

Goldsboro Weekly Argus

ARGUS for the people's rights
both an eternal vigil keep

No soothing strains of Maia's son
Can lull its hundred eyes to sleep

VOLUME 11

GOLDSBORO, N. C. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1899

NO 125

ROBBED AND ROASTED

AND HER UNGEHAFFAIR IN THE COIN Y OF PIET.

The House of Dog Taylor
Killed Occupant Killed
and His Boy Bunden
the House was Non-
gross Ar-
rived.

Friday, Dec. 18—
Newspaper of O-Ky, on
the Washington branch of the
Coast Line, Monday night, was
enacted a tragedy that was a
horror, if not a bloodiness, the
one which occurred some months
ago in another part of the
country, at the same time.

Living on the same plantation
were Samuel Taylor and George
his son, but in separate houses not
far apart, both respected and in-
dustrious citizens.

Saturday night Sam Taylor
and his wife were visiting, and
George and his partners went to
town to get the mail, in which
he expected to find a check for
some tobacco he had previously
shipped for sale. The letter con-
taining the expected check did
not come. George told his
brothers that he was feeling so
badly that he would go home,
and left.

Soon thereafter his brothers
started for home. When about
a quarter of a mile from home,
they met a boy, a son of Grey
Corey, who told them that they
had better hasten; that when he
passed he heard George calling
for help. This did not make
much impression on them, but,
advancing a little farther, they
beheld smoke over George's
house; then they hurried.

Arriving at the scene, they
found that the house had been
entered, probably robbed and
fired, and George's body in the
house near the front entrance
burning.

The Scandal in South Africa.

Washington Post

It would seem to be about
time for those gifted military
critics, who during the past few
months, have been telling us in
the clubs, the barrooms, the hotel
corridors, and the newspapers
exactly how Gen. Buller would
exterminate the Boers, to take
a reef in their garrulity. Events
have shown that these gentry
never knew much at any time.
The bystander has lost faith in
the complacent oracle and the
critics will, for the future, com-
mend themselves to indulgence
by a more industrious exhibition
of modesty and a less opulent
display of ears. The world is
beginning to understand the sit-
uation in South Africa pretty clearly
and to realize that when the
great Buller gets through with his
work of extermination there will
be precious little left of the Brit-
ish army as it stands to-day.

It seems to be a fact that the
Boers have not only outgeneraled
and outfought the British upon
every serious occasion, but have
accomplished the result with a
greatly inferior force, so far as
numbers are concerned. Methuen's
first check, in the neighborhood
of the Modder river, some twenty
days ago, was administered by a
Boer command of less than 2,500
men, he having over 7,000. Gen.

Gatacre received his drubbing at
the hands of 800 South African
Dutchmen. Now the much-lauded
Buller, with not less than
30,000 troops, and after the most
deliberate and careful prepara-
tion, advances on the Boer posi-
tion and gets a sound thrashing
from a force of little if any more
than half the size. In a word,
the British have been worsted at
all points thus far. They have
displayed a magnificent valor,
which, employed in a righteous
cause, might easily have brought
them victory against almost any
foe; but they are now attacking a
brave people who are ready to die
for their liberties and who, be-
sides, are their equals in courage
and infinitely their superiors in
military efficiency. There has
been nothing in modern warfare
to compare with the deadly ac-
curacy of the Boer fire, while
their strategy, their amazing mo-
bility, swiftness of movement, and
suddenness of concentration have
proven simply bewildering to the
British generals. We risk nothing
in the assertion that were the
war to be left to the opposing
forces as they now stand in South
Africa—and the British outnumber
the Boers at least two to one—
the great Buller and his armies
would be killed, captured, or
driven into the sea within three
months.

