

Goldsboro Weekly Argus.

\$1.00 a Year.

"This Argus o'er the people's rights
Doth an eternal vigil keep;

No soothing strains of Maia's son
Shall lull its hundred eyes to sleep."

\$1.00 a Year.

VOL. XXII.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1906.

NO. 8

BOMBS USED FREELY.

Revolutionist Flame Especially Virulent in Warsaw Chief of Police Slain Almost at His Own Doorstep.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 15.—Acting apparently with a definite plan and at a signal, the terrorists and the revolutionists today inaugurated a carnival of murderous attacks with bombs and revolvers on the police and troops in various cities in Poland, echoes of which are heard from Samara, Ufa, Yalta, Kiev and even as far away as Chita, where Acting Chief of Police Gorpinechenko was slain almost on his own doorstep.

The revolutionist campaign flamed out with especial virulence at Warsaw, where over a score were slain in the streets and many more were wounded. Among the killed, according to the latest official advices, were two sergeants of police, eight patrolmen, three gendarmes, five soldiers, a Hebrew merchant and a woman. Policemen and soldiers were shot down like rabbits, and their assailants, who traveled in small bands, almost all escaped among the terrorized populace. Bombs were employed in the attack on the police station of the Voisk precinct in Warsaw, where a sergeant, two patrolmen and a soldier were wounded.

Professor George H. Blakeslee, of Clarke University, Worcester, Mass., was arrested near Volokamsk yesterday as a suspicious character, although he had a certificate of identity from the American consul general, Mr. Smith, of Moscow. He was released by order of the Governor General.

Worst in Years.

Elizabeth City, N. C., Aug. 15.—A storm which the oldest residents pronounce to be the worst in years visited this town last evening. The rain came down in a regular torrent and the city and county were flooded. The precipitation was very great. At many points in the county bridges were carried away. A rather rough time was experienced on the Sound. All telegraph wires were down and for more than twelve hours communication with the outside world was cut off.

Seen on Train.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 15.—Paul O. Stenslan, the defaulting president of the Milwaukee Avenue State Bank of Chicago, was in Pittsburg to-day and at present is thought to be in the east. Stenslan was seen aboard a Pennsylvania Railroad train at the Union Station by Oscar Aomier, a mechanical engineer who used to be a close friend of Stenslan.

CANNON FOR CONGRESS.

Gompers Present With Conditions Under Cleveland, Shows Advantages of Protection; Leads President Roosevelt and Takes Issue With Gompers on The Labor Question.

Danville, Ill., August 15.—In accepting a nomination for congress at the hands of the republican convention of Illinois district here today, Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, speaker of the house of representatives, delivered a carefully prepared speech, in which he handled, in his characteristic fashion, the issues of the present campaign.

He discussed the prosperity of the country as compared with the second Cleveland administration; talked of the glories of the protective tariff; praised President Roosevelt; took a whack at trusts, and picked up the gauntlet thrown down by Mr. Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor; warmly defended congress from charges recently made of unkindness and indifference to the cause of workingmen, etc.

Newspaper Man Retires.

Elizabeth City, N. C., August 15.—At a meeting of the board of directors of the Carolina Publishing Company tonight Mr. H. B. Miller, general manager of the Economist and Tar Heel, tendered his resignation, and the same was accepted. Mr. Spencer Chaplin, Jr., was made temporary manager.

Mr. Miller is a newspaper correspondent of great experience. He goes to Virginia to accept a position with the Dispatch Company at Sutanon.

JOHN DORTCH and CLAUD GRANTHAM

Take the "Boys" Out on a Coon Hunt

For some time past a number of young men of the city have been after John Dortch to take them with him coon hunting.

John and Claud Grantham are old hands at the business and knowing the young "tenderfoots" would squeal, they desisted for a time, but finally yielded to repeated persuasion.

Knowing the swamps and low grounds were overflowed with water, which would be an opportune time to give the boys a dose never to be forgotten, John and Claud called up their six thoroughbred dogs, and notifying the party—Messrs. John Dortch, Claud Grantham, "Dick" Freeman, Leonard Edwards, Emmett Gulley and John King—were soon off on a coon hunt.

