

H. C. McDONALD
Authorized Agent
FOR
this paper.

CENTRAL EXPRESS

WE ARE
going to have
2,000 Subscribers
—BY—
Christmas.

Vol. III.

SANFORD, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1889.

No. 36

OKLAHOMA.

The Limits of the New Territory Intelligently Defined.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

The proposed Oklahoma Territory includes two great slices of the Indian Territory and the long strip of land known as "No Man's Land," and comprises over eleven and one-half million acres. By the treaties of August 11 and 16, 1866, the Cherokees ceded to the United States the west half of their entire domain, about 3,402,728 acres, at thirty cents per acre, and the Seminoles their entire domain, 2,037,414 acres, at fifteen cents per acre. The land was purchased, as expressed in the treaty, of locating on it friendly Indians and freedmen, the latter those who had been slaves among the Indians. A portion only of this ceded territory was used for the purpose specified. The remaining portion, right in the center of the Indian Territory, and comprising 1,887,800 acres, constitutes Oklahoma proper.

In addition to this the Springer bill included in the proposed Territory the "Cherokee Outlet" of 6,022,244 acres, bounded on the north by Kansas, on the west by "No Man's Land" and Texas, on the east by the Cherokee reservation, and on the south by the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation and Oklahoma proper. This vast region is unsettled, fertile, well watered, suitable for either grazing or farming.

The public land strip, included in Oklahoma Territory, and popularly known as "No Man's Land," from the fact that it has never been included in any territory, is bounded east and west by the 100th and 103d meridians, north by the 37th parallel, and south by 38, 31. It is 187 miles long and thirty-four and a-half miles wide, and contains 3,072,340 acres. It has a population of about 15,000 squatters, is fertile and well watered. The squatters have a quasi government, the so-called capital being Beaver, on the North Canadian River. To recapitulate, the proposed Territory of Oklahoma consists as follows:

| | |
|------------------|------------------|
| Cherokee Outlet, | 6,022,244 acres. |
| No Man's Land, | 3,072,740 " |
| Oklahoma proper, | 1,887,800 " |
| Total, | 12,822,884 " |

Should the strip of territory in dispute between the United States and Texas finally be allotted to the National Government, it will also be included in Oklahoma, increasing the area to 24,770,884 acres, an area about equal to the State of Ohio.

"No Callin'" Good Enough for him.

Interview with an Old Negro in Orphans Friend.

"Tell you, boss, dey would put dis nigger up on a block, in slavery days, an' auction around an' fus thing I knowd I was send to somebody else and driven cross de country. I was kep going backwards an' forwards lak dat twell seem lak I'd been all over de world. But you don't ketch dis nigger farrin' cross de country now. De rest ob niggers may go to Kansas, but ole Koojin is goin' lay roun' monst deese parts long as er split stick ul hold er possum's tail or ole Jip kin sing de tune of mawkin' bird on er koon's track."

Doesn't Hanker for this Sort of Brico-a-Brac.

Sankey Observer.

In china, it is said, people in easy circumstances by their codins long before they need them, and exhibit them as ornamental pieces of furniture.

We have never hankered for such an article of furniture. It is one of the things in which "distance lends enchantment to the view."

The Richest Man in the World.

New York Sun.

The regular income of John D. Rockefeller is twenty million of dollars a year. That makes him the richest man in the United States, perhaps the very richest in the world. He is a Baptist.

Harrison's Repudiation of Dudley.

Charlotte Chronicle.

There can no longer be any doubt that President Harrison has repudiated Col. W. W. Dudley; for the inventor of "blocks of fire" has himself confessed it. To a friend in Indianapolis Col. Dudley wrote:

"Perhaps there is no one in the country who has done as much for General Harrison during the last twenty years as I have, but because our Democratic friends down in Indianapolis have started the hue and cry on me, Brother Ben does not seem to feel that he can afford to recognize me as an acquaintance, and consequently I don't take dinner at the White House as might be expected."

On first blush, honorable people will praise the President for his repudiation of a man whose methods in politics were not only rascally but illegal. Following this very line of thought the Washington correspondent of the *Charlotte News and Courier* says:

"No candidate for the first place within the gift of the people can be presumed to know the methods used by his party and supporters in a campaign, much less can he be justly responsible for any departure from the line of honest politics; but, if after he is elected, he learn that one of his most active and efficient workers has been accused of ways that are dark, and that the accusation is sustained by strong moral evidence, he owes it to himself and his country to repudiate the man and the methods. This is honesty, not ingratitude."

