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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

March has no friend. It is a disgraceable, uncertain blustering month. It was named for Mars, the God of War, who was the son of Jupiter and was always hunting around for a fight. He was believed to be the father of Romulus, the founder of the Roman Empire, and hence was held in great reverence by the Romans. March was named for him. Those old Greeks and Romans had no weeks—nor days of the week—no Sundays or Mondays or any other day, but they divided time by Calends and Ides. The Calends were the fifteenth. All the intermediate days were designated by these, as for instance, the third day after the Calends of May or the fifth day before the Ides of March. The Roman senate always began its sessions on the Ides of the month, except that after Julius Caesar was murdered the anniversary of that day the Ides of March were observed as a sacred day. As to the young people, I know and remember that we got our months from Roman mythology and the days of our weeks from the Scandinavian mythology. Now listen to a part of this wonderful story, for it is classic and more fascinating than the Arabian Nights. Two thousand years ago it was the faith and religion of millions of people. Jupiter was the god of the Greeks and the Romans and Woden was the god of the Norsemen and each had a son who was the god of war. There was the son of Woden. Wednesday was named for Woden and it was originally Woden's day. Thursday was named for Thor and Friday for his mother. Each of these mythologies had a hades or infernal region for bad people and evil spirits. Pluto presided over the one and a woman named Hela over the other. That is where the word Hell came from. It seems an awful thing to put hell in charge of a woman, but they said that no man was as bad as a bad woman. Her father was named Loki and she had two brothers. One was a serpent so big and so long that it wrapped around the world and then swallowed its own tail. The other was a wolf, so strong that he broke the strongest chains just like they were cobwebs. Then Woden got the mountain spirits to make another chain and they made it of six things. The noise made by a cat walking, the beard of a woman, the roots of stones, the breath of fishes, the smiles of bears and the spittle birds. When the chain was finished it was as small and smooth and soft as a silken string, but no power on earth could break it. And so they chained him and killed him. But listen what kind of a home Miss Hela had. Hunger was her dining table. Starvation was her knife. Delay was her man servant—Sloth her maid servant. A precipice was her door step, Care her bed, and Anguish the curtains to her bed chamber. No wonder she was cruel and always wore a stern, unhappy and forbidding countenance.

This is just a sample of their mythology. It fills up several books. Now, where in the world did that people get all these wonderful stories? Away back in the ages they must have had poets more imaginative than Homer. Some of our most learned men say they got the foundation of many of them from the Bible. For the story goes that away back in the ages the people got so bad that Jupiter got dreadful mad with them and resolved to destroy them. So he summoned all the gods to come to him, and they came from all parts of the heavens, traveling on the Milky Way, which is the street of the gods, and after taking counsel together they determined to destroy all mankind and start with a new pair. So Jupiter was about to launch a red hot thunderbolt at the earth and burn it up, but one of the gods told him that he had better not, for he might burn up heaven, too. So he concluded to use water instead of fire, and then came the flood which drowned every human being except Deucalion and his wife, who were good people. They escaped to the top of a mountain called Parnassus and were saved. That is very much like the Bible story of the flood and of Noah and Mount Ararat. And just so they got Hercules from Samson and Goliath and Apollo from the serpent that tempted Eve, and the giants who tried to scale the walls of heaven from Nimrod and his tower. Every great hero and god had a favorite son just as our Christian God has a Son. There is something sublime and comforting in even believing or imagining that a great and good being is somewhere in the heavens overlooking the earth and its people, prospering the good and punishing the evil. The fact that this all powerful being is invisible makes His existence the more impressive. Jupiter sat enthroned on Mount Olympus, Woden had a beautiful place of gold and silver at Valhalla and it could only be reached by walking on a rainbow. And we pray to our God, saying: "Oh, Thou who dwellest in the heavens," and not in the temples made with hands. History gives no account of any people who did not put their trust in some God, and this proves our confession of weakness and our need of strength from some supernatural divinity. The more cultured and enlightened we become the more conscious we are of our weakness. Children depend absolutely on their parents until afar up in their teens. They do not need any other God, but by and by the parents pass away or fail to supply their increasing wants and then comes that feeling of helplessness and the wants of a protector. Reflection comes with age and the more reflective a man becomes and the more intelligent from study and culture, the more he must realize his ignorance and dependence. Therefore, I cannot understand how such a cultured gentleman as Ingersoll can be so irreverent, so careless and prayerless about his own existence, for he cannot

tell by what power he raises his hand or closes his eyes when he wills to do so. He says he would have planned many things very different. He would have given a man wings and the power to fly. He would have made health catching instead of disease. He would have made infants colic proof and they should be as lively when born as little chicks when they come out of the shell, and the old men should always be calm and serene. In fact, he would have made everybody happy during life and every death a painless one. He ought to have gone a little farther and abolished death and then created more worlds for the never dying people to live in. But we are here and have to submit to things as we find them, and, as Governor Oates said, "Mr. Ingersoll, what are you going to do about it?"

