## **BITETH LIKE AN ADDER** THE CONFESSIONS OF A VICTIM

OF THE MORPHINE AND WHISKEY HABITS.

## ANDREW D. COWLES' EXPERIENCE

He Tells How the Use of Stimulants and Opiates Grew Upon Him Until the Almost Fatal Night in Durham-The Awful Delusions that Flitted through His Fevered Brain-His Attack upon Mr. Cobb and the Carpenter and His Attempt at Suicide.

GREENSBORO, N. C., Sept. 20. To the Editor of the News and Observer In "As you like it" you will nd the bard of Avon, although

bibulous in his habits and a votary of Bacchus<sup>a</sup> himself, exclaiming, "It is strange that men will put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains; and Adam a character in the same im-mortal creation, proudly in his old age proclaims, "My age is as lusty winter, frosty but kindly, for in my youth I never did apply hot and rebellious liqu-ors in my blood." Truly it is one of the paradoxes of life that any same person would wilfully embitter the past, and jeopardize the future by sensual indulgence in the present. Alas, alas, it is only too true, and while Sha-k speare was not strictly accurate in declaring that jusice had fled to brutish beasts, he was correct in his assertion "that men had lost their reason." Byron, of whom Taine said, "Thus lived and died this great and unhappy man; the malady of his age had no more dis-tinguished prey," in a maudlin condition declared that the best of life was but intoxication and that man being reason able must get drunk; and not satisfied in falsifying a true proposition, that re-volts at such stupendous folly, he breaks out in ecstatic rapture, mounts Pegasus and with a brain reeling, per-verted and polluted after a midnight carnival of vice and victous pleasure, which are like Dead Sea apples, he says: "Fill the goblet again, for I never before felt the glow that now gladdens my heart to its core. Let us drink; who would not, since through life's varied round, in the goblet alone, no deception is found ' This tribute to the most fiendish, cruel and unrelenting enemy of the human family, emauating from Lord Byron, whose deligh ful melody makes every chord of the heart vibrate in unison with his own, sounds pretty and robs vice of its disgusting semblance, shape and form. The youth of our country forget,

in their rapture of admiration for his un-disputed genius, that he was not a safe guide; that he was a gay Lothario, a libertine, and that fathers were seen leaving public receptions in Italy, with their daughters, when he was present. They regarded him as a social leper. Go to the Bock of Books, and be interrogated. "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath wounds without cruse? Who hath redness of eyes? He that tarrieth long at the wine cup. Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright, for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Oh had I the power I would burn this awful warning into the heart and mind of every young man in the land, for sor-row degradation, despair and death follow the violation of moral and physical laws as the night the day. Five hundred thousand drunkards are marching to the grave, the jails and poor houses to-day. Most of them will reach

their destination. Where are the re-cruits to come from? Father: Mother, is it your boy, who is now a genteel tipne will neve Irink is strong. So was Samson but he became weak. I was strong but temptation was stronger. For eight years I fought the demon of intemperance. I joined the church and surrounded my self with all the influences that pointed to a higher and nobler life. In an unguarden moment I took a quarter grain of morphine for laryngitis. I almost cried "Eureka!" I had found the elixir of life, but I soon discovered in its potent power concealed hell. Before I was aware of its insidious effect I was a vic-tim, tied hand and foot-an habitue, struggling for release, when bound wi h cables. If I cried out in the night, the echo of my voice sounded like the hiss ing of fiends in hell. Shut or open my these demons of despair and lost eyes, souls were there, shaking their gory locks at me. I could see in form, as palpable as my own, the grinning skull-and eyeless holes, but I struggled on. I went to Durham on the 14th of August. For several days under the goad of whiskey and morphine I did business, but the abuse of myself several months with the present quantity of whiskey and narcotics rapidly drove me on and on to the climax.

