

Goldsboro Weekly Argus.

PLAIN TALK.

But we mean it, when we say we can give you the best rubber syringe in town for 50c. Fountain syringe for \$1 at MILLER'S PHARMACY.

This ARGUS is for the people's rights, Doth an eternal vigil keep.

No soothing strains of Maia's sun, Can lull its hundred eyes to sleep.

PARIS GREEN. Shiny as paper, insect powder by the bottle or pound, tooth brush and moth destroyer at MILLER'S PHARMACY.

VOL. XVI.

GOLDSBORO, N. C. THURSDAY MAY 31, 1894.

NO. 30

CALAMITY IN VERSE.

Another Plea for Sewerage.
Some cities boast largely on what they have got,
And smile in derision on towns that have not.
So many fine buildings and men that are rich,
Goldsboro is not boasting though it has the "Big Ditch."
Its banks are not covered with hickory and oak,
But a bountiful growth of jimson and poke,
On its slow flowing waters swim the gander and drake,
And the weeds that spring up form the home of the snake.
Four times it is spanned in its course through the town,
You can cross at any place when the bridge is not down;
Try which place you may, the near or the further,
You will wish before you cross you had come to the other.
The children think the bathing as nice as the town,
Like the River of Life, its waters are free.
'Tis a favorite resort for the kids of the town,
But unfortunately the water is too shallow to drown.
And after a bath, and the children get back,
They are washed with "Sapallo" to tell white from black.
The complaints of a moth are not very mild
Who washes a dozen children to find how often the sons of their bank overflows.
And the water recedes, it don't smell like a rose,
But it still has a charm to beguile and bewitch
Goldsboro is not boasting, but is proud of the ditch.

J. M. H.
Goldsboro, May 23.

TARIFFS AT A BANQUET.

The Members of the North Carolina Society at the Kimball.

It was a scene of rare fellowship presented at the Kimball house last night, when the members of the North Carolina Society, in full quorum, entered the spacious banquet hall and took their seats around the festive board.

The feast was an elegant spread, and was equally rich in the charms of flavor and abundance. It soothed the patriotic appetites of the sons of North Carolina, and lulled them back into the memory of the time when under the pines of their native state, they last enjoyed their paternal hospitality.

Every dainty which the market afforded was tributary to the feast, and there was no end to the flow of wine and wit. It is a high though a well-merited compliment to say of the banquet that from beginning to end there was not a dull moment. It was literally a feast of plenty and of patriotism.

After the substantial part of the banquet was concluded, and which was voted by every one present as the most delightful affair ever attended, the toasts of the evening were next in order. In eloquent phrases and patriotic fervor the members of the society gave earnest of their love for the old Commonwealth and showed that none of the devotion had wasted in the state of their adoption. The annual address by Professor Winston was a gem of oratory and the glory of the old state was happily depicted in the glowing fancy of the orator. As he expressed himself, in fervid diction, the rapture of his hearers mounted to their lips and every period ended with applause. The address was one of rare eloquence and was characterized throughout by a rich, soulful beauty.

Hon. W. T. Dortch was one of the distinguished guests of the occasion, and in a happy and brilliant manner he responded to the toast, "The Day We Celebrate." The other toasts on the programme were as follows: "Our Guests," Mr. F. H. Richardson; "North Carolina," Mr. W. W. Davies; "Woman," Mr. Shepard Bryan, and "Our Adopted Home," Mr. W. P. Andrews.

The entire event was decidedly one of the most enjoyable that Atlanta has known in a long time.

The tar heels, like the Virginians, are fond of their state, and never does the occasion arise that a North Carolinian does not show his love for his native state.

The address of Mr. W. T. Dortch was one of the most eloquent and chaste talks Atlantians have heard in a long time. His address was full of good logic, while his words and style were captivating. It was with an easy grace that Colonel Dortch caught those present and his friendship embraced all who were present when he finished.—*Atla. Constitution*.

Mr. Platt pleaded for the adjournment of the Senate recently on the ground that Senators should have a change into the pure, open air. Some of them are going to be granted the privilege of enjoying the pure open air indefinitely.

THE HABIT OF HAPPINESS.