And now I want this month of March to hurry up and pass away. It is aggravating my gripe and I feel more like writing "an ode to melancholy." It contracts and withers my charity for my fellow men. I don't care a cent for Roosevelt and Tillman, nor Spooner nor the Atlanta depot. But as the old Persian prophet said, "Even this shall away." Fifty-three years ago today my wife and I were married, but on our account the weather was as lovely as a Lapland night. I was one of ten children—my wife was one of ten, and we have ten, and they have twenty, and no great calamity or affliction hath befallen us, thanks to the good Lord for His mercies.

BILL ARP.

Plain Talk; Very Plain.

Charlotte Observer.

This talk about the consent of the governed is, when you get to the bottom of it, mostly rubbish. We people of the South, for instance who have for years been cheating niggers at elections and kept it up until we concluded that it was cheaper to disfranchise them by legal enactment, now shed crocodile tears on account of the woes of the Filipinos and cry aloud that all just government derives its authority from the consent of the governed. Rot!

The South didn't consent to the government that it got for several years after the Civil War. The Southern niggers are not consenting to the government they are getting now.

We talk about the consent of the governed and taxation without representation, when these arguments run our way, but we forget how often these principles have been violated in our own country to-day with our approbation and as the result of our own acts. Consent of the governed! Taxation without representation! Rot!

American Cotton Beaten.

The negroes of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute who were engaged the latter part of 1900 by the German government to teach the natives of Togoland, German West Africa, how to grow cotton, have, according to the report of the colonial committee, succeeded in producing cotton which is graded on the Bremen exchange above American middling.

The Tuskegee negroes have demonstrated that the land in Togoland is suitable for cotton, of which there is great abundance. The only obstacle to the commercial utilization of this product is transportation and especially getting the bales to the coast. The colonial committee has sent an expedition of engineers to survey for a railroad from the coast town of Lome to Palime, in the interior.

Simmons Managing German Boom.

PHILADELPHIA, March 13.—Information received here to-night is to the effect that Senator Simmons, of North Carolina, has taken charge of the German boom for President. He had a long talk with the Marylander last night and to-day canvassed the congressional leaders in his favor. Gorman and Bryan are in Washington to-night conferring with the leaders regarding the organization of the national campaign committee to-morrow night. Gorman's friends are in large majority, and it is possible the committee may finally renounce Bryan. A Gorman man will almost certainly be elected chairman.

Mississippi Lunatics Building a Railroad.

As Mississippi in setting the best method for the utilizing of convict labor in the south, so as to make it profitable, she is now going to set the pace in regard to the working of the inhabitants of her insane asylum. A railroad is being constructed with the patients of the insane asylum of the state, and the road that is being built in this unusual class of labor is three miles in length. It is the first road in the state that was ever built by this class of labor.

Made No Difference.

"I'm afraid Edward you're marrying me only because I've inherited \$50,000 from my uncle."

"Why, Blanche, how can you think that of me? Your uncle is nothing to me! I would marry you no matter from whom you inherited the money."

An editor in Binghamton, N. Y., took to jocularly addressing an old citizen of his town as "colonel" and often referred to him in his newspaper as "Colonel Tyler" until everybody took it up and called "Colonel Tyler." This purring military sobriquet pleased the recipient immensely and when recently he passed from life it was found that he had left a large fortune to the humorous editor who had promoted him to his pseudo-colonelcy.

Governor McSwain, of South Carolina, has ordered an investigation of a charge against a Spartanburg magistrate who is alleged to have sent three orphans to jail because their parents' death left them no means of support.

THE WILCOX TRIAL.

The History of the Crime Which Wilcox is Accused of Committing.