as they strike the stony street. Yes I hear them, and they are coming nearer, nearer; now they are in the house. I hear the jingle of their spurs and the clanking of their sabres and the rattle of their carbines. With brain afire, and uplifted chair I stood about watching every avenue of advance, heard dis-tinctly the orders to kill me and give no quarter, expected to be shot every mo-ment. My delirium was assuming a fearful state. The voices ceased. I cried in my madness, 'Stand boys or we are dead men." Fromptly a voice re-sponded, "We are with you " Looking in the direction whence the sounds pro-the deadly implement was an old skull with an axe without handle, between its teeth, with the edge toward me. I moved to the other side of the half, rassed, and as I did so I spied a carpenter, with tools around him. I asked him for a hatchet. He held up a whip saw. I insisted on having the hatchet. He re-fused to let me have it. Then I said: "What are you anyhow—Democrat or Republican?" I replied, "No!" He said: "Don't you know?" I replied, "No!" He said: "I' with you?" I said: "Yes, if you desire." as they strike the stony street. Yes I jerked the drawer open I presume am a Democrat; may I go to your room with you?" I said: "Yes, if you desire." Then, this imaginary interlocutor walked loss of blood I was unable to raise the mendium for and the Then, this imaginary interlocutor walked rapidly with me twenty feet and the proprietor, Mr. Cobb, and several others cried, "For shame, the fight and danger over Cowles is a coward, for he was afraid to go to his room alone, hospital to save me if possible. As the ward article over the rocky I protestea that no such con-struction should be placed on my conduct, that I had defended, single-handed, the west wing of the corridor, and had never moved till ordered. I could then see in form at least a bundred seawling angry struction should be place of execu-tion. I was alternately submerged in water and then enveloped in fire. My system was alike imperviews to beth. west wing of the condition, and had here in moved till ordered. I could then see in form at least a hundred scowling, angry, contemptuous faces. The proprietor told me to prepare for a horrible death. A drummer came in, registered and asked permission to see the execution. The elerk repeatedly asked me to let him feel my pulse, twitted me by charging that I was afraid to die and was crying. He told me to get down on my knees and beseech the heavenly throne; asked me where I wanted the little they would leave buried; and the carpeuter still worked away on the addition to the office. I was used most oby demons con-jured up by the accarsed morphine that at 4 o'clock I was to be subjected to in-dignities too gross to mention. My eyelids dignities too gross to mention. My eyelids were to be cut off, my ears and nose were to share the same fate. I was to be hung up, head downward, nails driven through my feet, skinned from waist to arms and then hot boiling tar was to be applied. Great drops of sweat rolled off of me. The people in the street seemed wild after my blood. The bells rung; the tramp of the mad populace was un ceasing and incessant. Squads of men were hurrying here and there, singing, cursing and shouting that they they were going to hang Andrew Cowles. "When," dignities too gross to mention. My eyelids victim of political conspirators in the

going to hang Andrew Cowles. "When,"

clouds hung heavily without a silver lin-ing over me. I was too proud to beg for mercy, and too weak to command it. made no plaint, asked no quarter, and was entirely oblivious of possessing within myself any immortal quality whatever. The time was fast approach-ing when I should shuffle off this mortal coll and co to the courter and the mortal coil, and go to that country whence no traveller returns. So real was it, that I never questioned their right of condemnation. Hurriedly I walked a limited space over the tiled floor of the lobby, and find them a convenient and ready

ferno, in delineation of horrible things, can furnish no parallel to the horrors of was ased. "Four o'clock," was the an-swer. "For what?" "Why, for cowswer. "For what?" "Why, for cow-ardice." So intense was my excitement I neglected to brace on morphine. So real was the phantasmagoria I regarded it as useless to make an attempt at relief or escape. I had passed the point where Hope cculd solace or comfort. The sky was rayless and the beetling clouds hung heavily without a silver linbe sure your sins will find you out. And if there are any morphine habitues, whose eyes may peruse these lines, I will feel that I have not trod the wine press in vain, if they are induced by my awful experience, to stop at once; and [CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE ]

Prevention and Cure.

and looking at the clock it marked 3:30 remedy, and a prevention and cure for p. m. At 4 I must die. The optical de-lusion in showing me 100 men had passed this trouble and have found them bene-

3



## Scrofula From Birth

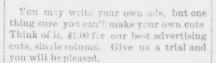
Other Medicines Utterly Failed But Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured. "Some time since, our boy then four years old was in the hands of the family doctor for treatment for scrofula. He had been afflicted with this trouble from birth and we had been unable to give him Only Temporary Relief.

We decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla and are glad to say 6 bottles of Hood's entirely cured him. Our oldest daughter has been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for rheumatism with good results. We have used from first to last some \$10 worth of the medicine and have received the equivalent of several hundred dollars worth of doctor's treatment and good

Hood's Sarsa'ila Cittes health to boot. We cannot speak too highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier. It is all that is claimed for it." C. E. MYERS, Windom, Kansas.