It is just as easy to teach children the habit of happiness, says the editor of the Woman's World of the New York Ledger, as to allow them to grow up in a constant state of morose irritability and fretfulness.

Very few people realize that irritability and fault-finding are merely a habit, and that, too, of the most disgraceful sort. It is comparatively easy to see why such an inclination grows upon the children. The parents are worried and vexed, wearied with the cares and responsibilities of life, and thus not particularly good-natured. They not only encourage by their own example the disagreeable practice of grumbling and fretting, but are often so irritable that the innocent amusements of the children grate upon their feelings to such an extent that the youngsters are forbidden to romp or play about the house.

A way-back yonder we remember one woman whose soul was burdened with care, who felt at war with all the world, who used to punish her children when they romped, and rebuked them when they laughed, who charged them with the most outrageous ingratitude and cruelty because they could be merry and his so unhappy.

Many a child has gone about the house sullen and quiet for this very reason. Many another has gone out of the home circle to seek pleasure elsewhere because the atmosphere of home was so depressing and gloomy for this state of affairs. Very few things in this life come out as we desire, and it is only egregiously folly to expect any such thing as perfect happiness, and that all things in this world will come to us in our own way.

While it is not worth while to cultivate a demeanor anywhere approaching the hilarious or flippant, it is an excellent idea to educate one's self up to the belief that this is a rather uncertain existence, and the best one has a right to expect is the middle-ground of comfort, and the absence of afflictions.

One of the ablest of contemporary writers makes one of her characters declare that the greatest happiness she allows herself to anticipate is that she may be spared great sorrows. Little troubles must come; there is no such thing as avoiding them; and when one knows that this must be the case, it would seem the part of wisdom to so prepare the mind for them that their coming will not disturb the even current of life nor upset the temper and nerves to such an extent as to make the sufferer and all immediate friends sharers in the depression.

There is nothing more healthful than real genuine, hearty, heart-felt fun; and if children and young people were encouraged to indulge in more of it, and if parents would take even moderate doses of it themselves, the world would be in a much more comfortable, Christian and promising condition.

GRADUATING EXERCISES.

Yesterday of the Goldsboro Graded school.

Those of our citizens who attended the commencement exercises of the graduating class of the Goldsboro Graded School, which were held at that institution Friday, were regaled with a rare treat of intellectual pabulum and brought to realize with growing pride and thrilling pleasure that our excellent Graded School, under the efficient superintendency of Prof. Logan D. Howell, and the ever zealous, painstaking and competent instruction of the corps of teachers that compose the faculty of this institution, is accomplishing the highest possible and most gratifying achievements in the instruction and training of the youth of this community.

All the exercises of the graduating class Friday were of superior excellence and were characterized by a comprehensiveness of study and by an ability for grasping the strong points of the subjects and a power of condensation that could not but win the admiration of all who heard them and inspire pardonable pride in the breasts of their parents, teachers and friends.

The address of welcome on the part of the class was delivered by Mr. Wm. Spicer, and was an ornate and well-prepared paper. He was the president of the class and presided over the exercises, which were rendered as follows:

Class.—**Class.**

Analysis of Cicero's oration against Cataline.—Miss Kate Darden.

The Æneid.—Miss Mary Jones.

Pen Pictures from Virgil.—Miss Annie Hardison.

Gehenna.—Miss Clyde Denmark.

Influence of Latin upon English.—Miss Daisy Brown.

Debate.—Query, "Resolved that there should be an educational qualification for suffrage"—affirmative, Louis Grant and Dan Richardson; negative, Wm. Borden and Willis Brogden.

At the conclusion of these exercises Superintendent Howzell announced, that while no prizes had been offered in any of the studies of the class, and the pupils had studied for love of study and from a sense of duty and praiseworthy emulation, it was his pleasure to confer upon the leader of the class on the part of the girls and the leader on the part of the boys an unexpected prize—the generous gift of Mr. Henry Weil, who made the same present last year, and who has always been a staunch and valuable friend of the school. It was found on comparison of records for the school year that Miss Daisy Brown and Mr. Willis Brogden were entitled to these prizes, a \$20 gold piece to each.

The Diplomas were then conferred upon the graduating class by Mr. Jos. E. Robinson, editor of THE ARGUS.

