

THE ELM CITY ELEVATOR.

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Wilcox Found Guilty.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., March 22.—"Guilty of murder in the first degree," said the jury of Jim Wilcox. He stood up and heard his doom fearlessly. His nerve still did not forsake him. It was 10:10 o'clock.

Several hundred people followed Judge Jones, who told the sheriff to ask the jury if they had agreed. The prisoner was there, hands folded, composed, scanning the faces of the jurors. Clerk Jennings asked if they had agreed. Derickson was named as foreman. Wilcox stood up and held up his right hand.

No man in the building was more brave than he. I was watching his face four feet away, as the foreman said the words that meant death. Not a muscle of his face moved. Other people in the room were nervous. Some cried. Lawyer Ayldett shed tears. It was a solemn scene there in the yellow glow of the oil light. The Judge said April 25 was the time Wilcox should die, between 10 and 3 o'clock.

ELIZABETH CITY, March 20.—Solicitor George W. Ward spoke eloquently and ably for the State in the morning, and Mr. Ayldett concluded for the defense in the afternoon. Over a hundred men and women marched out of the court room, by pre-arrangement as an expression of feeling against the defendant, when Mr. Ayldett began his speech.

The ill-timed demonstration in the court house is calculated to hurt the fair name of the town. It had been worked up but to an extent failed. Something over 100 people, among the number about 20 women, marched out. I cannot believe that the better class of people endorse such conduct. A reaction is bound to follow. A boy rang the fire bell soon after the exodus and several hundred more poured out. There was no fire. It seems to have been part of the programme. The good men who believe Wilcox guilty and want to see him hanged condemn it.

ELIZABETH CITY, March 21.—The jury took the Wilcox case at 4:30 this afternoon, after hearing the charge of Judge Jones and the tedious reading of the evidence. It is understood that his honor will not receive the verdict tonight even if one shall be reached. The city is quiet.

GENERAL NEWS.

North Dakota and the Canadian Northwest are in the throes of a terrific blizzard, three continental railroad lines being tied up.

Former President Grover Cleveland, who is now the only living ex-President of the United States, was 65 years old Tuesday.

While playing cow last week the 4-year-old child of Charles Haners, of Parker's Glen, N. Y., was almost butchered by his older brother.

The street strike in Norfolk seems to have entirely collapsed. Yesterday the cars were operated regularly and all military companies were withdrawn.

Fire broke out at Hoboken, New York, on Tuesday, the 18th, about the piers and among the vessels. It started among the cotton on the piers and caught the steamer "British Queen," which was totally lost. Several other vessels were damaged. The loss is estimated at about a million dollars.

"Tired of Being Licked."

Trojan's Notion.

The paper over in Norfolk, Mr. Sapp's Pilot, used a fitting expression, "The Democrats are getting tired of being licked." Though it does appear as if they would be getting used to it by this time. The party has had but one President since Buchanan. And it will not have another one until they drop Mr. Bryan. One thing good, however, about the party is this, that whether successful in making a home run, it does well as a short stop. But any way Mr. Sapp's idea is good. Still, even though the Republicans do stay in pretty well, things are not so terribly distressing as they might be. One thing is certain, the law of gravitation in the material universe is still in good shape and so long as that keeps intact we will go on our way rejoicing and hope for the best. Providence and gravitation are one and the same. It is a good providence that has brought us safe thus far. And if the Republicans were the worst of men, the Bible says: "Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity." The national Democratic party will never win until it has laid aside some of the weights which has handicapped it. It courted Populism. With itself in the arms of an erratic leader it was shorn of its strength in the same degree that Samson lost his power when he placed his head in the lap of Delilah. She fanned the Nazirite to sleep and the host of God was delivered into the hands of the uncircumcised. So one man who, perhaps, never voted a national Democratic ticket by his winning ways captured the whole business and still clings to the wreck he wrought. It is commendable, though, that he is willing to go down with the ship he scuttled.

Timely Truths.

Every tickle makes us chuckle. A little widow is a dangerous thing. You can't eat your cake and keep it. If it's your wife's first attempt, keep it. Never put a gift cigar in your mouth. Make love while the moon shines. He is a wise man who never lets his wife know he can put up shelves as well as a carpenter.

