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VOL. XVI. GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1892. No. 80

WHATEVER IS—IS BEST.

I know as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong somewhere
There lies the root of Right;
That such sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing of ungrasses,
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is—i best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, sometime punished,
Tho' the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer—
But whatever is—i best.

I know there are no errors
In the great eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds on-
ward,
In its grand eternal quest,
I shall say as I look back earthward,
Whatever is—i best.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Letter from S. Otho Wilson.

STATE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,
PEOPLE'S PARTY OF NORTH CAROLINA,
Chairman's Office,
RALEIGH, N. C. Oct. 21 1892.
F. M. SIMMONS, Chairman, Raleigh:
Sir:—A copy of the State Chronicle of the 19th inst., containing two letters and a sensational write-up by you with reference to a so-called secret political society, of which I am said to be the official head, has been handed me.

As you have used the machinery of the party of which you are the official head, together with the Democratic press of the State and nation for its circulation, I hope that your sense of fair play will give the same prominence and wide circulation to this communication. Justice demands it.

If there is in North Carolina a secret political society known as "Gideon's Band," or by any other name, or if there has been a political society which control, or has tried to control, the people, or policy of any political party, other than the councils of the party itself, I am in ignorance of its existence.

Very truly,
(Signed) S. OTHO WILSON.

MR. EDITOR:

At the request of Mr. S. Otho Wilson, I desire, through the medium of the press, to lay before the people of North Carolina the above letter, which I think contains the strongest possible proof of the charge he therein makes to answer. It will be observed he does not deny the statements made by Messrs. Reed and Bell, and makes the single point that the "band" is not a political society. In other words, summoned to the bar of public opinion, his plea by way of what is known among the lawyers as a plea of confession and avoidance. He admits by denying (under circumstances which imperatively called for denial, if one had been intended) the existence in North Carolina of the "Gideon's band." He admits thereby that Messrs. Reed and Bell have correctly described the machinery by which it works, to-wit: chiefs, sub chiefs, thirty select men in each county, and 300 in each congressional district, who can be relied on in all meetings. He admits thereby that these men are bound by oath, under severe penalties, to execute all orders emanating from their superiors. He admits that he initiated Reed and made him "chief" in the 9th district. He admits thereby that he made overtures to Bell to join and revealed to him the secrets of the "band." He admits that he declared the purposes of the band to be to promote the "reform movement." But he says the band is not a political society.

STATE NEWS.

Grover Cleveland is the most important man of all to interpret the Democratic platform, and he gives no uncertain sound on the question of an absolutely sound and stable currency. In his letter of acceptance he says:

The people are entitled to sound and honest money, abundantly sufficient in volume to supply their business needs. But whatever may be the form of the people's currency, national or State, whether gold, silver or paper, it should be so regulated and guarded by governmental action, or by wise and careful laws that no one can be deluded as to the certainty and stability of its value. Every dollar put into the hands of the people should be of the same intrinsic value or purchasing power. With the condition absolutely guaranteed, both gold and silver can be safely utilized upon equal terms in the adjustment of our currency.

The issue of wild-cat currency simply assumes that the people are fools and can be frightened away from a sober consideration of monopoly taxes by the cry of "wild-cat banks," coming up in chorus from a lot of cowardly political skulkers.

The Columbian Exhibition.

This "new style" anniversary of the discovery of America comes along tardily. The sentiment associated with a popular commemoration is no controlled by mathematical calculations concerning the accuracy of the calendar. We have all learned that Columbus first perceived land in the West on the morning of October 12, 1492, and it was a refinement of a lantern to ask us to delay our recognition of the anniversary till October 21, merely because it was afterwards learned that the fifteenth century almanacs were nine days out of the way.

There is only one advantage in the selection of this day instead of the nominal anniversary for the ceremonies at Chicago.

The actual commemoration has already been held and to-day's demonstration serves to concentrate attention not so much on the historical event as on the monumental enterprise that is to mark the completion of the four marvelous centuries since elapsed. We have all been hearing a great deal about Columbus; our thoughts to-day turn rather to the stupendous civilization that has arisen in the New World to which he led the way.

