

EDITED HER OWN PAPER.

Eccentric Mrs. Royall, First of Woman Suffragists—Prominent Fifty Years Ago.

Only the oldest residents of Washington can remember Mrs. Anne Royall, whose eccentricities and remarkable character created a great sensation at the national capital fifty years ago. However, stories of the sayings and doings of this remarkable woman still linger in the minds of a rapidly decreasing few who knew her and adored her individuality. An old friend of Washington, while in a benevolent mood, spoke of Mrs. Royall the other day, characterizing her as the Mary Ellen Lease of her day. For twenty years she continued to keep herself prominently before the public by her writings, speeches and originality. She was an advocate of the rights of her sex long before Susan B. Anthony and her followers took up the fight against the common enemy—man—and she maintained her position with such force, wit and eloquence, to say nothing of her keen and piercing sarcasm, that few ever dared to openly antagonize her, especially after they had come to know her powers. She usually succeeded in the ventures which she undertook, and generally came off victorious in her battles. Of her husband little is remembered, or, if remembered, it is not spoken of, because his star was eclipsed and overshadowed by his wife. He is said to have been a mild-tempered man, who took the eccentricities of his wife in a philosophical manner, and dared not, at least did not, offer opposition to the head of the household.

PEDDLED HER OWN BOOKS.

Mrs. Royall was the bete noir of public men. Fifteen years of her early life was spent upon the frontier with the Indians, during the days when they were much more numerous and warlike than at present. No scout, cowboy, rancher or forty-niner could relate any more startling, thrilling or exciting experiences in the wilds of the far West than she. These years, full of incident and accident, are said to have given some of the flavor of wildness to her later writings and conduct. When she came to Washington she began writing a series of books setting forth her opinions of public affairs and men, and her theories of government and things in general. She published eleven volumes in all, and these she would take under her arm and peddle about at \$1 each. In her capacity as agent for her own books she was a persistent and able saleswoman, and for years it was the chief source of her livelihood.

In person Mrs. Royall was tall and angular, with a not unkindly face, although her features were somewhat inclined to be hard. This fact was generally attributed to the rough Western life she had led, for her disposition was tempered with mildness. Upon all occasions she was garbed in a calico gown, invariably clean and well laundered, while about her waist she wore a cord and tassel. The sleeves of her dress were always of the balloon pattern. Added to this make-up, her head-gear consisted of a high poke bonnet, which made her attenuated figure look phenomenally tall. In this attire Mrs. Royall was invariably seen, and she was known to every one in town and pointed out to strangers.

HARD ON PRESBYTERIANS.

Mrs. Royall was fifty-six years of age when she began to write, and sixty-two years old when she started her weekly newspaper, which lived for twenty-three years, until her death, in 1854. It was through the columns of this sheet that she attracted wide attention. Her hatred for a certain religious sect was as virulent as Betsy Trotwood's animosity toward donkeys, in Dickens's immortal story. The epithets usually applied to the churchmen of that denomination were "blue-skinned" and "black-coats," and besides these she had a list of pet and savory names by which she denoted them. It was one of her peculiarities to apply names to those whom she sought to ridicule. The venerable Joseph Gales, of the Intelligence, was one who frequently became the target for her shafts of sarcasm. She always referred to him as "Brother Joe." When Blair's Washington Globe dubbed Mrs. Royall a "petticoat editor" she retorted by saying that a "petticoat editor" is at least better than a trouser-loon traitor." Of editors in general she said: "They are the most feeling and generous class of men in our country, and the worst rewarded. They toil at the night and day, to improve, instruct, and amuse mankind. If it were not for them the world would revert back to barbarism." Her praise and her censure were both apt to be rather fulsome. A certain gentleman whom she greatly admired she described as "the

most amiable and interesting human being I have ever met with, the center of every grace and every virtue."

Of Washington women she wrote: "The ladies of Washington are very handsome; they have delicate features and much expression of countenance." She took great pride in exalting Washington as the model city, and oftentimes in doing so berated the neighboring towns. As an example of this, she wrote: "Baltimore is the most illiterate, proud, and ignorant city, except Richmond, in the Union. In no other city I have ever visited do the ladies dress so abominably." This she said, notwithstanding her own peculiar and unfashionable manner of dress. Mrs. Royall was among the first of women journalists. At least she was the first one to attract wide attention. The two who are said to have antedated her were Mrs. Colvin, who published the Weekly Messenger, in 1817, and Amelia Walter, the editor of the Boston Transcript in the thirties.—Washington Post.

