

SUBSCRIBE TODAY FOR YOUR HOME PAPER



\$1.00 GETS THE RECORDER FOR 1 WHOLE YEAR

VOL XXX.

MONTEREY, HIGHLAND COUNTY VA., FRIDAY, APRIL 24 1908

NO 17

Sold Most where Sold Longest

Throughout the country this is the reputation of Masury's Paints. Those who buy it once buy it again. On every can you will find the formula by which the paint is made, and a guarantee of its purity.

Masury's Paints Are Reliable

Whether it is for the new home or for repainting the old— isn't this the kind of paint you want? The kind that will give your property the best protection for the greatest length of time for the least money. Color cards and full particulars for the asking.

Wilson Bros., Druggists,

Next to Masonic Temple, STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

PUTNAM'S MUSIC STORE

YOU CAN NOW BUY ALL YOUR EDISON RECORDS AT HOME.

We carry in stock the full and complete line of Records, regular and special as published in the Edison catalogue. The regular Edison records are sold everywhere for cash at the one price of THIRTY-FIVE (35) CENTS EACH.

If you order by mail or messenger send your cash with the order.

We also carry a large stock of Victor Records, and shall soon have the full list.

EVERY THING IN THE TALKING MACHINE LINE PIANOS, ORGANS AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.

W. W. PUTNAM & Co.

108 West Main Street, Staunton, Virginia.



Foutz's Horse and Cattle Powder--A standard for 50 years

Its reliability and purity are everywhere known and its efficiency for conditioning and curing animals of disease has never been equalled. It cures chronic cough, heaves, influenza, hide bound, indigestion, constipation, and all stomach troubles. Restores lost appetite, and increases the assimilation. It assists in fattening and increases the quantity of milk and cream.

Foutz's Superior Poultry Food 25c. per pkg.

Foutz's Certain Worm Powder 50c. "

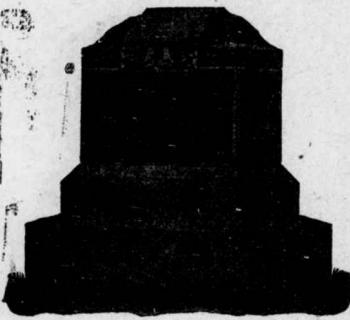
Foutz's Healing Powder, for collar galls, etc. 25c. "

Foutz's Certain Kolk Cure 50c. " bottle.

Foutz's Liniment 25c. "

Every article of our manufacture is guaranteed and bears U. S. Serial No. 217. Sold everywhere. At Monterey, Va. K. H. Trimble, M. D.

The David E. Foutz Company, Baltimore, Md.



YOU can save money and get better material, better workmanship, and a more artistic design, by buying a monument or headstone from me. If you need an iron fence, I furnish the best for the money.

W. E. SNYDER, Hightown Va., Agent For The Hinton Marble Works

MONTHLY MISERY

is one of woman's worst afflictions. It always leaves you weaker, and is sure to shorten your life and make your beauty fade. To stop pain take Wine of Cardui and it will help to relieve your misery, regulate your functions, make you well, beautiful and strong. It is a reliable remedy for dragging down pains, backache, headache, nervousness, irritability, sleeplessness, dizziness, fainting spells, and similar troubles. A safe and efficient medicine for all women's pains and sickness.

Mrs. J. L. Broadhead of Clanton, Ala. writes: "I have used Cardui for my disease, which was one peculiar to women, and it has completely cured me."

AT ALL DRUG STORES, IN \$1.00 BOTTLES

WRITE US A LETTER describing fully all your symptoms and we will send you Free Advice in plain, plain envelopes. Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

WINE OF CARDUI

A Weekly Letter From the Orient

FURNISHED BY THE RECORDER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, WHO IS MAKING A TOUR OF THE EASTERN COUNTRIES.