Each of the great international exhibitions of the past distinctly marked an epoch in the development of the world at large, as well as of the country in which it was held. The impetus given to the commercial and industrial progress of England by the first World's Fair in 1851 was felt in some degree by every nation, and France and, subsequently Austria, profited greatly by the example. Our own Centennial Exhibition in 1876 was even more emphatically epoch-making. It marked the culmination of a century of growth under strange and difficult conditions and a new starting point of an organized national life, whose development received from it a fresh and stimulating impetus.

By whatever mistakes of policy our progress has been misdirected and whatever perils they may have invited, the vast resources of the country have proved too great for man's ignorance to repress. Nor has nature alone been fruitful. In at least the external marks of civilization, in all that makes for the elevation and convenience of life, the cultivation of the mind and the refinement of taste, our advance since 1876, though still very far from universal, has within its range, been little short of marvellous. In its artistic aspect, as manifested especially in the application of art to industry and to beautifying the environments of daily life, the United States of to-day are almost a New World indeed when compared with twenty years ago, and this is one of the things that the Chicago Exhibition will mark in a way that will astonish even ourselves.

The advance is scientific and mechanical invention has been scarcely less remarkable. The whole construction of the buildings at Chicago, as well as their ornamentation, their illumination, the means of transit through the grounds, and numerous other features, will present to the eye what practically did not exist so lately as 1876. The work of preparation in itself, as a token of past achievement and present possibilities, will have the highest importance, while the vast collection yet to be gathered there, of the treasures of nature and of art, of science, industry and invention, should as far excel any previous display as the resources of 1892 excel those of the times past.

—Philadelphia Times.

PITY, O, SAVIOUR.

The church was full in the crowded aisles
There scarce was room to pass;
Upon the throng the sunlight streamed
Through panes of colored glass.
It tinged some cheeks with a rose-tint
Bright,
But it threw on others a pale blue light;
And a sickly hue of ghastly green
Fell full on some, while the rays between
Shed yellow, the color of richest gold,
And purple like Tyrian dye of old.
But numbers sat in a cold grey light,
And few were touched by the purer
But his "Pity, O, Saviour!"

While the organ's vibratory tone

Stirred now a triumph now a groan,
An unseen voice, as of one who plead
For all the living; yea, and the dead,
Sang, "Pity, O, Saviour!"

The church was full, full like the world
Teeming with human life;
And the beating hearts that were gathered
There,
With varying thoughts were rife.
Some glowed with the rose tint of hope
And love,
Some pale, looked only to Heaven
above;
And some were ghastly with coming
death,
And striving to lengthen the fleeting
breath,
And clinging to earth with a dying hold,
Yet feeling the powerless grasp unfold,
And envying those so full of health,
Who sat in the yellow light of wealth
And folded the purple of high estate
And some felt cold in the dead grey tint,
"A life of poverty and stint;
And some surviving affliction's night
Caught a few faint beams of the purer
white.

Still over all, rolled the organ's tone,

Stirring now a triumph and now a groan,
While the mellow voice of the one who sang
Floated overhead till the arches rang
With "Pity, O, Saviour!"

Before the altar, the white-robed priest
Lifted his eyes to a vision bright
In the consecrated place, his voice
Arose on the quiet air—
"As is most expedient for them," he said
"Be the wishes of thy people sped."
From a life's experience, learned he well,
That only Omnipotent love could tell
What things to withhold, and what to give,
To needy souls that they might live;
He knew that those in the cold grey
light,
Would ask for wealth—nor ask aright,
That those in the purple and gold,
Would say
From our treasures here take us not
away,
Meanwhile the Heaven God made so
bright!

In Heaven's presence, all would slight,

Here on this wretched earth to stay
And live for more forever and for aye,
We'll might the organ thrill and groan,
And the voice with most pleading tone
Cry, "Pity, O, Saviour!"

Ignorant, willfully blind, and dead
In our trespasses and sin,
We would shut the door of the other
world,
Nor seek to enter in.
If God to purge our sins agrees,
Let us have His discipline be given
We pray him, "Turn this earth to
Heaven."