H. E. C. R. in Charlotte Observer.

ELIZABETH CITY, March 13.—James Wilcox was put on trial for his life here at 2 o'clock to-day. The court house was packed full of men. Not a single woman was in attendance. The audience was eager to hear what was going on but was at no time ugly or boisterous. The regular jurors were called and 153 of the venire. The State set aside three without cause and the defense 20. At 8:45 o'clock to-night the last juror was chosen. Two negroes were among the twelve.

The trial of Wilcox, charged with the murder of Miss Nellie Crosey, of this place, on the night of November 20, 1901, began in earnest to-day. It is a most interesting case on account of the social position of the two families concerned and the mystery that surrounds it.

Mr. James Wilcox, son of ex-Sheriff Thos. P. Wilcox, of this county, went to the home of Mr. William H. Crosey, a well-to-do truck farmer of this place, on the night of November 20, to call on Miss Ella Maud, or "Nellie" Crosey, to whom he had been paying considerable attention. When he arrived at the Crosey home, say about 8 o'clock, the whole family was in the sitting room. Young Ray Crawford was there, calling on Miss Olive, a sister of Miss Nellie. Soon after 9 o'clock all the members of the household except Misses Nellie, Olive and Carrie Crosey retired. Later, Miss Carrie, a cousin of the other two girls, who was down on a visit, went to her room. This left the young man and their respective lady friends together. At 11 o'clock Wilcox, rising from his chair announced: "I must go home; my mother will be uneasy if I stay out after 11 o'clock." This was said in a jocular way. Continuing, Wilcox said: "Miss Nellie, I would like to see you in the hall." He rolled a cigarette and went out, accompanied by the girl. She was never seen after that by anybody, except Wilcox, until her dead body was found floating just beneath the surface of the water in Pasquotank river, on the morning of the 27th of December.

Miss Olive Crosey bade Mr. Crawford good night and went up-stairs to her room, thinking that her sister had already gone. That was about 80 minutes after Nellie and Wilcox had gone into the hall together. But not finding her up there, she concluded that she and Wilcox had crossed over to the parlor and were still there. However, when she had gone to bed, taken a short nap and waked she missed Miss Nellie and gave the alarm. The entire family was soon up and searching everywhere. The efforts were in vain. Somewhere about 1 o'clock Mr. Crosey went to the home of Wilcox's father, aroused the young man and told him that Nellie could not be found and asked if he knew anything of her. Wilcox answered that he did not know any more than that he left her leaning against the post of the porch crying about 11 o'clock. Before the mayor of the town Wilcox said that he did not write the girl out and she went on the porch with him. There he handed her a parasol, or an umbrella, that she had given him, and a picture of herself. She broke into a cry and declared that she knew what that meant. He begged her to go into the house out of the cold, but she would not do so. He then told her: "Go on." He left her crying.

In order to understand the evidence that will be given in this trial one should fix the location of the Crosey house in his mind. The house is about a half mile southeast of the court house. To get there you must cross Tiber and Herrington creeks, two small streams that empty into the Pasquotank river; then go out what is known as River's avenue, a road that leads to points in the southern part of the county. This road, or avenue, passes between the Crosey home on the right and the river on the left. A boy could stand on the front steps of the Crosey residence and throw a rock across the road into the river. If a straight line 100 yards long were drawn from the step out over the river, and then carried a sharp turn to the right, down the river for about 100 yards, the exact spot where the body was found would be covered. The place is near a clump of small trees and about 30 yards from the bank. The body of the girl could have been taken there by a strong man or been borne over in a boat and dumped out, or possibly have washed over there from some other point in the river. In either case the city might have slept on till morning without the knowing that anything had happened had it not been that the girl was missed. The Crosey home is on the very southeastern edge of the town. It is next to the last house in the corporation. It stands between two houses, either of which is over 100 paces away. The street or road, there would be free from travelers as a general thing at that time of night. The place is dark and secluded after nightfall.

The body of Miss Crosey was found by two fishermen. They had started down the river in a small boat. Among other things the man who saw the body first said: "I observed something black floating with the tide. The long tresses of hair could be seen. The lady was swinging face downward with the shoulders up and the legs dangling toward the bottom."

The alarm was given and the body taken out and examined by three physicians, who reported in part as follows: "The garments showed no marks of violence. The epidermis of face and head, together with the hair, were well off. The face and head were swollen and sodden. There were no external marks of violence on the head or face. Virginal examination showed the normal of virgin. The body was then laid

Unbreakable.