There is just one feature of
this abhorrent conflict—infamous
in its origin and inspiration,
cruel and ruthless in its purpose,
and shameful in its moral atti-
tude—there is just one feature
of it, we say, which brave and
honorable gentlemen the world
over must view with horror and
with grief. If the war, concocted
by Jo Chamberlain for the benefit
of Cecil Rhodes and the harpies
and pawnbrokers of the London
money market, could only bring
to the front as leaders the pirates
and charlatans who have caused
it, and could only force into ser-
vice as the rank and file of the
fighting force the craven Out-
landers who fled at the first sign
of danger and who now, in Cape
Town or in London, are weeping
into their dinner plates as they
tell of their perils and their losses—
if this transformation could
only be effected, decent and honest
men might be able to watch the
war with more than equanimity,
even with delight. But the thought
of these gallant English gentlemen
and true-hearted soldiers who are
being killed like flies in a cause
which they must loathe and for
the sake of hiding cowards whose
hands they would scorn to touch—
this thought is bitter to all of us
who love a warrior and despise a
cad.

No such consummation is pos-
sible, however. The Jo Chamber-
lains and the Cecil Rhodeses of
this world do not fight. They
contrive wars in which brave men
are sacrificed that they may
thrive.

**Easy to Take
Easy to Operate**
Because purely vegetable—yet thor-
ough, prompt, healthful, satisfactory—
Hood's Pills
A woman never knows a man's
real disposition until she sees
him intoxicated.

RAMBLER'S OF THE RAMBLER

BREZY NEWS, VIEW AND COMMENTS.

at the Streets and Hars White
Boasting the Streets.

The Rambler was standing on
the corner of Walnut and John
streets this morning when two la-
dies came to meet and com-
menced a conversation of such in-
terest at this time that he stood
there like a corner post and list-
ened to the one who did all the
talking. She said:

"I wish I could control one
column in the ARGUS every day
and nobody but the Woman's Club
knew it was me writing for you
know the time has come for woman
to make her triumphal entry into
the sphere that man has dominated
so long; we are determined to
shape things differently around
here and set a pattern for these
men. Look at that large piece of
paper over there by that corner
store, and I expect the Mayor and
the police are sitting up there at
the office by a warm fire and leave
us women to worry our lives away
doing what they ought to do. But
one thing is certain, we have the
intelligence of the town and we do
have sympathy for the poor, silly,
weak minded women who take a
stand with the men against us. All
they can do is to give out three
meals a day, be perplexed with
things around the house, hear
children squall and not see farther
than their front gate. Their hus-
bands will not try to show them
how they can aspire to higher
things, but perhaps these slow
women will be able to see after
awhile, when we get things in nice
running order. We will then con-
vince the men that we are their
equals. I mean what I say, the
evening star may set behind the
western horizon, the rock of Gi-
braltar may crumble into the sea,
but we are here to stay and intend
to stay. In the language of Patrick
Henry, "give us liberty or give us
death."

All out of breath, she saw the
Philistines had heard her secret,
and the quiet woman who had
nothing to say stood musing
whether she would go and find out
the number of trousers that would
fit her, or whether the next centu-
ry would not be time enough to
consider these things.

Mr. A. M. McDurmond, the
genial car inspector for the Coast
Line, informs the Rambler of im-
provements made in the passenger
service of the "Great Western
Vestibule," Limited, commonly
known as the Smithfield or "Col-
lier's train." He says that there is
now apartments for first and sec-
ond class white passengers and
first and second class colored pas-
sengers, all in one car, and that
these apartments are divided by a
chalk mark on the floor. Mr.
"Mack" tells of an incident con-
nected with this road which is
rather interesting. He says a man
who was going to Smithfield had
a dog he wanted to kill and so he
tied him to the rear end of the
train. Capt. Jenkins, the engineer,
was notified to try to outrun the
dog. Occasionally the man would

go out on the platform to see
about his dog, and each time the
dog seemed to be trotting along
happily and snapping the flies off.
After the stop up, at Princeton,
Capt. Jenkins said he would get
him. About two miles the other
side of Princeton, while Capt.
Jenkins sat the throttle wide
open and the cars were rocking
from one side of the track to the
other, the man went out to see
about the dog. No dog was to be
seen. The man thought that he
had finally gotten of his master,
but just as he started back to
take his seat he gazed through a
crack in the floor of the car and
there was the dog trotting along
underneath taking the grease off
the axle.