If we love be high to death
We beseech Him to stave the parting
breath,
Though He is His mercy fair would give
An immortal life for the one we live,
Yet we hold back those whom He calls
to share
The happy lot of the angels fair,
And dare to pity the saints who go
Leaving behind them a life of woe.
We turn our eyes to a vision bright
To let them rest on a meager sight.
Meantime, the beauty no eye hath seen
Is waiting for us to enter in;
The wealth we have so desired is there,
And there's portioned our own full
share;
And the perfect love of which we
dream,
In Heaven's love is ever seen;
And the painless life, we long for so,
Till we leave the flesh, we shall never
know;
Ah, well for us, that the priest doth
And he still;
With words that teach us what to say—
And well for us we weep and groan
That some voice calls with pleading tone
"Pity, O, Saviour!" —Ala.

FRESH FUN.

The Sharp and Witty Sayings of the
Famous Men.

It was on the eve of his departure. On the morn he was to return to the city; they were to part, perhaps forever.

They had wandered down by the brook, and as they sat together on the old seat under the green-wood tree, she was the first to break the stillness of the twilight hour.

I can't bear to say good-bye, she sighed. Promise me you will come to my wedding.

I promise you—on one condition, he replied, that I will come, even from the ends of the earth.

What is it?

Will you grant it before I ask it? Yes.

Let me come as the bridegroom. —Ogden Waide in Puck.

Hennepin—You have gone too far, Miss Barlow.

Miss Barlow—What do you mean? Did we not agree to disassemble in the presence of others that they might not suspect our love?

Hennepin—Yes, but I do not feel that that warranted you in kicking me down the steps and throwing my cane after me just because you saw your uncle com-

ing around the corner.—The Avenger.

Soaque—Gimme (hic) cocktail, please!
Clerk—This isn't a gin mill; this is a stationery store!
Soaque—Oh, excuse me; lost m' beering! Well, gimme two fingers o' red ink (hic), a dash of muckilage, and a postage stamp. 'S all th' same t' me (hic) at this stage o' the game!—The Imbiber.

Hubby—My dear, I came home this evening to take you to the opera.
Wife (sardonically)—Ah, indeed! How could you pretty little cōyphee spare you so long?
Hubby—Oh, she is to sing in the chorus!—The Baldhead.

Algeron—Good Gawd! Cholly

Jonah has fallen into the chowdaw! Cook—That's bad. The other clams are sure to recent it!—The Smiler.

Hicks—Nick's making love to Miss Boodle in a sort of a confidence game.
Snicks—How so?
Hicks—Nick has confidence the old man won't live long.

Caraway: The elopement of Cheney's wife was in the nature of a boomerang, wasn't it?
Hook: How so?
Caraway: She returned the next day.—Truth.

A man can't help his personal

appearance, said Bowne de Bont. He can't select his eyes or his hair. No, replied Upon Downes, thoughtfully; he is lucky if he can pick his teeth.—Puck.

Stand Bobtail (to conductor). I thought you said there were plenty of seats inside the car?
Bell Pouch Knockdown. There are; no doubt one will be unoccupied pretty soon.—Truth.

The first is called the index

finger, but when a man takes three or so it's an index of his opinion that the season has grown to cold for beer.—Philadelphia Times.

There is a great difference between military engagements and love engagements. In one there is a good deal of falling in, and the other there is a good deal of falling out.—Yonkers Statesman.

SUNDAY READING

Made Up of Divers Clippings

And may we, in the life of ours,
Learn something from the flight of flowers;
Submissive bow at His behest,
Who always doeth what is best.
—Mrs. Mary Ware.

The pleasures of this life fall short of compensation for its trials and perplexities; yet Hope buoy's our tried and wearied spirits, and we struggle on and on, hopeful that sweet rest and peace will reward us by and bye.

Just to let their Father do

What He will;
Just to know that He is true
And he still;
Just to trust Him this is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, wholesome or better,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.
—Francis Ridley Havergal.

