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ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE.

BULLDOGS SEEK SANDERLIN'S LIFE.

While He is Speaking at Burnsville a Republican Desperado Tries to Stab Him.

MORGANTON, N. C., Oct. 29.—Dr. Geo. W. Sanderlin was in Morganton today on his return from a campaign through Mitchell and Yancey counties and gives the details of an attempt which was made by republicans in Burnsville, Yancey county, to assassinate him. A band of republican toughs had sworn that there should be no more democratic speaking in Burnsville, and when last Wednesday Sanderlin spoke there, they attempted to carry out their threat. The mob collected at the courthouse door and detained Bud Parrott, a noted desperado, to attack Dr. Sanderlin and break up the speaking. Parrott, armed with a big bowie knife, entered the court house, which was full of people, and began to curse and swear, cursing the democrats and edging his way toward Dr. Sanderlin, armed with the deadly knife. The democrats seeing his object was to stab the doctor, overpowered him and forced him out of the courthouse. When they opened the door those in waiting rushed to the rescue with pistols, knives and rocks and a regular battle ensued on the courthouse steps, in which numbers on both sides were shot and cut.

Quiet was at length restored and Dr. Sanderlin was proceeding with his speech when two more of the republican mob entered the court room and they were also put out, the fight on the steps being renewed. Parrott was shot twice through the body and is not expected to live. A democrat named Phillips was terribly stabbed by a bowie knife and fully a dozen men were seriously wounded.

The attack was wholly without provocation, as Dr. Sanderlin is known to be one of the fairest and most courteous speakers and the most intense indignation has been aroused in the mountain counties by this distasteful attempt at assassination.

Dr. Sanderlin's Last Resort.

Dr. W. P. Exam, of Goldsboro, is in the city. He stated authentically that on the train to Raleigh yesterday he became angry when asked about his fight with Mr. Aycock and immediately drew his knife with which he cut the cutting, declaring that he would cut and kill, too, if he could—events referring to the democrats did not drop out of his mouth. This was the first class car and as a result, his language used in the discussion of ladies near were asked to move to a different part of the car. Raleigh Chronicle.

Third Party Withdrawals.

WILSON, Oct. 29.—Stokes democrats are rejoicing over the withdrawal today of Dr. J. A. Pringle, the third party candidate for the legislature. He came down at the request of 35 of the most influential populists in the county. The whole third party ticket was withdrawn in the county. This reverses the election of the democratic candidates. The republicans are overjoyed to the point.

Can't Stand the Third Party.

I am 83 years old, voted for Wm. Henry Harrison, and have voted the republican ticket since there has been a republican party, but can't afford to vote for a party that wants to tax the coming generations by buying up all the railroad and telegraph lines of the United States. We have no republican ticket in this county or district this year, and I shall vote for the party that best represents the people. I ask all my republican friends to turn out November 8th and vote the ticket of Groves under a host of democratic votes so deep that it will see this bird's foot to walk them. I am for law and order, and shall vote the ticket headed by men belonging to the party of Groves. —(Nashville Gullett, in News and Observer.)

Third Party Treasurer Communicated.

Rev. D. P. Meachum will preach tomorrow. He is an in Wake as the celebrated republican—prohibition—third party—preacher—politician, who is a great mogul of the oligarchy and general cross-road orator. But he is out of the pulpit and out to stay. Mr. Meachum, it seems, has been taking an active part in the Wake third party canvass, and at times, when things were not going so well, his temper would get the better of his judgment. It is claimed that he too often resorted to indecent "slang." At any rate at a meeting of the Methodist church tribunal, of which he was a local minister, his credentials were taken from him and his name erased from the church roster.

Labor Commissioner Peck, of New York, was wiser than Weaver. He burned his records.

The London Chronicle of last week states that the poet laureate-ship, having been offered to William Morris, he declined it.

Club Meeting.

At a meeting of the Hickory democratic club at the city hall Monday night, the following important committees were appointed:

COMMITTEE TO BRING DEMOCRATS TO THE POLLS:

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| D. E. Hawn, | Daniel Huffman, |
| Salathiel Huffman, | L. C. Huffman, |
| Sylvanus Cline, | Alf. Sigmon, |
| Henry Poovey, | Elijah Townsend |
| L. C. Turner, | Jim Drum, |
| Nelson Harris, | Sid. Whitener, |
| Emanuel Yount, | Timothy Cline, |
| W. P. Deitz, | T. P. Cloninger, |
| Wm. Propst, | Daniel Kahill, |
| Reuben Propst, | Abel Whitener, |
| G. M. Barger, | Robt. Conrad, |
| Alfred Bolch, | Perry Cline, |
| Pink Rowe, | J. M. Huffman, |
| | Walton Yount. |

CHALLENGE COMMITTEE:

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| J. H. Bruns, | E. B. Cline, |
| A. C. Link, | W. P. Huffman, |
| | J. D. Elliott. |

The polling committee is especially urged to have every democrat at the polls by 12 o'clock.