To Hold Volunteers.

WASHINGTON, April 15.—The demand of Governor Lee, of South Dakota, and of other officials in the frontier States of the West for the discharge of the volunteers from that section now serving in the Philippines has fallen like an icy shower bath upon the White House and the War Department.

It would appear as if, from the point of reason and justice, the demand is proper and must be acceded to. But the action of the adjutant-general in making public the telegrams of General Otis on the subject of the volunteers and his announcement that the whole matter will be left in the hands of General Otis is notice that the volunteers are to be retained in service without regard to their right to claim discharge.

Every one knows how easy it is to get around the plain intent of a law by springing technicalities, and the doubts and suggestions which were broached today were quite abundant enough to insure the holding on to the volunteers for an indefinite time to come. Indeed, the War Department officials admit that to let the volunteers in the Philippines go now would entail disasters awful to contemplate. Not only every one of them is needed, but there is imminent demand for large reinforcements. To reduce the force under General Otis now would be simply to surrender all the results of the terrific fighting and loss of life for the last two months.

As stated by a high official, the withdrawal of any of our troops at this juncture would put such spirit into the insurgents that we would be lucky if we were not driven back to our ships. It is understood every inducement will be offered to volunteers to consent to remain until the Filipinos are properly pacified and "benevolently assimilated." But, willingly, they can't get away just yet.

An Eccentric Suicide.

CUMBERLAND, Md., April 14.—Prof. J. C. Eckford, 63 years of age, of Portsmouth, Va., who has been a teacher of violin and piano music in Southern colleges and was a member of Stuart's Cavalry, Confederate army, sent a bullet through his head, in front of the residence of Governor Lowndes today, causing a wound that will likely prove fatal. Eckford is a distinguished looking old-school gentleman with flowing beard. Among his effects at a boarding house was found the following statement:

"The reasons for killing myself are nobody's business. From a customary curiosity people meddle and inquire into things that concern them not. Let the law take its course. I am solely responsible for being dead. I recognize no God, for there is none. The few appurtenances I have will certainly defray my board expenses at the Porter House."

Bandits Led by a Woman.

HAVANA, April 15.—A daring band of Cuban bandits, led by a woman on a big black charger, and armed with a silver machete and rifle, raided the Pinellos plantation, owned by Senora Puri, two miles south of Caimito and ten miles from Havana, at twilight, yesterday, and took \$100 in silver from the owner's residence and afterward burned the house of the overseer and a warehouse containing \$5,000 worth of tobacco.

The bandits then rode into Caimito, where they plundered two dwellings, and then went to a third, where a dance was in progress. A captain, a sergeant and two Cuban soldiers and the other guests crowded to the doors and windows to see what was the matter. The raiders fired a volley at close range, killing the captain and one soldier and one man in the house. The bandits then galloped away.

Pritchard as an Inventor.

The following Washington dispatch to the Raleigh Post of yesterday tells of a brilliant scheme inaugurated by Senator Pritchard to relieve him of some of the cares of political life:

"As a result of Senator Pritchard's political conference with the President while here last week, he decided upon a new plan for selecting and recommending for appointment fourth-class postmasters in North Carolina. The adoption of the new plan will relieve the Senator of much labor and annoyance, while at the same time it will enable him to keep a strong hand on the political machine in North Carolina, which he is quietly but steadily building up. Under the plan now in operation the three Republican Congressmen of the state who represent the Second, Eighth and Ninth districts, have been left to select the fourth-class postmasters in their respective districts, and Senator Pritchard has made the selections in all the other districts represented by Democrats and Populists, except the first, where Mr. Skinner was always consulted.

"Under the new plan, the two Republican Congressmen—White and Linney—will still select the fourth-class postmasters in their districts but in the other seven districts Senator Pritchard will relieve himself of the work by designating a referee, whose recommendation to the Postoffice Department here will carry the same weight as Senator Pritchard's endorsement.