All that is very pretty sentiment for Mr. Harrison, while Dudley, he pays the freight. The facts in the case, however show the President up in a most unsatisfactory light to men who admire honor even among thieves. For twelve years, Dudley has been one of the most unscrupulous politicians in Indiana. He was the right bower of the late Senator Morton, whose pupil he also was in organizing campaigns. After Morton's death, Dudley was relied upon to carry Indiana. As the Col. was never a candidate before the people, it cannot be presumed that the reliance was placed upon his popularity. The Colonel was known as a desperado and unscrupulous political manager. His methods were always regarded as not above suspicion. Whilst he was Commissioner of Pensions, he prostituted that office to the basest political uses.

The things were known of all men, not excepting the pious President. When the campaign was opened, by common consent, in which Harrison was not dissenter, the services of Col. Dudley were called for, as the immediate representative of Mr. Harrison, and was chosen, because it was believed that only desperate measures could secure Indiana to Mr. Harrison, one of the most unpopular Republicans in the State.

Certainly without Mr. Harrison's verbal, or tacit, consent, Col. Dudley would not have been called to the headquarters of the Republican National Committee. At that time Mr. Harrison was perfectly familiar with Col. Dudley's general disreputable character as an unscrupulous political manager. It comes, therefore, with exceeding bad grace for the President to repudiate Col. Dudley now.

Benjamin Harrison's axe is ground now through.

An old negro man ditching in the neighborhood of Salisbury, dug up, says the *Watchman*, 45 Indian spear or arrow heads.

An Instant of Unconscious Humor.

Blattest Recorder.

Our Presbyterian brethren are not specially addicted to humor, either in their synodical meetings or official publications, but occasionally they perpetrate a solemn one, as for instance in the minutes of the seventy-fifth session of the Synod of North Carolina for 1888, in an obituary of one of their dead brethren, they say: "*The Synod regrets that it has not had opportunity before this to place his name on the register of its honored dead.*"

THOS. DIXON IN NEW YORK.

His Resemblance to Abraham Lincoln Commented Upon.

The Rev. Thos. Dixon, the former pastor of the Baptist tabernacle in the city of Raleigh, and well known throughout the State, assumed charge of the Twenty-third Street Baptist church in New York city on Saturday. The *New York Post* in announcing his arrival in that city says:

"Mr. Dixon was born in Shelbyville, N. C., Jan. 21, 1864 and therefore is only twenty-five years of age. He was pastor of the Boston church for only about seventeen months, but during that time he obtained a leading position among the clergy of that city. His new church will be his fourth pastorate; his first being of six months duration in Goldsboro, N. C.; and his third in Boston. He comes of a clerical family, his father and two brothers being preachers.

"Mr. Dixon is a tall, gaunt man, six feet in height, with a slight stoop. Long-limbed, hollow-cheeked and sunken-eyed, with disheveled hair falling over a broad forehead, he is a typical Southerner, and his appearance is very striking. Well known people of his native State and of Boston speak of his pulpit oratory in the highest terms. He impresses everybody by his intense earnestness, which carries conviction with it. Many of his recently published sermons have excited remark, and, although sensationalism is far from his thoughts, he is likely to be charged with it. His work in Boston was remarkable and he succeeded in gathering a great congregation around him, scores of people, young and old, have joined his church during his short pastorate.

The Twenty-third Street Church members are only half as many as the congregation he has left, and is without special prestige. Mr. Dixon finds in this his attractiveness, and hopes to make the church a centre of Baptist activity in the city. His striking resemblance of Abraham Lincoln will assist in making him a prominent character in the life of New York.

A Limited Understanding.

The senior Senator from Delaware, Mr. Salisbury, is a gay bachelor of 70, for whose society half the widows in Washington pine. He is very tall and very thin. He is also very charitable. He sent a box of cast-off clothing to a committee formed for the relief of the sufferers by the Western floods. The story as told by one of his wicked colleagues, is that he received the following communication in his mail: "The committy man give me amongst other things, wath he called a pare of pants, and would make me want some to wear 'em. I found your name and where you live in one of the pockets. My wife laffed so when I showed 'em to her that I thought she would have a convulsion fit. She wants to know if there lives and breaths a man who has legs no bigger than that. She said if there was he ought to be arrested for vagrancy for having no visible means of support. I couldn't git 'em on my oldest boy, so I used 'em for gun-cases. If you have another pare, my wife would like to git 'em to hang up by the side of the fireplace to keep the tongue in."—*Ex.*

Reidsville Review: A colored female infant is said to have been born here with seven fingers and seven toes on her left hand and foot and six fingers and seven toes on the other limbs. She Died.

