isn't that enough to put out your light?

Did you know that the girl who waits for a man to come along and make love to her after the manner of a novel hero will remain single to the end of the chapter.

Do you know that it is a waste of time to pray for the heathen if you are not on speaking terms with your neighbor?

News Items.

A Baptist deacon has been convicted in the Federal court in Raleigh, of running a blind tiger, and will serve a term of three months.

The Episcopal Diocese of North Carolina convened its 90th annual session in Henderson Wednesday. Fully 200 laymen and clerical delegates were present.

The Democratic Convention of the Eighth Congressional District met at Statesville Tuesday and nominated Mr. R. N. Hackett, of Wilkes, by acclamation.

Gov. Glenn has ordered a special term of Union Superior Court to be held July 16th for the trial of criminal cases. The Wadesboro lynchings will be tried at this term.

Last Sunday a magnificent Christian Science church was dedicated at Boston, Mass. The church has a seating capacity of 5,000 and cost something like \$2,000,000.

Salisbury is to have a new depot costing more than \$60,000. The express company is to have an addition that will increase the cost \$10,000. The southern hopes to have it ready for the travel by the first of 1907.

The trustees of Trinity College have granted Dr. John C. Kilgo, president of Trinity, a vacation for a year, which he will spend abroad. All expenses of the trip will be paid by the college and his salary will be continued.

J. A. Matheson, who has for some years been superintendent of the graded schools at Durham, has been reelected and granted six months leave of absence; his physician advising rest. Mr. Matheson is an Alexander man.

The Gunard people have just launched the largest passenger steamship in the world. It has a capacity of 2,800 passengers and will cut through the water at 30 miles an hour, which is the average speed of an express train.

Mr. T. J. Robertson, of North Wilkesboro, will soon begin the publication of a new paper at Elkin known as the Elkin Enterprise. This will make 2 weekly newspapers for Elkin—the Times having been established ten years ago.

Mr. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Journal, a prince in the ranks of the Clevelandites and gold bugs' has declared. Everything is going the Nebraskan's way now but its two years until the national convention and nearly two and a half years until the election. We'll know more about it later.

Asheville, June 12.—Fire this morning, shortly after 3 o'clock, destroyed the Burnett & Lassater carriage repository, the plant establishment of C. I. Bard and endangered the Swannanoa Hotel. At the time of the fire there were three automobiles in Mr. Bard's place, stored there for repainting, and these were destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$30,000.

In the Federal Court at Greensboro last week, in the trial of the proceedings in bankruptcy instituted by the Simmons Hardware Co. and other creditors against R. H. Hardin, A. T. Combs, and L. E. Davis, merchants of Wilkesboro, the jury failed to agree on a verdict, and Judge Boyd ordered a mistrial. The case involves the possession of \$20,000 worth of goods alleged to have been fraudulently obtained.