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WASHINGTON LETTER.

Indian Territory Troubles. Has the President Lefe For Turkey? Seizing Strip of Land from Columbia for Panama Canal.

Special Correspondence Courier.

Washington, D. C., Spetember 7.—It will be remembered that at the beginning of the Post-Office Department investigation the Postmaster General, Mr Payne, said with a lofty air that there was "nothing in it," and dismissed all the charges of ex-Cashier Tulloch with disdain. Well, the general public now knows how much there was in it, and how the deeper they dug into the muck heap the nastier it got. The Post-Office Department investigation is now nearing the end and the report of Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow will soon be ready for the for the public, but the chances are that the general public will soon forget all about the Post-Office matter because it will be entertained with another investigation that is now about to be pulled off, the noise of which will reverberate from Tadmor-in-the-wilderness to Yuba Dam. It is now up to the Interior Department to take a turn at the investigation grindstone, and the storm center of this investigation will be in the Indian Territory. Mr Hitchcock, the Secretary of the Interior, had no idea, when he summarily dismissed from office without a hearing Mr. Clarence B. Douglas, a clerk in the land department of the Indian Agent's office at Muskogee, that the situation down there was loaded with dynamite. I have known Clarence Douglas ever since we were barefooted boys together in 1875, and there is no man of higher character or cleaner manhood in the Indian Territory or anywhere else. He is not the man to rest under an imputation against his honor, and he has proceeded to get busy. He demanded a hearing, and a recitation of the reasons for his dismissal. He cared nothing for the measley job, but he wanted justice. He has got nothing, and now there are whole gobs of trouble pestering the Secretary of the Interior. The dismissal of Douglas is a fighter from the headwaters of Bitter Creek, and is camping on the trail of the man who is at the bottom of a whole lot of the nastiness in the Indian Territory, like a hungry coyote camping on the trail of a corpulant jack rabbit. He is now in Washington, where he is well known, and stands high among the newspaper men, in the fraternity of which he is an honored member, and he has been cutting loose a lot of facts anent the Indian Territory situation that has blown the cap off the crater and let daylight into some corners that some people hoped never would be uncovered. The newspaper boys are printing what Douglas says because they know he knows what he is talking about, and they also know that he will not lie. He has been interviewed not only by the local papers here, but by the correspondents of papers in St. Louis, Kansas City, and nearly all the big New York dailies. I saw Douglas and talked this matter over with him. What he said to me about it is only just to say that Mr. Hitchcock is honest and that he is doing what he believes to be for the best interests of the people of the Territory. The trouble is that he is afflicted with a serious case of too much J George Wright, and it is a question if any satisfactory results will ever be attained by the Interior Department in the management of Territory affairs so long as Mr. Wright officiates as the white Czar, defacto governor and personal poobah of the administration in that country. As the official ice man for a north pole supply company, Inspector Wright would be a frozen success, his presence alone being sufficient to prevent loss to stock by a rising temperature. He has administered misinformation to the Secretary in large alopathic doses, and the Secretary, acting on this has made himself very ridiculous at times. Until there is a radical change in the management of affairs there will be no relief for the six hundred thousand people in the Indian Territory from the deplorable conditions existing at this time. From information received since I have been in this city my opinion is a radical change is imminent and that the pulse of the people of the Territory will no longer be taken from the wrist hicherto used for this purpose. With almost a thousand appointees placed by the Secretary on the recommendation of the House and Senate members having in charge all Indian legislation, it can readily be seen what opposition a Territory man must encounter in his effort to secure congressional action, for any change means that some pet of a congressman loses a job, and that is the milk in the cocoanut. The remedy for the present situation is an act of Congress providing for a delegate from the Indian Territory elected by the people to legislate for the people, and the complete abolition of the carpetbag regime."