WHO CRUCIFIED CHRIST?

Mabbi Hirsch, of Chicago, Says It Was Not the Hebrew People, but the Priests and the Romans.

Chicago Record-Herald.

"The crucifixion of Christ was the result of a conspiracy between the pilfering, parasitical priests and their allies, the Romans authorities. This combination of hypocritical priests and corrupt government officials was as great a drain upon the people of these days as are the modern capitalists of our monopolized industries. Hence they branded him an anarchist and put him to a most ignominious death."

Thus concluded Dr. Emil G. Hirsch in his address on "Why Was Jesus Crucified?" delivered to a large audience at Temple Israel, Forty-fourth street and St. Lawrence avenue, last night.

"Christ touched the greedy, materialistic priests in a tender spot," said Dr. Hirsch, "when, on entering the temple, He overturned their table and drove the money-changers out, exclaiming that His house was to be a house of prayer and not a den for thieves. The priests therefore saw in the courageous Nazarene an enemy whose truthful tongue should be forever stilled by death."

"One has but to read the Bible intelligently to learn conclusively that the Jews had absolutely no part in the legalized murder of Christ. The very word 'crucify' is not known in the Jewish language. Crucifixion upon the cross was the Roman method of execution. The trial of Jesus was in violation of every established Jewish law. Christ was crucified on the eve of the Passover festival, we are told by the Bible in one place. In another the time is said to have been on the day of the festival. It is a principle of Jewish law that an execution cannot take place either on the eve or the day of the Passover festival, nor upon the Sabbath day."

"What is more, no man could be put to death, according to the Jewish Law, save on the testimony of two witnesses, and capital sentence was never passed then unless these two witnesses showed that they had previously had cognizance of the crime and warned the person against committing it."

"It was not a crime among the Pharisees for a man to claim to be the Son of God. Every man was considered to be the son of God, and in that age hundreds claimed the power of healing by the laying on of hands. Many even claimed to have restored persons from the dead. Christ's ideas were akin to those of the Pharisees who sought to establish a national independence for their race. They were nationalists, similar to the Zionists of today. The priests were antagonistic to the national ideas of the Pharisees. The temple at the time was a vast slaughterhouse, a house of blood, made so by the levitical laws."

"The Roman empire, the historical robber of all ages, lent its soldiers to the priests to force the collection of their unjust revenue. Hence the lust for gold was directly responsible for the crucifixion of Christ, who denounced the greed."

"Yet, in the face of this abundance of evidence showing who the real murderers of Christ were, the boys of the streets of the world to-day cry out at the passing Jews, 'Christ killer!'"

Life a Game.

Trojan's Notion.

Apropos of the mention that life is a game reminds me of a night some time ago in the sitting room of a hotel in a North Carolina town where I was waiting for a midnight train. At one table were four young men playing a game of cards. The terminology used from time to time led me to understand that the game was "set back." They were nice looking young men of the traveling persuasion. They didn't say any bad words and there was nothing in them shocking to me. But I did pray in my way that not one of the crowd should ever have a "set-back" in life. But even though they don't handle the cards themselves there is a money "set-back" in life's game. However, it does turn out often that a "set-back" is sometimes beneficial and an inspiration that nerves one to start again and many behold a winning hand.

At another table there sat one man playing a game by himself. He appeared to enjoy it. For an hour or two he manipulated the cards. As he walked out of the room I saw a paper in his pocket with these words printed at the top, "Christian Advocate." Perhaps this brother is a constant reader of this class of literature. He looked like a good man. But he played solitaire. So do we all in a sense. If not with cards then by other means. We know that every man who wins in the game, or struggle, must do a lot of playing by himself. He must be alone to think out the problem, to untangle the threads. May the Lord help the solitary workers!

Loaded.

A Topeka man started recently on a trip to Paris, Rome and Cairo. Some bachelor friends accompanied him as far as Kansas City. His entire baggage consisted of one small valise. Curious to know what his equipment was, one of the friends opened the valise and found that it contained one night shirt, one collar, one pair of socks and two quart bottles of whiskey. It is strange how some men will load themselves down with clothing that way.