(Special to Recorder)

Manila, P. I., November 20:— As I said in my last letter, in no equal area are there so many different tongues spoken as in the Philippines. A recent classification gives eighty four different tribal languages, and thirty seven dialects. When it is remembered that a native who speaks one of these dialects or languages understands no other, the condition is amazing. With the exception of dwarf blacks, the Negritos, who inhabit the forests in a great number of localities, all of the tribes of the islands are of the Malayan type. Perhaps the greatest departure from the Malayan type is to be found, except in the case of the Negritos before mentioned, in the Indonesians are a people of mixed Caucasian blood, who, in primitive times, were distributed across the Malay archipelago and we find their purest living type in the Polynesians.

Generally speaking the inhabitants of the Philippines may be classified as Negritos, Indonesians, whites, Chinese, Half-bloods and Malaysians. The Negritos, numbering about 25,000 souls, are considered the aborigines of the islands. They are a cowardly race of half starved pygmy blacks, subsisting on the precarious fruits of the chase in the forests. They are grouped under no less than twenty one tribal names and have as many dialects.

The so-called Indonesians, numbering 250,000 souls, distributed among sixteen tribes, make up a considerable portion of the wild pagan tribes of Mindanao. Their predominant characteristics are their very considerable height, great muscular development, high forehead, aquiline nose, wavy hair, abundant beard and light color. Of stalwart frame they are readily tractable and become most efficient workers under intelligent supervision.

By far the most important class next to the whites are the Mestizos, or half-bloods. In this classification are to be found much of the most intelligent and progressive population in the archipelago. This population is largely commercially bent and inclined to the larger cities and towns which have been reached by the commerce of Europe. An important commercial element is found in the Chinese Mestizos who are actively engaged in mercantile and shipping enterprises throughout the islands. In parts of the islands the resemblance of the native to the Japanese type is most marked. Among the Igorrotes many tribes show markedly Japanese traits, which is believed to be due to Japanese piratical invasions in the early times. It is an interesting fact that the Filipinos have an intense dislike for the Japanese, believing them to be the most barbarous people. This idea grew out of the efforts of the Filipino priests who went to Japan in early days and who were tortured and put to death. They were afterwards canonized and the story of their martyrdom was depicted in the ecclesiastical schools. The circumstance thus became known throughout the archipelago, resulting in a deep rooted aversion, which time and closer association has not obliterated.

Like the Japanese the Filipinos are a homogeneous race, able to trace their descent from a common stock. Their principal characteristics are pronounced, and once recognized are unmistakable. Save for their difference in dress it would be impossible to tell a pagan Igorrote from the mountainous heart of Luzon apart from a Christian Tagalog from the lower parts

RECEIVES CONGRATULATIONS

You will soon receive the congratulations of your friends upon your improved appearance if you will take Foley's Kidney Remedy as it tones up the system and imparts new life and vigor. Foley's Kidney Remedy cures backache, nervous exhaustion and all forms of kidney and bladder troubles. Commence taking it today. Swadley Bros., Vanderpool, and sold by Monterey druggist.

of Manila, or the Mohammedan Sulu Moro. There is also a strong resemblance, mentally and morally between the Malayan tribes. It is interesting to note the influence of religious belief upon people of the same race. The Moros, being Moslemites, are inspired with the glory of battle, and among the least civilized of them the Christian in battle is much desired as it gives the perpetrator of the deed a title to a part of Heaven. Christian Filipinos, on the other hand, are averse to violent crimes, and particularly to the shedding of human blood. The pagan Malays, the Igorrotes, for instance, the wildest of whom believes in the simplest forms of spirit worship, are much given to superstitious rites, many involving the shedding of human blood. Among these are the head hunters, who believe that the killing of an enemy is not accomplished unless the head be removed.

Clarence E. Edwards.

Some Incidents of a

Missionary Journey.

(The following is taken from The Missionary, and was written by Rev. J. Mc. Sieg, missionary to South Africa.)