Chairman James M Griggs, of the Democratic Congressional Committee, was in this city last week and the first question he asked on his arrival here was: "Has the President left for Turkey yet?" That seems to be the question uppermost in the minds of nearly everybody ever since the action of the President in sending our warships to Turkish waters on the strength of a cablegram, which afterwards proved to be incorrect, that our vice-consul had been assassinated. He has acted with his customary head-long, headstrong precipitancy which may involve the country in endless trouble adn expense. There is no man who tries to defend the "unspeakable" Turk and his methods, but the business interests of the country are entitled to some consideration from the man who occupies the highest position in the nation, and to those interests he gives no thought at all. He is looking for the limelight, and he wants to stand in it at all times or else he is not happy. Things have not been happening fast enough to suit him lately, and he intends to make them happen in order to attract the attention of the general public to himself and his personality. He knows that he does not stand well with a certain coterie of United States Senators; he has already surrendered to the so-called "standpatters" on the tariff question after all his brag and bluster about how he will demolish the trusts by reducing certain schedules; he has antagonised the Grand Army of the Republic by his treatment of General Miles; he has acquired the enmity of all the officers of the army by his boosting of General Leonard Wood over their heads, and he has been put to it to find something that would relieve him and again place him before the public in something like a decent attitude and attract the plaudits of the people. In these straits, he has gladly seized on this Turkish matter as something that would rehabilitate his fallen fortunes and place him once more enrapport with the people. There is no telling how far he will go with this thing, nor what will be its outcome. If the people knew the man as we do here in Washington, they would not be surprised at any action on his part. There are some things you can't say about a man because he is the President of the United States, but some day the truth will be told. Look out for business snags.

A good many of the warm administration organs have, with great frankness, been discussing the possibility and propriety of seizing the strip of land through which it is proposed to build the Panama Canal. They argue that if Colombia will not grant the concession that the United States cannot afford be to balked from the great enterprise by the constitutional obstacles that the Colombians say are in the way of ratification of the treaty. Others of the Republican newspapers favor the fomenting of a rebellion in the State of Panama against the Colombian government and then landing a force of marines to make it successful. This bold way of stating that the United States should exercise its undoupted physical ability to coerce a weaker state, is on a par with other imperialistic ideas that have been rampant under the present regime. But these vicious public advisers forget the terms of the congressional enactment which authorized the building of an interoceanic canal, that if the Colombian government would not ratify the treaty the President of the United States was authorized to open negotiations with Nicaragua and Costa Rica and build the canal by the Nicaragua route. That is the duty of President Roosevelt, and to shuffle and palter and attempt to coerce Colombia to ratify a treaty the Congress of that country does not approve would be playing into the hands of the transcontinental railroads who have so far been able to defeat the building of the canal. There is very good reason to believe that the Nicaragua route would have been adopted if the railroad influence led by Senator Hanna had not been omnipotent in the Senate.

This whole question may be fought over again at the next session of Congress, and it may become one of the issues in the next presidential campaign, for the Democratic nomiee may be a man who has persistently advocated the Nicaragua route.

CHARLES A EDWARDS.

Skull Crushed; Hip Dislocated.

The colored woman, Sell Taylor, who stabbed Douglass Hairston, colored, to death at Winston-Salem, N. C., Monday night of last week, leaped from one of the windows in the mayor's court room at 5:30 at her preliminary hearing on last Friday, falling a distance of thirty feet. Her skull was crushed and one hip dislocated. She was unconscious when picked up and the two physicians who were called in say she can not live. She was removed to Slater Hospital. New evidence was presented to the mayor this afternoon, indicating that the woman was guilty of murder. His honor ordered the defendant committed so jail to await trial at the higher court. As soon as sentence was pronounced the woman arose and leaped out of the window nearest her, head foremost.

Mad Man Aimed Pistol at President.

In speaking of the attempt made by Henry Welbrener, recently at Oyster Bay to reach President Roosevelt, for the admitted purpose of killing him, the President's Secretary says:

The incident gives additional emphasis to the fact that the constant guard over the President is absolutely necessary. The public knows of Welbrener's mad act, but it is only one of many of which the public never learn. The secretary says the secret service men are doing splendid work. It develops that Welbrener actually aimed a revolver at Roosevelt when the latter came to the door on hearing the commotion. He admitted to the secret service officer this purpose to kill the President, but cunningly avoided such confession in court.

STORIES ABOUT "BILL ARP."

Eli Perkins Tells Some Which Throw Light Upon the Geniality of a Southern Humorist.