Jane: "That Mr. Shallowpate is at the door. Shall I tell him that you are engaged?"
Miss Pinkie: "Show him into the parlor, Jane."
"Yes'm."
"And, Jane, after he lays his box of chocolates on the mantelpiece tell him I'm out."

BILL ABY'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

I believe the millennium craze has subsided for awhile. Within my recollection it bobbed up three or four times and excited good people all over the country, for good people will do some noble thing in hope and expectation. I remember when William Miller, of Massachusetts, had all New England excited, for he was a very learned man and a sincere Christian and believed all that he professed. For ten years he exhorted the people to be ready for the coming of Christ in 1843 and even fixed the day when they would see Him descending from heaven in magnificent glory and escorted by Moses and Elijah and a retinue of angels. He had over 50,000 devoted converts and the night before the promised day they arrayed themselves in white raiment and sang and shouted and prayed until morning and then climbed the high hills and the steep slopes of the mountains to meet Him and He neared the earth. But He did not come and it nearly broke their hearts and they liked to have perished to death, for they had given away all their earthly possessions.

Next came Dr. John Cummings, a very learned minister of London, who wrote a book on it and fixed the millennium year at 1863. We were fighting over here about that time and the millennium had to be postponed. The millennium means the reign of Christ upon the earth for a thousand years, when everybody will be good and there shall be no more death nor pain nor sorrow, and there has not been a century since His crucifixion that the religious people have not been looking for His coming. The Christians got their belief from the prophecies of Daniel and from St. John and St. Peter and later on from Irenaeus and Justin Martyr and they delighted themselves with dreams of glory that was near at hand. Some of them declared there would be no more winters, no more nights and everlasting wells would run with honey and milk and wine. Jerusalem would be rebuilt and the fruits of the earth would be colossal and never dying. One notable writer said that every grape vine would have 10,000 bunches and every branch 10,000 bunches and every bush 10,000 bunches and every bunch 10,000 grapes and every grape would make 25 gallons of wine. Good gracious! how thirsty that fellow must have been. But the millennium didn't come and by and by Origen, a very wise and good man, came along in the third century and declared that there would be no such grapes, but that Christ's coming would be altogether spiritual. Still His coming kept on being predicted and when the reformation of Luther and Calvin came about they said that the pope was the anti-Christ and the millennium was near at hand. Next came Oliver Cromwell, who excited his followers with a prediction of the millennium and so it goes on and on and now it is about time for another just as soon as we have done killing off the Philippines and England has killed out all the Boers.

Well, now all these ruminations about the millennium were provoked by what I have been reading about the recent discoveries of oil all over the country. One thought brings on another and if the coming of Christ is near at hand and His reign is to be a spiritual one for a thousand years and there is to be no winter or night or sickness or pain or sorrow we won't need all this oil, neither for fuel or light. And so I don't believe the millennium is very near. If all the people are to be converted and become good it will be a long time off, for it is a slow process and all the coal and oil that is in the bowels of the earth will be needed. It seems put there for nothing. Missionary work is going on more rapidly than ever before, but it is like a drop in a bucket of water. We have got 20,000 missionaries in heathen lands and they are needed by 80,000 native preachers and teachers, but the 100,000 will have to convert an average of each ten a year to make a million, and there are over a thousand millions of heathens now and more coming on. But they do not convert half a million a year, for the last report gives only 4,000,000 all told. Last year we spent \$20,000,000 on them and have now over 1,000,000 children going to Christian schools and have 23,000 churches and over 1,000 secondary schools besides medical colleges and training schools and hospitals and asylums for orphans and the blind and the insane and the lepers. They have almost everything that we have got and now have protection in Constantinople and Berlin and Beirut and other great heathen centers. The work they have done in the last ten years is amazing and the abduction of Miss Stone has increased their zeal. Thirty million dollars has been promised for this year and they say that if we cannot convert them we can at least civilize them and teach them the doctrine of a clean shirt and a comfortable home, and these are the first lessons in religion. The last official report tells us that more than half the pupils are girls. For centuries women and girls have been under the ban and were of no more consequence in the household than dogs or beasts of burden, but now they are being lifted up and treated with humanity and respect. If the work of our missionaries accomplished no other good but the rescuing of women from the degradation of ages it is worth ten times its cost. Cost! what is the cost but the surplus of our wealth, and that surplus is not ours, but God's. Libraries and colleges are good things to build up and foster, but how much do the millionaires give to the cause of missions? Most of this charity we are told came from those who are not worth one-tenth of a million. It is a lamentable fact that the more a man has the more he wants and the less he gives away in proportion to his wealth. The parable of Dives and Lazarus was intended to alarm the rich and selfish, but most of them say give me a little more money and I will take

