

Goldsboro Weekly Argus

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

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

XIV

GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1902.

NO 155

A TERRIBLE WRECK.

ON THE ATLANTIC COAST
LINE RAILWAY AT
ELM CITY.

Brave Engineer Currie, of the Vestibule Loses His Life. His Remains Were Taken to Florence, His Home, On the Same Train He Should Have Pulled Into That City.

The Atlantic Coast Line suffered a very expensive wreck on Saturday night. The brave engineer who stuck to his post until the tremendous crash came lost his life. His name was Currie and he lived in Florence, S. C. There was no other loss of life or serious injury, which fact is considered almost miraculous. Box cars were torn into splinters and iron rods were twisted into all shapes.

It is difficult to imagine greater opposing forces than two trains coming together when moving in opposite directions. A gigantic mass of iron and steel comes thundering along the dismal darkness, breathing fire and exhausting clouds of smoke. The ponderous wheels are rolling their grinding weight over the groaning steel rails at the rate of 60 miles an hour. Back in the elegantly appointed Pullman cars the idle passengers are comfortably reclining on velvet cushions, with never a thought of danger. Up in the cab is the engineer with his hand on the throttle and his alert eye peering through the darkness by the aid of a search light. Suddenly there appears before his horrified vision the dim outline of a train on the track ahead. Who but those that have had such an awful experience can imagine the direful thoughts that pass through the excited brain of the heroic engineer. Then comes the fearful crash, with its dull deafening roar. As the sombre echo dies away on the stillness of the night the shrieks and wails of the dying and wounded fill the air and freeze the blood of the survivors. These thoughts are not at all pleasant and we cast them off when such disasters occur at a distance, but when they occur at our very doors, as was the case Saturday night, we cannot so easily turn them away.

The wreck Saturday night occurred about 11:30 o'clock at Elm City. A heavy freight train was approaching from the South and had taken the side track. The engine and a few freight cars had gotten on the side track and the balance of the train was still on the main line when the southbound vestibuled fast train hove into sight a few yards away. This train does not stop at Elm City and was making between 50 and 60 miles an hour under full steam when the freight train was discovered by the engineer. He told his fireman to jump, but the engineer remained at his post and was killed. He lived only a few moments after being taken out of the debris. His last words were: "Tell my wife goodbye." He then pulled out his watch and looked at a picture of his young boy on the inside of the lid. He placed his watch in his pocket and expired at once.

The remains were taken to Florence yesterday afternoon on the same train that he should have pulled into Florence on the night before. Instead of the affectionate husband whom she had welcomed home with sincere gladness so many times before the heart-broken wife had to meet the pallid face of a lifeless form cold in the embrace of death.

\$100—Dr. E. Detchon'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, Goldsboro.

COST OF LIVING

Bradstreet's index numbers show that the tariff-made trusts are still advancing staple prices, although food crops were never larger. In September 36 prices were advanced, while 25 were lessened, and 44 remained unchanged. The prices of sheep, hogs, bacon, cheese, sugar, tea, potatoes, apples, quinine and tobacco and 26 more staples were increased. It is estimated that the cost of living has been or will be advanced by the trusts this year fully 10 per cent over that of last year. The present index number of Bradstreet is the highest reached since October 1, 1900.

Since 1896 the cost of living has been increased fully 40 per cent, and the Dingley organs are claiming that they have advanced wages proportionately. The hollowness of this claim is apparent to any wage earner, and no argument is needed. Low prices, say the organs, mark hard times, but the trouble is, they or their associates in the Dingley robbery scheme want high prices for products and low salaries for wage earners, especially in the hard coal districts. Wages, in short, have not been advanced 40 per cent since 1896, although products have been. Wages, in other words, are lower than they were in 1896, because Dingleyism on products outpaces them. Dull as times were in 1896 the wage earners were getting higher wages than they do now, simply because the greed of tariff-created trusts has advanced prices of articles, and is holding them firmly up despite the great harvests of the present year.

