The Chatham Record

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1894.

H. A. LONDON, Editor.

IT SEEMS strange indeed that the populists in North Carolina, or at least those who were former democrats, should now even think of fusing or combining with the republicans. What have they in common? Which party is responsible for the hardens complained of by the populists, the republican or democratic? From which party is there more hope of obtaining relief? Can any unprejudiced man hesitate in his answer?

The idea of the populists in North Carolina combining with the republicans in order to obtain relief, is as absurd and inconsistent as if a lot of sheep would combine with a pack of wolves for safety.

We would call to the attention of our populist friends in North Carolina the very significant fact that the populists in Congress are found fusing or voting, with the democrats and not with the republicans. While the republicans in Congress have opposed every measure of relief offered by the democrats, the populist Congressmen, with a rarely an exception, have voted with the democrats and against the republicans. Eight out of the nine populist Representatives voted for the Wilson tariff bill, all of them voted with the democrats for the repeal of the Federal election laws, and all the populists are voting with the majority of the democrats against the filibustering tactics of all the republicans and a few democrats to defeat Bland's silver bill.

How then can the populists of this State form a coalition with a party whose Congressmen are opposing every effort made to relieve them? It is not surprising that populists, who once were republicans, should favor such a coalition (for the dog will return to his vomit), but it is astonishing that former democrats should be guilty of such folly. It is a pity that men can be so blinded by prejudice and passion.

THE HAZING, that is too often excepted at the colleges of this country, was most horribly and fatally illustrated last week at Cornell College, in the State of New York. It seems to have been a custom at that college for the freshmen to have an annual banquet, which the sophomores always try to break up and a row generally takes place. Last week the freshmen had made arrangements for their banquet so secretly that the sophomores were not aware of it until the freshmen had formed in procession and began to march to the banquet hall, when a number of the sophomores saw them and began to pelt them with rotten eggs, sticks and stones. The freshmen, however, safely reached their banquet room without anyone being seriously hurt, and while enjoying their feast they became conscious of a peculiar odor and in a few minutes it became so suffocating that some of the students dropped from their chairs and there was a general stampede from the hall. Below the banquet room was the kitchen, in which two odor was still more suffocating and one of the women employed there fell unconscious and died. An investigation showed that some persons (supposed to be sophomores) had placed under the kitchen a jug, in which they poured salt and sulphuric acid and had thus generated chlorine in large quantities, which was forced into the kitchen and banquet hall by rubber tubes.

While these murderers may not have intended to kill anyone, yet when discovered they should be so severely punished, that their punishment may teach a salutary lesson to other college students, whose brutal behavior so often disgraces our institutions of learning. Hazing at colleges, we are pleased to know, is becoming to be regarded by most civilized people as brutal, and it is especially gratifying for us to state that it is no longer practiced at any of the colleges of this State. We would commend their good example to our Northern brethren.

THE TRUSTEES of the University of North Carolina held their annual meeting at Raleigh, on last Friday, and, after quite a protracted debate on the foot ball question, adopted resolutions declaring that inter collegiate games of football as now played should be discouraged, and that the number of school days allowed for these sports shall not seriously interfere with college duties. While the resolutions as adopted are very mild—much milder than the resolutions originally introduced at the meeting—yet they are a step in the right direction and we hail their adoption with much gratification.

Wonderful Hypnotizing Experiments on Sandow.

From the New York World, 23rd. Feb.

Sandow, the mighty, who is thought to have more strength than any man living and who certainly has the finest corrugated stomach in existence, was made absolutely helpless yesterday by a slender young man who weighs 140 pounds and has no particular physical strength.

The man of muscle was hypnotized, and so successfully that he not only obeyed every command of the physician while he was in the hypnotic sleep, but also carried out injunctions after he had come out of the sleep.

It was a private seance and it took place at Sandow's rooms, yesterday, before several of the faculty and a number of students of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, about twenty five in all. The hypnotizer was Dr. C. H. Mersereau, who graduated at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in the class of 83. He has taken up the study of hypnotism only recently and thus far everything that he has done has been purely in the nature of experiment.