Youth is the loveliest probation-

time of life, as life itself is the probation-time of eternity. The real life, the grand years, are those that follow, each greater than the last, the preparation days. It is then—when speech and thought, each secure in its proper place, no longer at strife, throw wide the doors of conversation; when sure of herself, understanding well her duties and her claims—that woman steps forward, with kindly smile, with gracious air and conscious power, to mount her waiting throne and grasp the jewelled sceptre of perfect womanhood. Every white hair that gleams among the dark, every line upon the noble countenance, telling of gathered thoughts, fresh treasures of human sorrow and sympathy, are new diamonds and pearls in circlet about her brows. Our birthdays are rounds of the ladder leading upwards, and ever as we mount, if we do not find the atmosphere purer and more invigorating, the prospect fairer and brighter, it is because we turn our faces downward, and refuse to breathe freely or look about us.—Brownson.

COLUMBUS DAY.

ITS OBSERVANCE IN GOLDSBORO

The Greatest Gala Day in the History of the town—A Long Line of Brilliant Pageantry and Beautiful Displays.

Friday—Columbus Day—dawned bright and beautiful in Goldsboro, and from an early hour the city was astir with busy preparations for the day's public observance, as outlined by the program published in the morning's ARGUS.

Promptly at 10 o'clock the various

historical, industrial and trade floats, the fire companies, the Goldsboro Rifle, the mounted Knights and carriages began to arrive at the starting point, and at 11 o'clock sharp the procession moved on its march of the city, and all along the line, throughout all the streets of crowded spectators, ejaculations of wonder and admiration and public-spirited gratification prevailed with prolonged enthusiasm. Even the most sanguine had not expected anything so grand, beautiful and imposing. It was a spontaneous *Mardi Gras*, so to speak, of historic character and brilliant pageantry, and will long be remembered in Goldsboro as the most imposing and successful public celebration of any day in all her past history.—And right here we take occasion to say that the credit of its inception and brilliant culmination is largely due to Prof. J. Y. Joyner, the efficient Superintendent of our City Schools, and Hon. A. B. Hollowell, the patriotic and aggressive Mayor of our city. They spared no effort to make the affair a success and a credit to Goldsboro—and it was both. Visitors from nearly every town in the State were here, and all agreed in common that it eclipsed anything of the kind they had ever seen in any of their respective towns.

The order of march was as follows:

Goldboro Cornet Band;
From the 1st to the 7th grades of boys of the Goldsboro Graded School, carrying banners;
From the 1st to 7th grades of girls, carrying banners;
Carriages with Teachers and Trustees;
Carriages with Mayor and Aldermen;
Fire Company No. 1, with wagon beautifully decorated;
Eclipse Steam Fire Engine Co., with steamer handsomely arrayed.

HISTORICAL FLOATS.

Floater, "Santa Maria", with Columbus and sailors;
Floater, with Indians in war attire;
Floater, with young ladies representing North Carolina Coat of Arms, Cornua Copia and Virginia Dare, and with Sir Walter Raleigh in front;
Floater—The 13 original States, represented by young ladies;
Floater, with 44 young ladies on board, representing the United States of to-day;
Floater—Ruffin Lodge, K. of P. No. 6, followed by fifty Knights of the order on horse back;
Floater—"Cleveland In The White House"—by The Einstein Clothing Company.

INDUSTRIAL FLOATS.

C. Kern & Co.—Clothing.
Royal & Borden, a handsome dining room fully furnished.
Bizzell, Bros. & Co., a pyramid of canned goods and groceries.
St. James Hotel—a dining room with guests at table, and beautifully decorated with painted scenes of historic interest, the work of Dr. Chick.
S. Cohen & Son—Fine beef and fat cattle.
P. R. King & Son machinery.

Prof. Joyner fully addressed the

people on the importance of the day and in behalf of education.
Rev. C. Dillard, that able divine, though unwell, being specially requested, could not refrain from alluding to the progress made by our people, hoping that the day would soon come when all narrow prejudice would flee before the bright sunlight of intelligence.
With the flag of the Union floating above our school the children marched away to their several homes and the crowd dispersed, giving three cheers.

DEMOCRATS INDEED.