VALUE OF CORNSTALKS.

The by-products of cotton have become immensely important, and now constitute one-fourth the total value of the cotton crop.

The value of the corn crop bids fair to increase very largely by reason of the utilization of cornstalks.

These have been regarded up to a recent date by the average Southern farmer as absolutely worthless, but it has not been very long since cotton seed were esteemed of very little value.

During the last few years there has been much experimentation with cornstalks, with the result of discovering that properly used they are worth a great deal.

Dr. Hunnicutt, former Assistant State Commissioner of Agriculture and a successful farmer, is deeply impressed by cornstalk possibilities, and is urging that due attention be given to them.

He said on this subject recently:

"There is one crop quite abundant on every farm. It is one of the very best foods we can raise. We refer to the cornstalk crop. After thorough investigation we find no good reason to take back or modify anything that we have said on the subject of shredding or making hay from cornstalks. The hay is as good as any we can make, and cattle do as well when fed upon it. Every man who has pulled fodder has made a great mistake. He has lost time and money and injured his corn. But it is not too late to use the stalks. The hay will be about as good without the fodder. You have only lost time and labor. If the stalks are cut and shredded the stalk and shuck will make good feed. On every farm there are tons of stalks. They have a money value and a food value."

It will cost very little for any farmer in this State to test this proposition for himself. The number of those who are doing so is increasing every year, and all the reports that we hear from them are highly satisfactory.

"You bear it like a little man," said the dentist, after he had pulled the tooth.

"Huh!" exclaimed Tommy, "I'm a heap grittier than that. I bear it like a little woman."

For Tommy was an observant boy.

A NATIONAL VICE.

The greatest vice of the American people is extravagance. It is confined to no particular class of society. Its insidious poison permeates every stratum.

Every now and then particular attention is called to it by some piece of folly by the Four Hundred or by the story of the downfall of a young clerk who has betrayed a trust that he might satisfy his love of pleasure, or by the filing of a bankruptcy petition by a man who had been regarded as wealthy, or by the act of some despairing creature who takes his life rather than face the consequences of some wrong-doing committed in vain endeavor to keep the pace.

There is no amount of sermonizing which will correct this evil. The American people must learn in the school of experience that waste brings want and that extravagance bankrupts the pocketbook and often the character.

The people of this country are the greatest wealth-producers the world has ever seen, but they are also the greatest expenders. Croesus, whose name became a synonym for wealth, if he lived to-day, would be considered in plutocratic circles a man of moderate means. And Lucullus, whose reputation for dining has survived the passing of centuries, would be deemed a cheap lunch fiend by some of the gourmards of to-day. There is a school of thinkers who tell us that there is safety in the wanton expenditure of wealth; it dissipates all danger of a permanent plutocratic class, and that it is a form of communism which finally results in the equal distribution of possessions. The extravagances of the very rich, it is true, are most harmful to themselves. The example, however, is pernicious. In America neither a man nor woman understands why he or she may not live as well as their neighbor. Extravagance is an infectious disease and spreads from class to class. It is most hurtful when practiced by those of humble means, and they, of all the victims, are most to be pitied. The hopeless struggle to maintain appearance and the final day of settlement and woe for him who lives beyond his means present a spectacle menacing to national welfare when too often multiplied. In the individual case it is most inducive of pity.

Pay as you go is a maxim which the American people must learn to observe. It is harder to do in times of prosperity than in adversity. When skies are bright it is natural to roam far afield, never thinking of the nightfall. So when times are good and when it seems that every venture must have successful termination and optimism gilds every undertaking, it is human nature to let hope lead judgment astray and to spend to-day that which is the expectation of to-morrow. Indeed, as Lord Bacon says, "the virtue of prosperity is temperance."

The man who thinks must sometimes ask, "When will the American people learn to practice true economy?"

JIM CROWE STREET CARS.

The New Rules Cause Much Disturbance—Negroes Boycotte the Street Cars.

