

Goldsboro Weekly Argus

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

No soothing strains of Mala's songs
Can lull its hundred eyes to sleep

XIV

GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1902.

No 127

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM DIVERSE SOURCES.

News of the Stage, Social, Political and Otherwise, Culled From Our Exchanges.

President Roosevelt is shaved every day.

Straw hats have again appeared on the scene.

Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, completed his forty-second year last Thursday.

England is going to coin £2 pieces in gold. They will be about the size of our \$10 coins.

Private McCulloch, of the Guards Reserves, an Irishman of 6 foot 10 1/2, is now the tallest man in the British army.

The Duke of Argyll is endeavoring to acclimatize wild Canadian turkeys and geese on the shores of Loch Fyne, Argyllshire.

Despite his great success and wealth Richard Croker is said to be disappointed and embittered over his failure to become a national Democratic leader.

The first act of honesty Congress owes the Philippines is an act giving them honest money. Dishonest money is always followed by an endless train of other dishonesties.

A subsidized English theatre is projected in Paris, with the object of enabling French students to become familiar with the English language. The scheme is favored by the university professors.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts, now 88 years of age, intends to look at King Edward VII's coronation procession out of the same windows from which she looked on Queen Victoria's 64 years ago.

Citizens of Charleston, S. C., are urging that the name of Meeting street, one of the widest and most important in their city, be changed to Hampton avenue, in memory of the late General Wade Hampton.

Chicago, April 27.—Hon. J. Sterling Morton, former Secretary of Agriculture, died this afternoon at the home of his son, Mark Morton, at Lake Forest, Ill. Last November Mr. Morton contracted a severe cold while speaking at the stock show in Chicago. An attack of grip followed, and from this he never entirely recovered. A week ago he suffered a stroke of apoplexy. The immediate cause of his death was inflammation of the bronchial arteries.

An eggshell farm is a part of one of the primary school departments of study in Buffalo. Each child takes an eggshell about two-thirds whole. The child's name is written on the shell and after a lesson on soils sufficient earth is placed in the shell to fill it. Each one in a room is given the same kind of seed to plant. After the plant becomes too large for the shell the child is encouraged to take it home and plant in a garden. The teachers aim to teach the completed history of the plant from seed to seed.

Sol Smith Russell, the actor, who had been in poor health for several years, died at his home in Washington yesterday afternoon. Mr. Russell had been afflicted for some years with intermittent attacks of paralysis, the last of which came upon him Friday night. Sol Smith was one of the quaintest and most delightful of comedians with a manner almost entirely his own. In gentle, humorous, wistful characters, shrewd and a little awkward, he was unsurpassed, and in some respects his art was not unlike that of Joseph Jefferson. Mr. Russell was born in Maine in 1848. He was a drummer boy in the Union army during the civil war.

SHOT AND CAPTURED.

Negro Had to be Shot Before He Could be Captured.

Constable Troy Smith, who lives in the Hood Swamp section of this county, brought in a prisoner Wednesday whom he had to shoot before catching. The prisoner is a negro who had been stealing promiscuously in the neighborhood. He had made threats and had the people afraid of him, so the constable says. In his yard at home he had several hundred pounds of iron which he had stolen from steam mills. He would go to a mill and take off all taps and small pins of iron that he could carry off.

Wednesday morning Constable Smith got a Greene county officer to go with him and they overtook the negro, whose name is Wesley Sutton, just across the Greene county line.

When ordered to stop the negro started to run and Constable Smith drew his pistol and shot the negro in the hip. He ran a few yards and fell. Before the officers could get to him he was on his feet and drew an axe that he had with him. One of the officers, engaged his attention while the other one grabbed the axe.

The negro had a pistol, two small pieces of iron and two rocks in his pocket. He was brought to this city and placed in jail. The wound from the pistol shot is not of a serious nature, so it is said.

EDUCATIONAL WORK.

The Southern Educational Board that met Southern Educators last week at Athens, Ga., and that has an ample fund at its disposal, including a gift of \$1,000,000 from John D. Rockefeller, consists of some of the most eminent philanthropists and millionaires in the country. It is a branch of the National Educational Board, of which W. H. Baldwin, Sr., is president.