As the party proceeded on their journey, everything was laughter and merriment—the "boys" were beside themselves with joy at the thought of an opportunity to go hunting with the two old "warriors," who usually "bag" coon and o'possum galore, and for every ten steps—first Leonard Edwards then "Dick" Freeman would yell to be heard clear to town—and this of course inspired the dogs to greater activity, which were by this time no less than 3 miles in the wood.

After a two hours hunt through mud and water, briars and dense woods, the dogs had done nothing and it was plainly observable that some of the "boys" were getting mighty tired, while John winked at Claud and sped on.

At length, when about five miles from town, the dogs struck a trail and this somewhat relieved the monotony, for no one had spoken for full 15 minutes—John and Claud were getting tired, too.

When the old hound struck up and was followed by the five younger ones, there was music in the air and some one gave two or three keen hollows and everybody made a break in the direction of the dogs and after a lively chase, during which they were scratched by briars and covered with mud, the dogs lost the track and the whole fix found themselves in a swamp, surrounded by mud and water, with nothing but Cypress knees and slick Cypress logs, and here the fun began.

John Dortch led with a "Come on, boys", while Claud Grantham tried to follow. Some were taking it rough and tumble—mostly tumble—while others tried in vain to walk the logs. "Dick" Freeman, sympathetic on all occasions, stopped to pull out John King and Emmett Gulley, who had fallen off a log and were up to their chin in water, while Leonard Edwards was working like a beaver trying to crawl a log, minus the bark, on his "all fours". All this time John Dortch was on the other side just rolling on the ground.

Finally all got out—as they thought—and continued on their journey when some one says, "Hush, what's that?" and they stopped and Claud was yelling for every breath. "Boys, don't leave me, I'm coming."

After they had safely arrived on land, the hunt was resumed, and realizing that there were no coons out John and Claud—who had become frustrated by getting surrounded by water—had forgotten that it was on the program to hunt snipe also so "Dick" Freeman and Leonard Edwards were each supplied with a bag and one stationed at one end of the ditch and the other at the other end, and John King and Emmett Gulley were sent to drive, and John Dortch and Claud Grantham came on home. On the way, John started to cross a fence and went to sleep on top of the rails and Claud was so fatigued that he sat down by him and slumbered until John woke him up and they hastened on to town while the other party were still hunting snipe.

Leonard and "Dick" got home about breakfast time and Leonard went to bed and never got up any more until supper time, and "Dick" has'nt been seen since.

When John told Ed Tew about it he just hollered and rolled over on the ground.

The "boys" say that they would not care so much for the rough fare if they could have bagged a coon.

It's all right to talk to them about the coon hunt, but don't mention about the snipe, 'taint safe.

Girl Killed by Lightning.

Lenior, N. C., Aug. 15.—The daughter for Mr. Thomas Coffey, who lives one mile from Blowing Rock, was struck by lightning last night about 1 o'clock and killed. Her sister, who was sleeping in the same room, was severely shocked, not having regained consciousness yet.

CUTS GUARD'S THROAT

Feign Sickness, Call For Water and Overpower Keeper.

Charleston, S.C., August 16.—Feigning illness, three negroes, Alonzo Godwin, Hammond Wilson and George Kenny, convicts serving long terms on the chain-gang of the sanitary and drainage commission work near Ashley Junction, stopped in the stockade today and about 2 o'clock having asked for water, seized and overpowered H. C. Stello, the white guard, and cut his throat with a butcher knife.

Two "trusties" at the stockade were locked in by the men who ransacked the guards rooms, donned civilian clothes and escaped into the nearby swamps. The men, contrary to rules, were not chained in the stockade. The trusties broke out and spread the alarm.

A sheriff's posse is scouring the woods with bloodhounds.

A SHREWD SWINDLER.

The Young Man Lasiter Plays well His Game.

