

Goldsboro Weekly Argus

This ARGUS o'er the people's rights,
Doth an eternal vigil keep

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

VOL. XVI.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1900.

NO 4

THE ALL-ABSORBING TOPIC

The "Heathen Chinese" and His Connection With the United States.

The menace of China, which thoughtful observers have recognized for many years, has suddenly become an instant peril. European writers and diplomats have been gravely discussing plans for dividing the Chinese Empire into spheres of influence, without stopping to consider whether the Chinese might not have something to say to the proposed partition. To-day it is a question whether those little spheres of influence already established along the mere edge of the vast country can be maintained, whether all the outside powers can do more than hold the Chinese within their own boundaries.

The only Western nation that need not have been implicated in this peril is the United States. We are remote from any fear of Mongolian invasion, except as it might affect our precarious footing in the Philippines; we have no territorial interests nor concessions to defend; we have had no part in any of the plans for the partition of China, and should have had no part in the antagonism they have aroused. The Chinese peril belongs to the eastern and not to the western hemisphere and we have had to go out of our way to become mixed up in it.

Admiral Kempff showed a sound understanding when he refused to join in the attack on the forts at Taku, on the ground that it would incite the Chinese to war and that it was unwise to begin war without an adequate force to accomplish results. The event has confirmed his judgment and has given the world a warning as to the whole Chinese situation. The subjugation of China is no holiday excursion. The military force of all the powers of the world united, and co-operating cordially as against a common danger, is not more than enough for such a task if it is to be carried out forcibly. Divided counsels or a weak attack will only aggravate the peril.

A far-off, disinterested power like the United States might possibly have accomplished something by peaceful means, but that opportunity has been lost to us. The slumbering dragon has been aroused and the wisest cannot foretell the result.

PLAIN TALK.

The Constitutional Amendment is going to be carried. There is no doubt about that. The white men of North Carolina have determined by their very manhood that the Amendment shall be adopted. Will many white men vote against it? We hope not. Certainly, poor and shrunken and pitiful indeed will be the legacy handed down to his children by that father who in the time of extremity of North Carolina voted with the one hundred and twenty thousand negroes against the virtue and manhood and intelligence of the State. Every man owes something to his children and his grand children. This is plain talk, but it is time for plain talk.

China's savagery is a misfit at the end of the nineteenth century.

THE TOBACCO MARKET.

The Coming Season Will Open on August 1st—Bright Prospects.

Ever since the inauguration of a tobacco market in Goldsboro, only a few years ago, Goldsboro has enjoyed the reputation for paying as high prices as any market in the State. This reputation has abundantly increased the patronage of this market from season to season and it is confidently expected that the coming season will be no exception. Furthermore, this reputation has been due to the vigorous spirit of competition which prevails at all times among the large crops of buyers located on this market, and the coming season our already long list of buyers will be augmented by the introduction of several more, and the competition will not grow weaker but stronger. From this the warehousemen and the planters alike are benefited.

The managers of all the warehouses are gentlemen of experience and can be relied on to look after the interests of their patrons; and while doing this they are guarding their own interests.

STRANGE VIEWS.

In his great speech here last Saturday, Charles B. Aycock said if either had to be lost, he would rather fail of election himself than for the Amendment to be lost. And he spoke the truth. Yes, there are some people—the sons of honored white parents, who for the sake of a little office, turn their backs on their race and civilization. But my, my, what a high price do such men pay for their office! Office holding is honorable when the creators of the offices are intelligent and honorable. But the man who proves a traitor to his own people and the best interests of the State, and deliberately joins hands with ignorant negroes, thus injuring the land of his birth—such men certainly take strange views of life and duties and responsibilities. Such offices can bring but little satisfaction to those who hold them. Verily, verily, verily, a high price, a very high price do such men pay for office.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN.

North Carolina is a great State. Her possibilities are simply marvelous, and with good government wonderful strides will the old State make within the next few years. But if the Amendment should fail, darkness and degradation—yes, almost death would overhang the old State. In shame and humility would our people hang their heads. More than that, capital would go elsewhere for investment. When a factory was to be built, to South Carolina or to some other State with good government would the factory go, where taxation would be just and equitable, and life and property safe and secure. As dearly as they love their State our own people would not invest their money in North Carolina. It is every white man's duty to vote for the Amendment. And it is better for the negroes, too, if they only knew.

Some men don't have to travel very far when they go to the bad.

MOREHEAD AS IT IS.

THE OLD, OLD STORY TOLD O'ER AND O'ER.

By the Passing Waves of Humanity into the Listening Ears of Beauty, to the Music of the Rippling Waves, Tremulous and Shimmering 'Neath the Molten Glory of the Moonlight, and the Restless Breezes That Bear the 'Airy Nothings' Into the Echoless Expanse of the Wide, Wide Universe.

