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EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA'S LEADING PAPER.

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ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1902.

No 60.

DIED IN BALTIMORE.

Mr. Chas. R. Jones Expired this Morning.

A NATIVE OF THAT CITY.

Death Resulted From Heart Trouble—Ex-Sheriff Cohoon Called—Remains May be Interred Here.

Ex-Sheriff F. F. Cohoon left today for Baltimore where he goes in response to a telegram announcing the death of his brother-in-law Mr. Charles R. Jones which, sad event occurred in that city this morning. His death was caused from heart trouble from which he has suffered for some time.

Mr. Jones was well and favorable known in this city, having resided here many years. He was a native of the city of Baltimore and came here soon after the close of the Civil war. He was the first expert engineer in this section, and was superintendent of Fowler's Net and Twine factory until 1886, when he removed, with his family, to his native city. Mr. Jones was a member of the masonic fraternity, and of the Baptist church. He was for a long time superintendent of the Sunday school of that denomination. In 1872 Mr. Jones was married to Miss Alethia Cohoon who, with six children, survive him. The remains will probably be brought to this city and entered in Holywood Cemetery.

Should Life Savers be Pensioned.

To any person who has thoughtfully considered this question there can be but one answer. No department of government service entails greater hardship, or is fraught with greater personal exposure or graver perils.

Ten months of the year, every day on watch and every night on guard, no matter how terrific the storm or how severe the cold, these men patrol our coasts in untiring effort to rescue life and property.

To charge San Juan's Heights, inspired by the notes of martial music and the splendid spectacle of marching columns, is heroism; and a nation applauds.

But on some lone stretch of storm swept beach, with no music save the roar of a maddened surf, and no inspiration save the hope of saving human life, the Life Savers launch out into the face of the storm and defy its fury. This is courage of the sublimer sort.

Either lost at sea in some magnificent effort at rescue, or a victim to the dreadful exposure incident to their work, these brave men frequently surrender their lives in line of duty.

To the widow and children thus bereft the government pays an amount equal to two years' pay of the modest salary which the husband and father had received and considers its obligations well performed.

These men who give the best years of their life to this service are, as a rule, splendid specimens of physical manhood, but the exposure and arduous duties that their vocation demands eventually tell upon them, and the day comes when they fail to pass the physical

examination which they are every year caused to undergo. Then with health broken and well upon the downward slope of life they are left to gain "a living" as best they can.

This government has never been intentionally careless toward those who serve it, and it is only a question of how soon it will pension those life savers who become disabled in line of service, and the widows and orphans of those who lose their lives.

Let our representatives in the next General Assembly pass resolutions instructing our representatives in Congress to introduce and endeavor to pass a bill to this end.

I feel confident that the TAR HEEL will gladly fall in line with so meritorious a cause.

S. M. S. ROLLINSON,
Elizabeth City, N. C.
August 8th 1902.

KILLED TWO HORSES.

The Work of Lightning in Sunday's Storm.

A special from Knott's Island informs us that the drought which has prevailed there so long was broken by heavy rains, Sunday.

Aside from the good wrought the crops the storm furnished ample gossip for the neighborhood. Childrens day exercises were being observed in the M. E. church and the house was packed. Towards the close of the services the storm arose. It was the fiercest of the summer.

Two horses hitched to a tree, near the church, were struck and instantly killed by lightning. This occurrence created excitement in the building and a panic was narrowly averted.

Rough Housed The Bijou.

There is a cheap theatre in Norfolk, known as the Bijou. Those most familiar with it, refer to it as "Smith's." This joint gives performances every night and nearly all night. A number of painted females attired in high water clothing of torrid thickness are the leading features of the show. They are the jack-o-my-lanterns that have for years attracted we "down homers" from the straight and narrow path and entangled our feet in the bogs of debauchery.

H. C. Perkins, of Roanoke Island carried a cargo of old iron to Norfolk last week, on board Capt. W. S. Davis' sloop. Upon the night of his arrival he wandered around on Union St. He passed the Bijou and hearing the sound of revelry within his footsteps were attracted thitherward. Entering the gilded agency of evil he was accosted by the fellow in white who politely serves you with the cup that war-peth the mind. He imbibed of a few too many and then somebody must have called him "a banker."

Any way he made things lively, some. The wagon with green lights came around and transported him to the big prison. Meanwhile Capt. Davis was in a quandary as to what had become of his boat and iron. Learning of the turn things had taken place in Norfolk, he went to that town and Saturday he returned to this city. From him we gained the story.

Finger Nearly Severed.

Mr. Charles A. Banks, a prominent resident of this city, met with a painful accident Wednesday afternoon. While engaged in cleaning a bicycle a finger of the right hand caught between the chain and sprocket and was nearly severed. Dr. McMullan dressed the wound

Columbia's Tribute To Confederate Dead.