It was late one windy afternoon, after some two months of travel and camping amongst Lulua villages, that we found ourselves on the top of a bare, wind-swept knoll near Lulluaburg, in the Kassai. Two young men presented themselves, and nervously said they were a son and a nephew of Kalamba, the strongest and most beligerent of all the Lulua chieftains; and one who for years has been resisting the Congo State soldiers, refusing to surrender, and making war against the State when its officers attempted to enter his domain. His whole present realm has been effectually closed against officers, traders, and missionaries alike. Only an occasional messenger has been able to go in and out of his kingdom, and then at considerable risk of his life. It is known to be a fact that the Portuguese traders on the southwest border have been supplying this chief with improved rifles and ammunition in considerable quantities.

Hence, now he is a much more formidable enemy than in the early days when he fought only with spears, bows and arrows. When these two young men told us that Kalamba had sent them to say that he desired to make peace, we felt sure that the prayers of God's people for an open door into a large territory had been answered. The young men assured us that the notorious Kalamba wanted "the people of God at Luebo" to come and teach his people the Gospel; and they went so far as to ask us to return with them at once. Urgent duties pressed us. We could not then go. But the son promised to meet us after fourteen days at a village near the border line, and to lead us to his father's capitol. To this we agreed and at the expiration of the set time we were in the village, designated. But the young prince came not. The fourteen days increased to twenty-five, and still he did not come. We concluded, therefore, to send a messenger of our own into the kingdom. This was a difficult matter, for every man feared to go whether he knew many an intruder had lost his life. After two days of effort, however, two men were persuaded to go inland, if but for couple of days at least, and there make an effort to send on to the capitol the letter which we gave them.

Three days later these messengers returned, accompanied by eight or ten people, one of whom was a shaggy, scared-looking bushman, the chief of a small village. They carried in their hands a whitewashed diyamba gourd, an emblem of ceased hostilities. The diyamba is the native name for Indian hemp, the leaves of which plant are dried and smoked like tobacco; but the physiological effects of the smoking are much like those of opium, except, perhaps, not quite so injurious. A quarrel or a fight is often the result of smoking this drug. The gourd above mentioned is a pipe, which varies in size from a half-gallon bucket to a half-bushel measure. Out of these gourds of

the interchange of these whitened come war and bloodshed. But washed pipes between warring factions seems to have the same significance as the "burying of the hatchet" by the red Indian of North America. At any rate, this particular whitened pipe came from a man who claimed to be a brother of Kalamba, and whose name is Famba. He requested us to come at once to the village where he was waiting, and assured us that the "fight was finished." That was on Friday. We had planned for special services the following Sunday, hence we could not go till Monday; and a member of the delegation desired to wait until we could go.

Early Monday morning we were off, but without protest from some of our native Christians, who said we were going into danger. About 3 p.m. we reached the village, where we expected to meet the king's brother and Prime Minister. He was not there. They said he had gone to another village because we had delayed our coming, but that they would send for him. The second day we heard he was in a nearby village, but still delayed his coming. We then concluded to go to see him. Some time after reaching his village, he emerged from a bit of woods, evidently suspicious that we might betray and capture him. Famba is a long slender man of about sixty years, and somewhat stoop-shouldered. His eye, deep-set and sparkling, is overhung by a dark, heavy brow. While polite and courteous he is evidently a man of violent anger and deep-seated hatred for an enemy. He carries with him a breech loading rifle of large caliber, and a belt full of deadly looking cartridges.

The old fellow talked pleasantly and long, and expressed the desire to accompany us at once to the king's capitol, at which, we were again told, he was a very influential person. All our advisers said to us: "No, don't go now; the people up there haven't heard about you yet." As time proved, this was wholesome advice. Famba then promised to go on alone, open the way, and in two months come back for us. We then returned to our regular work in other villages.