The doctor and Sandow have been friends for more than a year. It was with greatly difficulty that the former persuaded the strong man to consent to being hypnotized. The doctor was very anxious to have him as a subject in order to demonstrate that a man of great physical force and in whose temperament there was no suggestion of the hysterical is as susceptible to hypnotism as any one else.

Sandow came into the room wearing only a cloth about his loins. He threw himself upon a couch. One of the gas jets was lighted, and Sandow was told to fix his eyes upon it. The doctor explained that this was merely to hold his attention and help him concentrate his mind upon the idea that he was going to sleep. He said also that he could only hypnotize a person when that person was willing and lent his aid. The physician sat on the couch, facing Sandow. He did not make a single pass with his hands, or any movement at all.

"Keep your eyes on the light," he said, "and think only of going to sleep."

Sandow obeyed, and the doctor went on to talk about hypnotism for a minute or two. Then he turned to his subject.

"Draw deep breaths; deep breaths," he said. "That's it, deep breaths. Your eye-lids are beginning to flutter. You—are—going—to—sleep. Don't resist me. Breathe deeper; so. Now—you—are—asleep."

It was true, although it did not seem possible. It had taken less than thirty seconds, after the doctor had turned to him the second time, to make Sandow sleep. The doctor arose and said that the subject was in the third degree or cataleptic state, which was shown by the fact that the limbs would remain in any position in which they were placed. Sandow's arms were raised in the air, and they remained there until they were pushed down. As the man sank deeper into the sleep, he was told to wave his hands about, making them move faster or slower at the will of his master.

"Stop," came the command, and the arms came to a tense position with a jerk.

"The famous strong man whose physical power is probably greater than that of any living person is now a mere machine," the doctor said. "At a mere word all his force is taken from him. He will do anything he is told to do. If I should command him to jump out of the window he must obey. He cannot help himself."

This seemed a good deal of an exaggeration, but those in the room were soon compelled to admit that it was true. The doctor turned to Sandow.

"Your arms and legs are paralyzed," he said, "you cannot move them. Try."

He did try, but they were rigid. Half a dozen men gathered about and tried to raise the amazed legs. They lifted Sandow, but could not bend the limbs. Just as soon as he was told that his limbs were all right the muscles relaxed.

"Your legs are stiff; you cannot bend them at the knees. Get up and walk."

He arose awkwardly and moved along stiffly. Directly he was told he was all right he walked easily and gracefully.

"Your legs are weak, they will not support you."

The words were scarcely out of Dr. Mersereau's mouth before Sandow fell to the floor with a crash. His legs simply doubled up under him. He was told to get up, and he made attempt after attempt, but the legs which can bear pianos and horses refused to support the weight of his own body. When he was told that his legs were all right Sandow arose and walked back to the sofa, where he was told to lie down again. Then experiments were made to show that Sandow would pay attention to no one but Dr. Mersereau. Other people gave him orders. He did not seem to hear them.

"Will you get up?" asked the doctor. Sandow did not move. "That is where I made a mistake," the operator explained. "If I ask him to do anything he pays no attention to me. I must give commands—not make requests. Now, Sandow, get up."

He obeyed immediately. "You're a soldier," he was told. He assumed a martial attitude, standing very straight, with his heels close together. "You're Sandow." He threw one foot forward and his head backward with the air which he assumes on the stage. "You're a prize fighter." Now Sandow hates fighting and fighters, but he doubled his fists and threw out a guard, wrinkling his face in an ugly and determined manner, making the little motions of a boxer who is expecting an attack.

"Look out," exclaimed the doctor, "he's going to hit you! Strike back."

Sandow made a spring that carried him half way across the room, at the same time making a tremendous lunge with his right hand. He may be muscle-bound and not able to strike out with the rapidity of a prize fighter, but he knows how to hit, and the force of that blow would have killed an ordinary man. Incidentally Sandow nearly put his hand through a mirror.