The following are the full names of the graduating class: Misses Annie Patience Hardison, Lula Daisy Brown, Catherine Darden, Mary Best Jones, Mary Clyde Denmark, Messrs. Willis James Brogden and William Spicer.

Messrs. Daniel White Richardson and William Henry Borden, Jr. received certificates, not having taken the full graduating course.

THE ARGUS wishes teachers and pupils alike a happy and joyous vacation.

Dr. Nouri's Claim.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—The claim of Dr. Zamorin Nouri, Archbishop of Babylon, discoverer of the Ark and the possessor of many other titles, against the United States, which seems to have excited a great deal of interest in England, where the potentate is at present stopping, is well known to the Department of State, which is by no means alarmed at the rapid growth of the claim from \$5,000 in Washington to \$5,000,000 in London.

Dr. Nouri was here last autumn and told the Turkish minister a most extraordinary tale of how he was victimized as a result of a conspiracy in California while on his way to take part in the Congress of Religions at the World's Fair.

He claimed to have been robbed of valuables and to have been confined illegally in a lunatic asylum. He demanded \$50,000 in compensation. Without indorsing this claim the Turkish minister referred it to the State Department.

PEKIN DUCK EGGS.

For Sale. 50 cts per setting. LYNDON HUMPHREY.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Now let the dominant party in the Senate get a gait and pass the tariff bill through it.

All these strikes don't in the least shake the general conviction that the best time for striking is the clock.

Dropping partisans may not break them up to the extent of breaking their bones, but it knocks them out of place.

One of the sights of Congress is to see the Speaker throwing his eye over the House and the various members trying to catch it.

Senators may be falsely charged with manipulating sugar, but there is unquestionably a large class of humanity prone to take stock in taffy.

Proposing to get over the grass prohibition by talking from a balloon is very suggestive of a Coxeite. They imagine they're above the law.

One of his disciples says Coxe wants to be President. With McKinley out for it, too, and the rest of the State to hear from, Ohio's going for monopoly in a new direction.

Lesa gold going abroad has shut up the calamity howlers in that line. For that matter, as to any effect they're having they might as well be as dead as the Doges of Venice.

Senator Hill's much-talked-of fight against the Senate tariff bill began Saturday. It apparently ended also. On his free lead amendment one Democrat and one Populist voted with him; the other forty-nine Senators voted the other way. As a leader of a combine, Mr. Hill seems scarcely a success.

By a curious freak of fate it happens that Nova Scotia coal is being imported to the United States, not by the influence of a free-trade law, but under the operations of McKinley's sky-high protection. These blatant frauds precipitated the coal strike by cutting down wages already reduced by McKinleyism to the starvation point, and now, in furtherance of their war upon American wages, they are doing the very thing which for a generation they have declared would ruin them—namely, importing foreign coal.

From the remarks of some of the minority Senators and of the able editors who regard the McKinley tariff as the summit of statesmanship, we gather that the tariff bill now pending in the Senate is objectionable for two reasons:

1. It is a free trade tariff, designed for the destruction of American industries.

2. It is not a free trade tariff, but affords protection to American industries.

The apparent contradiction in these two objections is easily reconciled by the third, which is really the important one and comprehends both the others: It is a Democratic tariff, and therefore to be opposed.

While the Commonwealthers are marching to Washington demanding that Congress shall furnish them with work, the fruit growers and gardeners of Delaware and Maryland can't get half as many hands as they need to pick strawberries and pull weeds. This persistency with which these farmers of tramps look in the wrong place for work furnishes all the evidence needed that the Commonwealthers are not anxious to find the work they pretend to be looking for. There should be idle people enough who really want work to pick the berries and pull the weeds of the country, and the journey from town to country for this purpose will be neither a long nor a costly one if any desire to make it.

Trial of Labor Agitators.

CUMBERLAND, Md., May 25.—There has been no change since yesterday in the mining situation in this county. No interference with the miners desiring to work has been reported. Many miners are in the city to-day, drawn here by the proceedings now in progress before Judges Boyd and Hoffman against agitators Wilson, O'Malley and others for contempt of court in violating the order in the junction of the Consolidation Coal Company not to interfere in any manner with the operation of their mines.

Sanford Express.