Meanwhile, another chief of Kalamba, whose name is Kasonga, had sent eight of his people to Luebo to ask that a teacher be sent to his people. As all the missionaries there were not in a position to go, they sent us letters by two of Kasonga's men, urging us to go at once into this territory before the Roman Catholics could get there. We had to obey orders. Our purpose was announced to the men of our caravan, of whom in all there were about sixty. More than twenty of them absolutely refused to go with us, saying: "If we go up there they will kill us. We cannot go." Our luggage was divided and everything left behind that could be dispensed with; for we had comparatively few men, and some of them were boys.

Upon reaching one of the Christian villages, the chief said he was going along with us, because it was not safe for us to go alone. Two days of travel brought us again to a frontier village, where we spent Sunday and preached several times to the people—the first gospel message the most of them had ever heard. Our old friend Famba heard we were again in his neighborhood and came to see us, though we supposed he had long since departed for the interior. Through a mean busybody a misunderstanding arose between them, which resulted in an ugly quarrel of a few hours, and would possibly have been followed by an ugly fight had we not been there to pacify them. This was apparently a device of the devil to obstruct an entrance of the Gospel to the needy people, who have from the beginning been the slaves of the powers of darkness. After praying over the matter, it was decided to try to get these two chiefs to make up again; for the success of the journey depended largely upon them. Next morning they both agreed to shake hands and go on peaceably.

We were now in a new territory, where there had probably never been a white man before, unless it

was an officer with his soldiers. A journey of three days brought us to the Luebo river, too large to be waded. Over this had been built a suspension bridge with long vines used for ropes and cables. It was a rotten, rickety thing over which but two people could safely pass at one time. More fresh vines had to be woven into it to lessen the danger of an accident. Some two hours were spent in crossing, and that afternoon about three o'clock we came in sight of the "big chief's village. Our weariness and thirst were extreme, for we had walked all day under a burning sun.

Before entering the village a messenger was sent ahead with a white flag to announce our approach, and to see that all was well. With the king's son to lead us, we approached his private square, slowly and in line. Presently, the chief, a heavy set man clad in trousers, coat and shoes, presented himself carrying in his hand a large roll, and followed by about thirty women and children, all singing and dancing. The chief greeted us warmly, affectionately putting his arm around our necks. Having been seated on a crude chair, he listened attentively to the reports of the several messengers, who told him in detail everything from start to finish. The smaller chiefs bowed humbly before him and kissed the ground, at the same time rubbing earth on their chests as evidence of humble submission before his lordship. This bit of royal ceremony did not extend to the two white messengers of peace there present.

We were at once presented with a goat, sugar cane and eggs. There we spent four days, preaching and talking the Gospel as much as possible. Notwithstanding, we were strongly suspicious by many of the people as being either state officers in disguise or allies of the State, and against all such there is burning hatred, because the soldiers had killed many of their people as punishment for depredations committed by them. It was, therefore, urged by some of the smaller chiefs that we all be killed then and there. Fortunately, we knew nothing of these murderous desires until we had left them, our men having concealed them from us.

The night before our departure the chief cried out to all of his villagers from the capitol hill, that, though we were "the people of God," some of the inhabitants suspected that we had hidden other motives besides those which we had avowed; and that if we wished to allay suspicion we should make a covenant with them; *kutuila redonda*, as they say. This means in reality a blood covenant, and one which even the most treacherous and lying savage reveres and honors. He believes that the breach of such a covenant will be followed by an awful and relentless curse which pursues the transgressor even to his grave. The details of the covenant vary in different localities, but generally it is thus: a live sheep or goat is caught and its legs are broken before it is killed. This may be suffered who breaks this covenant. The animal's blood is then mingled with a few drops from the hand of each covenanter. This is then put with flesh of the animal, and the whole cooked. Both parties eat and shake hands—the solemn promise is finished.