New Orleans, Nov. 3.—The new Jim Crow car law separating the whites and negroes in the street cars went into effect in Mobile yesterday and in New Orleans and throughout Louisiana today.

In Mobile the negroes boycotted the cars. In New Orleans a much smaller number of negroes took the cars, the better class of negroes avoiding them.

The law produced much confusion and discontent, mainly among the whites, and it was made quite evident that it could not be put into practical operation under present conditions.

Itch on human cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by M. E. Robinson & Bros. druggists.

Dark Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a great many years, and although I am past eighty years of age, yet I have not a gray hair in my head."
Geo. Yellott, Towson, Md.

We mean all that rich, dark color your hair used to have. If it's gray now, no matter; for Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. Sometimes it makes the hair grow very heavy and long; and it stops falling of the hair, too.
\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

THE BATTLESHIP TEXAS.

Portsmouth, Va., Nov. 3.—The battleship Texas again went into commission today. The ship returned to the yard of her birth two years ago after having borne a glorious part in the naval battle of Santiago. The Texas has been remodeled thoroughly. There have been many changes made.

Intelligence supports more families than intellect.

The gangway seems to be the path that leads to political glory.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in Postoffice, Goldsboro, Wayne County, N. C., Nov. 1, 1902.

MEN'S LIST.

A—Howard Alston.
B—Chapen Best, Ben Borden.
C—Jesse Coltrane.
G—John M Grant, Blount Gorham.
J—Thomas Preston Johnson.
M—E D Massey.
P—W H Pughier.
S—A W Stites.

LADIES' LIST.

A—Dora Anams.
B—Maggie Boather.
C—Eva Cobb.
G—Mrs Rinda Grant, Alice Gorham.
H—Chas Heath, Minnell Hill.
L—Tabbie Lee.
M—Learh Mathi.
S—Charity Shaw, Maggie Sutton.
W—John Watkins, Lucindy Whitfield.

Persons calling for above letters will please say advertised. Rules and regulations require that one cent be paid for each letter advertised.

J. F. DOBSON, P. M.

Cures Rheumatism and Catarrh—Medicine sent Free.

Send no money—simply write and try Botanic Blood Balm at our expense. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) kills or destroys the poison in the blood which causes the awful aches in back and shoulder blades, shifting pains, difficulty in moving, fingers, toes or legs, bone pains, swollen muscles and joints of rheumatism, or the foul breath, hawking, spitting, droppings in throat, bad hearing, specks flying before the eyes, all played out feeling of catarrh. Botanic Blood Balm has cured hundreds of cases of 30- or 40 years standing after doctors, hot springs and patent medicines had failed. Most of these cured patients had taken Blood Balm as a last resort. It is especially advised for chronic, deep seated cases. Impossible for any one to suffer the agonies or symptoms of rheumatism or catarrh while or after taking Blood Balm. It makes the blood pure and rich, thereby giving a healthy blood supply. Cures are permanent and not a patching up. Sold at drug stores, \$1 per large bottle. Sample of Blood Balm sent free and prepaid, also special medical advice by describing your trouble and writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. A personal trial of Blood Balm is better than a thousand printed testimonials, so write at once.

THE GATHERER.

SELECTED WITH CARE
FROM THE SCOPE
OF A DAY'S
READING.

If You are Gay or Grave; In Joy or in Sorrow; In doubt or abiding in faith; In haste or with Time to Spare, It is Hoped That You will Find Something Here to Repay you For the Perusal of This Column.

A little stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching
tongues
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

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"So you regard trusts as positively beneficial?"
"I do," answered Senator Sorghum.
"I speak with positive knowledge on the subject. They have benefited me immensely."

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Wife—Now, you dear old fellow, I want \$50 for a new evening dress. Don't say no, for you know I took you for better or worse, and of course you wouldn't have it appear the latter, would you? (tickling him under the chin.)

Husband—No, I think you are mistaken. I once thought you took me for better or worse, but I've long since come to the conclusion you took me for a sucker.