Near Fayetteville Thursday of last week there was a remarkable electrical phenomenon. Four persons standing in a yard near a house heard a whizzing sound and saw a ball of fire descending toward them. An instant later it exploded with a stunning report, and all four persons were knocked down and were insensible for several minutes. One partially paralyzed. Near them an ox was killed instantly, yet its skin was not punctured nor were any bones broken. When the explosion occurred there was no thunder, lightning nor rain.

IS SAMOA TO BE SURRENDERED.

The eternal Samoan question comes to the fore again with two or three cool propositions: first to turn the whole control of the islands over to Germany, England taking the Tonga Islands, which don't belong to her, by way of compensation, and the United States being given leave to withdraw.

That is the German proposition. The London *Full Mail Gazette* offers as a substitute arrangement that England establish a protectorate over the country without paying heed to German or American interests.

Sir George Gray, formerly Prime Minister of New Zealand, suggests as a third solution of the difficulty that the Islands be annexed to New Zealand; "not from any motives of ambition (of course not) but simply for the welfare of the Samoans." As he judiciously remarks:—

"Although the United States have not a single arsenal on their West coast, they are absolutely secure, but they would not be if the Germans controlled Samoa. The mere frown of the United States was sufficient to prevent the German monarch from superseding King Malietoa."

If we have not a single arsenal on our Western coast, while Great Britain is completing one of the strongest fortresses in the world, at Esquimaux, commanding our whole Pacific border, perhaps it would be as well for us to look out for enemies nearer home than Samoa; but there is no good reason why our Government should be indifferent to possible danger in Samoa Hawaii, or Vancouver, Secretary Gresham is said to regard our interests in Samoa as of little value. That we can hardly believe. They were deemed important enough a few years ago to warrant a sharp interposition by Secretary Bayard, and his successor thought them worth the cost of dispatching a fleet of war vessels for their protection. The tragic sequel of that expedition may have been partly the result of bad judgment; but if the sending of our fleet to Samoa was wrong, its destruction was not a blunder but a crime, the responsibility of which would rest equally upon Mr. Bayard and Mr. Blaine.

The country was sufficiently disgusted by the way in which the naval authorities stifled all inquiry into the cause of that shocking disaster; but if we make the American sailor abroad utterly ashamed of his country we need only adopt the policy of scuttling out of Samoa and letting the Pacific islands in general be looted by England, Germany, or any other free-booter who may covet them.

Already the London *Chronicle* nominates Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, for paramount commissioner of Samoa under a British protectorate. Mr. Stevenson used to hate the Yankees in his early days but of late he has been more kindly disposed, and his book on the Samoan question, barring a little sloop about the American Admiral who lost his own fleet with serene fortitude, and rejoiced with great joy that the English ship had escaped, is a fair and just story of recent events in that region. If Mr. Stevenson should become first chief potentate of Samoa, Americans would probably receive gentle toleration there; but why the United States should submit to being deprived altogether of rights guaranteed by solemn treaty within five years is a mystery for diplomats to unravel. It passes the comprehension of the ordinary patriotic citizen.

The Question of Adjourment.

WASHINGTON, May 26.
Nobody thinks about the Senate committee on appropriations at this time, but upon that committee will largely depend the length of the present session of the Congress. Everybody supposes that when the revenue bill is passed by the Senate adjournment will be in sight. That is a popular fallacy. When the revenue bill is passed by the Senate there will be at least a month of consideration of the bill in conference before it is finally agreed to by both the House and the Senate.

But, even if the tariff bill could be agreed to within a few days after its passage by the Senate, the Congress could not adjourn for a month or more after the revenue bill was out of the way. The annual appropriations for the pensions, fortifications and military academy appropriation bills, but that is a mere modicum of the work before that important committee. The House has passed and the Senate committee is now considering the agricultural, army, diplomatic, naval, post office, sundry civil and District of Columbia appropriation bills. The legislative, Indian and deficiency bills have not yet come to the Senate from the House.

All of these bills must be considered and reported from the committee on appropriation before the Senate can consider them. While the Senate meets at 10 o'clock every morning it is impossible to get the committee together, and hence consideration of appropriation bills is daily deferred. They cannot be considered by the committee until after the revenue bill is disposed of finally. It will take the committee at least one month to report the pending appropriation bills, and it will take the Congress at least another month to dispose of the bills after they have been favorably reported. It is practically impossible for the Congress to reach an adjournment earlier than September 1 or the latter part of August.