A. D. Lasiter, the young white man claiming to represent the Electrical Construction Co., of Richmond, Va., and who was arrested in this city Tuesday for obtaining under false pretense \$10 from Mr. O. P. Dickerson, of Mount Olive, and who was subsequently released from custody after reimbursing Mr. Dickerson for his loss, turns out to be a shrewd and scheming rascal.

Since his release Chief Freeman has received information that he has been obtaining money in a like manner at several other near by towns.

At Fayetteville he succeeded in defrauding a gentleman by the name of Jones, out of \$80, and at Apex he secured \$25, \$25 from Dr. R. W. Stevens, of that place, and \$10 from a gentleman whose name we did not learn.

Young Lasiter is an apt conversationalist, dresses well and apparently is a polished young gentleman whose peculiar magnetism easily wins friends who would not for a moment suspect him to be the rascal that he really is.

He claimed to be a member in good standing of the Junior Order, and several of the members here interested themselves in him, until he refused to stand trial and establish his innocence, when they became suspicious and refused to aid him further.

He seemed indifferent to his arrest and imprisonment in the guard house, and is one of those kind of fellows that readily gains one's sympathy, and so well did he play his little game, that even the officers did not think him guilty.

His whereabouts is now unknown.

NOW IS THE TIME.

Summer is Best Season to Cure Catarrh. Hyomei Sold Under Guarantee.

Summer is the best time in the whole year for the treatment of catarrhal troubles, and J. H. Hill & Son urge every reader of the Argus to use Hyomei now and be permanently cured.

Unlike the ordinary treatment for catarrh, there is no stomach dosing when using Hyomei. The remedy is breathed through a neat pocket inhaler that comes in every outfit, and its balsamic healing air penetrates to the most remote parts of the nose, throat and lungs searches out and kills the catarrh germs, in all parts of the respiratory organs and soothes and heals any irritation there may be in the mucous membrane.

Hyomei is not alone the only natural treatment for catarrh, but it is the only one soled under an absolute guarantee to refund the money unless it gives satisfaction. It kills all disease germs and restores the mucous membrane of the throat, nose and lungs to perfectly healthy condition.

The complete Hyomei outfit costs but \$1.00, extra bottles, 50c. J. H. Hill & Son, sell Hyomei under an absolute guarantee to refund the money if it does not give satisfaction. You run no risk at all in buying this guaranteed remedy.

Catarrets Give instant relief in Nasal Catarrh—alleviate inflammation, soothe and heal mucous membrane, sweeten the breath. Best gargle for sore throat. See Druggists or mail.
Dyspeplets Quickly relieve Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, all forms of Indigestion and Dyspepsia. Sugar-coated tablets. See Druggists or mail.
C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.
It Made by Hood It's Good.

THE COMMON PALACE.

A Word For The Great Army of People Who do Their Duty.

Portland Oregonian.

If there is one thing more than another that the world needs to learn in these lush and flashy days, it is the heroism of the commonplace. The workshop of success, of wealth, of high place, of power, of fashion, of social distinction; have all operated to blind our eyes to the essential nobility of the man who goes quietly about his business, performs the duties of citizenship in an unobtrusive way, takes care of his wife and children, pays his taxes honestly, is kind to his neighbors, and is not merely content, but glad to keep out of the world's gaze. Lowell wrote of one such woman:

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair,
No simple duty is forgot,
Life has no dim and lovely spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.
She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that sets our hearts at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things
And though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble path of earth.
Blessing she is. God made her so.
And deeds of week-day holiness,
Fall from her noiseless as the snow.
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

We, most of us, look far off for our heroes. Carlyle found them in great generals, great literary men, great poets and great prophets. Yet the London of his own day was full of them. He even failed to recognize the hero in Charles Lamb. It is so with men generally. We look for the unusual, the abnormal—we even glorify the bad, provided their hardness has the proper touch of romance. We have builded a school of literature around such scoundrels as "Raffles," and rejoice when the rogue escapes the consequence of his own knavery, while the world's great servants go unrecognized and unrewarded.

