

# \$100 REWARD IN GOLD COIN

I hereby offer the above amount to anyone who will furnish me the name of the party or parties who had printed and caused to be circulated an anonymous circular headed "Suit Dismissed," and concerning the McKanna Liquor Cure. The circulars are being mailed out from Greensboro and contain false and malicious statements. I will protect anyone furnishing me with the desired information from any undue publicity.

## Dr. J. J. McKanna, President

### The McKanna 3-Day Liquor Cure Company

REIDSVILLE, N. C. 'PHONE 184

#### PARTY "SCRAPS" OF OLD "CIVIL RIGHTS" ON THE RIVER.

Delegates Served at the First Table— "Bread Cast on the Waters"—The Vance-Settle Campaign—Stopping the Beat of the Bass Drum—The "Emperor of Cumberland."

That was an excellent story about a Maxton Republican convention, contributed by "Red Buck" to the Sunday Charlotte Observer of November 17th. No one can tell a story better than "Red Buck," and no one could have binned the characters, and narrated the startling scenes and exciting incidents of that conglomeration of warring factions with a more charming, versatile pen.

But those who were witnesses of and participants in the party conventions and political gatherings of the late sixties and the early seventies became familiar with scenes which the younger men of this generation can only dimly imagine. The ban of disfranchisement was still on the white intelligence and character of the State—on men supposed to be worth \$20,000 and more (there were precious few of them), and on all who had held civil offices under the Confederate government.

About 1872 or 1873, before Vance had redeemed North Carolina by his brilliant and glorious campaign of 1876, the Republican Congressional convention of the old third district was held in Fayetteville. The delegates from New Hanover, Bladen and perhaps Columbus reached here by steamer from Wilmington. At that time we were in the clutch of a ruthless adverse majority, and "civil rights" (strange misnomer) were everywhere supreme.

The boat on which they were to make their trip was the steamer "North State," commanded by Capt. Thomas J. Green; one of the bravest, coolest and most determined men that I ever knew. The delegates were of both races, but all as black as the back of my hand. Captain Green had besides these several prominent Fayetteville and Wilmington men and women as passengers. He became convinced before leaving Wilmington that his unwelcome passengers intended to insist on enforcing their "civil rights," and while the "North State" swung out from the wharf he was ready for the tussle.

At supper time the steward went along the decks, ringing the bell, the Wilmington and Fayetteville folks having received a hint from the captain to remain seated in the saloon cabin. The delegates, white and black, clamorous and hungry, swarmed into the supper room, and attacked the abundant fare. Few of them were used to anything better, and therefore they did not notice that the table service was something of the cheapest—a coarse nuckback tablecloth, tin spoons, ugly iron forks, and the commonest kind of crockery. But there was plenty to eat; and, after the last man had gorged himself, and had arisen from the table, four deck hands marched in, took each a corner of the tablecloth, jammed knives and forks, dishes, broken food, etc., all together, swung the cloth off the table like a great bag, carried it out to the railing on the upper deck, and tossed the whole blamed thing over into the Cape Fear river!

Then the table was handsomely reset, and the other guests, without a smile or turn of expression to show that anything out of the ordinary had occurred, passed into the saloon, preceded by the captain, and sat down

to a hot, appetizing supper. Captain Green's "friends the enemy" had had the "wind taken out of their sails" completely. They were furious, but they had no visible ground of complaint, and they were forced to endure their humiliation in silence. The "biter was bit" severely.

The memorable campaign of 1876, alluded to above, was truly a "Battle of Giants." The forces were marshaled for the struggle by the prominent leaders of both sides; the foremost men in ability, public service and prestige—Vance for the Democratic party, and Settle for the Republican party. The polemics of such men on the stump were worth hearing, and were attended by the wildest enthusiasm. The Democrats, throwing off the shackles of a long and almost intolerable domination, "felt victory in their bones," and were eager and aggressive; the Republicans, after an eight-year lease of power, were desperate, grim and determined. The antagonists, the central figures in the arena, were among the most remarkable men of their time. Personally commanding in bearing and presence, neither under six feet in height; alert, ardent debaters, speakers of rare power.

When the speaking between the two took place in Fayetteville, it was from an immense open air stand erected on the north side of Market Square. At the time with the exception of the late Col. Thomas S. Lusterloh, who was absent from town that day, and the late Judge R. P. Buxton, who rarely attended political gatherings, the Republican party of Cumberland county was overwhelmingly controlled by the negro element with Hood (before he became bishop), Isham Sweat, and the younger Matthew Leary.

I was chairman of the Democratic executive committee, and was officially charged with the honor and duty of introducing our candidate, Zeb Vance. When he finished his speech there was a painful pause, for in all that assembly there could not be seen a decent Republican to introduce his champion. I hesitated only a minute over the awkwardness of the situation, before I briefly introduced the speaker, and then, as a man of great ability, a foreman worthy of even Vance, etc. Party feeling was intensely bitter then, and I remember that hundreds of upturned Democratic faces scowled at me as I gave my name. For having come to the aid of the enemy at such a juncture, only Vance smiled, and regarded me approvingly. Settle bowed in acknowledgment of the introduction, but he left the stand after the speaking without my making his acquaintance. But I was "casting bread on the waters," though I did not know it at the time.