Runaway Horses in Russia.

Several serious accidents have occurred in the Park from runaway horses and many innocents were in peril. Do you know that in Russia a runaway horse has a thin cord with a running nose around his neck at the neck strap, and the end is tied to the dashboard. At Rome I saw in the Corso a phaeton with two spirited horses bolt. They were driven by a lady, and I expected to see instant destruction. But the lady coolly grasped the cord and within thirty seconds the horses came to a full stop. I afterward met the lady at Nice, and expressed surprise at the skill with which she stopped the runaway. She treated it as a trifle, and told me that accidents from runaway horses were unknown in Russia, as none but a lunatic would drive without the cord. When the horse bolts he takes the bit in his teeth and the skill of the driver is useless. The moment the pressure comes on the wind pipe the horse knows he has met his master. Your paper speaks to a large audience of men and women who drive, and this letter may save lives. Can not New York learn a lesson from St. Petersburg.—*Correspondence of New York Advertiser*.

"MURPHY'S" the mountain station celebrated by Bret Harte in the legend beginning, "Walker of Murphy's, blew a hole through Peters for telling him he'd had a scene last week of another episode suggesting early Argonaut days, when the stage from that place was 'held up' by two masked robbers and a pretty fight ensued. Messenger Hendricks, one of the old-time heroic stripe, resisted the assailants with the help of a sawed-off shot-gun, and succeeded in killing one of the robbers. The other returned the fire, fatally wounding one of the passengers. On the same day, "African Jack," a noted desperado, was arrested in San Francisco for robbing the stage at Angels, another of Bret Harte's picturesquely named localities. California has always resented Mr. Harte's dramatic stories, as "tending to keep away immigration;" but the news from the Golden State shows that there is plenty of exciting adventures still there for anybody who finds life monotonous in the effete East.

Henry Blount in Snow Hill.

SNOW HILL, N. C., May 25.
EDITOR OF THE ARGUS.—On Tuesday, May 22nd, the people of Snow Hill and Greene county enjoyed an intellectual feast of the rarest kind. Henry Blount, of Wilson, had been invited to deliver his famous lecture entitled "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy," and a large and appreciative audience of ladies and gentlemen greeted him at the appointed time. The lecture was free, but the object in view was the raising of funds for the erection of the Confederate monument in Raleigh, and after the lecture was over, a very good sum was raised for this laudable and patriotic purpose by private contributions. The lecture was a success in every way and was greatly enjoyed by all present. Mr. Blount has a wonderful power for controlling the emotions of his auditors. He carries them, without money or influence, have by the force of pluck and energy surmounted the Alps of their difficulties and made a grand success of life.

Yours truly,
M.

Freight Train Captured.

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA, May 26.—Eight hundred miners in the Big Four yards here are holding a captured freight train on which they propose to ride to Pana, Illinois.

Mayor Ross refuses to interfere unless the company swears out warrants. Sheriff Stout has appealed and gave the same answer. The men are peaceable, but do not propose to leave the train on which they came from Pontaine.

At Pontaine a few miles from Terre Haute, 1,500 miners have gathered about the coal chutes and refuse to allow freight engines to take coal. Passenger trains are not molested and pass through on time. Superintendent Neel has wired that if the men are taken to Pana there will be bloodshed and rather than move the men all the trains will be abandoned.

Last night about two hundred men left Brazil for this city to join the strikers sidetracked here, and accompany them to Pana, Illinois.

A report has reached Brazil that 250 miners from the southern part of the country left to-day for Pana. This will augment the number from that district to over 1,000 determined men.

Last evening a flat car of slack was captured on the C. & I. C., near Rosedale, by the miners and side-tracked. The men desiring to attend to other business left without the slack, and all sorts of missiles in charge of the car, and they diligently resisted all attempts made to capture it.

Losses by the Flood.