The plan has already been put into effect in the Fifth district, where Senator Pritchard has selected Spencer B. Adams as the referee, and handed his name to the Postmaster General. Mr. Adams was the Republican candidate for congress last fall against Congressman Kitchin. In each of the other districts Senator Pritchard will select a representative Republican as referee. To him all candidates for position for fourth-class postmaster will be referred. He will examine their papers, determine their party services and put his O. K. on the papers of the candidate he selects for appointment. These papers will then be forwarded to the Postoffice Department.

Did a Spanish Shell Kill Bagley?

NEW YORK, April 14.—The Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle says: "From inside official circles comes the report that before long the country may be treated to another sensational story in connection with the late war. It is said that proof will be forthcoming to show that at the battle of Cardenas the shots that struck the Winslow and killed Ensign Bagley were fired, not from the Spanish forts, but from the United States gunboat Wilmington, the fire of the latter being too low to reach the shore."

The correspondent says he is unable to obtain any detailed statement in regard to this extraordinary report, but what has been written above comes from a reliable source.

A Dog Saves Ten Lives.

FELTON, Del., April 15.—The remarkable instinct of a dog saved the life of ten people at Carters' Crossing. Alam Graham and his family were awakened during the night by the violent barking of the dog and its scratching at a side door. Starting downstairs with a revolver, Mr. Graham opened the kitchen door only to be enveloped in flames.

The carpet had been ignited by sparks from the stove, setting fire to the woodbox and fring the entire room. By hard work the family extinguished the flames. The dog had evidently been aroused by the loud crackling of the flames, and ten minutes later there would have been no avenue of escape for the doomed family.

Slaughter of Cattle in an Overturned Car.

MARION, April 14.—A car loaded with cattle jumped the track near Rutherfordton, on the South Carolina and Georgia Railroad. The accident resulted in a butchery of dumb animals. The train carried passengers also, and was headed for Marion. The number of cattle killed was nine. They belonged to Mr. J. L. Morgan, of Marion. The cattle car was the only one that left the track. It went off a high embankment, and turned over the third time. The cries of the animals were terrible.

The Post advocates the building of a tabernacle in Washington City for Dr. Talmage.

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RAILROAD SIGNAL LIGHTS.

Proposed Adoption of the English System on American Roads.

Among American railroad men there has been a controversy extending over many years as to the desirability of accepting the English system of night signals in place of the American. At present a white light displayed along the line of an American railroad signifies "safety, all well," while a red light signifies "danger, look out," and a green light "caution, go slow." These are the established signals, the red being the most conspicuous, and therefore the best adapted for the purpose of securing immediate attention. On English roads the red light is in use in cases of danger, but instead of a white light for safety a green light is used, and instead of a green light for caution a yellow light is used, the three English railroad colors being red, green and yellow instead of red, white and green, used for like purposes among American railroad men.

The proposed change from the existing American to the current English system has been discussed, recommended, opposed and experimented upon for a number of years, with the result of an apparent agreement among railroad men that white is not a suitable color for a signal. It is indistinct and is subject to two other objections—its similarity to ordinary lights used for illumination and the fact that a railroad lantern, if broken, gives out a white light. If, therefore, as is argued, a red lantern should be broken on one side and the glass should fall out, it would emit a white light which would indicate safety to the engineer, whereas the real significance of the signal was danger—the exact contrary. Recently the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad has made a change in its night signals in accordance with the English system, and it is gradually putting it into operation on the various divisions of the road. The management of the New Haven, which is one of the greatest passenger carrying systems in the world, has been making a study of the question of signals and has adopted this new system after a long series of experiments by experts. A green light is easier seen at night than a white one, and yellow shows very well in the dark and is easily distinguishable along the road. Moreover, since the adoption of the modern method of electric lighting on passenger cars white is the general color for such interior illumination, an additional reason why it should be discarded for signal purposes. The objection to the change, however, comes from the fact that railroad men from long usage have become accustomed to the present American system and that some confusion might perhaps result from the attempt to substitute one light for another without general knowledge of the change.—New York Sun.

In His Place.