In 1888 I removed to Greensboro, to become associated with Z. W. Whitehead in the publication of The Daily and Weekly Patriot. A few months after making my home in that pleasant town its people were kind enough to invite me to deliver an address in Benbow Hall. On the morning of that day Col. John A. Barringer (I think it was he), chairman of committee of arrangements, informed me that a member of the bar would introduce me to the audience; I forgot the name, but he was a man of no prominence. But that night, while the large crowd was gathering in the hall, Colonel Barringer, evidently a little elate, told me that Judge Settle had especially asked the favor of introducing me. I, too, felt elation at

the request, but I failed to attach any significance to it.

The great political leader of 1876 was about to pay a debt. With his wonderfully winning personality, his choice speech and graceful delivery, he told how, twelve years before, in the times that tried men's political souls, I an uncompromising party foe, had stepped forward to his rescue, in a crisis where there was not one of his own following to raise a voice in his behalf.

It was a gratifying incident—gratifying to me, gratifying to the audience, who clapped and cheered, and seemed especially gratifying to the speaker, Judge Settle and I were afterwards very warm friends, despite party creed, until he was stricken with apoplexy in the office in Greensboro of the late Mr. Payne, clerk of the Federal Court, and died some hours afterwards.

On one occasion, in those same strenuous, heated seventies, the Democratic and Republican parties held meetings in Fayetteville on the same day. The latter had their gathering up-town in the large room of the Union League, a huge, hip-roofed, abandoned warehouse, a gloomy, dilapidated structure, fit for midnight conclaves, "treason, stratagem and spolia." Our assembly was around a decorated stand erected under the market; and my memory serves me, our orator of the day was Hon. A. M. Waddell, of Wilmington, then candidate for Congress against Neill McKay, an able, shrewd Republican of Harnett county.

While Waddell was in all the fervor of his speech, the Republicans marched down Hay street in a ragged, motley, howling procession, with a big bass drum and two or three hideous horns at the head, all led by B. H. Webb, a notorious mulatto, about 5-2 feet in height. So manifest was the malicious intent to disturb our meeting, and annoy Colonel Waddell, that keen indignation was at once aroused.

Seated on the platform was the late Alfred A. McKethan, then past three score years of age, formerly the most extensive carriage manufacturer in the South, one of the most prominent and public-spirited men of the town and county, who had been mayor of the city and chairman of the county commissioners, an unswerving Democrat, a man absolutely without fear. At the babel of discordant sounds on the street he reared his old lion-like head; his eyes glowed with anger, his shaggy eyebrows were edged forward, doubtful that he saw and heard aright. Then with the activity of a boy, he jumped off the stand, ran through the market, opening a clasp-knife, and pranted himself squarely at the head of the procession.

"Eyes that drum again," he cried, to the big, greasy negro, brandishing the drum-stick, "and I'll cut the head out of it!"

Things looked ugly for a few minutes. The Republicans crowded around angrily; curses and threats were hurled; the old man stood in his tracks "like a stone wall"; his fearless and resolute character was well known, and, besides, hundreds of his fellow Democrats were by this time at his back. Two white Republicans, Fry and Jersey Hopkins, realizing the serious danger of the situation, hastened to the front, conferred with Bill Webb for a moment, and then the procession fled by with no further beat of drum.

In this connection I recall an amusing incident of the era of Reconstruction, illustrating the political temper and spirit of those days. Jersey Hop-

kins was chairman of the Republican board of county commissioners; and one day, vexed at some conflict with his authority, he stormed out at the offender: "I'll have you know that what I say goes." I am the Emperor of Cumberland county! Therefore, forward he was known only as "Emperor or Jersey." J. H. M. Fayetteville, N. C., Nov. 23.

#### Y. W. C. A. CONVENTION.

Interesting Session at Rock Hill Yesterday—On Motion of Miss Long, of Charlotte, Dr. Johnson, of Winthrop College, is Made an Adopted "Daughter"—Mrs. Hardin Resigns Chairmanship of State Committee.

Special to The Observer.

Rock Hill, S. C., Nov. 30.—The Y. W. C. A. meeting was opened this morning by Mrs. Martin D. Hardin, who held a fifteen-minute service, and beautifully unfolded the ministry of pain in life.

The business session followed, with the pledges made for the year. While these are encouraging, and each year the finances are larger, yet this feature of the work does not keep pace with the increased work to do in the territory. The budget this year was raised to \$200 and about half was pledged to-day by the college associations and individuals. Dr. Johnson, president of Winthrop College, asked if it was permissible for one who was not a member of the Y. W. C. A., but for one whose heart was in the work, to make a pledge to this fund. Miss Lily Long, dean of the Presbyterian College, of Charlotte, rose and moved that Dr. Johnson be made an adopted daughter. The motion was promptly seconded and unanimously carried. Dr. Johnson, who was the founder of the Y. M. C. A. work in South Carolina, is equally a hearty supporter of the Y. W. C. A.