The object of these boards is to formulate a practicable plan by means of which money from generous givers will be expended in the South for the education of whites and blacks by practical and thoughtful men. The plan will be devised by Southern minds and the expenditures will be guided by Southern hands. The object of the boards was thus expressed by a Northern man at Athens in these words:

"You have shown us that the South is trying heroically to deal not only with the negro, but with great unprivileged masses of its white population. You understand your own people and your own problems as we do not. This work is, therefore, yours. Take it and do it. In so far as we can help you, we are at your service. We have no desire to meddle or interfere. If you will take the helm we will stand by you, not as northerners but as fellow citizens of a common country."

Vast sums of money can be procured by Mr. Baldwin and his associates if they can show good results, and this they will try to do. Edgar Gardner Murphy, formerly a clergyman of Montgomery, is secretary of the Southern Education Board, and he recently stated that a strong effort would be made to teach whites and blacks alike how to make a living, and communities which help themselves will be the ones first helped by the board. For example, when Guilford county raised \$4,000 by local taxation for a normal training school, the board added \$4,000 from its treasury. This indicates their general policy. No great gifts will be made, but every dollar will be quietly and thoughtfully placed where it will do the most good.

Instead of crying out, "Stop eating meat," as an orator in the Chicago Federation of Labor recently did, he should have shouted, "Pull down the tariff-for-trusts, the sacred tariff written on the Dingley tables that are now preserved in the Republican temple."

THE ONLY True Blood Purifier. prominently in the public eye today is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Therefore get Hood's and ONLY HOOD'S

FOODS TO AVOID.

It is well to refuse the sausage brought to your breakfast table if it is stale and to refrain from using the cream in your coffee if it is the least bit sour. Otherwise you run the risk of becoming blind.

Some foods, it is said, are most injurious to the sight. "A case was brought under the notice of an eye specialist," says The Dioptric Review, "in which the eyes of a whole family were affected by eating rabbit pie. In each instance the patient had become afflicted with a peculiar defect of vision that is technically known as 'failure of accommodation.' Stale sausage and sour cream cause a weakening of the sight known as 'amblyopia.' Blindness resulting from eating tainted fish has been found almost impossible to cure, and quinine is often responsible for some persons' half blind condition. This drug affects the optic nerve in a manner that sometimes ends in blindness." It might be added that alcohol occasionally makes people "blind."

Water and the Kidneys.

As the waste in animal food in those who lead indolent lives is carried off by the kidneys it is very desirable that they should be kept well flushed with plenty of water, for pure water is to the kidneys what fresh air is to the lungs, and taken in the early morning, preferably as hot as it can be sipped, it washes away the unhealthy secretions that have accumulated in the stomach during the night and stimulates it to healthy action, and then, passing on through the system till it reaches the kidneys, carries away by their aid the uric acid, gout poison and other impurities that should have no fixed habitation in the body at all and would not have if the sufferer were properly dieted for even two or three weeks each year.

A Very Old English Cloth.

Fustian is a species of cotton cloth much used by the Normans, particularly by the clergy, and appropriated to some orders for their cassocks. The Cistercians were forbidden to wear them made of any material but linen or fustian. A stronger description was first manufactured in England at Norwich, temp. Edward VI.

It was much used for doublets and jackets in the fifteenth century, at which time it appears to have been imported from Italy. "Fustians of Naples" are named in a petition to parliament from the manufacturers of Norwich in 1554. The name was corrupted in England into "fustianapes" and "fustian and apes"—i. e., "fustian a Naples."—Notes and Queries.

Heidelberg Castle.

The castle of Heidelberg is the largest in Germany. It stands 330 feet above the Neckar river and was occupied as a castle as early as A. D. 1294. In a cellar in one corner of the ruins is the famous "tun" or monster cask, capable of holding 49,000 gallons. This was for the storage of wine used by the nobility who dwelt in this castle.

OREGON WILL LEAD OFF.

No State election will occur this year until June 2 when Oregon will elect a governor, legislature and members of Congress. The term of Governor Geer will expire next January, and the new governor will hold office four years. The legislature meets bi-annually.

The tickets on each side have been placed in nomination, and the platform of the Democrats assails the Dingley tariff and its creatures, the trusts, and demands the election of Senators by the people and the initiative and referendum.