MR. EDITOR:—Some of our Third party friends are heard to say, "oh, I'm as good as a Democrat as I ever was, but I am going to vote the Third party ticket because Democrats abuse us." Now, friends, just think and ask yourself if that is not a strange position for a good Democrat and voter to destroy the Democratic party. He cannot be a good Christian and serve the Devil. He cannot desert his party, his Country, or his friends and expect them to praise him for it and still to be as good a Democrat as he was before. Deserters have been looked on in all ages as traitors, from Benedict Arnold down to Marion Butler, and we beg our Democratic friends not to be led astray, but come back and help the grand old Democratic party in our efforts to free our country from the blight of Republicanism, monopoly and plutocracy.

DEM. GRAT.

Morehead City News: Mr. Jno. E. Lewis and crew caught near here recently \$175.00 worth of mackerel and other fish at one haul.
Winston Sentinel: North Carolina may well feel proud of her scenic beauty and her forest treasures. She ought to preserve some of these in a great park to be kept forever as the heritage of the people.
Ladies, let us show you our line of shoes at New York Bargain Store.

THE COUNTY CAMPAIGN

Its Opening In Fork Township Yesterday: A Joint Canvass Agreed Upon.

The county campaign opened in Fork township yesterday with all the county candidates—Democrats and Thirdparties—in attendance, with the exception of Thirdparty candidate for Sheriff, Joe W. Gardner, who is detained at home for the present by the illness of his wife.

It was an auspicious opening for the county Democracy, for the attendance was large, both whites and blacks being out in good numbers, and reason prevailed: Democracy is always triumphant, for reason and Democracy go hand in hand; and so it was a triumphant day in Fork township yesterday.

A joint canvass having been agreed

upon, the campaign is going to be an interesting one all over the county, and will doubtless wax warmer as the fight thickens. The t. ps. were badly rattled yesterday. For instance, Abbott L. Swinson, t. p. candidate for Register of Deeds, said outright and emphatically in his speech yesterday that he did not request Frank Dobson, the Republican county chairman, to join him in a petition for Federal Supervisors of elections. Dobson has asserted to dozens in this county that Abbott L. Swinson did do this thing. So it is reduced at the start to a question of personal veracity between Swinson and Dobson; and Swinson has the passive endorsement of Dobson's party for Register. So Dobson will either have to act outside his party in voting the county ticket or else vote for Swinson, who has denounced his statement as false at the very outset of the campaign. Now how are they going to settle this question and keep peace in the family—the Radical Third party family? And if it ain't settled amicably (and we can't see how it can be) why Dobson is liable to call his party affiliates together in a night—even the night before the election, and put out a complete county ticket.

All the candidates "announced

themselves" yesterday, and our legislative candidates—Hon. B. F. Aycock for the Senate, and J. A. S. Evans and W. R. Allen for the House—made stirring, telling speeches, completely annihilating Person, Parker and—well, we were going to say Ham; Mr. W. H. Ham, of Pikeville, Mr. Aycock's opponent, but he was one who simply "announced himself".

IN MEMORIAM.

To the N. Grand Brethren of

Neuse Lodge No. 6, I. O. O. F. GOLDSBORO, Oct. 18 1892.

The undersigned Committee appointed for the purpose, beg leave to respectfully submit the following:

Dr. Daniel Cogdell, the subject of this memoir, was born in Wayne County, North Carolina in 1824, and died in Goldsboro N. C. on the 7th day of October 1892 in the 68th year of his age. During his long and useful life, he maintained a character for honor, integrity and gentlemanly deportment second to none.

He was a faithful member of

the Episcopal Church and endeared himself to his church, his Lodge, and his many friends by his uniform kindness, and the many acts, by which he won, and was entitled to, their esteem.

He was one of the charter members of Neuse Lodge No. 6 I. O. O. F. and its first noble grand, and has always been a constant and vaulted member, never failing in his duty, and always ready and willing to aid and assist a brother in distress; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we deplore his

loss and cherish his memory and deeply sympathize with his bereaved family in their affliction.

Resolved, That we will wear the usual badge of mourning for 30 days.

Resolved, That the Secretary furnish his widow with a copy of these resolutions and that they be published in the City papers.

Respectfully submitted,
S. D. PHILLIPS,
J. H. POWELL,
R. P. HOWELL } Committee.

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