Miss Amy Manning Taylor's Bible hour was a beautiful interpretation of the 5th chapter of St. John.

The State committee held its regular monthly meeting to-day at Winthrop College in the Y. W. C. A. room. At this meeting Mrs. Martin D. Hardin, chairman, withdrew and Miss Lily Long, of Charlotte, took the chair, when the resignation of Mrs. Hardin, as chairman of this committee, was acted upon, and accepted with deepest regret and sorrow.

A beautiful reception was tendered the delegates and hostesses by the Y. W. C. A. of Winthrop College, which was held in the spacious Carnegie Library.

It was complete and truly South Carolina hospitality in every detail. The dining room was a place of beauty to look upon—the soul to feed upon with the inspiring music, and the body strengthened by the substantial refreshments which only the good cooks of the domestic science pupils of Winthrop College know how to give. Miss Casler, State secretary, and Miss Lillian Long, industrial secretary, spoke to-night.

Rock Hill has indeed opened her heart and doors to the delegates attending this convention in a way not soon to be forgotten.

#### MUSCULAR PAINS CURED.

"During the summer of 1906 I was troubled with muscular pains in the instep of my foot," says Mr. S. Pedler, of Toronto, Ont. "At times it was so painful I could hardly walk. Chamberlain's Pain Balm was recommended to me, so I tried it and was completely cured by one small bottle. I have since recommended it to several of my friends, all of whom speak highly of it." For sale by W. L. Head & Co.

#### Lusitania Bringing Newman Back.

London, Nov. 30.—Walter Arthur Newman, alias Robert Lewis, alias Charles Miller, who is wanted by the Virginia authorities on the charge of grand larceny, and by the authorities of New York on the charge of felonious assault, left here to-day in custody for Queenstown, where he will be taken on board the steamer Lusitania for New York to-morrow. The extradition of Lewis was granted November 13th. He had declared his willingness to return to America.

#### Nervous, Weak, Run-Down Women

Thousands of Women, Who Suffered For Years, Have Been Restored To Complete Health by Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Trial Package Free.

Are you nervous, weak, tired, run-down, dispirited, easily exhausted—in other words, do you feel like a dishrag at times? Do you ever have to stop right in the middle of your work to take a rest?



Nearly every woman has these miserable experiences, and many such sufferers seek relief in secret remedies, containing harmful drugs and cheap alcohol. If you are doing this stop it now, before you ruin your health completely. Your condition is bad enough without making it worse.

You need a tonic that will brace up the nervous system, cleanse the bowels, liver and kidneys and enrich the blood. The best, purest, safest preparation to do this is Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers are not a secret remedy. They do not contain harmful drugs, nor do they lose their medicinal power as most liquid medicines do, because these wafers are in tablet or lozenge form, which cannot deteriorate or evaporate.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers contain sulphide of calcium, the strongest blood purifier known; also golden seal, quassa, eucalyptus, belladonna and the vegetable alteratives and laxatives. These ingredients will restore the normal action of the bowels, liver and kidneys; invigorate the nerves and brain; make pure, rich, healthy blood; drive away that tired, worn-out feeling and make you feel ten years younger.

You can obtain Stuart's Calcium Wafers in any drug store at only fifty cents a box, but if you have any doubts as to the merits of these wonderful calcium wafers, why send us your name and address and we will send you a free sample package, so you can give them a fair trial and convince yourself. Write to-day. Address P. A. Stuart Co., 175 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

# White Star Buggy

A BUGGY SHOULD WEAR

Few people appreciate the strain on certain parts of a buggy—not all manufacturers pay attention to the fact that some parts must be stronger than others. The *White Star Buggy* is reinforced at every point where a strain is likely to occur. The wheels are made of carefully selected and thoroughly seasoned second growth hickory; each spoke is sold under a written guarantee. The same superior quality exists in the whole buggy.

The White Star on Each Wheel Insures Superiority

ATLANTA BUGGY CO. ATLANTA, GA.

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The Most Modern and Luxurious Hotel in the Carolinas.

150 ELEGANT ROOMS. 75 PRIVATE BATHS.

Located in the heart of Charlotte, convenient to railroad station, street cars and the business and shopping centres. Caters to high-class commercial and tourist trade.

Table d'hôte dinners 8:00 to 8:30. Music every evening 8:30 to 8:50.

EDGAR B. MOORE, Proprietor.

#### SOLID COMFORT ACCORDING TO THE CLEGG CREED

Solid comfort is one of the many good things of this life which you may count on getting at this hotel, not once, but every time you come. We provide it to prove our interest in your welfare and get you to come again. Restful beds, big easy chairs, splendid service and good, old-fashioned Southern meals tell the story.

## HOTEL CLEGG

Just a step beyond the station. GREENSBORO, N. C.