the risk of losing heaven. Paul said to Timothy: "Gair is not godliness, but godliness with contentment is great gain. We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out and they who would be rich fall into temptation and into foolish and heartfelt lusts that cast men into perdition. The love of money is the root of all evil." There is a sermon to live by, but it is hard to do. Somehow I can't help wishing I had a little more than I have got—not for myself, but my wife would like a carriage and horses and ride around and take the grand children, and she would like to have some money of her own to give away and buy little presents without asking me every now and then for a dollar or two. She does hate to do that and I don't let her when I have any to spare.

Give Them a Chance.

Knoxville Sentinel.

It is astonishing how the public looks upon the newspaper as a free horse to be ridden to death. People will pay money for a band, for lights, janitor, go to a job printing office and buy thousands of doggers, pay boys to deliver them, pay performers in the entertainment, if they are professionals, or pay some manager to get up the affair, and give him a large percentage of the receipts, pay all their bills—in fact, pay for everything except that which is most valuable to them—to wit, newspaper advertising. And if the newspaper is unwilling to devote more notice to such entertainment than liberal news notices it comes in for much abuse. And yet why should not the newspaper charge for its advertising space just as the owner of the hall charges for its rent, the bill-board man charges for the use of his bill-boards, the lithographers charge for furnishing posters, the job printing office charges for the doggers, and the outside parties charge for their services?

The newspaper has only two sources of revenue. One is subscription, the other advertising. The subscription to newspapers are so cheap that they little more than pay the cost of white paper.

A Bug in His Ear for 25 Years.

Greensboro Record.

A gentleman from the eastern part of the State called on Dr. Baum yesterday and told him that he had been troubled with his ear for many years; that he had an idea that something was in it, but that a number of physicians had examined it and said he was wrong. At times he suffered greatly from it and wanted him to examine him. Dr. Baum makes a specialty of the eye, ear and throat and he made the examination asked, finding and removing what is known as a ground beetle bug. The patient said he remembered distinctly that one day he was reading when something flew in his ear, but he at first thought it did not remain, but flew away. Soon after this he experienced trouble. This, he says, was 25 years ago.

A Little Peculiar, to Be Sure.

Burlington News.

During court at Graham last week Judge Neal fined two of our citizens for carrying on a conversation in a whisper while court was in session and threatened to fine any man who should so much as eat a peanut in the court room, and at Hillsboro Monday he sent a man under the influence of whiskey to jail. These things were all right. We believe in keeping order and preserving the dignity of the court, but—

In Greensboro a few weeks ago Lawyer King and Jennings, during the trial of a case, became engaged in a heated conversation and wound up by filling the air with flying law books, ink bottles, etc., and the judge failed to see any violation laws of order of the court room, or any insult to the dignity of the bench.

Didn't Want the Job.

A book seller in Cleveland advertised for a porter. A big, muscular Irishman walked into the shop and glanced around, finally his eyes rested on a big sign over a table with books: "Dickens works all this week for \$4." The Irishman eyed it thoughtfully, then edged toward the front door. The floor-walker asked pleasantly if there was something he wanted; and the applicant remarked with a backward glance toward the sign: "Oo come fr 't git th' job, but O'll not care fr it. Dickens kin wurruck all th' week fr four dollars if he wants to, O'll not." And the visitor strode vigorously out.

Feeded the People for 25 Years.

PETERSBURG, Va., March 21.—Erick, a small manufacturing village near this city, had a genuine sensation today in the discovery that John Green, a person who has posed before the world for 25 years as a married man, was a woman.

She died this morning from a complication of diseases, in the 75th year of her age, and the discovery was made by neighbors who were called in to prepare the remains for burial. The woman came to the village from Raleigh, N. C., about two months ago, and belonged to the laboring class.

Mortgage-Mad.