After due consultation it was decided that for their sakes we make with them a covenant, although we told them that our word was our covenant. This was a solemn promise on the part of each that neither was to betray the other. The chief then brought out a leopard skin, upon which we were all to place our feet. So may a leopard destroy the breaker of this covenant. This being a covenant of peace relative to past hostilities, a gun was produced through which was poured water, to indicate that hostile powder should burn no more. With this water were mixed hemp (*diyamba*) seeds and salt, of which each party took a sup. Then a candle was lit by one party and extinguished by the other. As this little flame is forever lost, so may his life be who proves false to his vow. The ceremony ended, we started back toward home, feeling that this had been a great

insure our own safety in this hostile land.

On our return to Luebo we desired to go a new and shorter road, our guides assuring us that most of these people were subjects of the chief we had just left, and that, therefore, we were safe. We were traveling boldly and peacefully ahead, when suddenly we were ushered into a strange village. We had hardly paused when some robust young men began to quarrel violently with our guides for bringing white men into that village, some of whose people had sworn to kill the first white man who should ever set foot in it. Accordingly, some eight or ten men ran hither and thither, getting their guns and loading them with powder and shot. Presently, bang! went a gun, the signal for the shooting to begin. Then a part of the villagers began to gather around us to protect us; for some were glad to have us in the village, while others were not. The men with the guns gathered in a little group to shoot, but were boldly and roughly resisted by our friends, who commanded us to sit down while they stood up around us, lest we should be shot upon exposure of our bodies. The rabble, being out numbered, feared to make an open attack. But two of them, more revengeful than the rest, hovered around the whole afternoon, the one with a gun, the other with a big knife. Their purpose was to wait till we, the two white men, were alone, and then to swoop down upon us, which in reality, they once tried to do, myself being the desired victim. We told that near relatives of these two men had been killed by State soldiers, and their anger burned hot against all white men, for they considered all white men the same.

Night came on, and we laid peacefully down to rest, thinking all hostile attempts were ended. We arose early, hoping to get off before the sun was very hot. Burning dawn there was heard in the distance the beating of a little log drum, the natives' call to arms. In the still morning it had a hideous sound. We knew that another effort was being made to kill us. Our caravan was all ready to be off, when, a mile or two away, in the direction we wished to go, a gun was fired and the echo was answered by another. Our guides at once said that we were going to be waylaid, and that we must turn back the way we had come. We turned back and quickly, too, and traveled as fast as it was possible with loads. Presently it was discovered that we had turned back, and then the murderers followed us, now an then giving out a hideous yell. But we had a good start of them, and a heavy forest sheltered us. We kept up a steady pace all that day till we reached a safe place in which to lie down. God had delivered us.—Luebo, August 22, 1907.

A COMMON MISTAKE

Many women mistake kidney and bladder troubles for some irregularity peculiar to the sex. Foley's Kidney Remedy corrects irregularities and makes women well. Miss Carrie Harden, Bowling Green, Ky., writes: "I suffered much pain from kidney and bladder trouble until I started to use Foley's Kidney Remedy. The first bottle gave me great relief, and after taking the second bottle I was entirely well." Swadley Bros., Vanderpool, and sold by Monterey druggist.

Administrator's Sale.

I will sell at public auction, on SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1908, at McDowell, Va., the following property, to-wit: Some blacksmith tools, 1 log chain, 2 turning lathes, 1 thresh box in good repair, and some other small articles. At the same time and place, will sell 1 1/2 H. P. Geiser portable engine and saw mill, 1 good inserted tooth 56 inch circular saw, belonging to the late firm of Jenkins & Revercomb. This sawing outfit is in good running condition, and has not been in use but a short time, and will cut six or seven thousand feet of lumber per day. I consider this the best outfit in the county. This saw mill will be sold on 4, 8, and 12 months, in equal payments, purchaser to give negotiable notes with two good endorsers.

TERMS: On other property separate from sawmill outfit, will be, all sums of \$5 or less, cash will be required, and over that amount a credit will be given of 8 months, with negotiable note, well endorsed.

J. E. D. ARROGAST, Adm'r of G. E. Jenkins, dec'd.