He was told that he had been hit on the left arm. Immediately he began to rub it gently. The doctor suggested that it hurt him to touch it, and then he cried out, his face writhing.

"Do you think you are strong enough to push a man over?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," answered Sandow, with a smile.

"Do you think you could push any man over?"

"Yes."

"You can't push me over. Try it."

He did try. He put his hands against the shoulders of the slender physician and seemed to push with all his strength, but the other did not budge.

"You haven't the strength of a baby," the doctor announced, and Sandow pushed harder than ever. After this he was told to return to the couch and rest for a while. He laid perfectly quiet as does one sleeping soundly. Then the scientist talked a little.

"Hypnotism has been defined as induced sleep. I would give the word a more extended meaning. Thought suggestion is the keystone of the arch of all hypnotic manifestations. It is the induction of a peculiar psychical condition which increases the susceptibility to suggestion. Often, it is true, the sleep that may be induced facilitates suggestion, but it is not the necessary preliminary. M Liebault has classified the degrees into which a subject may pass as six. I did not expect that Sandow would pass beyond the fourth degree, but I think he will reach the sixth degree. He has long since lost sight and sense of taste. We will test the latter."

Salt was brought. Sandow was told to eat it. He tasted it and recognized it. Then he was told that it was sugar. Immediately he demanded more. Then came other tests of Sandow's strength. There were two dumb bells in the room. One weighed 150 pounds and the other two pounds.

"Here is a large dumb-bell," announced the doctor. "Lift it with your left hand."

Sandow lifted it into the air without difficulty. When he placed it on the floor again the small dumb bell was placed before him.

"This is your big 300 pound bell," he was told, "now lift it." Sandow carefully fingered the little bit of iron as if it were necessary to get a firm hold on it. Then, after mighty struggling and grunting, he managed to lift it from the floor.

"No, I've made a blunder," said the operator. "It is not your big bell, it is only a little one. It only weighs a pound or two; you can hardly feel its weight."

Sandow's muscles relaxed and he waved the thing back and forth contemptuously as if it were beneath his dignity to bother with such a thing as that. The small bell was placed on the floor again.

"Here is a weight you cannot lift."

Sandow placed his hands about it and began to tug. It was a little bit of iron which a child could have tossed about easily, but the mighty Sandow, the strongest of men, could not budge it from the floor. Muscles stood out all over his body. Perspiration streamed from his forehead, but he could not move the two-pound dumb bell. When he was told he could lift it he picked it up without difficulty.

There were other experiments which showed how thoroughly Sandow, the powerful, was subjugated. Then came a test which was the most remarkable of all.

"Sandow," said Dr. Mersereau, "you are going to come out of your sleep soon, and when you regain consciousness you will feel bright and cheerful and not a bit tired. Now I want you to count up to six. When you reach six you will sit up and open your eyes. You will be wide awake. Then you will go on counting up to ten. After a little pause you will go to the mantel, where I have placed a photograph against a jug. You will pick up this photograph and say, 'This is a pretty picture. Jones makes pretty pictures.' Now count."

Sandow began to count slowly. When he reached six he sat up on the lounge. He opened his eyes and looked about him in a dazed sort of way. He rubbed his eyes drowsily and blinked and shook himself. He looked about the room for familiar objects, and gave a hundred of those little movements of people who have been aroused from a sound sleep. He seemed thoroughly conscious. Once or twice he turned towards the photograph. Then he continued to count. When he reached ten he arose, went to the photograph, picked it up and examined it carefully and repeated the words as he had been directed.

"Are you awake, Sandow?" some one asked him.

"Yes, of course I'm awake," he replied.

"Don't you see that is not one of Jones's photographs?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you read the name on it?"

"Yes."

"Then why did you say it was made by Jones?"

"I don't know," he replied with a shrug.