The Elberton, Ga., Star says that hard times have overtaken some people in that section, and gives the following from the records: "One negro includes in a mortgage 'one daughter, named Laura, 15 years old.' Another one mortgages a bowl and pitcher, three straw ticks, ten bed quilts, ten sheets, three sets pillow cases, set knives and forks, set of spoons, three bedsteads."

—Dr. Robt. F. Pell, of Columbia, has been elected President of Converse College at Spartanburg.

RESUKES WOMAN'S FRIVOLITY.

Rev. Dr. Peters Says Social Pleasures Mar Many Lives.

Baltimore Sun.

"The Woman of the World" was the topic of Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters' sermon at Immanuel Baptist Tabernacle, his text being "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth" (I Tim., v. 6. Among other things, Dr. Peters said:

"Not lightheartedness but frivolity is here condemned. One of the joys of earth is the mirth of womanhood, but the sad thing is that the blight of frivolity is crushing out so many fine possibilities and noble aspirations after an unselfish life. The pleasure spoken of here need not be sinful; it may in itself be harmless, but the danger is that a woman may so surrender herself, body and soul, to the finical tooleries of fashion and the supreme demands of social life that her existence will soon be turned into a living death. We have no sympathy with those who twist and pervert the word of God into unnecessary rules for interference with Christian liberty and conduct. You need not wear and unamiable looks. Your life need not be set to the tune of the 'Dead March in Saul.' Every woman's mission is to be the bright phantom of delight that God made her. But there is danger that 'trifles light as air' may absorb her life."

"This pursuit of pleasure, falsely so-called, is nothing more nor less than female dissipation. Is that a hard characterization? I confess I know of no other word than dissipation, which implies the fault of character I wish to warn you against. I see in society dead men and women behind glittering diamonds, dazzling robes and empty laughs—dead women—dead to high aim; dead to real purposes; dead to her children—she dismisses them to the care of servants that her round of gaiety may be continued uninterrupted."

"A great and increasing evil among us is the attempt to live in a style beyond our financial ability as well as station in life. This spirit of social rivalry and various extravagance among us is developing an extravagance among us which is demoralizing society and injuring the rising generation by the contempt which it throws upon those sober virtues of diligence and economy so characteristic of our fathers and mothers."

"Yet I believe that in many instances the men are to blame for the do-nothing lives of their wives. They make their homes mere places to eat and sleep. Many of our rich women are practically deprived of the society of their husbands, and not knowing how to use their time, they find themselves seeking pleasure elsewhere than at home, and before they know it they find home, if not disagreeable, at least lonely, and they are brought to a state of mind that engages all their faculties in discovering modes of enjoyment, rather than methods of usefulness."

"How the dissipations of fashionable life sacrifice health! It is quite a luxury to see a society woman of 35 in the enjoyment of vigorous health, with a fresh natural color. Even our school-girls often do double duty in the afternoon that the evening may be given to pleasure."

"Permit me to make a few suggestions: Have an aim that is worthy of all that is deepest and strongest in woman's nature. Beauty in dress is a good thing. The sloven is a sinner. Be careful to have your dress and all its belongings well chosen and in good taste. You owe it to God who has put robes of beauty and glory upon all his works; but do not give dress your best thoughts, the most of your money, and for it neglect the culture of the mind and the claims of others on your service. Care more for disposition than for dress; be disturbed less over an ill fitting bonnet than a forgotten God."

"Goethe said, 'What the women leave unfinished in our moral education, the children complete in us.' Children are the incarnations of the smile of God—God's apostles sent forth day by day to preach love and joy. If you have no child, go out and adopt one, and you will have a fountain of love, a beam of light and a fresh force in your heart and home. Determine to be a good mother and a useful wife. Make home a seat of holiness and happiness."

"If you fill that sphere with an influence sweet and sacred, your mission in life is worthy the incarnation of an angel. The strength and stability of our republic lie in well-trained families. The home has ever been the nursery of great men. God give us mothers who shall realize that the mightiest sphere of influence and sweetest spot on earth is home!"

Almost a Tragedy.

"Speaking of narrow escapes," observed Mr. Chugwater, reaching for his second cup of coffee, "did I tell you I was in a train the other day that came within three feet of being run into by another train going at full speed?"
"For mercy's sake, no!" exclaimed Mr. Chugwater. "How did it happen?"
"The train that came so near running into ours," he rejoined, "buttering another round of toast, 'was on the other track and going the other way.' It was several minutes before Mrs. Chugwater broke loose, but when she did she made up for lost time."