The author of "Cannon and Camera," "a war artist at the front" in Cuba, says that, after the destruction of the Maine, Father Chidwick, her chaplain, could be seen going hither and thither, now on the shore and now aloft, caring for the bodies recovered from the wreck and setting down all possible notes which might lead to their identification. Holzer, his zealous and indefatigable assistant, was among the wounded and took his fate like a hero.

When he was dying in hospital, Captain Sigbee said a few cheering words to him and held out his hand.

"I can't shake hands with you, Captain Sigbee," said he. "My hand is not in condition, sir."
"Ah, my lad," said the captain, "you took the wrong ship when you chose the Maine!"
"No, sir! No, sir! It was the right ship. I have nothing to regret."
Soon after he died.

Prehistoric Man a Cannibal.

What was the favorite food of prehistoric man? According to Dr. Matiegka of Prague, it was his brother. In a learned article in the miscellany of the Anthropological society of Vienna he proves from an examination of some prehistoric remains at Knoviz, in Bohemia, that the people who buried them were cannibals, not from need, but from choice, and that they preferred the flesh of their own relatives, especially if young and tender, to that of their enemies. He also contends, and most anthropologists seem to agree with him, that the eating of human flesh was in prehistoric times spread all over Europe, the practice being first induced by scarcity of other food, next by preference, and was finally persisted in for religious, or rather ceremonial, reasons. The flesh was in every case prepared by cooking, sometimes with the juice of oranges and lemons.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Spilled by a Kiss.

John Brown of Ossawatimie—they led him out to die.
And, lo, a poor slave mother with her little child pressed nigh,
And the bold blue eyes grew tender and the old harsh face grew mild
As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the negro's child!

—Whittier.
The kiss that old John Brown gave to a little colored child as he was led out to be hanged forever checked the child's career as a useful person. Owen Carter of Charlestown, W. Va., was the little colored baby held up to receive John Brown's last kiss. He is now 43 years old, has 14 children and has never done a stroke of honest work in his life. He lives on the tips of curious and foolish tourists and the free will offerings of his own race.—New York World.

A Scotchman's Grit.

At Omdurman Colonel Hector A. MacDonald—in the words of another officer—"saved the day." Bidden to retire when hard pressed by the dervishes, the gallant brigadier took it upon himself to refuse. "I'll not do it," he said. "I'll see them hanged first. We must just fight." And he fought and won.—London Mail.

AT THE BEE HIVE THIS WEEK!

A BIG CUT PRICE SALE ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

- 500 yards good Calico at 2½c.
- 2,000 yds good cotton Checks, 2½c.
- 5,000 yards fine Calico Shirt Waists and Dress Patterns at 3½c.
- 1,000 yards good 36 in. Percalé at 5 cents.
- 2,000 yards good Domestic, 3½c.
- 4,000 yards Fruit of the Loom Bleaching at 5c.
- 3,000 yards Barker Mills Bleaching at 5c.
- 5,000 yards Androscooggin Bleach at 5c.
- Limited quantity of Bleaching to each customer.
- 3,000 yards Sea Island Percalé, 36 inches wide, at 7c.
- 1,000 dozen Ladies' and Men's Hose at 2c. pair.
- 50 doz. good Towels at 2½c.
- 300 pairs Pants at 15, 20, 25 and 35 cents.
- 500 yards all wool Dress Goods at 19c.
- 200 yards fine Lawn for Summer Dresses, all cotton, all styles, 6c. quality at 3½c.
- Ladies' Ready Made Dress Skirts at 98c., \$1.25, \$1.48, \$1.69, \$1.98, fine goods and all cotton. It will not pay you to have them made when you can buy at these prices.
- 100 dozen Men's heavy 4-ply Linen Collars, 15c. quality, at 5c.
- The finest line of Silks for Shirt Waists in Greensboro. 75c. quality at 48c.; 85c. quality at 69c.; \$1 value at 79c.; 50c. value at 29c.



Shoes! Shoes!