Upon satisfactory information of the fact, the secretary was instructed to advise democrats in Cline's township that \$150 had been sent among them for the purpose of polluting the election and defeating the democrats.

After some remarks by Hon. S. L. Patterson, the club adjourned to meet Thursday evening to hear Hon. A. M. Waddell.

H. A. MURRILL, Sec.
C. H. CLINE, Sec. pro tem.

The Southern Militia System.

The Atlanta Constitution, ever prompt in defense of southern interest, has this to say of Judge Furches' proposition to cut off the appropriation for our state guard:

It is a part of the republican program to destroy our militia system, if they can get the south under their control.

In a recent speech in North Carolina, Furches, the republican candidate for governor, promised that his first step, if elected, would be to cut off the appropriation of the state militia. He declared that if citizens wanted to organize military companies they should be made to foot the bills out of their own pockets. The negro audience applauded this sentiment, but the whites were naturally indignant.

Death Coupled With Wine.

Thomas Hill, of Hillsboro, N. C., a cousin of the famous Hill family of this state, and a cousin of the Confederate General Ben Hill, drank to excess. He went North a few months ago to take a course of treatment in the Keeley Institute at White Plains.

After graduating from the institute he did not reform, but drank more than ever, his friends say.

At 10 o'clock Saturday evening Hill's body was found dead in his bed.

Among his effects, which were valued only at a pair of nitré and a package of letters, was found a letter from his wife in which she said, that she was disposing of the cotton upon the plantation and beseeched her husband to come home.

True Grit, Even Unto Death.

A train on C. F. & Y. V. knocked a man off the track near Liberty last week, cutting a gash in his head to the bone, five inches long. The man lay insensible for a long time. The trainmen gathered around him, using every effort to bring him back to consciousness. Finally he became "sat up, looked around and said: "Wouldn't it have been a hell of a come off if I had been killed before I could have got to vote for Cleveland!" Capt. D. P. Williams says these were his exact words. When such a spirit animates the democracy how can we be beaten!

Rev. Thos. Dixon, Jr., Arrested.

The Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., pastor of the Twenty-third street Baptist Church, visited Staten Island on Tuesday, was a prisoner before he returned to the city, and obtained his freedom only upon payment of \$100, which Justice Adler, at New Brighton, fined him for killing eighteen robins and eleven turks.

How lonely William Waite Phelps must feel as the sole United States minister of high degree left in Europe!

J. C. Martin's New Neckwear has just arrived. 44 2/2

EXUM'S BIG TALK.

He Says He Will Shoot Editor Roscover on Sight.

GOLDSBORO, Oct. 28.—W. P. Exum, third party candidate for governor, while at the train this afternoon on his way to Raleigh, called Officer Denning and told him to tell the editor of the Headlight, A. Roscover, that if he did not stop publishing him, that he would make him do so. "Tell him I say furthermore, if he don't stop it now, that I will shoot him on sight."

Before the Fight.

This is our last issue before the great political contest. Next Tuesday is the election which decides the fate, not of men, but of this, our common country.

The fight is for principle and honest government against monopoly, extravagance, war taxes and oppression.

How shall it end? The masses are the sufferers and the masses have the power by their ballots to repulse the onslaught of the republican party, cast off the burdens that bind them and once more be free men, unhampered by McKinleyism, dishonest pension taxes and republican misrule. To accomplish this requires a victory for democracy. Will you give it? Let each voter answer.

If you are for wild cat money and an enormous debt, vote for Weaver. If you are for the force bill and wish to be taxed to poverty by the tariff for the benefit of monopolists, vote for Harrison. If you are for reform, honest government, economy, sound money and low taxes vote for Grover Cleveland.

Take your choice. The issue is with you, decide it, each man for himself. Consider the propositions and vote in accordance with a decision gained through careful thought and honest convictions.

Lay prejudice aside; let the inflammers rage and cast your vote for the party that promises you the relief you need and for the man who represents honest government and has said he is for the people. That man is Grover Cleveland.

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Martin Luther Honored.

The attention of the entire civilized world is directed during the next few days to the Lutheran celebration at Wittenberg, which commenced Monday, the 375th anniversary of October 31, 1517, upon which day the fearless reformer nailed his ninety five theses written against the scandalous manner in which indulgences were promulgated by Tetzel to the door of the Castle chapel, thus joining issue with Pope Leo X, and the entire Roman Catholic hierarchy, and sowing the seed of the great Protestant Reformation.