Governor Geer, a Republican, was elected in 1898 by 10,551 plurality, and Mr. McKinley carried the State in 1900 by a plurality of 13,141, but before 1898 the State was hotly contested, the majority either way being small. McKinley's plurality in 1896 was about 2,000.

The State will be well contested in the next six weeks, and a vote denouncing the general governmental policy in Cuba and the new possessions, and the Dingley tariff would put new life into the Democratic party in other States. The two congressmen of Oregon are both Republicans, and their defeat would be interpreted as a warning that the party which fosters trusts and mergers into capitalism in general is no longer wanted by the people. There are prophets on both sides of the fence in Oregon, and one will have to wait until June 2 before a definite idea of the trend of public sentiment in Oregon can be ascertained.

COUGHLAN IN DRESS.

Chicago's Beau Erasmus Alderman Shooked at New Yorker's Blunder. They do such things in some western towns, but Alderman Dickinson of Brooklyn has set the fashion in the effete east by appearing at the aldermanic reception to Prince Henry in the city hall of New York the other afternoon in a full dress suit, spike tail coat, low cut vest, white cravat and all, says the New York Evening World. One explanation is that Alderman Dickinson's everyday suit met with a mishap. Another is that his evening dress suit had never been worn before and this was the first opportunity the gentleman from Brooklyn had to display himself in it.

"Bathhouse John" Coughlan, the incomparable refulgent poem in galleons of Chicago, was inexpressibly shocked when told that Alderman Dickinson of New York appeared in a dress suit at the afternoon reception to Prince Henry. "Bathhouse," also an alderman, feels that Mr. Dickinson has put a crimp in the reputation for good taste that aldermen have always enjoyed.

"Anybody but an alderman!" sobbed "Bathhouse John." "Anybody but an alderman!" "Here in Chicago," he continued when he had recovered from his emotion, "we have one foul blot upon the fair name of our city that is a dead ring for the smudge which Alderman Dickinson has put upon New York. We gave a breakfast to the Infanta Eulalia at the time of the World's fair, and Mr. Higginbotham, one of our foremost citizens, came up to the trough wearing his after 6 p. m. "Bear in mind he wasn't an alderman. All the aldermen who attended that breakfast wore cutaways and plug hats. But the sartorial faux pas of Mr. Higginbotham made Chicago the laughing stock of the world for many years.

"Now we have the laugh on New York. But I am deeply grieved that an alderman is the cause of it. I am proud to say that I have the aldermen of this town trained. At the reception to the prince here, if I am invited, I shall wear a purple colored dress suit with pearl buttons and a red vest. Remember, it will be at night. Alderman Dickinson ought to have written to me."

A HENLEY FOR FRANCE.

M. Deutsch Will Convert a Little Town into Smart Sporting Center.

M. Deutsch, already known in sporting circles for his generous endowment of the aerial navigation prize won by M. Santos-Dumont, has another big scheme in preparation, writes the Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph. He means to create a French Henley which will be able to give points to the original institution. Meulan, the charming little town on the Seine below Poissy, is the chosen spot. There M. Deutsch, with the assistance of various clubs, intends starting a French center not only aquatic, but of all sports, except, so far as can be ascertained, horse racing, coursing and similar amusements of a special character.

The most prominent place will be given to boating, and it is hoped that Meulan week will eventually rival that of Henley for smartness as well as by the businesslike character of the arrangements generally and the interest of the contests held. But other sports, whether of a traditional or of a very modern kind, will also hold their own at Meulan. Automobility will have its sheds and workshops, links will be set apart for golf, tennis courts, cycle and foot racing paths will be laid out, and not least there will be an "aerodrome." The last named establishment will consist of premises over which will take place the finish of the airship race promised for next summer and where the aerial vessels will come to earth.

RAILWAY MAPS.

A Disgruntled Passenger's Comments on the Straight Line Variety.

"Look at that," said an ill natured passenger, pointing to a large map on the wall of the railway station. "Isn't that an abominable fraud?"

"What's the matter with it?" asked his mild companion.

"Look how it is distorted," said the other. "There is a map of a railway system from Chicago to New York. It is made to appear as following a straight line between these two cities, and yet on the map it appears to pass through every large town within 500 miles of that line."