"Are you sure these corsets are unbreakable?" asked the doubting customer.

"I have been wearing a pair myself for a year," said the shop girl, "and they are not broken yet. And," she continued, blushing, "I'm engaged."

Ex-Representative Wm. M. Moody, of Mass., has accepted the Secretaryship of the Navy, which has been announced, would soon be resigned by Secretary Long. Secretary Long on the 10th handed in his resignation to the President to take effect May 1st.

Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, received a message last week in mid-ocean. He announces that in the three months he will be ready to transmit commercial messages without wires as a regular business. He is only twenty-seven years of age.

The composite regiment to go to Charleston in April will have companies from Wilmington, Concord, Winston, Charlotte, Durham, Washington, Clinton, Edenton, Raleigh, Henderson, Oxford and Burlington. They will be accompanied by a band from Asheville.

"What scared you so? You are all out of breath."

"I just crossed the street in front of a cross-eyed bicyclist who was in a hurry."

open from clavicle to symphysis pubis and a full examination made of the internal organs. The womb was of a normal virgin size and consistency, and, upon vertical section, showed itself to be entirely empty.

"The stomach upon being opened emitted gas and was found to contain about two ounces of dark fluid and solid substance. The appearance of the stomach and other abdominal organs was normal."

"The lungs were collapsed and free from water."

"Upon the section of the scalp all around the head, one inch above the brow, there was found on the left side, at the juncture of the squamous portion of the temporal parietal and frontal bones a dark discoloration of the muscular substance about two by two inches in extent and this part was visibly thickened. The muscular substance at this point upon section extended about a half ounce of black fluid. The bone beneath this contusion was discolored slightly blue. There was no other abnormality in any part of the scalp, which was completely dissected. There was no fracture discovered at any point of the cranium."

The report of the coroner's jury read: "We, the coroner's jury, having been duly summoned and sworn by Dr. I. Fearing to inquire into what caused the death of Ella M. Crosey, do hereby report that, from the investigation made by three physicians of Elizabeth City and from their findings, and also from our present observation, that said Ella M. Crosey came to her death by being stricken a blow on the left temple and by being drowned in Pasquotank river."

No one was charged with killing her, but it was urged that the charges against Wilcox, then in custody, be investigated.

This case rests here. It is the duty of the courts to try the case and find the facts. It is certain that Miss Crosey did not die from a blow and drowning, too. She died from one or the other but not both, as the coroner's jury found. Her body had no water in it.

James Wilcox is a man of about 28 years. He has not lived a model life, yet there are no grave charges against his past. His looks are not prepossessing. He has the countenance of a cold-hearted, stolid man. But he cannot be convicted on his looks. The evidence made public up to this time is circumstantial. It is said that the solicitor has convincing evidence that will be brought out at the proper time. This remains to be seen.

The people here are divided. The great majority believe that the young man is guilty of murder. Many do not think that he can be convicted on the evidence.

Did Wilcox kill the girl with a black-jack or some other blunt weapon or did she commit suicide? This is the question. The jury must hear the evidence and render a verdict. The prisoner has said: "I will be tried by my God and my country."

ELIZABETH CITY, March 14.—The Wilcox trial is well under way. The jurors have been selected and the witnesses are being heard. The defense has done well in choosing the jurors. Nine of the twelve are intelligent-looking young men. Several of them seem to be of the same social position as the prisoner. The negroes two of them, are of the ante-bellum type, each being between 60 and 60 years old. They are honest, good-looking, full-blooded Africans. Fendleton Bright, the twelfth juror, does not appear to be a man of much intelligence. The jury is in charge of Deputy Sheriff L. J. Brichard.

The coroner testified that Miss Crosey came to her death by a blow. He said that death was not caused by drowning. His examination was followed by a most rigid and trying cross-examination by Mr. Aydtell. At times he had the witness all to pieces, but on the whole the statements made earlier in the day was adhered to. The last hour of the examination was tedious and uninteresting. The most minute details were gone into. If this is kept up it will take several weeks to try the case. Dr. Fearing's testimony is that of a medical expert. The case hangs on the main points of his evidence. Was Miss Crosey killed and thrown in the river or did she drown? That is the important question.

Details of the Prince's Visit.

Arrived at New York on the Kronprinz Wilhelm Sunday, February 23. Sails for Germany on the Deutschland today.