In Lasting Bronze The Citizens of Tyrrell Co. Commemorate the Heroic Deeds of Her Boys Who Wore the Gray.

Yesterday was a red letter day for Columbia and all Tyrrell county. Yesterday's sun looked down from an unclouded sky upon the solemnization of an event that will live forever in the memories of thousands of witnesses. The citizens of Tyrrell unveiled a handsome monument to the memory of their Confederate dead.

As early as seven o'clock yesterday morning patriotic men and women from every section of the county were flocking the streets of the capital. Before noon nearly five thousand people from Tyrrell and surrounding counties were there and not one but whose bosom



HON. T. G. SKINNER.

swelled with pride of the boys who wore the gray. A patriotic fervor pervaded the very atmosphere. Not a stranger entered within Columbia's gates whose footsteps were not quickened to the martial music of the band, so contagions was the spirit of patriotism.

The Edenton Light Infantry, the Perquiman's Guards of Hertford, and the Naval Reserves and brass band of this city swelled the crowds and added zest to the occasion. At 11:00 a. m. a parade was formed and the principal streets of Tyrrell's capital were included in the line of march. Tyrrell's ex-Confederate veterans, a delegation of Junior Order United American Mechanics and a retinue of enthusiastic citizens were prominent in the procession.

Reaching the public square, on which the monument had been erected, the parade halted and the militia stacked arms.

Every inch of ground was contested and the thousands eager to witness the ceremony could not find standing room within hearing distance. It was about eleven o'clock when Rev. Mr. Carawan mounted the speakers stand, beside the monument. With silent lips and uncovered heads the vast assemblage heard his touching prayer—the opening of the unveiling ceremony.

Addresses by Col. W. F. Beasley, Hon. T. G. Skinner, Mark Majette, J. C. Meekins, Sr., Abner Alexander and others, whose names we failed to learn, were delivered.

The most spectacular, and withal the most eagerly looked forward to event, was the unveiling itself. It was near one o'clock when a blushing maiden gracefully loosed the cord that dropped the veil and exposed to the eager thousands, Tyrrell's handsome tribute to the boys who forty years ago left their

homes to die or conquer upon the battlefields of Virginia. To Miss Lulu Jones, one of Tyrrell's prettiest damsels; the daughter of an ex-Confederate who to-day lives and boasts of serving through the war unscathed; lies the honor of unveiling the grandest tribute a state can pay to its hero dead.

Owing to lateness of the hour we are compelled to be brief in our story. Pages would not do justice to this, the most momentous, occasion ever celebrated in the county of Tyrrell. Never before in the annals of its history had many visitors swarmed the streets of its capital. The citizens of Columbia had expected visitors and more than ample preparations had been made for their accommodation. An entire block of the little city had been engirdled with tables and covers laid for a multitude. Imagine over three thousand people banqueting around a city square; imagine others awaiting their turn and forget that the prettiest ladies of the land were waiting upon those tables and you have but a meager picture of the scene. The speeches were highly ornate and much applauded. To Hon. T. G. Skinner whose picture appears in this article was accorded the orator of the day. He spoke only as T. G. Skinner can speak. His tribute to the dead heroes, whose memory is perpetuated in the bronze shaft by which he stood brought tears to the eyes of many and echoes of applause from the throats of thousands.

It was a big day for Tyrrell county; a grand day for Columbia. The people of that dear old town and county were lavish in their hospitality to the visitors—hospitable to a fault. All who visited the unveiling speak only words of praise for Columbians and in fact, all Tyrrell people. The Naval Reserves and the Band of this city are loud in their praises of the kind treatment which they received while there and request us to tender the people of Tyrrell their thanks.

To Col. W. F. Beasley, originally of Tyrrell county but now a prominent merchant of Baltimore, is due, more than to any other man, the success of this occasion. It was he that launched the undertaking. The monument is a work of art; a handsome tribute to those who perished in the defense of a cause which fate decreed should lose. For centuries it may stand to tell the story of Tyrrell's gratitude to its dead heroes; but 'though its granite base may crumble in the dust and its towering shaft fall prostrate to the ground the brave deeds of those to whom it commemorated will live forever fresh in the memory of all Tyrrellonians.

Excursionists View Impending Storm. Excursionists to Nag's Head, Sunday, were treated to one of nature's grandest exhibits. Late in the afternoon ominous clouds of black arose in the North West and the heavy rumble of thunder was heard. Vivid streaks of lightning chained the threatening waters to the far more

threatning clouds; the wind blew as if urged onward by a thousand demons; the waters were lashed to fury and dense clouds of sand veiled the cottages on the beach. The towering peaks of sand that line the banks resembled a chain of smoking mountain where the sun had a few hours before smiled innocently upon a gay assemblage nature had assumed a fierceness that tongue nor pen nor artist's brush can faithfully portray. Timid ones were frightened near to prayers.