"I kind of felt that I ought to say it."

He was told some of the things which he did while in the hypnotic sleep. He refused to believe them.

"You couldn't lift that little two-pound dumb-bell," he was told.

"Oh, no, no," said the strong man, waving his hand. "That is too ridiculous. I won't believe it." The private secretary said it was true, and then they had a dispute in German. Sandow rubbed his corrugated frontispiece, and said nothing would convince him that he wasn't able to lift the dumb bell.

"What do you think of it?" Sandow was asked after he was fully free from the doctor's influence.

"I do not know what to think about it. I did not have the slightest idea of what I did. I seemed to be asleep, and that's all. I can't believe I did the things they say I did. Not lift a two pound dumb bell! It is ridiculous. But it is very wonderful. I don't know what it means. He makes me go to sleep so quickly when I look at that light."

Dr. Mersereau was delighted with the result of the experiment. His interest in it is purely professional.

Harvard College.

From the New York World.

Harvard is first among the universities of this country in age, in wealth, in fame and in influence. It has been in active existence for two and one-half centuries. It has graduated over 12,000 men. It has accumulated a property of $12,000,000, of which about $8,000,000 bears interest as an endowment. It expends for educational purposes $1,000,000 a year. It has 322 teachers and about 3,500 students, if the 400 who attend its summer courses be included. It occupies over sixty buildings, many of them costly and pretentious. It uses 691 acres of land and a floor space nearly equal to that at the World's Fair. It spends $90,000 yearly in helping poor students. And most of this marvellous growth has been within seventy five years.

It is composed of the College, the Graduate School, the Scientific School and six professional schools—law, medicine, dental medicine, veterinary medicine, agriculture and divinity. In the college, the Graduate School and the Scientific School, which three have two-thirds of the students of the university, there are nearly 350 separate courses of instruction open for election. Harvard carries the elective system, the true university system, to its logical conclusion, and gives its students the widest possible latitude in following their natural mental bent in their study for a degree.

A Little Boom Experience.

From the Danville Star.

A gentleman who is boarding at the Burton, and who spent some time in Glasgow, Va., during the boom, told us today of a little of his experience during boom times. He says he went to Glasgow during the early days of the boom with $15 in his pocket; soon got an option on some property and sold it, making $1,000. After that he went into the real estate business and cleared right along $1,000 per day. He would buy a lot for $400 and sell it right along for $3,000. The excitement got so great that he loaded himself down with real estate. Soon the bubble burst and values began to shrink, and in an effort to hedge losses he got deeper in. The first thing he knew he was involved and then came a crash with him, and when the end came he had to borrow money to get out of Glasgow. Not only without a dollar, but really worse off than nothing, as he offered to surrender all his property if his creditors would release him. This they would not do. At one time he could have cleared on this property in Glasgow and left the city with $75,000 clear profit—but he wanted more. He told us when he left the city that he had borrowed money to get out of the town.

A Boy Giant in Virginia.

Wytheville, Va., Letter to Richmond Times.

Wythe county numbers within its population the greatest man in the commonwealth, if one considers his dead weight. Melvin Grubb, whose wondrous girth and ponderous limbs make him the daily wonder of his neighbors. He was born something more than fifteen years ago, and has ever since that event kept his neighbors wondering at his growth. Each year since he was ten, has seen from fifty to one hundred pounds added to his weight, until he is believed now to be the heaviest youth alive; and should his avoirdupois appreciate at the same rapid rate, he will soon break all the heavy weight records since Adam. At thirteen years of age, he weighed 410 pounds; at fourteen, 450 pounds; and now at fifteen, the scales creak at 535 pounds, and the end is not yet.

Grubb is merely a mountain of flesh, but an active and intelligent boy. He can follow a plough all day without unusual fatigue, and is a bright and intelligent pupil of the public school near his father's farm at Walter's Bridge, about two and a half miles west of Wytheville.

Important Colored Convention.

NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—A Times special from Birmingham, Alabama, says: The Rev. A. J. Warner, the leading colored divine in this State, and other representative negroes have called a convention of the race for March 1st in this city. This convention is called in accordance with the resolutions of the National Colored Convention held in Cincinnati last November. The object is to discuss generally the emigration of the race to Africa. The men who issued the call stand with Bishop Turner, who says Africa is the natural home of the negro and the sooner they return there the better. General interest in the subject has cropped out in this State recently and something practical is expected from the convention although the recent colored conference at Tuckaseges was decided contrary to the scheme of Bishop Turner.

President Cleveland and Secretary Gresham have been on a hunting expedition in the north-eastern part of this State.

State News.

Mt. Airy News: A few days ago a customer of one of our merchants in settling an account drew out of his pocket a number of gold dollars and paid over ten of them to the merchant, remarking as he did so that he had drawn on the gold reserve. It was money that he had accumulated and kept in his house for many years.

Kinston Free Press: We are informed that while Mr. B. R. Health, of Jones county, was plowing, his mule suddenly disappeared, all except its head sinking in the ground. The earth had given away, letting the mule down about four feet. Mr. Heath secured help from his neighbors and dug his mule out. It was surmised that a large stump must have decayed and left a hollow place under the surface.

Newton Enterprise: Mr. W. W. Bridges of Shawnee has been married thirty seven years, has had thirteen children, and of this number eight have been married in the last five years and six months. He has not only never had a death among his children, but has never had any one to die in his house. Mr. Bridges is a good farmer, and he and his good wife have not only always raised enough on their farm to support them, but always have a surplus to sell.

Franklin Times: The Times has made reference recently to a number of good crops made by Franklin county farmers, but in none of them do we recall a better turn-out than the one steer farm of Geo. Webb, a hard working and industrious colored man of Cedar Rock township. Last year he plowed one steer and made enough produce to pay a note of $65—balance on 1892 account; a store account made in 1883 of $100; one thousand pounds but cotton as rent; $30 cash for winter clothing, shoes, &c., and still had one day this week $25 cash in his pocket. His principal crop was tobacco, making just enough cotton to pay rent. He has corn enough for the year, and is not grumbling at the Government because he doesn't own Cedar Rock township.

Winston Republican: Mr. A. D. Cowles, of Ashe county, has a freak in nature in the way of a ewe lamb sheep, 10 months old, which has three well developed feet and legs. The left fore leg is shorter than the other and has a well formed dogs foot with claws, &c.—Mr. A. E. Vannoy of Ashe county, came home from a business trip to Statesville sick, Saturday 10th. Next morning, 11th, he arose feeling badly and through a mistake took an overdose of laudanum from the effects of which he died at 9 o'clock p. m. Everything was done by physicians and friends to restore him but to no avail.

Lynchers Shot.

From the Raleigh News and Observer, Feb. 27.

SPARTA, N. C., Feb. 23, 1894.

ON the 6th day of this month Daniel Slaughter, a young white man, of Carroll county, Va., was placed in jail at this place, charged with the killing of Henry Bear, in this county, near the Ashe line.

Last night he was taken from the jail by a posse of men and hanged to a chestnut tree about half a mile from town. Two of the lynchers were shot by the jailer in his effort to save the prisoner, one of whom is not expected to live. The jailer says he can identify their captain. The wounded man is already in the custody of the sheriff. From best information that can now be had all of the men were from Ashe county, near where the homicide occurred.

Killed by Poisoned Meat.

SOMERSET, Pa., Feb. 26.—From the best information obtainable here to night two farmers are dead, ten or twelve others may die and fifty more are suffering from the effects of eating poisoned meat.

Last Thursday some 250 farmers attended a sale of property in Jenner township, and according to custom, a cold lunch was served. Among the articles of food prepared was a lot of beef that had been boiled the previous evening in a copper kettle and had been permitted to remain in the vessel over night.

A Boy Lynched.