He traveled 4,580 miles and went through the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin and Massachusetts.

His trip extended as far south as Chattanooga, as far west as Milwaukee and as far east as Boston.

Estimated cost of entertaining the Prince, \$275,000.

Proper Temperature.

A story is told of a Boston lawyer whose quick wit never deserted him, either in the courtroom or elsewhere.

One day a client entered his office, and throwing back his coat, said, irritably:

"Why, your office, sir, is as hot as an oven!"

"Why shouldn't it be?" was the calm response. "It's here that I make my bread."

SAM JONES GIVES ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Atlanta Journal.

Gives me your attention, young man! I've been a young man; now I am an old man, so to speak. Admitting your intelligence I claim that experience and observation have helped me to see some things that simple intelligence does not observe. There are two words which cover three worlds, success and failure. God has endowed you with volition, and that means choice, and choice means, simply, I'll take this, you may have that. Choice means also two or more things are offered if there was only one thing in sight then it's Hobson's choice.

If one is a good thing and the other bad, then choose the good. If both are good, then take the gooder. If both are bad then take the neither. Not like one of the candidates for governor of Georgia said the other day: "Of two evils, I never take the greater." That's politics, pure and simple and the devil is running that whole business.

Real success has its foundations just like the house we live in, and the very basis of success is good character. As sure as that the constitution follows the flag, so good character must lead the way in all successful undertakings. The young man who thinks he must drink whiskey and "cans" to help you make a man of himself is a fool to begin with. If I were running a saloon I would want a decent, sober barkeeper.

I was not long finding a place of trust and honor for a young man of my town, some time ago, when I said to a leading railroad official with whom I wanted to place him, "that he was not only bright and efficient and trustworthy but that he was as clean in his life as his sweet Christian mother. He has never touched whiskey, wine or beer, sworn an oath or handled a deck of cards." "Send him to me," said the official, and that young man has been promoted the third time in twelve months, and I dare say, will yet be president of that great railroad system. It pays to be decent it never pays to be otherwise. The boy who knows how to be a gentleman, and knows how to keep from being a dog, is in possession of the knowledge which makes him master of the situation.

No use talking, young man, about your having self-control and will power. The way to keep clean is not to rub up against the things that will "smut you." I don't care how much you may boast of power, whiskey will make you drunk.

Again, God nor man can ever help you to be somebody, until you make up your mind that you will be or die, do or die.

This message to you, young man, was inspired by a notice of that great living pianist, Paderewski, which I saw in the Kansas City Journal of yesterday. The article was headed "Paderewski's Success Achieved Through Much Hard Work." His recital is to occur here in Convention hall, March 17th. I quote from the notice as follows:

"Paderewski has simply come to be the dominant figure in the world of music, a dominancy acquired by years of patient struggle and stoical endurance of poverty and privation. The success achieved by Paderewski is not the result of chance, but the outcome of sweat and suffering, heart-burnings and humiliations."

The press has given to the world the story of his life: how at nineteen years of age, he softened the sting of poverty by marrying a girl equally as poor. It is now almost impossible to estimate Paderewski's wealth. His first tour of America netted him \$108,000; his second \$181,000. This is the fifth, and each succeeding one has marked a financial gain over the preceding one. When it is considered that in all the European countries Paderewski is equally a favorite, it will be seen that his ten years of success have netted him millions.

Even with all his immense charities and open-handed generosity, he has not been able to despatch all his wealth. He has a magnificent home in Poland and Switzerland and princely apartments in Paris. The newspapers no longer busy themselves with his flame-colored hair, or melancholy eyes or how he appears on the stage, or how he holds his knife at the table. But now they tell us of his thorough deep knowledge of the innermost secrets and feelings of the "piano soul," and his own acquaintance with the hopes and fears, sorrows and sufferings that fill every human life. Now the press make it easier for him to do what no other man can do.

Paderewski made up his mind that he would wear the crowns of Chopin, Beethoven and with his mind made up he worked and suffered and persevered until he has as surely won as that he wears their crowns. Young man, this is not only holds good with Paderewski, but it's true of all great men, from Adam down to Paderewski. Work, perseverance, suffering. Throw to the winds all easy jobs. A thing that is easy done is not worth doing. The thing you do that call for brain sweat, soul sweat and body sweat are the things that make success not only possible but sure.