The Atlanta Constitution of a recent date published the following reminiscences of him by Melville D. Landon (Eli Perkins):

The whole life of Bill Arp has been heen humorous and no man will stop work quicker and more cheerfully than he to hear a good joke. When I asked him one day if he really ever killed many Yankees, he said:

"Well, I don't want to boast about myself, but I killed as many of them as they did of me."

Speaking of pensions one day, Mr Arp said every Yankee soldier ought to have a pension.

"But they were not all injured in the army, were they?" I asked.

"Yes they all did so much hard lying about us poor rebels that they strained their consciences."

Bill Arp told of an occurrence in New York when he want there to lecture in Chickering Hall. He said he was standing on the steps of the Astor House one afternoon with a friend, when a man with a decided military bearing hobbled up. He greeted my friend as he passed.

"That's a fine soldierly looking chap," I said.

"Yes; he's a veteran—Colonel Jones, of the Grand Army of the Republic."

"Did he lose his leg on the battlefield?"

"Yes; at Gettysburg."

"Ah! Repelling Pickett's charge, I suppose."

"No; a monument fell on it."

They tell this story in Rome, Ga., about the Major: They say that in the summer of 1863 he was in a Richmond hospital. The hospital was crowded with sick and dying soldiers, and the Richmond ladies visited it daily, carrying with them delicacies of every kind, and did all they could to cheer and comfort the suffering. On one occasion a pretty miss of 16 was distributing flowers and speaking gentle words of encouragement to those around her, when she overheard a soldier exclaim: "Oh, my Lord!" It was Bill Arp.

Stepping to his bedside to rebuke him she remarked: "Didn't I hear you call upon the name of the Lord? I am one of his daughters. Is there anything I can ask him for you?"

Looking up into her bright, sweet face, Bill replied:

"I don't know but you could if I wasn't married."

"Well," said she, "what is it?"

Raising his eyes to hers and extending his hand, he said:

"As you are a daughter of the Lord, if I wasn't married I'd get you to ask Him if He wouldn't make me His son-in-law."

Major Andrews, a Yankee captain, was telling some jolly Rebs in Georgia about his experiences at Bull Run.

"The only time that I ever really felt ashamed in my life was in that Bull Run battle," said the Major. "My horse fell under me, and I was obliged to ride an army mule during the rest of the engagement. He finally carried me clear into the Rebel lines."

"Yes, I remember the incident well," said Bill Arp, who was standing by. "I found that mule with a U. S. brand on him the next day after the battle."

"You did, really?" said the major, hardly expecting to be corroborated so promptly. "Where did you find him?" asked the major.

Bill saw there was a door wide open as he replied:

"Stone dead behind a fence."

"Shot?"

"No; mortification."

A friend of mine, Major Munson, had charge of the Dalton district, in Georgia, when the humorist surrendered. It was a hard thing for him to do it, and it took a week or two for him to come to it, but he finally laid down his sword. As Bill delights to tell good stories on the Yankees, I cannot resist telling the story of his final surrender, as Major Munson gave it to me. Of course the Major puts in the Southern dialect a little stronger than Bill used it, but the reader must remember that when the incident occurred Bill was still unreconstructed.

"Most of the Confeds came in quietly," said the Major, "and seemed glad to have the thing settled, but once in a while I struck a man who hated to surrender. One day a big, handsome man, with tangled hair and with Virginia red mud on his boots, came in to talk of surrendering. It was Bill Arp.

"'Doggone it, sir,' he began in the Georgia dialect, 'I have come in, sir, to see what terms can be secured in case I surrender.'

"'Haven't you surrendered yet?' I enquired.

"'No, sir! Not by a doggone sight! I said I'd die in last ditch, and I've kept my way.'

"'Whose company did you belong to?'

"'Belong! Belong! Thunderation! I didn't belong to anyone's company! I fought on my own hook.'

"'Where was it?'

"'No matter, sir; no matter. I can't be crushed. I can be insulted but not crushed. Good day, sir; I'll see the United States weep tears of blood before I'll surrender. Haven't a card, but my name is Arp—Bill Arp.'

"He went off, but in a week returned and began:

"'As the impression seems to be general that the Southern Confederacy has been crushed, I call to see what terms would be granted me in case I concluded to lay down my sword.'

