

Goldsboro Weekly Argus

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

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

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NO 112

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

A Homily Written For the Encouragement and Strengthening of New Year Resolutions.

Beloved, we stand upon the threshold of the New Year. Let us look not back mournfully on the old year—whatever it may hold is behind us: if personal shortcomings, and even grievous misdeeds, let them also be behind us, and let us greet the "new face at the door" on the morrow gladly with high resolves and with a spirit strong to bear and determined to persevere.

There is a history in all men's lives. Figuring the nature of the times decess'd: The which observ'd, a man may prophesy. With a near aim, of the main chance of things as yet not come to life; which is their seeds, and weak beginnings, lie intreasur'd.

We may foresee with reasonable certainty the result of any deed of our own, any act of personal conduct, any speech of real import uttered in calmness or in the heat of passion.

We are constantly aware that any good and unselfish act will bring spiritual comfort in its most gratifying measure.

Charity will bring charity, benevolence will brighten the soul with sunshine, love and friendship beget love and friendship; constancy creates its own quality, faith to faith gives birth, laughter ripples unto laughter; joy bursts into newer joy; and all these graces of heart and mind cause our world to ring with the wedding bells of truth and mercy.

Observation will teach these blessed realities to every one who looks with eyes open to the reception of the real, while happy experience of it all gladdens the hearts of vast multitudes who abandon themselves to the better and nobler admonitions of humanity's better and nobler impulses—the higher hopes of the human heart.

Likewise, all men and women, and most children, know with the utmost certainty that the transgressor's way is forever hard; that shame follows sin; that pain comes swiftly upon indiscretion; that bitterness comes of wrong-doing; that remorse stalks behind falsehood, and the pangs of grief are born of affronting error; that shapes of terror created of last night's lie, lived or spoken, are revealed by the day's troubled dawn; that an army of devils, physical and mental, are grimly attendant upon physical and mental debauchery, day and night in hideous deformity revolting and appalling.

Human experience and divine injunction unite in burning into our souls knowledge of these certain penalties of transgression against the laws of man's existence and man's God.

This may we prophesy concerning ourselves and concerning others, and thus may we avoid errors condemned from the beginning, the while seeking by example and precept to warn others away from temptations that lead inevitably to despair and death.

Behold, you shall prophesy with a near aim of the main chance of things as yet not come to life! Woman or man, maiden or youth, however or whoever you be, you shall read the stars of your own destiny, leaving to God the things not clearly discernable and leaving to Him the final measure of reward.

Whoso live according to the law, the law of human experience and divine command, may not lay up store of anxiety, or find shapes of evil in any shadowy place. Every mortal not only owes God a death, but a life also, and life is of more importance, since if it be well lived it shall pass, in God's good time, to the slumber that is bliss.

If you wish love, the great and godlike love of your fellowman, love will come to you trailing clouds of glory that will brighten and bless all your afterwhiles.

Love will come singing songs of

such melody as must fill all your world with sweetness, gladness and joy, ringing in glee through every hour of your waking and murmuring with the tender cadence of a baby's lullaby as sung by angels while you sleep; rising and falling and gladdening to your heart-beats; soothing when you are calm in peace and riotous in splendid harmony when you glory in some purpose of peace triumphant.

Love will come by stealth when you have done a worthy action in secret, and it will come proudly careering upon the blasts of the announcing heralds when in the forefront of humanity's conflict against wrong you have borne yourself nobly as a captain in the ranks of right.

Love will grow for you, quietly by night and in the sunlight, gently nurtured in the heart of your fellowman as he observes your faithful and unpretentious discharge of duty to the world as duty presents itself; and by and by there will come time when that spirit, so quietly grown, so gently nurtured, will burst into the mighty music of mankind's cheering acclaim.