The day was chosen as a fitting occasion for the reconsecration of the reconstructed Luther Memorial church, the greatest portion of the cost of which has been borne by Emperor William. The Kaiser will be present at the ceremonies in person, with his immense suite of generals and courtiers, and in his capacity of *summus episcopus* of Prussia will marshal the other sovereign princes of Germany and foreign dignitaries, and pose generally as the head of the Protestant church. There will be present representatives of all foreign Protestant sovereigns, among the number the Duke of York, heir presumptive to the throne of Great Britain, who will represent Queen Victoria.

October.

Sunday the sun entered the constellation of Scorpio, which Spenser made the sign of the beautiful month, describing October, drunken with the vintage of his own pressing, sitting on the back of the horrid beast.

The old Saxons used to call the month the Wynnmonth, or the wine month, and wine it is, not only in the juices of the ripened grape but in the very atmosphere we breathe. We drink in whole quarts of "good October" when we expand our lungs to its inspiring draught, and we tingle with a joyous life when we listen to the singing of the praises of "brown October ale."

It is the month when nature is at her very best. Some one has called it the Sabbath of the year, and so it is if we accept the older view of the Sabbath and the early Christian view of Sunday, without the accretions of Pharisaism, or of modern Sabbatarianism—a day of wholesome pleasure and of pure enjoyment.

The sun has rarely made so beautiful an ending in the climate as it is making in this part of year 1892, and it is only common gratitude that we should pay its homage by the passing breeze of brief devotion.

Prejudices Clearing Away.

Two classes of our fellow citizens, over whom the republican party has heretofore assumed a kind of proprietorship, are breaking their bonds. These are the veteran soldiers and the colored men. The soldiers are discovering that Cleveland is not and never was their enemy, and that the outcry raised against him by the pension agents was unjust and malicious. The record of his administration is clean and honorable and accordant with every reasonable demand of all soldiers who do not make merchandise of their patriotic sentiment.

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MURDER AT CATAWBA.

A POLITICAL QUARREL RESULTS IN DEATH.

Jack Wilfong Slain by a Former Friend—The Death-Dealing Knife Arbitrates their Differences.

Just as we go to press, the intelligence reaches us that at a corn shucking last night, near Catawba, a man by the name of Miller killed Jack Wilfong, a son of the late John Wilfong. A knife was the weapon used. Both the combatants attended the barbecue at Statesville yesterday, and were returning home, together, when they decided to stop at a neighbor's house, on the road, where a corn husking was in progress. Here a quarrel arose between them, and a fight ensued, which resulted in Wilfong's death. —[Bulletin, 1st inst.]

Christmas novelties will be on exhibit in time for the holidays, at J. C. Martin's. 44-2t

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

When a member of the order denies knowledge of it, it is nothing; for he is sworn not to reveal its existence.

Will the people of North Carolina tolerate a party whose head is also head of an important Mafia here in our state?

Tom Watson, of Georgia, has dried his tears, and takes the field as an incendiary speaker, ready to resort to the most desperate measures. A dispatch from Stallville states that he told his white friends they "must sharpen up their knives, arm the negroes, and elect him at all hazards."

According to the Morganton Herald (Thursday's paper) one Wilcox republican candidate for congress in a public address in the courthouse at Morganton spoke of Senator Vance as "a one-eyed three-legged steer." Why did not some indignant son of Burke give this foul mouthed railer a real good old fashioned thrashing after the meeting and then go and submit before the nearest magistrate? We can hardly believe there is a man in Burke of either party who would or could sit still and not avenge this insult to Zebulon B. Vance, the pure-hearted idol of North Carolina, the politician, governor, senator, confederate colonel, who never failed to more than fulfill his promises and do his duty. There could have been no survivor of the 26th North Carolina regiment in that courthouse or Wilcox would have left the platform without his front teeth.

For stylish White Front Show Windows. 44 1/2

Thursday Night.

Thursday night there was a third party speaking out in East Raleigh. Perhaps seven or five darkeys were present when the speakers began. Rev. N. W. Tennant and Wm. H. H. were to entertain them, but the darkeys were not much entertained, for they began to drop off and after a while there were only about eight or ten remaining. Wm. H. was speaking then. He said "We have tried the democrat and that wouldn't do and we had to leave 'em; we have tried the republican party and that wouldn't do and we had to leave 'em, and so we have tried the third party."

Just then an old darkey said "That being so, bless God I will have too"—and the whole squad of darkeys marched off.—[Observer.]

The correct thing in Stiff Hats can only be found at J. C. Martin's Clothing and Hat Emporium. 44 2/2

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The greatest variety of overcoats can be found at the White Front. 2t