SHERMAN, Ala., Feb. 26.—Deputy Sheriff John Rowlett went to the home of Mrs. Douglass today to levy on her cow. She refused to let the animal go and told her boy Tommy to shoot the officer if he attempted to take her. The officer started and the boy shot him dead. A crowd soon collected and lynched the boy, filling his body with bullets.

Business Reviving.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Feb. 26.—The reports to the Tradesman from all sections of the South show a decided revival in business throughout the South in industrial lines and the resumption of large mills all through the southern States. The manufacturing outlook in the South, as reported to the Tradesman, is much brighter than for twelve months past.

At the bullion price of silver it is estimated that a silver dollar is worth actually about forty six cents.

The grand jury of Guilford county recommended, last week, the working of convicts on the public roads, and also recommended that the county commissioners visit Mecklenburg county and inspect the system there adopted.

Mrs. A. Mather, 1701 Madison Ave., New York City, thus speaks for herself and friends: "I have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for the past six or seven years, and always have found it a most excellent remedy. One or two bottles will cure my worst cough. I have recommended it to a number of friends, who have used it always with satisfactory results."

American buggies are supersed by those of English make in London and Paris. The only light, graceful vehicles in Europe come from this country.

The Stokes county court house with several thousand pounds of leaf tobacco was destroyed by fire at Walnut Cove Sunday. The building was insured for twelve hundred dollars.

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February 22, 1894

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February 1, 1894 3m.

NOTICE OF SALE.

By virtue of a mortgage given by W. T. Mann and wife and E. G. Merritt and wife, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Chatham county, N. C., we will sell at NOON, the 2d day of March, 1894, at the court house door of Wake county, the following tract of land, to wit: [illegible] adjoining the lands of [illegible] and others, described as follows:

[illegible]

J. S. PATTON, Trustee of W. T. Mann & Wife.
February 22, 1894.

MORTGAGE SALE—BY VIRTUE of a mortgage executed to me by [illegible] and wife, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Chatham county, I will sell for cash at public auction, at the court house door in said county, on SATURDAY, the 17th day of March, 1894, the following described land, to wit: [illegible]
February 15, 1894. J. M. O'KELLY.

MORTGAGE SALE—BY VIRTUE of a mortgage executed to me by [illegible] and wife, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Chatham county, I will sell for cash at public auction, at the court house door in said county, on SATURDAY, the 17th day of March, 1894, the land described in said mortgage, being sixty or seventy acres, in South Fork, White formerly Hood.
Feb. 15, 1894. A. J. WILSON, Ex'r.

MORTGAGE SALE—BY VIRTUE of a mortgage executed to J. [illegible] and wife Mar. [illegible] and transferred to me, and recorded in Deeds of Trust, Book [illegible] in the Register of Deeds of Chatham county, I will sell for cash at public auction, at the court house door in Pittsboro, on SATURDAY, the 17th day of March, 1894, the land described in said mortgage, containing [illegible] acres, and being the lands of Elizabeth Page and others.
February 15, 1894. J. M. O'KELLY.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE—HAVING qualified as executor of John Lewis, deceased, I hereby notify all persons holding claims against said deceased to exhibit the same to me for payment on the 15th day of January, 1895.
Jan'y 25, 1894. HARRIS COX.

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Judge Womack will be in the office on the first and third Mondays of each month and during court.
Dec. 21, 1893.

MORTGAGE SALE—BY VIRTUE of a mortgage executed to Mrs. F. J. Harrington by Atchin Marks and wife, and recorded in book [illegible] page 418 in the office of the register of deeds of Chatham county, I will sell for cash at public auction, at the court house door in Pittsboro, on SATURDAY, the 17th day of March, 1894, the two tracts of land described in said mortgage and situate on Deep river, containing 10 acres and adjoining the lands of the late Bitha Bryant and others.
J. W. CUTLEY, Agent.
Feb'y 15, 1894.

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Sept. 17, 1893.

1878. 1894.

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