For good character is not builded in a day, though character for evil may in a moment be established for a lifetime. The structure of good character is erected slowly, in many an instance painfully because of human weakness; and the materials, though fashioned by our own hands according to our own hearts, must be passed upon by our fellow-builders, and be approved by our masters of the great human family around and about us. Yet when builded, one false step may send all our work toppling about our shame-bowed heads.

"There is a history in all men's lives figuring the nature of the times decess'd."

The history of man, a life that is now beautiful would not be pleasing to study; for grave sin is forever repulsive in its reality, however fair a form it may bear to outward seeming.

"Plate sin in gold, and the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks. Arm it in rags, and a pigmy's straw doth pierce it."

Yet the higher justice, the justice that abides in the hearts of good women and good men; that holds sway in the judgment seat of moral integrity—such justice is powerful to punish, whatever be said of constituted courts of man's government, and the strong lance of such justice never hurtless breaks against any armor of gold or other material of man's cupidity.

And there was never yet a sin that remained unpunished in this life, and never one that did not leave its brand upon whosoever committed it, a brand deep somewhere graven.

Yet freedom from the spiritual burden of every sin, great or small, however or by whomsoever committed, awaits the asking. There are varying degrees of sinning, from the polished falsehood and hollow dissembling and deceit of society downward to dark crime; but there is freedom from all, save only the final sin of not asking for that freedom. She had offended grievously; indeed to whom the Master said: "Neither I condemn thee;" but instantly followed the injunction to sin no more!

Every one of you may this day prophesy with reasonable certainty concerning your own afterwhiles. The life of each of you shall be as you make it—bright or shadowy, merry or morose, happy or unhappy.

If you wish happiness, love one another, love your fellowman. By that gentle means and that alone shall you obtain love, and by love alone shall you obtain happiness.

Behold the gate leading into gardens of glorious flowers, of gladness, laughter, joy—if your good resolutions for the New Year be sincere! Behold "the new face at the door!" May it usher into every home in Goldsboro greater prosperity and happiness. May it be to every reader of the Argus a happy New Year.

EMPTY BOTTLE FOUND.

Was This Bottle Dropped on River Bank by Wilcox?

Elizabeth City, N. C., Dec. 30. —Prosecutor Ward said to-day: "You can state that there will be enough evidence before the grand jury next March to secure an indictment. This is a hard case, but no stone will be left unturned. There is some very damaging testimony which I believe would insure his conviction, but there is doubt as to its admissibility."

The latest new evidence is an empty whiskey bottle found near the river bank in front of the Cropsey home. A local saloon man has identified the bottle as having been sold by him, and declares that or one like it was gotten by Wilcox.

The strongest alleged evidence against Wilcox is that he was seen struggling with Miss Cropsey in front of her home in an effort to drag her to the river. It is also claimed that Wilcox can not account for all his time that night nor why he chose an unusual route to reach home. A part of the Citizens' Committee believes it has a strong State's case.

A soldier says that when Wilcox's sister visited the jail the prisoner said it was no place for her, and on her asking what she might do for him, she was told to bring a quart of whiskey.

The confinement is already telling on Wilcox and it is believed his stoicism will vanish before the trial next spring. Lawyer Aydtlett says Wilcox may make another public statement soon. He says many untrue reports have been circulated against his client.

There are some Elizabeth City people who believe the Wilcox family is now a more fitting object of sympathy than the Cropseys. Lawyer Cropsey on the funeral train discussed the case freely.

As to Wilcox's alleged struggle with Miss Cropsey, the correspondent of the New York Journal says:

"Another witness who may be called upon to testify is R. F. Parker. He told his wife the night after Miss Cropsey disappeared that he had seen Wilcox dragging a girl across the road in front of the Cropsey home. It is said he now denies this. The committee will examine him on this point soon."

A CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to extend our most sincere thanks to the lawyers of the city who so kindly remembered our little girl, Margaret, in presenting her with the beautiful and valuable Christmas gift.

It is, indeed, most highly appreciated by us, and the courtesy will always be remembered pleasantly.

Respectfully,
MR. AND MRS. B. F. SCOTT.