That Goldsboro "Headlight" Interview (?)

Mr. Cleveland must have punished a bottle of mescal or some other poison very badly to have made such imprudent and astonishing remarks. * * * It is a case of Light-Head against Headlight and light-headedness is a new role for Mr. Cleveland. Long live the Headlight!

NEGRO EMIGRATION SOCIETY.

The Organization Effected in Raleigh on Friday Last.

Raleigh News and Observer.

The negroes to all appearance are preparing to sweep the whole population of their race from the State and land them in the far west. The emigration and colonization craze has crystallized into an organized movement which was perfected yesterday by representatives of the colored race all over North Carolina. The State convention called by Rev. L. B. Ferreebe (colored) of this city, and others, for the purpose of organizing the North Carolina Emigration Association, met here yesterday in Metropolitan Hall. Congressional districts were the basis of representation, and the State was pretty generally represented. There were delegates from six out of the nine districts, and there were two or three hundred present. The eastern part of the State was heavily represented.

Permanent organization was effected by making G. W. Price, of Wilmington, president, and I. G. Hayes, of Raleigh, vice president. E. W. Turner, of Vance, was elected secretary.

Ashville Citizen: Information received in this city announces the death of Mrs. S. B. Steele, of Kentucky, mother of Mrs. Senator Vance.

Raleigh Visitor: Mr. W. R. Barker, at New Hill, this county, has a cow that performs the duty of a mother to her calf, two pigs and the mother of the pigs all at one time.

Modest North Carolina.

From "Regimental Losses in the American Civil War" by Col. Mm. F. Fox, and published by the Albany Publishing Co., Albany, N. Y., a writer in the *Philadelphia Press* has gleaned the following interesting statistics: "This is the book of revelation as to both sides of the civil war. On the Confederate side North Carolina lost more soldiers in killed than any other Southern State. The following was the loss in killed of several of the Confederate States:

North Carolina, 14,522; Virginia, 5,328; South Carolina, 9,187; Georgia, 5,552; Mississippi, 5,807. North Carolina also led the list in the number that died of wounds, and 20,602 of her sons died of disease to 6,947 Virginians. The sons of other States did more talking, but North Carolina evidently did far the most fighting. Her military population in 1861 was 115,369, but she furnished 125,000 men to the Confederate cause. The per centage of loss in killed and wounded was twice as great in the Confederate army as in the Union armies. At Gettysburg the 26th North Carolina, of Pettigrew's Brigade went into battle with over 800 men, and lost 558 in killed and wounded and 120 missing, most of whom were killed or wounded. Most of this loss occurred in the first day's fight, where the regiment met the 151st Pennsylvania and Cooper's Battery. The Pennsylvania Regiment lost 325 in killed, wounded and missing at Gettysburg. The 26th North Carolina had only 216 men left for duty when it went into Longstreet's assault on the 3rd day, and on the following day but 80 men were left. On the first day Captain Tuttle's Company went in action with three officers and 84 men. All the officers and 83 of the men were killed or wounded. On the same day Company C, of the 11th North Carolina lost two officers and thirty-four out of thirty-eight men killed or wounded. Capt. Bird, of this company, and the four remaining men then went into what is popularly called Pickett's charge. The flag-bearer was shot and Capt. Bird brought out the flag himself. This was the severest regiment loss during the war. The per centage of regimental, brigade and division losses of the Confederates were terrible."

Have We an American Aristocracy?

New York Herald.

Ah, yes, that is the question which is now agitating the public to the point of nervous prostration. Unless it is settled at once and our minds put at rest on that all-important subject, a large number of our best citizens will find their way to a maniac's cell. We are passing through an alarming crisis.

There are those who believe that we have an aristocracy, and that it consists of themselves and a few others. Oh, the bliss of knowing that on this great Democratic pile of milk there is not only a modicum of cream, but on top of the cream a small and choice quantity of *creme de la creme*.