Atlantic Hotel,
Morehead City, July 20, 1900.
(Special Argus correspondence.)

The week of which only one day more remains has rivaled, if not surpassed, its predecessor in crowded attendance of elite guests at this popular resort and in the gay round of varied pleasures, dancing, fishing, sailing, surf and sound bathing, social entertainments and—well—there is one feature at Morehead that never fails "when youth and beauty meet," the telling of the "old, old story" that has ever set the throbbings of the human heart to music and reduces to harmony the strifes of existence.

In this particular Morehead has changed not in the passing years, and here, this season, are assembled more than the usual throng of beautiful debutantes and reigning belles. And how splendidly, icily, divinely proud they bear themselves towards their sighing retinues of Romeos, while your correspondent, with "the lamp of experience" to guide his observations, looks on and can divine the varying emotions of the Romeos, at least if not opine the tantalizing moods of the fair Juliets—for experience, you know, is a most exact teacher, and beneath the human breast, some times shallow, sometimes deep the human heart beats ever the same. And yet for these "society belles," who go forth for the conquest of manly hearts, and over whom men go stark, staring mad—become driveling fools, in fact, it always ends in the same old way. She suffers the homage of her idolaters for a time, as that which is her rightful due; in fact, exacts it as an empress might claim tribute of her subjects. She exalts or casts down, the while working her wondrous spell as she moves along; and through it all she makes them miserably happy, as her imperious and ever wayward fancy may elect. At length, however, there comes an hour and a lover that calm the storming, "a bolt is shot back somewhere in the breast," and defiance dies in a whisper of infinite pathos. "I am but a woman," she says, and, holding out her glorious arms that tremble, she bends at last to the shock of a mighty love. "I am but a woman, and the anxieties and cares of the world weigh upon me heavily. Thou shalt lead me, O beloved of my soul—thou shalt lead me!" And the proudest crown that ever pressed imperial brow is dross and nothingness when measured by the priceless treasure his arms enfold. Bells of bliss ring from the cathedral of the soul, filling every call of the heart, and peace falls as a blessed benediction upon the long,

lengthening, flower bedecked pathway of life.

Your correspondent witnessed just one of these very "conclusions" tonight. In fact, from our window as we write, the scene was enacted before our vision in the moonlight, out there on the balustraded pier. She had been punishing him through the hours of the evening, and he, mindful, even in his madness, of the proprieties, had given no sign, had not besought her to relent. By and by, at the conclusion of one of the figures of the german, she beckoned in her own way, observed by him alone. When he had approached she looked at him, and they passed out without speech or cheap touch of arm. At the balustrade of the pier she said he was good, and he assisted her to the insecure seat. She struck his shoulder with her folded fan and said she did not know how to dispose of him. He observed that it was time she were determining. She laughed at him in merriment. She is young, exquisite, rarest flower of the ages, and in the shadows there she was absolutely radiant. "There was about her the breath of June, warm, throbbing, ravishing sweetness of June." He felt his own life tingling even to the tips of his fingers. He drew close to the swaying white figure upon the fickle balustrade. Few words were spoken by either; but she laughed softly, almost demurely, and at last, suddenly as lightning in darkness, he knew she loved him. His crazed impulse was to cry for joy! What he really did was to tremble, and that was instinct. She was reeling, swaying, unsteady white figure upon the fickle balustrade. She seemed as if falling. He thrust his arms out with almost violent impulsiveness to stay her.

"Your coat sleeves are black," she said, by and by, as if she had made a great discovery in chemistry. And they passed in out of the moonlight to the music thrilled and gaily populated ball-room again.

Among the most pleasant social events of the week was the entertainment given in the private parlors of Mrs. Jas. A. Bryan this afternoon by Mrs. Julian Timberlake, of Raleigh, and Mrs. Jos. E. Robinson, of your city, to their lady friends, making a large assemblage, and every moment of which was one of real enjoyment, socially, intellectually and physically. The "T test" was the game indulged in, as one of the features of the occasion, and the prizes, first and second, were won respectively by Mrs. S. W. Allgood, of Griffin, Ga., and Miss Opal Smith, also of Georgia. Elegant refreshments were served.

Bismarck's Iron Nerve

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c at J. H. Hill and Son's drug store.

Mexican Liver Pills cure all liver ills. Price, 25c.
Webster Day's perorations to liberty fit his new party excellently.

FUSION COMPLETE.

OSCAR J. SPEARS MAKES A FEEBLE EFFORT

And is Followed by Our Own Major, Whom We All Know.