Reward For Bicycle!

The party or parties who took a Crescent bicycle off the porch of Mrs. Etta Brown's home Thursday night, will confer a favor on the undersigned by returning same to ARGUS office. The wheel is a Crescent make, has a high frame, cushion seat, black enamelled frame with the exception of the front bar, which is painted red. Liberal reward for its return and no questions asked.

CHAS. A. BROWN.

IN MEMORIAM.

In memory of Ella Vail, wife of Silas S. Rose, who died at her home at Society Hill, S. C., Dec. 12, after an illness of only a few days, aged 22 years.

Mrs. Rose was the daughter of Mr. Henry Vail, of Pikeville, N. C., and was married on Feb. 27, 1901, and went to Society Hill to make her home, among strangers, where she, in such a short time, left all friends. For she had always a bright and sunny disposition that has carried her safe through this life to find a final rest above.

Why such a noble young life as hers, so full of plans for coming years, and one so dear to us, should be cut off in its youth, is a mystery to us now, but "Up There, sometime we'll understand." But perhaps she was too pure for this ungodly world, and hence has "crossed the river."

To know her was to love her, and those who knew her best loved her most, for she was one of nature's noblest and best women.

She grew up in full faith of the M. E. church, of which she was a consistent member, and died in the life she had led.

The body was accompanied by her grief-stricken young husband and aged father and mother, who were with her in her last hours, to her father's house, on Saturday Dec. 14, and conveyed from there to Salem M. E. church, where the funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Benson.

The body was laid to rest in a bed of flowers in Salem cemetery, in the presence of a host of relatives and friends.

Let us try dear husband, relatives and friends, to not mourn our loss, which is Heaven's gain. Let us comfort our sad hearts with her dying words, "It's all for the best, we don't understand, but God does."

The pall bearers were: Messrs. B. F. Scott, E. Lane, J. P. Smith, D. L. Edgerton, H. Howell, J. Dees, M. Starling and C. Thompson.

B. M. E. S.

Mr. W. F. Pate, son of Mr. Mc. D. Pate, of Snow Hill, an old Wayne county boy, was in the city to-day, on his way to Havana, Ill., where he has been elected assistant professor of chemistry in the university of that city. Mr. Pate is a graduate of the A. & M. College, of this State, and is quite a young man. We congratulate him right cordially on his merited success.

Dr. James C. Greene, who for the past two years has been associated with Dr. J. E. Grimsley, at Snow Hill, has located at La-Grange for the practice of his profession. Dr. Green is living at the residence of the late Dr. Hadley.

You will make no mistake when you order coal of W. H. Griffin. He sells the best coal to be had, well screened and clean.

Egg coal at W. H. Griffin's coal and wood yard. Phone 47.

NOTICE.

After January 1st, 1902, I find it will be absolutely necessary for me to retire from active practice. Therefore, in justice to myself and family, I cannot afford to perform the laborious duties which devolve upon me, under existing circumstances, have come to the above decision. All indebted to me will please settle, as I need the money.

Very respectfully,
WILL B. CRAWFORD, M. D.

WALTER LETTER.

A Chronicling of a Week's Events in That Thriving Neighborhood.

Miss Bessie Swinson went to Kinston last week on a visit to relatives.

Miss Lizzie Kennedy, of Mt. Olive, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Chas. Peterson.

Messrs. Geo. Pipkin and Hugh Edwards, were at home last week from Guilford College.

Mr. Alden Yelverton spent the holidays with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Yelverton.

Mr. Mack Alexander, of Kinston, is visiting the family of his uncle Mr. J. H. Caldwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Neal, of Wilson county, spent Christmas with relatives in our community.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Neal left last week for a visit to relatives at Hillsboro, returning home Tuesday.

Mr. Phil Crawford, of Kinston, returned home Friday, after a pleasant visit to relatives, during Christmas week.