"An idle head is the devil's workshop. Yes, and an idle boy is the devil's saddle horse, and the devil is mounted generally in the saddle, too. Shun idleness like you would a saloon or they are two things that get mighty hick on short acquaintance."

Again, take care of your integrity. When it becomes necessary in your life for you to tell a lie, then you need to go back and start life over again. You can't build on a lie. There is but one thing in the world that will fit down on a lie, and that is another lie.

Again, if you would succeed, be a gentleman. Kindness and courtesy cost but little, but they are companions of good fellowship and furnish a store house for friends, and you will need

friends, just as you need air and water. Again, avoid all games of chance, from craps to cotton futures. They destroy your taste for honest toil, just as yellow back novels destroy all taste for useful knowledge. A dollar earned by sweat and toil is worth a million won on puts and calls.

Again, cherish only the friendship and companionship of good men and women. Be as careful of your company as you are of your destiny.

Again, marry, young man, marry. The old question pretty nearly covers the ground, "Are you a married man or a dog?" God's best gift to a little boy is a good mother. God's best gift to a young man is a good wife. There are too many young men postponing marriage until they have a competency to support a wife decently, as they say. That won't do, young men. You are as foolish as the fellow who is waiting until he gets good before he joins the church. I was busted when I married and if my daddy or daddy-in-law, either, ever gave me or my wife a cent we lost it before we got home. Don't ever wait to perform a good deed. Too many old maids these days, and whenever I see an old maid I know someone has failed to do his duty.

Again, young man, stick to the bible of your mother and the God of your father, for it is religion that must give you solid comfort while we live and it is religion must supply solid comfort when we die.

Don't be skeptical, agnostic or jassical in religion.

Read your Bible every day. Kneel down morning and night and pray to God. Observe these things and you will succeed in your calling as Paderewski has in his. If you don't, you will wind up in the end a Rehwapki.

Your friend, SAM P. JONES.

A Fraudulent Matrimonial Bureau.

Lumberton Robesonian.

N. C. Clark, of Chicago, the head of a matrimonial and introduction bureau, has been arrested for fraudulent use of the mails. Mr. D. H. Britt, of this county, on receipt of some of the circulars of the company, sent them five dollars as required and in return for which he was to be placed in correspondence with a young lady reputed to be wealthy, good-looking and to enter the matrimonial state. In reply he received a photograph with the name and address of a young Asheville widow. Losing no time he wrote her at once. The young lady, surprised at receiving a letter from an entire stranger, replied, stating that she knew nothing of the matrimonial bureau and the statement as to her wealth was untrue, which of course closed the correspondence.

Mr. Britt had of course entertained the matter purely for amusement and had no serious intentions whatever except the enjoyment of the correspondence begun under such rather unusual circumstances. He has, however, served the public a good turn in being the means of exposing fraudulent introduction.

A Seed In A Child's Throat For Five Months.

Salisbury Sun.

A perimmon seed that had been in the windpipe of a 5-year-old child for five months was coughed out yesterday, leaving the child in a fearful state of weakness and emaciation.

The little sufferer is the daughter of Mr. J. F. Freeman, who lives near Woodleaf, and about five months ago the trouble with her throat began. Eight physicians treated the child and an X ray was brought into service but the seed could not be located. Yesterday cough syrup and a whiskey toddy were given the suffering child. It began coughing and in a short while spit out the seed. The little one had become fearfully weak through the long period of suffering and as soon as it was relieved it fell into a deep sleep and was still sleeping this morning.

Mr. Freeman on one occasion for almost continuously day and night for ten days with the child.

Knows When He Has Got Enough.

Liberty Co. Asheville Courier.

A young man named Butler, living near here, joined the United States army about two years ago, is now at home with his health ruined. He has been in Porto Rico and got in such bad health he had to come home. His time will be out in three months, and he says Uncle Sam may look for another soldier boy to take his place, as it isn't so sweet to die for those we don't love.

Don't Govern Taft's plan for the government of the Philippines, as outlined before the Senate Committee, on Monday, is to give the people a qualified suffrage, with gradual growth in popular government. He says the natives have no idea of government, or of the difference between independence as related to another nation and dependence on the government, were now turned over to the people, he says it would be nothing less than absolute oligarchy. The leaders have been fighting the United States for power to rule and oppress, not for the good of the people.