It ought to be our business in this country to dignify the average—the so-called common—man. For it is he that keeps the world moving, and moving in the right direction. He is the burden bearer, the duty-doer. It is on him that we must depend the crisis. The idea that he should be set aside for every millionaire vulgarian that lites his head above the mire in which he is bred is intolerable. It is to the common soldier, the common toiler, that we must appeal when there is desperate work afoot. We read in the papers of the "sports" who are becoming so offensively prominent, yet no members of this class ever lift their hands in behalf of their country. The novelist and the poet have thrown a golden mist around the "far country" known as Bohemia, and yet its very existence is perilous of civilization, and the souls of men and women. We hear much of the "artists temperament," "permanence," that temperament, if there is nothing else, is not capable of great service to mankind.

But of the sober, dusty and bearded drudges who toil that the world may live, who build the law and the prophets, and who die uncomplainingly in the harness after having made the whole of humanity their debtor—where is the laureate to celebrate their glorious fame? Old Walt Whitman is the only poet as far as we can recall, who has fittingly recognized the rank and file of the army of progress. It is time for us to clear our vision, time to see things as they are. We ought to see that the man in high places very often owes his commanding height to the platform on which he stands. Men must be judged not by the greatness of their opportunities, but by the way in which they use those who come to them no matter how small they may be. If this country is pledged to any worship at all it is to that of the average man.

Truly we need to get ourselves a new supply of ideals—need to learn what is really valuable in life on this planet. The childish habit that so many of us have of worshipping things merely because they are big, or new or startling, or wicked, must be overcome. We need poets and novelists whom will develop in us a sense of right values—who glorify the average man and crown him in the sight of the world as its master and savior. The hero is the man who works his passage, pays his way, injures no, one does his duty and a little more, and does not wander far from the path between his home and

his office. And he is all the more a hero because he is not conscious of being one. It is not for his sake, but for the sake of the rest of us that he should be honored. He asks no reward and craves no notice. But it is necessary that the world should see in him the true ideal and that the romance, the beauty and the power of life should be made clear to all.

Anent the Peek-a-Boo.

Greenboro Industrial News.

When entering upon a discussion of such simple and commonplace subjects as the tariff, the Isthmian canal or the national currency we are buoyed up by a feeling of familiarity with the matter under discussion.

There are other great problems, however, which we approach with fear and trembling, well knowing that it is only blind temerity that prompts us to so much as mention the matter.

With such a feeling do we assemble our meditations preparatory to the task of enunciating our opinion upon the great sociological problem of the age—the winsome, alluring, evasive peek-a-boo waist.

What visions the words call up! An expanse of lace with bits of cloth scattered here and there in artistic disorder, but in such a way as not too strongly to divert the attention—a knot of ribbon, perhaps a delicate pink, perhaps a pensive blue, hiding but not hidden behind the lace. We feel we are growing eloquent, but pause for fear we may grow indiscreet.

But whence came this latest creation in feminine apparel—if apparel be the proper term to use? We have honored the man who invented the X-rays; why then do we not search out and honor the man who went a step further and enabled us to see without the intervention of an elaborate apparatus? It is true we do not even know his name, but such has ever been the manner in which the world has repaid its benefactors.

Some stern-faced old sisters or brothers may inveigh against youthful femininity adorning itself in the peek-a-boo waist, but we see no force in their argument. They seem to base their reasoning upon the supposition that the peek-a-boo waist is an article of clothing, whereas we take it to be simply an ornament that is intended to beautify and adorn. That it should logically be considered a part of the scheme to furnish protection against the seasons, or satisfy the demands of Mother Grundy we do not concede. If, however, such be its mission, that mission has resulted in abject and utter failure.

Many are its friends and numerous are its enemies. Its banishment caused a strike in a big New York department store; its presence threatens to become a disturbing element in various localities.

That the subject is too vast for our limited intellect, too elusive for our clumsy powers of expression, we freely concede; but perhaps a mind that can tell what is a Democrat, why a rabbit wobbles its nose, or when do a pig become a hog, can tell us what is the genesis and what the destiny of the peek-a-boo waist, and if so, why. We pause for an answer.