The storm did not break in all its fury. The sable clouds drifted southward; the northern skies were suffused with a ghastly yellowish glow and the sun dropped like a big red ball below the sea kissed horizon. A moment later Body Island light appeared like a fixed star far to the southward and the storm abated. Apprehensions of a return of the famous storm of 1900 were excited but kind Providence deemed it unwise and the good ship brought its passengers safely to their homes.

DRUMMER AND CARRIER.

What a Currituck Mail Man Said About the Tar Heel.

A well known traveling man dropped into our editorial sanctum sanctorum, one day this week, and told us of a conversation between himself and a Currituck mail carrier. He met the mail man on the road from Snowden. The latter personage was seated upon two enormous bags of mail and wore an ugly look that boded but ill to the patient animal which drew the ponderous load.

The following is the conversation, which ensued between the drummer and mail man:

"Say! My good fellow you seem to have on more mail than usual."

"Yep," dis here's TAR HEEL day."

"Well, what kind of a day is that?"

"Dad dars it aint ye hear'n about dat air paper called de 'TAR HEEL.' 'Jam by' ev'ry body in de whole dern country takes it. I aint seen so dog gone many papers in all my born days as dem folks send down here. 'Nough to make a preacher 'cuss' to ha' to haul 'em."

"Well, why do you people all take the TAR HEEL: Is there no other paper published?"

"Yair dey's other papers but folks here'bout's doan pear to 'lak' 'em 'lak' dey do de TAR HEEL. In de fust place its de biggest paper in seven counties and 'den' secon' place 'caint' eben er dog fight happen anywhere from North West to Kitty Hawk but what dem fellows has it in de paper. Dey mont en den er gin dey moutent but pears to me dat folks wants de paper dat gives us the news and de TAR HEEL comes purty nigh doin' it."

It shall always be the aim of the management to make the TAR HEEL a paper for the people. Our only effort are to please. So far, we have succeeded remarkably but we expect to accomplish even more.

Couldn't Get License.

The County Commissioners met Monday. There was very little business to come before the board excepting two applications for license to retail spirituous liquors.

Mr. A. W. Swain made application for a license to sell liquor in the new building which is being erected on the site of the recent burned saloon. His application was rejected.

Jno. A. White also applied for license but was rejected.

WILCOX VICIOUS.

Alleged Murderer Attacks Prison Keeper.

HE OBJECTS TO VISITORS.

With A Knife He Makes an Attack on His Former Friend.—The Kind Hearted Jailer.

"Jim" Wilcox, the alleged murderer of Ella Maude Cropsey has made an enemy of one of his once best friends. Since Wilcox imprisonment Mr. B. A. Newbern, the jailer, has spared no effort to make prison life comfortable for the doomed man. He has never refused to grant the slightest request of the prisoner and many times a day the kind hearted jailer has walked to and fro on errands for the hated of men.

Saturday afternoon Wilcox expressed a wish for some matches. Mr. Newbern, or "Bonney" as he is better known, went over to his house and procuring a box of matches returned to the jail. Wilcox is in an upper cell. "Bonney" drew himself up by the bars and extended the matches to the prisoner. Instead of expressing a word of thanks Jim Wilcox reached for a knife and aimed a vicious blow at the stretched hand, inflicting an ugly wound upon one of the jailer's finger.

Mr. Newbern dropped to the floor and demanded an explanation.

The prisoner assumed a murderous attitude and threatened worse were the opportunity presented. He also expressed a regret that he did not succeed in inflicting a more serious wound.

Inside the prison walls an angry argument ensued between the keeper and his charge. Mr. Newbern's reply was, in part: "Jim Wilcox I have treated you as friend. I have never once refused to grant you anything within my power, while the hand of every man in the County has been turned against you. Now that you have acted as you have I shall treat you just as I do the other prisoners and when you hang I want to be the man to pull the rope. Wilcox's reply was a sneer.

This is not the first time, since his imprisonment that Wilcox has displayed his murderous character.

Once Mr. Robt. Mitchell, a prominent citizen of Camden visited the jail and being curious sought the cell of the alleged murderer.

Wilcox met him at the bars with a beer bottle and demanded: "What in the h-l do you want here?" Mr. Mitchell, expecting a collision with the beer bottle, beat a hasty retreat. In Camden he told the story and the people of that County were highly indignant.

Later, since the attack upon the jailer Wilcox has made another attack upon a visitor to the jail.

Mr. John Sykes was in jail one day this week and Wilcox made threats similar to those above and then attempted attacking Mr. Sykes with the beer bottle.

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