"Just notice that towns like Cincinnati and Cleveland are so misplaced as to appear only a few miles apart, and Nashville, Tenn., is pulled 500 miles from its real location. I wonder they have not transported New Orleans a thousand miles northeast, so as to bring it on the line of their railway fraud."

"Congress ought to take hold of this fake," he continued, "and punish heavily every railroad that issues a distorted map."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Tommy Atkins to Kipling.

O Kipper, Ruddy Kipper, you 'ave bin and broke my 'eart
By the nonsense you 'ave bin and wrote
and thort so bloomin' smart.
I've read your verses, Kipper; I 'ave got
the bloomin' lot
And relished ev'ry word you wrote until
you wrote this rot.

O Kipper, Ruddy Kipper, what made you
sit and write
Of "flanneled fools" and "muddled oafs?"
Now, was you bloomin' tight?
If so, own up, man; most of us 'ave bin
like that before.
And 'ope to be again, please Gawd, when
we 'ave done the war.

O Kipper, Ruddy Kipper, you 'ave seen us
on the veldt
And know 'ow sweet our baccy tastes and
'ow our dinners smelt.
But you seem to 'ave forgotten 'ow we
loved to pitch the stumps
And 'ave a bit of practice and 'od rot the
bloomin' bumps.

O Kipper, Ruddy Kipper, was our good
old chief a fool
'Cause 'e bossed the regimental team and
batted powerful cool
Whenever there seemed danger that a
'lokin' we would get?
No, Kipper; he were just our sort and
took us right, you bet!

O Kipper, Ruddy Kipper, do you see that
corpril there,
With mud enough upon 'is shirt, but near
the ball, I'll swear?
You wouldn't go to call 'im "oaf" if 'is
tunic you could see,
For it bears the blood red badge of pluck,
the coveted V. C.

O Kipper, Ruddy Kipper, when you lay
'twixt life and death,
When we opened up the paper so's you
couldn't 'ear a breath
In all the sweatin' barrik room to see if
him as rules
'Ad taken you to glory, was we blarsted
'oafs" and "fools"?

O Kipper, Ruddy Kipper, you can call us
what you like;
We forgive you, strite; it isn't that; of-
fense we'd never take.
But it's your own reputation that you've
bin and damned today
And so brought lastin' sorrow on your
good old friend T. A.

—London Truth.

KILLING A LION.

A Shot at Short Range Upon Which Much Depended.

An Englishman who lived many years in Africa relates a thrilling experience which befell his family there. His home at the time was in the edge of the Transvaal wilderness, and it was there that the event occurred.

One evening about dusk my wife and child were sitting on the veranda of the bungalow. I was engaged a few rods away putting the finishing touches to a bit of wagon repairing. The servants were at the rear of the house. It was one of those peculiarly quiet evenings when nothing seems to break the stillness.

Suddenly I felt, rather than saw, something moving near the veranda. I looked more closely and to my horror perceived an enormous lion stealing along the ground in the direction of my wife and child. My wife saw the creature at the same instant and, despite her terror, fortunately remained perfectly motionless and silent.

Scarcely knowing what to do, I hastily crept toward the side of the bungalow to the open window of my room, where I knew a loaded rifle was leaning against the wall. I climbed in at the window, seized the rifle and leaped by another window upon the veranda.

There was no time to think. The lion was within a few feet of my dear ones and crouching for a spring. I called softly to my wife not to move and then fired.

The ball passed directly over my boy's head and lodged in the forehead of the lion immediately above the eyes and stretched him on the ground. There was an instant of fearful suspense. Then I fired again, but the second bullet was not necessary, for the lion had been killed at the first shot.

Sir Boyle Roche's Bulls.

Sir Boyle Roche was the father of "bulls." It was he that asserted that "the best way to avoid danger is to meet it plump." At another time in conveying a warm invitation to a friend he remarked, "I hope, my lord, if ever you come within a mile of my house that you'll stay there all night."