"'Unconditional surrender,' I briefly replied.

"'Then, doggone it, sir, I'll never lay it down while life is left. The cause is lost, but principle remains. You can inform General Sheridan that Bill Arp refuses to surrender.'

"Arp returned two weeks later. He seemed to have a hard time of it, as his uniform, was in rags and his pockets empty. 'Look a-here Captain,' he said as he came in, 'I don't want to prolong this bloody strife, but I am forced to do so by honor. If accorded reasonable terms I might surrender. What do you say?'

"'The same as before.'

"'Then you are determined to grind us to power, eh? Sooner than submit I'll shed the rest of my blood! Send on your armies, Captain; I am ready fo 'em.'

"Just a week from that day Arp came in, said he'd like to surrender, drew his rations with the rest and went off in great good humor to his Cartersville farm."

Bryan's Eulogy at a Grave.

William J. Bryan delivered an address this afternoon at the funeral of Philo S. Bennett, who was killed accidentally in Idaho last week. He was also one of the honorary pallbearers. The address was made at the grave. Mr. Bennett was one of the presidendial electors on the Bryan ticket in Connecticut in the last national election. Mr. Bryan said:

"It is sad enough to consign to the dust the body of one we love—how infinitely more sad if we were compelled to part with the spirit that animated this tenement of clay. But the best of man does not perish. We bury the brain that planned for others, as well as for its master, the tongue that spoke words of encouragement, the hands that were extended to those who needed help, and the feet that ran where duty directed, but the spirit that dominated and directed all rises triumphant over the grave.

"If the sunshine which a baby brings into a home, even if its sojourn is brief, cannot be dimmed by tis death; if the child growing to manhood or womanhood gives to the parent a development of heart and head that outweighs any grief that its demise can cause, how much more does a long life, full of kindly deeds, leave us indebted to the Father who both gives and takes away? The night of death makes us remember with gratitude the light of day that has gone, while we look forward to the morning.

"To the young death is an appalling thing; but it ought not to be to those whose advancing years warn them of its certain approach. In the course of nature the King of Terrors loses his power to affright us, and the interesting company on the farther shore makes us first willing and then anxious to join there. It is God's way."—New Haven Dispatch.

The Origin of Coffee.

As to the history of coffee, the legend runs that it was first found growing wild in Arabia. Hadji Omar, a dervish, discovered it in 1285, 619 years ago. He was dying of hunger in the wilderness, when, finding some small, round berries, he tried to eat them, but they were bitter. He tried roasting them, and these he finally steeped in some water held in the hollow of his hand, and found the decoction as refreshing as if he had partaken of solid food. He hurried back to Mocha, and, inviting the wise men to partake in his discovery, they were so well pleased with it that they made him a saint.

The story is told that coffee was introduced into the West Indies in 1723 by Chirac, a French physician, who gave a Norman gentleman by the name of De Clieux, a captain of infantry, on his way to Martinique, a single plant. The sea voyage was a stormy one, the vessel was driven out of her course and drinking water became so scarce that it was distributed in rations. De Clieux, with an affection for his coffee plant, divided his portion of water with it and succeeded in bringing it to Martinique, although weak, not in a hopeless condition. There he planted it in his garden, protected it with a fence of thorns and watched it daily until the end of the year, when he gathered two pounds of coffee, which he distributed among the inhabitants of the Island to be planted by them. From Martinique coffee trees in turn were sent to Santo Domingo, Guadaloupe and other neighboring islands.

The coffee tree is an evergreen shrub, growing in its natural state to a height of 14 to 18 feet. It is usually kept trimmed, however, for convenience in picking the berries, which grow along the branches close to the leaves and resemble in shape and color ordinary cherries. The tree cannot be grown above the frost line, neither can it be successfully grown in the tropics. The most successful climate for production is that found at an attitude of about 4,000 feet. Anything much above this is in danger of frost, which is fatal to the tree, and when coffee is grown much below this it requires artificial shade, which materially increses the cost of production and does not produce as marketable berries. It is owing to this particular requirement that coffee has never been successfully produced in the United States.—Success.

It's an easy matter to master a grief that is doing a stunt at your neighbor's.

THE HALIFAX TRAGEDY.