Now Christmas comes but what
the Rambler is sadly reminded of
a visit he had to make one Christ-
mas morning not many years ago
to a home where he knew that lux-
uries were as strange as the truth
of this narrative. The house was
one of a number of small frame
houses on a street in the suburbs
of Goldsboro. The children living
on this street were out in the
piazas and in the small front
yards shooting fire crackers and
playing with the many toys which
Santa Claus had brought them.
When we entered this house the
father and mother were hovered
over a few embers, the mother
holding the baby and the father
having the next oldest, a little
girl about three years old in his
arms, while their oldest child, a
boy nearly 5 years of age, was
sitting in the corner crying as if
his heart would break. We nat-
urally asked what was the cause
of the boy's crying and were sorry
we had asked the question be-
fore it was finished. Tears trick-
led down the cheeks of the mother
as she raised her sad eyes to reply.
She said her darling boy was cry-
ing because Santa Claus had not
brought him some toys as he had
the other children living next
door. She said her heart was
wrung with bitter grief the night
before, when her boy, in gleeful
anticipation, hung his stocking up
on a nail in the chimney. She
knew that Santa Claus would not
come, and all night long she had
not slept, but was continually
dreading to see the time when
her boy would awake and find his
stocking empty.

This picture with all its sad
meaning comes plainly to view
with the near approach of next
Monday morning. God grant
that such a scene may not be wit-
nessed in a single home in Golds-
boro this Christmas. If you know
of any homes where such sad dis-
appointment is imminent let your
charity avert it in time.

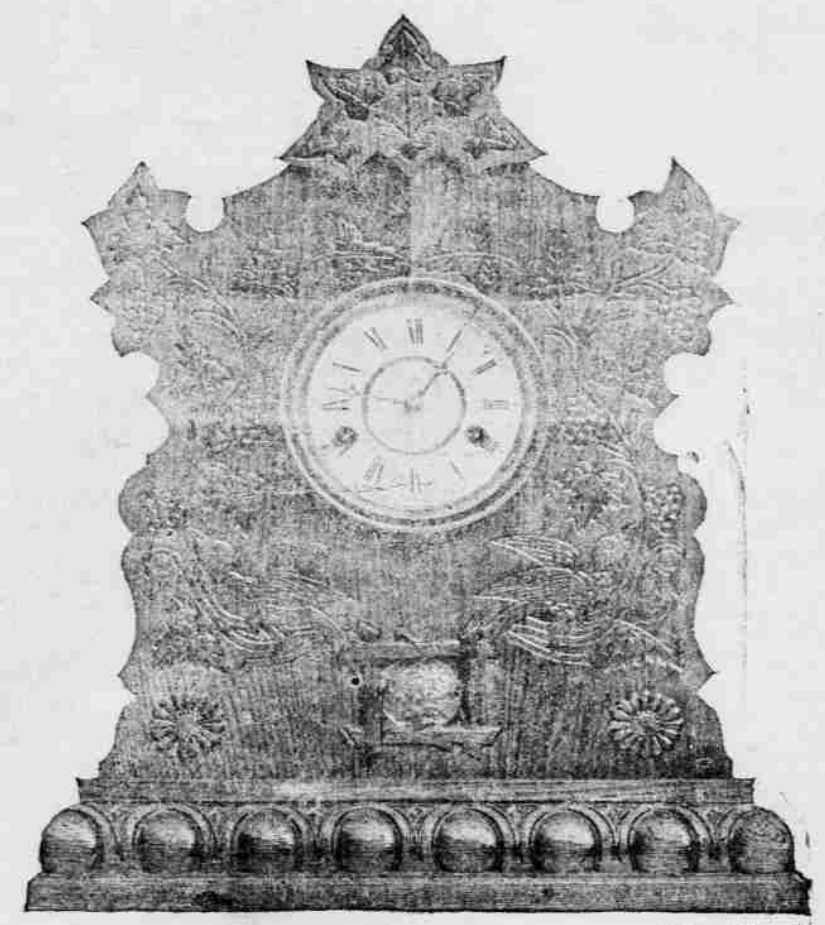
No woman is so plain looking
that she thinks a man does not
mean it when he compliments her
on her appearance.

Did you ever notice how com-
petent most men are when it
comes to telling how others should
work?

The surprise about the things
we get for Christmas constitutes
half the pleasure of the day, and
the uncertainty about what we will
get is nothing to the suspense we
are in as to what we will give.

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