Misses Blanch Peacock, Mary Pascbal, and Lillie Deans, added greatly to the pleasures of our community during Christmas week.

Mrs. Fred Howell and daughter, Miss Sadie, and Mrs. Frank Bizzell, of your city, spent Sunday at Oak Glen, where we were glad to see them.

Mr. Jethro Howell, of Clayton, came down Christmas morning on a short visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Howell, returning Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Stevenson spent last week with Mrs. Stevenson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Smith, returning to their home at Wilson, Friday morning.

Misses Eugenie Coor, Mary Pipkin, and Cora Dixon, who are teaching school in different parts of the county, were at home last week, to spend the holidays.

Miss Lizzie Becton came home from Louisburg College, to spend Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Becton, where her many friends are glad to see her.

Miss Dixie Lee Caldwell gave a delightful social at her hospitable home, "Southern Oaks," last Friday night, which was highly enjoyed by quite a crowd of young people.

The good wife of our efficient Postmaster, Mr. J. H. Caldwell, was the recipient of the nicest present we have seen. On Christmas morning Capt. Jack's train stopped there and rolled off a nice new buggy. The entire community wish her many years to enjoy its usefulness.

The Christmas exercises given at Ebenezer last Tuesday night, under the management of Miss Dixie Lee Caldwell, was a credit to the community, but could not be enjoyed as it should, on account of the immense crowd present. The Christmas tree was a decided success, and gladdened many a heart.

Christmas day was almost as quiet here as Sunday. Nothing

happened to mar the pleasure thereof, and every one seemed to enjoy it. There was no rowdiness, drunkenness, or anything unusual except the occasional report of gun or fireworks, and the merry ring of pleasure and happiness throughout the entire day.

KILLICKINICK.

"Oak Glenn",
Walter, N. C., Jan. 1, 1902.

MT. OLIVE LETTER.

A Week's Happenings of the Mt. Olive Section.

ARGUS BUREAU,
Jan. 1, 1902.

Mr. John Clark, of Wilson, was visiting friends here several days this week.

Miss Hales, of Elm City, is here the guest of her sister Mrs. R. P. Holmes.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Kornegay were visiting relatives at La-Grange last week.

Miss Mable Kornegay after visiting relatives for several days returned home Sunday.

Mr. Willie Maxwell has accepted a position as salesman with Messrs Blount & Keel.

Messes Johnie Weyher and Guy Moore, of Kinston, were visiting relatives here last week.

We regret to chronicle the death of Mr. Tomie Oats, which occurred at his home here Monday evening about 7 o'clock.

Mr. H. W. Westbrook has resigned his position with Mr. A. F. Albritton and left Tuesday for Oak Ridge to take a business course.

Buck Swamp Items.

Mr. N than Deans is in our neighborhood to-day.

Mr. Marion Lynch is off on a big hunt down below Newbern.

Miss Zilphia Deans spent Monday, visiting friends, near Sasser's mill.

Mr. Tommie Toler, from over Neuse river, was visiting a friend here Wednesday.

Mr. DeWitt Sherard, of Goldsboro, visited in our community several days last week.

The many friends of Mrs. J. W. Thompson will be glad to know that she is improving.

Miss Pauline Thompson, who has been teaching school at Falling Creek, spent Christmas at her home near here.

Mr. Will Bizzell and Miss Sadie Howell, of your city, were visiting at the home of Mr. Woodard Deans, Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Lillie Deans, of Greenleaf, and Miss Lizzie Kennedy, of Mt. Olive, attended the birthday party of Miss Bessie E. Deans, at her home, Thursday night, which was highly enjoyed.

Messrs. Tom Gurley and Isaac Bridgers, who have been attending school at Guilford College, are visiting their homes in this neighborhood, where their many friends are glad to see them.

Misses Eliza and Alice Gurley gave a delightful party at their home Wednesday night, which was greatly enjoyed by their many young friends who were present on this joyous occasion.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER.
Buck Swamp Dec. 11, 1901.