A Southern Woman's Description of Occurance Which Led to a Lynching.

"Will you listen to a true story? It is horrible so horrible that not even the gifted Harriet Beecher Stowe could have described its heartrending misery. It happened yesterday. The defiled, mutilated body of the little white girl is still unburied. Come with me and I will show you the very spot where the "horror" took place, not two hundred yards from the court house, a stone's throw of the child's home.

"See enter this stable a beautiful blue-eyed, flaxen-haired maid of 12 years, the only daughter of a widowed mother—her joy, her pride, her darling. The child has sent by her mother to get some eggs that she knows are in a nest there. A black man sees her go in, and follows her. If the child knows he is behind her she doubtless feels no alarm. He is the hostler; she has known him all her life, sees him every day around the barn.

"When he reappears he locks the door. His hands and clothes are bloody, and he steals stealthily away.

"Soon the mother, wondering that her daughter does not return, goes to the stable to look for her, finds the door locked. Possessed with the awful uneasiness that seizes every white mother of the South when her girls are long out of her sight, she calls to a little boy passing by, helps him to climb to the window. He calls the child's name, but there is no reply. Peering about, he sees a bag in a corner. There is blood running from it, and he thinks he sees it move. Horrified, he screams, the mother faints. Soon a crowd from the village is there. The lock is broken, they enter the stable, the bag is opened, the murdered child is before them.

"That she was chocked into insensibility to prevent an outcry is evident, for her pretty blue eyes have started from their sockets. To be sure that she will never be able to tell who has so defiled her the fiend has cut her throat from ear to ear."

The man hunt that followed and the swift, silent vengeance after the capture are described, and then it is added:

"Once more, I beg, try to be sorry for the white woman of the South. All are in danger; from the four year old babe to the grandmother of sixty five.

"Aye, pity the white men too that are frenzied by such crimes. Reason with them like brothers. Don't outrage them by calling them brutes, cruel, bloodthirsty, savage outlaws. * * * Once more, in your notices and editorials on lynchings, express some concern, some pity for the white woman whose ruin or murder brings them about. She belongs to your race; she is your countrywoman. Her ancestors fought in the Revolution, bled in the war of 1812, died bravely in the civil war. She is worth your protection. Help to save her."—"A Southern Woman" in New York Herald.

HUSBAND SHOT WIFE.

Emmett Boyett Killed His Wife in Kinston, N. C., Last Friday.

Emmett Boyett and Miss Lena Chestnut, daughter of a saloonkeeper on North street, ran away about a year ago and were married. They were not happy and the parents of the young woman persuaded her to leave her husband and come back to them. This she did some-time ago.

Boyett, who had been drinking some, as if to nerve himself, went to the Chestnut home and asked Mrs Chestnut, who was on the porch with her daughter, if he might see his wife alone. She said, "No, sir." Boyett at once drew a pistol and fired on his wife, the bullet striking her in the right breast. She turned to go into the house and he fired again, the ball this time crashing through her brain. She died almost instantly.

Boyett came up the steps, fell by his wife and lay there until Sheriff Wooten arrived.

The father of the murdered girl, ran after the sheriff as he went off with the prisoner and attempted to kill Boyett, but the officer protected the prisoner by drawing his pistol on the father and threatening to shoot if he came nearer.

Boyett was locked up. He says he is sorry he killed his wife and is willing to die for his crime. Mrs Boyett had entered a divorce suit against her husband.

Worth Remembering.

Governor Aycock's suggestion to the colored people of North Carolina—that "obedience to the law gives freedom from the law"—is worth remembering by citizens of a country regardless of race, color or previous condition of servitude.—Norfolk Publick Ledger.

Thats the Way to Talk.

The Dispatch cannot be intimidated or prevented from publishing court proceedings by threats of withdrawing patronage or fighting the editor in political conventions. If The Dispatch must thrive on the protection of criminals, or go down in up holding the rights of the people, let it be crushed.—Lexington Dispatch.

Let It Alone.

The Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad is doing very well, now, and has a bright prospect for good dividends in the near future. Let it alone.—Goldsboro Argus.

ITEMS OF NEWS

Lawyer J A Long will move from Greensboro to his old home at Graham.