He may have been the fool of the Grattan parliament, but there was a great deal of native shrewdness hidden away behind all his foolishness. To Curran when the latter once exclaimed in the midst of a debate that he needed aid from no one and could be "guardian of his own honor" Sir Boyle instantly interjected his sarcastic congratulations to the honorable member on his possession of a sinecure. But possibly the gem of his rhetoric was the picture which he conjured up on one occasion to bring home to his hearers the excesses of the French revolutionary mob:

"Here perhaps, sir, the murderous marshal law men (Marselleise) would break in, cut us to mince and throw our bleeding heads on that table to stare us in the face."—London Express.

The Castellanes have a son, and the Gould millions will after a while be subject to more drafts from France.

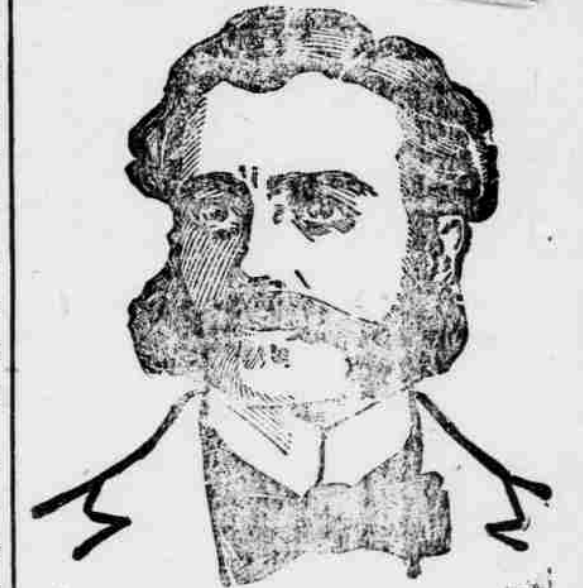
SICK MADE WELL. WEAK MADE STRONG.

Marvelous Elixir of Life Discovered by Famous Doctor-Scientist That Cures Every Known Ailment.

Wonderful Cures Are Effected That Seem Like Miracles Performed—The Secret of Long Life of Olden Times Revealed.

The Remedy is Free to All Who Send Name and Address.

After years of patient study, and delving into the dusty record of the past as well as following modern experiments in the realms of medical science Dr. James W. Kidd, 2855 BATES BUILDING, Fort Wayne, Ind., makes the following announcement that he has surely discovered the



DR. JAMES WILLIAM KIDD.

elixir of life. That he is able with the aid of a mysterious compound, known only to himself, produced as a result of the years' patient study, and for this precious life-giving tonic, to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body. There is no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claim and the remarkable cures that he is able to effecting seems to bear him out very strongly. His theory which he advances is one of reason and based upon his own experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable "Elixir of Life" as he calls it, for he sends it free, to anyone who is a sufferer, in sufficient quantities to a vintage of its ability to cure, so there is absolutely no risk to you. Some of the cures cited are very remarkable, and but for reliable witnesses, would hardly be credited. The same veteran, who has been afflicted with rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, stomach, heart, liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases, and bladder troubles disappeared by magic. Head, aches, backache, nervousness, fever, consumption, cough, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, nose or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvelous.

"Early" cases of locomotor ataxia, dropsy, gut, scrofula and piles are quickly and permanently removed. It purifies the entire system, blood and tissues to normal nerve power, circulation and a state of perfect health is produced at once. To the doctor all systems are alike and equally affected by the great "Elixir of Life." Send for the remedy to day. His free to every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of and the sure remedy for it will be sent you free by return mail.

Gapuline
FOR COLIC, LA GRIPPE,
HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA.
HAS NO RIVAL IN THE
FIELD AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

FREE BLOOD CURE.
We recommend Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) for all blood troubles, such as ulcers, eating sores, scrofula, eczema, itching humors, pimples, boils, carbuncles, blood poison, aching bones, festering sores, cancer, catarrh, rheumatism. Botanic Blood Balm cures all malignant blood or skin diseases, especially advised for old, deep-seated cases. It cures when all else fails. Heals every sore or pimple, stops all aches and pains by giving a healthy blood supply. Thoroughly tested for 30 years. Thousands cured. At drug stores, \$1 per large bottle. Our readers will receive a trial treatment free by writing Dr. G. L. Mitchell, 213 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice given. Medicine sent at once, prepaid.

BOARDING HOUSE.

The undersigned can furnish table board to any number, and rooms for a limited number at moderate rates. No. 204 Vine Street, West.
MRS. ANNIE E. TUCKER.