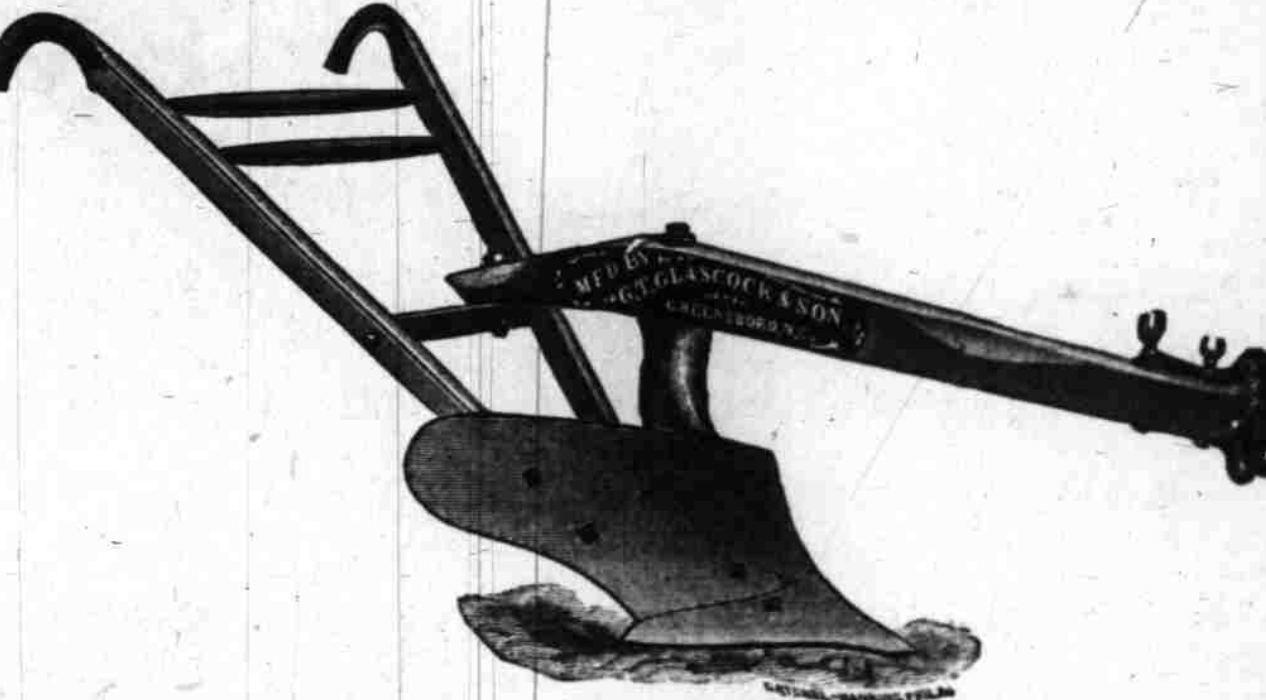
BUY THE CELEBRATED JAMES MEANS \$2 50 SHOES—FOR THIS SOLE YOU CAN GET THEM AT \$1.68.

- 200 pairs Men's \$3 Calf Shoes, hand made, for \$1.98. A fine Summer Straw Hat given away with each pair. Don't miss this.
- 300 pairs Men's Fine Shoes, lace and congress, \$1.50 quality, at \$1.15.
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- 100 pairs Ladies' fine Button \$1 Shoe at 69c.
- 200 pairs Ladies' fine Shoes, button and lace, \$1.50 quality, at 98c.
- 400 pairs Ladies' Oxford Ties, black and tan, for summer wear, \$1.75 value at \$1.25.

Our goods are all perfectly new. No old stock. All bought from the factory. The Bee Hive is the leader in low prices in Greensboro. Come and see and you will say so.

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The Greensboro Center Draft Plow.



This Plow was put on the market for the first time last year. The one-horse Plow did not give general satisfaction until after we altered the beam. Since then we have heard no complaint of them. To prove that the two-horse G. C. D. Plow has given satisfaction, of the more than one hundred Plows sold on a guarantee, we have only one on hand returned to us. There have been more than this number returned, but they have been sold to other parties who have reported that they are giving entire satisfaction.

We make the following guarantee for these Plows: In ordinary grey land they will do all the work that the high priced Western made Plows will do. All we ask for them is a fair trial. If they are not what we say, your money will be gladly refunded.

Our object is to give our farmers a Plow that will do the work of the high priced Western Plows, and save them money both in the first cost of Plow and in the repairs.

- Price of the One-Horse Plow, \$2.75.
- Price of the Two-Horse Plow, \$5.00.

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