London Dispatch of the 7th says the steamer Westland, of the American line from Liverpool to Philadelphia, struck the British steamship yacht Harmonides which sank, but the Westland took all on board save one man and a little girl who were drowned by some means. There was no panic or disorder.

The next state fair at Raleigh will begin October 27. Preparations are in progress to make it greater than ever. It has for several years been at once the largest and most successful of all the fairs south of Maryland.

Shot at Her Husband.

Salisbury Sun.

Capt. Charles M. Henderlite had an experience Thursday night that will forevermore serve as a warning to men who carry lathkeys. Capt. Henderlite is one of the best managers of men in a wreck that the southern has on its system and it has been remarked that he could accomplish more work in less time than any one in his position that could be found. This week when the Southern was straining every nerve to clear the Western track so as to resumé the operation of trains between Asheville and Chattanooga Capt. Henderlite was ordered to the scene of the washout. He labored diligently and the damage was repaired days before the Southern had expected it would be. Capt. Henderlite returned home Thursday night (or to be accurate, early Friday morning) and used his night key. Gropping in the darkness in his hallway he encountered a screen and stumbled. The echo of the noise produced by the collision had hardly died away when the report of a pistol was heard in Mrs. Henderlite's room and two bullets went crashing through the door in the direction where Capt. Henderlite had stumbled. He announced his presence and hostilities ceased. Mrs. Henderlite believed that burglars had entered the house when she fired through the door.

Jury Held Frayed.

Raleigh News and Observer, 28.

It is an almost unheard of thing for a jury to hold prayer before returning a verdict, but this is what happened in the jury room and what was done by the twelve men just before they returned the verdict that gave Miss Mattie Baker \$2,500 for having her hand mangled in one of the machines of the Raleigh Cotton Mills. It will be recalled that the jury was locked up in this case on Thursday from half-past 5 in the afternoon until half-past 10 at night and considerable difficulty was experienced in reaching a verdict. When all had finally agreed, Foreman Thompson requested Jurymen Herndon to lead in prayer, which he did with much earnestness and reverent attention from all present. The jury then filed into the court room and rendered their verdict.

A Seditious World.

George—No matter how things go the poor always suffer.

Jack—Yes, the nabobs who own railroads don't thing anything of running over a poor man's horse.

"Yes, and the man who can afford to own a horse runs down the poor fellow on a bicycle."

"Just so. And the fellow on the bicycle runs down the poor chap who has to walk."

"That's it. And the man who walks stumbles against the poor cripple who goes on crutches."

"That's the way. And the cripple on crutches spends most of his time jamming his stick down on other people's corns. It's a sadly selfish world."

Greensboro the Place for the State Convention.

Littleton News Reporter.

The time is not far distant when the executive committee will meet to designate time and place for holding the next Democratic convention. Greensboro seems to be the most favored place for that assembly as it has a hall amply sufficient to accommodate the convention with the best hotel facilities in the State, and a hospitality that would make the stranger feel that he was fortunate in being with such people.

Dead Men Entitled to 150 Pounds of Baggage.

The general passenger agents of nearly every railroad in this country have approved a resolution adopted at the latest national convention allowing 150 pounds of baggage free to each corpse transported on the required fare. Under a general ruling of the passenger departments of all railroads a dead man must have a passenger ticket and his ticket is now entitled to the same baggage privileges as though the ticket was held by a live man.

Knows When He Has Got Enough.

A young man named Butler, living near here, joined the United States army about two years ago, is now at home with his health ruined. He has been in Porto Rico and got in such bad health he had to come home. His time will be out in three months, and he says Uncle Sam may look for another soldier boy to take his place, as it isn't so sweet to die for those we don't love.

Don't Govern Taft's plan for the government of the Philippines, as outlined before the Senate Committee, on Monday, is to give the people a qualified suffrage, with gradual growth in popular government. He says the natives have no idea of government, or of the difference between independence as related to another nation and dependence on the government, were now turned over to the people, he says it would be nothing less than absolute oligarchy. The leaders have been fighting the United States for power to rule and oppress, not for the good of the people.

London Dispatch of the 7th says the steamer Westland, of the American line from Liverpool to Philadelphia, struck the British steamship yacht Harmonides which sank, but the Westland took all on board save one man and a little girl who were drowned by some means. There was no panic or disorder.

The next state fair at Raleigh will begin October 27. Preparations are in progress to make it greater than ever. It has for several years been at once the largest and most successful of all the fairs south of Maryland.