The West Branch watershed, through which the deluge of the past few days coursed onward in ways of destruction and ruin equal to that caused by the flood of 1889, is exceptionally located to become subject to periodical visitations of the elements with out means to avert calamity and danger. That section of the State is now without the forests that formerly held back the waters. It is doubtful if one-tenth of the virgin timber territory of thirty years ago remains as a remnant of what were at one time the most fertile lands of the State, so rapidly have the mills worked up the pine and the hemlock, and the sole remedy exists in replanting the barren hill and mountain sides, and by this slow process returning to original condition.

The counties of Clearfield, Cameron, Centre, Clinton, Potter, Elk, Lycoming and Tioga—embracing an area of 7,777 square miles containing a population of 316,666 of the 5,255,015 credited by census to the State—comprise the flood stricken section. In them the losses sustained by ruined farm lands, bridges swept away and cities covered by the waters will aggregate from \$7,000,000 to \$12,000,000. The principal sufferers will be the cities of Williamsport and Lock Haven. A city under 8 feet of water—the very unfortunate condition of Williamsport for nearly two days—is not likely to emerge from the slime and mud except at great cost to every household and industry. The calamity is shared by all alike. In proportion Lock Haven has had just as great a trial. The county of Lycoming loses \$325,000 in bridge values alone.—*Phila. Times*.

United on the Tariff.

Senator Gorman's speech on the tariff is significant, not merely as a defense of the measure now pending in the Senate, but particularly as an intimation that its early passage may be expected. Senator Gorman is one of the shrewdest of the Democratic leaders. He is not a leader in debate nor in the advancement of abstract principles. He works by concessions and combinations, but he always works for results, and when he appears upon the floor it is generally accepted as an indication that the result is clearly *enunciated*.

As long as we have large industries that have been fostered under an artificial tariff system, any measure of revenue reform must be hampered by the obligation to conform to existing facts, just as it must be hampered on the other side by the necessity of providing the large revenue required by the fixed expenditures of the government. Under such conditions a tariff cannot be framed upon theory alone; the most that we can demand is that it shall have a just and comprehensive theory at its foundation, and this the present tariff bill unquestionably has. It is that which separates it essentially from the McKinley act, which was a compilation of separate schedules made up in the interest of individuals and combinations, and it will be a great relief to have put such a tariff on the statute books, even though many of its details falls far short of a theoretical ideal.

If it is true, as Senator Gorman's speech indicates, and as the vote on Mr. Teller's motion attests, that Democratic Senators have at last united in support of the pending bill, their one clear duty is to press its passage with the least possible delay. It must be an improvement on the tariff now in force, and there is every reason to expect that it will abundantly meet the present requirements of the country. Once finally adopted, it will give the needed assurance of stability, and we may confidently look for an immediate and steady revival of industry and trade.

Fine Satire.

We have seldom seen a neater piece of satire than the following from the *New York Evening Post*:

"We are glad the platform of the Pennsylvania Republicans recommends an expansion of the circulating medium of the country until the same shall amount to the per capita of our population." It is now only \$34 per capita. Six dollars more per capita would, we think, lift us promptly out of our present slough of despond. But it ought to be distributed at the treasury, sub-treasury and postoffice 'directly to the people.' The reason for this is that the per capita does so little good as the bank and goldbugs have got hold of it all and refuse to give it for goods, or what is the same thing as goods, collateral. Consequently it is useless to the great body of the people, for how few of us have got any collateral. With six dollars more apiece put into every man's and woman's pocket by the United States marshal or other Federal officer, we think we see a bright future for America. Having got them, however, we must hold on to them. If we part with them the goldbugs are sure to get hold of them, and we should be no better off than ever. They should be hidden somewhere about the house, and not be allowed, as is too often the case, to dribble into banks and trust companies.

No better commentary could be made on the vicious folly of those demagogues who proclaim that "more money" is all that is needed to save the country. We don't want any more unless it is good money, and no honest way has yet been discovered by which any one can get money without giving its equivalent for it. Some of our newspaper and politicians talk as if the people were a set of blasted idiots.

PAUL Bourget says that he likes America, but confesses that he has advised Zola to come over here and lecture, saying that half as big enough to hold his admirers could not be found. Possibly the secret of this advice is M. Bourget does not like M. Zola and wants to get him into trouble. The American admirers of Zola are few and far from representative. They will not be increased by his dull and noxious serial, "Lourdes," now oozing through the columns of the *New York Herald*.

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