What's in a Name?

—I've written Mae Woodby an invitation to my tea. I suppose I must. Yes, but you've spelled her name "M-a-m-e." —That's so. She spells it "M-a-y-m-e," doesn't she? —Yes, Oh, no; she did three months ago; but it's "M-a-i-g-h-m-e" now.

Judge Charles A. Moore, of Asheville, will be a candidate for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

THE PRESIDENT'S LAWN ON EASTER MONDAY.

Everybody knows that the White House is the home of the President of the United States and his family and that the greatest men in all the world are glad to be received there as visitors. But how many of you know that Easter Monday is Children's Day at the White House?

Every year on that day all the children in the city of Washington, rich or poor, are invited to play Easter egg games on the President's lawn. It is a beautiful, green, sloping lawn—the White House is on top of a hill—and you may be sure that the children love to play there.

From early in the morning until late at night they keep coming and coming, big children and little children, hopping and skipping and jumping, all carrying little baskets, ready for the big Egg Hunt.

For, hidden in the grasses and under the bushes, and everywhere, are great Easter eggs of every shade and hue. And don't the children scramble for them until the baskets are all filled!

I once heard a Senator say that you could hear the happy laughter three blocks off.

Then, after the baskets are filled full of bright colored eggs, the real fun begins. The egg rolling! Two children stand together on the top of the big hill and each rolls down an Easter egg. The owners run down the hill almost as rapidly as the eggs themselves. Then they pick up their eggs and compare them. The owner of the egg that is hurt less than the other by the fall gets both eggs.

Then they play "cock." I suppose that every boy has played that game at one time or other. Each child holds an egg in his hand so that only the small end is visible. Then the two players knock their egg together as hard as they can until one egg is cracked. Then the one who holds the strongest egg wins the cracked one and either puts it in the basket or eats it right away.

When an egg breaks another it is called the "cock of one," when it has broken two it is called the "cock of two," and so on. If an egg breaks the "cock one," then the victorious one is called the "cock of two"—the number of the broken egg is always added to the winning egg's score.

At about half-past one o'clock the President gives a reception and hundreds and hundreds of children give up their play for a little while to shake hands with him.

President Roosevelt will enjoy this ceremony for it is said that nobody likes children better than "Teddy" does.

Mullen Case at White House.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—A delegation from Charlotte composed of Messrs. E. A. Smith, George H. Hiss, J. F. Wilson and W. T. Jordan, called on Postmaster General Payne this afternoon, accompanied by Senator Pritchard, and asked for Mullen's retention as postmaster at Charlotte. Every member of the party, including Mr. Mullen himself, had something to say to General Payne, whom they gave assurance that the postmaster did not drink habitually, and that they had every reason to believe he would not do so again. Upon receiving these assurances, together with the statements that the business men of Charlotte desired to see Mullen retained, General Payne agreed to lay the facts as they had been presented to him before the President. Thus the whole matter will be placed in the hands of the Chief Executive, who may be asked to render a decision tomorrow. John M. Sharpe, one of the applicants for the Charlotte postoffice, is here.

Methodists, North and South.

BALTIMORE, March 21.—The first session of a joint commission representing the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, began to-day at the Women's College in this city. The conference is private. A member of the commission of the Northern branch of the Church said today that the result of the conference will undoubtedly be far reaching, and that it will be impossible to predict the scope of the general result. Following are some of the items that will be brought up for consideration:

Unification of mission work in all foreign fields; strengthening the various parts of the two Churches by thorough organization and equipment; the establishment of a joint theological seminary in the foreign field; a proposition to establish a joint book concern and publishing house in China; the establishment of secular and religious papers in the foreign fields.