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Angry Banker—Look here, Celeste, what's this I hear about your infatuation for that numbskull foreigner?
Ambitious Celeste—It's true, father, I'm engaged to Lord Arthur Lancelot Wellington Bolingbroke Dredlingtoncourt Farmwistham Amoro.

Angry Banker—For heaven's sake, that will do. And I hear he's absolutely worthless. Explain your conduct.

Ambitious Celeste—You bankers call it foreign exchange, I believe.

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"Do you think you will like me just as well," she asked, "when I tell you my hair is dyed?"

"Yes, dear," answered her elderly lover. "I have known it all the time. Will you think any the less of me when I confess that my hair is a wig?"

"Not at all. I knew it was the first time I ever saw you."

After which the billing and cooing went on with even greater tenderness than before.

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The curbstone orator was churning into a high state of perspiration and wrath over the suffering caused by the coal strike.

"Do you ever have to buy any hard coal?" asked a man on the outskirts of the crowd.

"No, sir," said the orator, "but I"

"Do you ever have to buy coal of any kind?"

"No, sir, but"

"Then you'd better turn over your job of kicking to somebody who does, said the other, passing on.

SOURCES OF TYPHOID FEVER

Recent investigations have shed a flood of light upon the sources of that dread and deadly disease, typhoid fever.

It was formerly believed that impure drinking water was the chief and almost the sole cause of this malady, but it has been demonstrated that there are other pregnant sources of it. The British Medical Journal, in its latest issue gives the results of the investigations made by two medical officers of the British army as to the part played by soil, fabrics and flies in the dissemination of typhoid fever.

These investigations reached the conclusion that, while drinking water does cause much of this disease, it has other causes whose importance is underestimated.

It is certain that many wells and springs are contaminated by the soil, for it has been proved that typhoid germs will live 67 days underground. It requires only a very slight current to carry this infection into a water supply. The germ will live in wet soil 67 days and in the dust of the soil 25 days. It is very dangerous in the latter form, as the impregnated dust is blown about in all directions, contaminating food as well as water.

Flies are great distributors of typhoid fever, carrying its germs to milk, flesh and other foodstuffs.

Clothing is readily infected with the germs of this disease, and will hold them under ordinary conditions for 90 days.

These three sources—dust, flies and soiled clothes—contribute enormously to the dissemination of typhoid fever.

The British Medical Magazine insists that the plan of burying enteric material should be given up because in that way the soil is infected, and this soil turns to dust in dry weather or is traversed by flies, or else the germs in it are carried into wells or springs or other water supplies in wet weather. All enteric matter should be disinfected by means of a solution of bluestone or sulphate of copper. After disinfection it is not important what disposition is made of it. The investigations prove that typhoid is not by any means a drinking-water disease pure and simple. The dust of the streets and the flies are also deadly agents. Drinking water may be the most potent cause, but soil contamination is undoubtedly a good second.

Farmer Hoefast—There's as many miracles now as there ever was. There's whole columns about miracles every week in the Bungtown Bugle.

Mrs. Hoefast—If you'd read the paper, 'stead of jus' skimming' over it, you'd see them articles is all about people gittin' cured by Dr. Dosem's Bilious Pills—the same you tried.

Farmer Hoefast—Eh! Did those pills ever do anybody any good? Well, that's a miracle.

Dr. Ormond of the Princeton university faculty is as noted in local circles for his metaphysical profundity. Some time ago, on entering the nursery at his home, he surprised his offspring—a half dozen young boys and a small girl—in ardent discussion of the "Absolute." One young philosopher turned to him in appeal:

"Father, can a man be absolutely good?"

"No," the professor replied, "a man can't be absolutely good."

"Father," another young sage demanded, "can a man be absolutely bad?"

And the little daughter, aged four, piped up.

"Father, can a man be absolutely fat?"

But the philosopher's equilibrium was too embarrassed to reply.

FOR SALE—One organ cheap, Mason and Hamlin make, for cash or on time, apply to Joseph Edwards.

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