To feel that you are yourself one delicious drop of that expensive substance gives a new delight to life. It adds a new pang to death, however, for we are told by orthodox clergymen that heaven is rather a Democratic place, where ancestry doesn't count and gold and diamonds are so common that the streets are paved with the one and the swinging gates are adorned with the others.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson said when he heard of Matthew Arnold's death: "Poor Matthew! So he's gone. I'm sorry, because he won't like God." Likewise these creamy drops who so softly float on the surface of American society, and who, in the adornment of a ball dress, are clothed with very little more than Raphael's angels wear, are having, we fear, a better time in this world than any other world can afford them.

But we hasten to assure the public that the dangers of an aristocracy are not to be feared. It is a bud which blossoms with difficulty in an unfriendly climate. Without the law of primogeniture an exclusive class is impossible. We all begin with shirt sleeves; some rise to purple and fine linen, but as a general thing get back to the shirt sleeves again by the third or fourth generation. That is the glory of the country, for if it dooms the rich to poverty it redacts wealth for the muscular and the high-hearted. The pot is always boiling and the houses on Fifth avenue are continually passing from those who have had means and lost them to those who have recently acquired them.

No, the signs of the times are in the direction of true Democracy. For example, Ward McAlister wanted the descendants of those who danced at the inaugural ball a century ago to lead the dance at the great ball to be given this year. It was a very neat idea. A list of names was prepared and submitted. But if he had dropped a dynamite bomb he could not have created a greater consternation. McAlister was hoist by his own petard, was thrown up in the clouds by the indignant explosion, and at last accounts had not returned to his abiding place in the "best society." Indeed, "the best society" groaned so vehemently that the associated press came near reporting an earth quake in the Middle States.

What was the trouble? Why simply this—that the good people who bore historic names had married good people who did not bear historic names. The aristocracy of 1789 had become inextricably mixed up with the Democracy of 1889. So in order to carry out his plan McAlister found it necessary to invite a gentleman with a large patronymic and leave out his wife, whose descent was honorable enough, but not eminent, or, *per contra*, to invite a lady with high ancestry and neglect her husband, who had nothing particular to boast of in the way of family.

The consequences that followed may be imagined, but not described. No quill on our editorial desk can fitly portray the flushed cheeks, the forbidden epithets, the uncontrollable anger, which made McAlister feel like a waterlogged bark in an Atlantic gale. He tries to smile serenely, but he wishes he had never been born. He unconsciously pressed the magic button, and something

worse than the Hell Gate explosion shattered the windows along the avenue and throw all New York into a perfect uproar.

It is safe to say that an aristocracy is not necessary to the salubrity of this section of the country. We shall manage to worry along without one as best we can.

We respect the man who is proud of his grandfather, and are ourselves grateful to the old gentleman for what he did in the last century. But no airs, if you please.

We tolerate also the dude, a great man's son, whose only peculiarities are his lack of brains and his good clothes. We delight to glance at the radiant huds of his necktie and listen to the graceful drawl in which he delivers his platitudes. He serves to while away a weary hour, like a king's jester or a prehensile monkey who has learned a new trick. As Artemus Ward remarked, he is an "amoosin' little cuss."

But the standing rule for this age and of this country is "a man's a man for a' that." Achievement is the only title of nobility that we care to recognize. America, in a word, stands for personal character, and not for a genealogical tree.

STATE NEWS.

As the result of meeting of the Methodist church in Washington, N. C., 24 have joined the church, and others have professed faith in Christ.

Near Rocky Mount on Friday night, J. D. Armstrong, was shot in the arm by Frank Barnes. The altercation resulted from a dispute over a fence line.

The Shelby *Aurora* says Judge Walter Clark is an able and fearless Judge who pushes business. He is an expert Judge of human nature as well as of law. Law-breakers shun him, for he imposes heavy burdens.

Robert Burton, the 11-year old son of R. C. Burton of Durham, was drowned on last Saturday, while bathing in a pond six miles from Durham. He got into deep water and could not swim. His companions were unable to save him.

The name of the postoffice Columbia Factory, Randolph county, has been changed to Ramseur. The new name is in honor of Gen. Stephen D. Ramseur, who was killed in the Shenandoah Valley during the war.

Raleigh *News and Observer*: Raleigh will vote on the question of "wet or dry" in June. The prohibitionists have finally succeeded in having an election called. The board of county commissioners met yesterday in special session to consider a petition for an election. The petition contained 1235 names, 1178 being necessary to call an election. The board of commissioners granted the petition and ordered the election to be held on the second Monday in June.