NEW POSTMASTER.

Willis G. Briggs Appointed Yesterday.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 16.—The nomination of Willis G. Briggs to be postmaster of Raleigh was announced this afternoon, following the official record of the appointment, which came from Oyster Bay. Postoffice Department officials expect Mr. Briggs to take charge of the office September first. This will be possible if there is no delay in arranging the bond of the new postmaster. Tomorrow Mr. Briggs will be notified of his appointment, and as soon as he gives bond his commission will be issued.

Mr. Briggs belongs to a family long highly and deservedly esteemed in Raleigh. He has been a newspaper man since leaving college. He was local editor of the Raleigh Tribune, afterwards one of the editors of the afternoon paper, and was local editor of the Raleigh Post until it was consolidated with the Evening Times, when he became local editor of that paper.

Until recently he has not taken an active part in politics. He is a young man of real newspaper talent, well educated and capable and has many friends in Raleigh in the Democratic party, who congratulate him upon his selection. He will make a capable official.

Future Gambling Mst Go.

Raleigh News-Observer:

Gambling in futures is the cause of the downfall of most men who "go wrong" with the money of other folks. The North Carolina Legislature shut up the bucket shops, Georgia followed, and now since Chisholm stole \$97,000 from a Birmingham bank, the city council by a vote of 16 to 2 decide to vote against the issuance of license to any commission house dealing in futures.

It is the most dangerous and insidious form of gambling and lures many capable men to their destruction.

HIS Death Was Instant.

Wilmington Aug. 16.—Alex F. Miller a young clerk in the office of Mr. E. L. Prince, auditor of freight receipts of Atlantic Coast Line, and a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Miller, Tenth and Chesnut streets, this city, was instantly killed last night a little after 8 o'clock by being run over by the outgoing Clinton excursion train on the yards of the railroad, just beyond Ninth and MacRae streets. His body was fearfully mangled and identification for a long time was difficult on account of the badly mutilated condition of the body.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in Postoffice, Goldsboro, Wayne County, N. C., Aug. 16, 1906.

MEN'S LIST.

B—John Bennett, C B Brimmer, C—J M Cold,
D—Isaac Dawson,
E—Samuel Everett, J C Ezzell, M F Edgerton,
G—Vance Gandy,
H—Wm Howard, Alexander Henderson, Jason Hines,
J—Dennis Johnson,
K—C W Keel,
L—M W Lewis, W D Lane & Co.,
M—Palmyr Mather,
U—Cornelius Uley,

LADIES LIST.

B—Bettie Brooks,
D—Mattie Daugh, Pearl C Daly,
G—Emma Galloway,
H—Cora P Herring, Mollie Hardy,
J—Luetta Jones,
L—Bertha Lewis,
M—Ella Mitchell (2), Daisy Martin,
P—Bettie Payton,
R—Mattie Redding, Jennie Ragland,
S—Lula Smith, Sarah Speight, Bertha Sanders, Hettie Smith, Octavius Smith, Lula Smith,
T—Annie Tylor, Sudie Tealy,
V—Lillie Vick,
W—Mary Woodard.

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

L. N. GRANT,
Postmaster.

Oppose Advance in Postage.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 16.—The Southern Trade Press Association will meet here tomorrow to protest against the proposed change by the United States government increasing the postage rates on second class matter from one to six cents a pound. The plan proposed by the Association is to take no definite action opposing the change, but it is expected to elect three delegates to the meeting of the National Association at Niagara Falls, September 13, which body, it is understood, will inaugurate a practical movement along this line.

THE NORTH CAROLINA

College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts

Practical education in Agriculture, Engineering, Industrial Chemistry, and the Textile Art.

ADDRESS

President Winston,
WEST RALEIGH, N. C.

Buy one of our Mosquito Canopies and sleep in peace. We are sole agents for the Dixie Canopies.
Andrews & Waddell.