Daily Argus, Saturday.

The Fusion crowd of Wayne county met in the court house today at 12:30 o'clock to ratify the ticket which the Populists put in nomination some weeks ago. The convention was composed for the most part of negroes. A ratio of about 3 to 1—three negroes to one white man would be a correct report of the gathering.

Dr. W. P. Exum called the meeting to order and stated that the object of the meeting was to ratify the ticket as nominated by the Populists. Boz Kennedy acted as secretary and read out the following ticket, which was voted for in their turn.

House—Jno. I. Mazingo and Z. P. Davis.

Sheriff—D. A. Cogdell.

Register—S. G. Pate.

Treasurer—S. O. Holmes.

Commissioners—Erastus Godwin W. E. Pearson and Oscar Sutton.

Coroner—J. B. Person.

Surveyor—Henry Deans.

Senate—W. G. Hollowell.

After the nominations were ratified Dr. Exum introduced Oscar J. Spears, who made a speech, but failed to arouse any enthusiasm or to elicit but very little applause. The speech was made up of stale stereotyped expressions about the "freedom of American citizens", and was devoid of argument or oratory. There were a number of Democrats in the court house who had gone purposely to hear one of the Republican champions state the reasons why any man should not favor the Amendment, but the Democrats were disappointed at the effort and left the hall in disgust. His own followers must have been glad when he had finished, for the speech was neither interesting nor entertaining.

Spears was followed by Maj. H. L. Grant. The Major, it will be remembered, made "positively his last appearance" some months ago, when he was "wooled" out in an attempt to over-ride the Republican party organization in the county and dethrone Henry E. Hagans, the colored chairman of the Republican County Executive Committee. But "boss" Jno. R. Smith demanded of Grant in front of the Kennon Hotel, that he come down and address the meeting, and in obedience to that behest he again made "positively his last appearance." His speech was along his characteristic line: opposed to the amendment, and expressing great regard for and gratitude to his brethren in black, who, he said, had always "certainly been good to him."

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

After using Ely's Cream Balm six weeks I believe myself cured of catarrh.—Joseph Stewart, Grand Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Balm does not irritate or cause sneezing. Sold by druggists at 50c, or mailed by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., New York.

HANNA STIRS THEM UP.

Many hard things have been said about Mark Hanna, and probably many of them are true. But there is one accusation which has never been brought against him. Nobody has ever called him a fool.

That he is a bold and strong organizer he has proved abundantly. He is a practical politician in the modern sense of the term and his superior in that line of work would be hard to find.

Hanna has gone into the present campaign with more vigor than he carried into that of 1896. He has more at stake. It will be worth much more to him to re-elect McKinley than it was to elect him.

Therefore, Hanna has no patience with the featherweights of his party who are gabbling about a certain Republican victory in November. He is said to have administered a severe rebuke to one of this class who said in a speech at a McKinley ratification meeting that it was "all over but shouting."

The old man does not think that he and his followers, that is all the lesser Republicans, have anything like an easy job on hand. He gave evidence of this state of mind in his remarks at the notification of his candidate the other day. He told the Republicans that they had work ahead of them and he cracked his whip in a way that indicates his intention to be a hard task-master. It was upon his insistence that Mr. Perry S. Heath, a man of marked ability, gave up the office of first assistant postmaster general to take the position of secretary of the Republican national committee. The boys will have to buckle down to it. The old man is scared and he will make them "hump" for all they are worth.

Prevented a Tragedy.

Timely information given Mrs. George Long, of New Straitsville, Ohio, prevented a dreadful tragedy and saved two lives. A frightful cough had long kept her awake every night. She had tried many remedies and doctors but steadily grew worse until urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle wholly cured her, and she writes this marvelous medicine also cured Mr. Long of a severe attack of Pneumonia. Such cures are positive proof of the matchless merit of this grand remedy for curing all throat, chest and lung troubles. Only 50c and \$1. Every bottle guaranteed. Trial bottles free at J. H. Hill & Son's drug store.

Deaths from sunstroke and heart prostrations are daily occurrences in Northern cities, while such an occurrence would be considered exceptional, almost phenomenal, in this land of sunshine.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting, swollen feet and ingrowing nails, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort-discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Cimsted, LeRoy, N. Y. aug 22

Chills, fevers and malaria yield to Roberts' Chill Tonic, if you get the genuine, with a red cross on label. 25c. No cure, no pay.

\$100.

Dr. E. Detchen's Anti-Diuretic
May be worth to you more than \$100 if you have a child who soils bedding from incontinence of water during sleep. Cures old and young alike. It arrests the trouble at once. \$1. Sold by M. E. Robinson & Bro. Druggists.