For impersonating a ghost as a joke, Truman Metzgar, a young Sullivan County farmer, residing at Weymart Centre, N. Y., has been compelled to pay dearly. On Friday night when his friend, Frank Chipman, whom he knew to be superstitious, was returning home driving a spirited horse, Metzgar, enshrouded in a white sheet and a ghastly mask, jumped out in a lonesome spot in the roadway and uttered an unearthly yell. The result was that the horse became unmanageable, and the driver was thrown into the ditch, breaking one arm and otherwise injuring himself. The afflicted horse after wrecking the wagon reached home. Metzgar, horrified at what had happened, threw off his disguise and assisted Chipman and secured medical aid. He has settled for the damage to the wagon and doctor's bill by the payment of \$175.

The presence of Miss Mary Johnston, author of "Audrey," in John Hopkins infirmary is said to be due to the fact that she is having nerves killed in her head to obtain relief from severe head aches.

A PRECIOUS MEMORY.

Youth's Companion.

No heritage which a son can possess is worthy to be compared for a moment with the blessed consciousness of having done all that he could to make father and mother happy during their lifetime. An impressive little story to which nothing need be added was recently told by a man whose form is now bent and whose hair is white with years.

When he was a boy of twelve he was returning one evening from the hayfield, where he had been at work since daybreak, when his father met him with a request that he go to town to do an errand for him.

Any one who has lived on a farm, and who knows what a day's work, "from sunup to sundown," means in haying time, will understand how the boy felt.

"I was tired, dusty and hungry," said the old man. "It was two miles to town. I wanted to get my supper, and dress for the singing class."

"My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly, for I was angry that he should ask me after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me—one of God's good angels, I think."

"Of course, father, I'll go," I said, heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package.

"Thank you, Jim," he said. "I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day."

"He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town, and as he left me he put his hand on my arm and said again, 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'"

"I hurried into town and back again. When I came near the house I saw that something unusual had happened. All of the farm-hands were gathered about the door, instead of being at the milking or other chores. As I came near, one of the men turned to me with the tears rolling down his face."

"Your father," he said, "is dead. He fell just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you."

"I am an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again in all the years that have passed since that hour for those last words of my father to me. You've always been a good boy to me!"

Destroying Fences.

Raleigh Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

There is trouble in Bladen county because of the unlawful acts of a number of people in cutting and destroying the wire fence between that county and Columbus.

In the latter county there is no stock law and cattle run at large. Bladen has the stock law and built a 40-mile wire fence along the Columbus line. The people who oppose the stock law have cut 10 miles of this fence and are now destroying other sections of it. They this week, after cutting a couple of miles of it, posted notices stating that any persons who repaired the fence would be "given rooms in h—l."

Governor Aycock, upon information of this, offered \$200 for information which would lead to the conviction of any of the fence cutters. Most of the latter live in a part of the county known as "the neck," and are described by a native as "half savages." They have bought regular fence cutting tools.

Increased Gold Output.

The output of gold at Johannesburg shows a fair increase, the product in February, according to the report of the Transvaal Chamber of Commerce, having been about \$1,620,000, again about \$1,420,000, in January and \$800,000 in December. This is at a rate of about \$19,500,000 a year, supposing that the progressive increase of output month by month should cease. When the war began the product was something over \$80,000,000 a year. As the supply of labor obtained from Portuguese East Africa increases the mines expand their operations, so that the output will lead to the conviction of any of the fence cutters. Most of the latter live in a part of the county known as "the neck," and are described by a native as "half savages." They have bought regular fence cutting tools.

The Seaboard to Asheville. Advice from Asheville state that rights of way are being taken for a road to lead from Asheville to Rutherfordton, a distance of 30 miles. It is rumored that the road is to be built in the interest of the Seaboard Air Line, as the western terminus of the Seaboard's Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherfordton line.

For a number of years there have been rumors to the effect that the Seaboard wished to get an entry into Asheville, but they have been discredited on account of the indirectness of the line by Rutherfordton either to the south or the east, and the expensive character of the work which would be entailed by the construction of the road.

The Uses of Cotton Oil.

A Charlotte manufacturer said recently: "For a long, long time, after cotton oil was put upon the market, it was the fashion to call it by some other name. There is a company now in Savannah, Ga., putting the oil on the market for cooking purposes and for salad purposes, without any pretence that it is anything but cotton seed oil. In this way the oil is going all right and is finding a good market."

This pioneer company is the Western Oil Company, of Savannah.

J. M. Brown, Esq., of Albemarle, has been appointed by Hon. Theo. F. Klutts as his private secretary.