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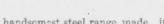


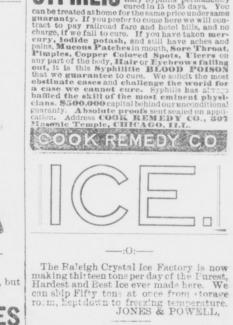
NEWS AND OBSERVER, Raleigh, N. C.

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ADVENT TERM

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Raleigh, N. C.

September 19, 1895

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Sealed proposals will be received at this office up to the 10th day of October at 12 o'clock noon for furnishing steam and anthracite coal and wood for the use of the

All bids must be for delivery at the store house in rear of the Agricultural building and at the Governor's mansion on or before

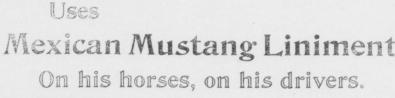
"Canst not minister to a mind disseased Or pluck from the memory a rooted sorroy orya rooted sorrow?

The State papers have had a great deal to say about my performance at Durham on the 7th inst. For a warning to other young men who are singly addicted or doubly addicted I regard it a duty I owe them to describe my thrilling experience-an experience I would not pass through again for the wealth of the Indies, but one which any man might go through at any time who uses morphine or whiskey.

Although stopping at the Carrolina Hotel, whise table was laden with every-thing calculated to tempt the appetite. I could eat nothing. For ten days I had not be not be table. I had used mor-phing, whiskey and absinthe. I had no on of delirium. At 12 m on I remember a pleasant conversa tion with Gen. Cameron and Capt. W. W. Orraway, of Raleigh. They went east and I walked down to a bar room and took a drink. Returning to the hotel, I started to my room on the third floor, and when I reached the second floor I was fully in the power of delirium and a pliant prey for all kinds of delusions and dangerous hallucinations A man, created in my imagi-nation, called me to the western end of the hall, told me there was a desperate fight about to commence, and I was selected to lead the Republicars. Don't you hear the mounted men huz zaing? Yes. Listen at the horses hoofs

There was a lull. I furtively ficial. I have also found them good for away. glanced my eye over the lobby and curing a hard cold."-Mrs. Ed. Forsythe, corridors, saw a negro on a 606 South Person street, Raleigh, N. C. ladder about ten feet from the ground, working away on the new office, and Mr. Howell Cobb, proprietor, and at my feet I found three hatchets. Four o'clock seemed to be a fatal hour. Then I gestion. must die. There was no appeal. Those who sat in judgment were obdurate. They demanded their pound of flesh. I had never failed to defend myself--why should I now? By all the laws of hospi-tality recognized in the rude tent of the Bedouin, equally with civilized nations. I thought Mr. Cobb had grossly proven recreant. By this time I was mad, hopeless, desperate. Anticipating the hour of four I quickly raised the hatchets, in-tending to kill the carpenter first, and then Mr. Cobb. I hurled hatchet No. 1 with terrific force at the carpenter. He saw me in time, and by falling clear, escaped the deadly missile. Then as quick as a flask I sent another at Mr. Cobb, the blade of which did'nt miss his throat half an inch, but thankGod it inflicted no wound on him. Cobb

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. A pleasant laxative. All Druggists:



RALEIGH, N. C., Feb. 8, 1895.

Lyon Mfg. Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen :--- Having seen Mexican Mustang Liniment extensively advertised here induces me to tell you how useful it is to persons in the livery business. I have used it for the past 18 years on my horses for almost everything that horses are subject to. For sprains and stiff joints I do not think it has an equal, and for such things as harness galls and rubs it is wonderful.

I once had a very fine driver who was thrown from his  $\operatorname{car}$ riage in a runaway and so severely bruised about his shoulders and breast that I did not think he would ever be able to get on a carriage again. I remembered, however, what Mexican Mustang Liniment did for my horses in case of bruises and had him use it constantly, and in about tw weeks he was as good a driver as ever, and not an ache or oain remained.

I know you must get tired of receiving such letters, but I thought I would add one more testimonial to the useful ness of Mustang Liniment. Yours truly, W. H. LANCASLER.

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