New Berne *Jouranal*: The Telephone line was completed yesterday from Maysville to Stella. A continuous wire is now strung from the city of New Berne via Pollockville and Maysville in Jones county on Whiteoak river, a distance of about forty miles. The first message was received over the entire line yesterday afternoon, and was plainly understood the whole distance unbroken.

Hendersonville *Times*: At Fair New Buncombe county, as we learn from Mr. Ben Williams, who carries the mail between Hendersonville and that place, Mr. A. G. Brown, was killed by a falling stone which hit him on the head. He was buried, and on Monday night Dr. G. A. Wise and Messrs. B. L. Ashworth and J. V. Jay who are studying medicina under the doctor, were caught in the act of stealing the body from the ground. They had it in a sack and were walking away with it when discovered. They were made to surrender the body, and now the physician has been arrested, while the students are wanted but cannot be found.

A Yancy County Innocent Who Paid \$150 for a Block of Wood.

Marion Times-Register.

Mr. Robert H. Lewis, of Bee Log Yancy county, came near being taken in by the green goods confidence game last Monday. Mr. Lewis' version of the affair is that he received a letter from Mr. Townsend to the effect that there awaited him in the express office a package upon which was due the sum of \$150. Mr. Taylor came to Marion, paid the \$150, and received his package, and with it a bill, in words and figures as follows: "Robert H. Lewis, Dr. To Charles McDonald, Railway, N. J., for jewelry per invoice, \$150." He started homeward rejoicing when for the first time it occurred to his astute mind that he would examine the package, and let his eyes feast on the glittering prize which had come to him unbeknownst and so unexpectedly. Mr. Lewis most energetically affirms that he had neither knowledge or previous acquaintance with his benefactor, Mr. Charles McDonald. He undid the wrapper, which disclosed a handsome jewelry case. Mr. Lewis' eyes enlarged, became distended. All eagerness and impatience, he could not wait to find the key which opens the casket, but forces the lock, raises the top, when lo and behold, there neatly wrapped and folded lies a nice, clean, well-shapen, smooth block of wood. A change came over Mr. Lewis in the twinkling of an eye; he experienced a revulsion of feeling; his eyes distended yet wider; his lower jaw dropped; his tongue lolled from his mouth; a cold streak of big disgust traversed his spinal column; he tumbled all in a heap, realizing that he had a clean, clear-tittle to, and was in possession of a big block of dearly-bought experience, and felt a goodness in the place where that \$150 was wont to be. He pulled himself together, came to a right-about face and counter-marched, or rather kicked himself all the way back to Marion, by which time his senses had returned. He sought out J. L. C. Bird, Esq., placed himself and his block of wood in Mr. Bird's keeping, who promptly ascertained that the money was still in the hands of the express agent, and as promptly attached the same and it is now in the custody of Marshal Finley, where it will lie until its rightful ownership is determined by the slow process of the law. The express company is neutral in the contest, only solicitous that the proceedings shall be legal. Mr. Charles McDonald, of Railway, N. J., defendant, will be summoned by publication, but he is not likely to answer in person on the 24th of May next, when the case will be tried. The result is readily anticipated. The court will get its costs, Marshal Finley his fees, and Mr. Bird his fee; Mr. Lewis will get the balance of his \$150 and a wholesome lesson in the uncertainties incident to monkeying with the green goods buzz saw, which we hope will make him a wiser and a better man.

The New York *Star's* "Man About Town" has this to say of a distinguished North Carolinian: "On Broadway yesterday I met ex-Governor Jarvis, of North Carolina, who has just returned from his post as American Minister to Brazil, and Robert Adams, Jr., of Philadelphia, who has just been appointed his successor by President Harrison. Two men could not be more unlike in habit, resource, and ambition. Adams is rich, dresses in the height of fashion, and plays the high social dodge to the limit. Governor Jarvis takes the other shoot, and rather affects the hay seed or husbandman racket, and, like ex-Attorney General Garland, repudiates a dress suit on any and all occasions. Neither does he take any stock in the custom which requires a man to dress out of the ordinary. In fact, simplicity is his motto in all phases of life."

Archibald Brady has been appointed post master at Charlotte, N. C., vice John A. Young deceased.