Capt R P Hobson is to marry Miss Ruth Bryan, daughter of Col W J Bryan.

Miss Josie Mooney, of Salisbury, is to teach in the Durham graded schools this year.

Six were killed and 24 injured on the old 3 C's road near Yorkville, S. C., last Thursday.

S E Marshall, of Surry, has entered the race for Republican nomination for Congress in the eighth district.

The Davie Manufacturing Company, Mocksville, is a new corporation to manufacture and sell coffins, desks, etc. It begins with $1,000 stock.

Mr P V Hoyle, who was at one time editor of the Jonesboro Progress, and who has since been connected with several other papers, has become telegraph editor of the Wilming Messenger.

A S Ellison, aged 33-years, died in High Point last Saturday of bright's disease. He formerly edited a paper in High Point, and was at one time joint owner and editor with J J Farris, of the High Point Enterprise.

Mr R O Fry spent several days in the Candor section last week surveying land for the peach-growing corporation recently organized. The corporation has secured land well adapted to peach trees, and a fine orchard will be started soon.—Troy Examiner.

Mr G C Winningham, son of Mr and Mrs J L Winningham, of this city, and Miss Mary Dobbs, of Monrecton, were united in marriage last Wednesday at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs N Green Dobbs, Rev W F Kennett, of Stokesdale, performing the ceremony. The bride and groom are now with the groom's parents in this city.—Greensboro Patriot.

Westnage, an expert iron molder who was sentenced to the roads last week to work out a small fine, was released upon the application of Mr G T Glascock, who stood for the fine after an agreement with Westnage to work it out, but Will's good resolution was short lived. He worked a few hours Monday afternoon and Tuesday he turned up missing. It was clearly a case of misplaced sympathy.—Greensboro Patriot.

Two negro convicts, Malcom Smitherman, serving twenty years for the second degree of murder, committed in High Point, Guilford county, and John Creasman, serving fifteen years, from Henderson county, second degree of murder, escaped last week from the Central Prison at Raleigh. They had been convalescing from a long illness in the hospital. They cut a hole through the ceiling, got on the roof, then by using a chain connected with the water tank, climbed down a four story wall of the building, then over the stockade without detected. The Prison authorities offer $25.00 reward.

Rev J O Ledbetter, of the Indiana M P Conference, writes friends here that he expects to run an excursion to Greensboro at the time of the reunion of native North Carolinians here in October for the accommodation of the many from his state who wish to attend. Indiana, Tennessee and Missouri alone can furnish enough of the dispersed abroad to make the affair an unqualified success, not taking into consideration the attendance from other states of the Union. Rev W W Lineberry, another son of the Old North State now living in Indiana, will be here for the reunion. A great time is in store for all who may come.—Greensboro Patriot.

As to Old Ages.

The Pope has lived long but Thomas Parr and Henry Jenkins are respectively credited with the ages of 152 and 169. Jeanne Serimphan was married when she was 127 and died when she was 128. Dr. Dufournel married at 116 and became the father of two children, and died at 120. Marie Prion reached the age of 158. A woman of Metz, the mother of 24 children, died at the age of 100. Surgeon Politman celebrated his one hundred and fortieth birthday. Patrick O. Neil buried seven wives and died at 120, and a Norwegian peasant is recorded as dying at 160 and leaving two sons, one aged 108 and the other only nine summers. Mr Robert Taylor lived to be 134 and died of excitement on receiving the picture of Queen Victoria signed by herself. An Irishman named Brown, who was a habitual drunkard, lived to be 120. A French drunkard lived to be 112; he had a daily jag for 90 years. Durand d'Estivel, of Cahors, lived to be 129. A woman of 124 drank strong coffee in great quantities all her days, while a man of 114 lived on fruit, chiefly melons, chewed lemon peel.—Portland Oregonian.

An Old Fashioned Ass.

The loss reported to have been sustained by many North Carolina people on the New York stock market will hardly evoke very much sympathy. People who go blindly into a trap set by a Wall Street sharper deserve no pity. One of these fleeced lambs being asked whether he has a bull or a bear when the market broke on him, replied that he was neither, but that he was a plain old-fashioned ass. And he spake a parable.—Greensboro Patriot.