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THRILLING RESCUE.

OF SHIPWRECKED SAILORS ON NORTH CAROLINA COAST.

THE LIFE SAVING CREW REWARDED.

Vessel Bound for Key West Caught in Hurricane and Wrecked—Life Saving Crew at Ocracoke Come to Rescue and Save the Sailors.

New Bern, N. C., Nov. 29.—The details of a disastrous shipwreck on the North Carolina coast, that of the two masted schooner *Leading Breeze* of Key West, Fla., have just been received. The vessel was bound for Key West, hailing from New York, with a cargo of 200 tons of concrete stone and an assortment of wrecking material.

During the big gale of the 23d the schooner was sighted in distress from the life saving station at Portsmouth, at the entrance to Ocracoke Inlet. There was a heavy sea and the gale from the southwest drove a heavy rain across the beach and the fog at the time shut out all view. Capt. F. G. Tyrrell of the life saving station gave orders to run out the surf boat when at 2:45 p. m. the lookout through a rift in the fog bank discovered the ship aground and lying broadside to the breakers. The hardy boatmen, stout North Carolinians, ran the boat into the boiling sea, put up what all the life boat could carry, and bent six long oars to the task.

There was a strong flood tide, a blasting rain driving against them, and progress was slow, so that darkness began to approach. When only half way to the wreck several huge green seas were seen to sweep against the schooner and she was seen to be breaking up and soon was a mass of wreckage tossing on the water. It was a temptation to turn back but the brave fellows bent to their oars and kept on to see if any living person could be found. Their reward was great, for in a little time they came upon a large section of the wreck, consisting of the deck house of the ship, and on this were four men, the entire crew. They had lashed themselves to the skylight and were still alive and were taken off into the life boat.

When the vessel went to pieces the four men had managed to secure themselves on this part of the wreck and the tide was floating them towards the shore. It was near the height of the flood and in a short time the ebb tide would have carried them out to sea and to their death. The life savers reached the beach in safety and landed with the rescued sailors who were taken to the station and given the best of care and attention. The schooner is a total loss and the disaster falls heavily on her captain and owner, B. W. Johnson, as there was no insurance.

There is no better crew of life savers on the coast than those who patrol the shore from Ocracoke Inlet to the south. It is a wave swept stretch of low lying land and at places the heavy seas will sweep across the narrow strip into Pamlico Sound. In the great tidal storm several years ago the water covered the entire land, except a few hills, several feet deep. The water in the station itself was 18 inches deep on the floor. The small settlement of Portsmouth lies half a mile from the station. This part of the coast is thickly strewn with the debris of good ships that a lee shore has caught and destroyed.

IDAHO POPULISTS DEMUR.

Chairman Andrews Opposed to Following Senator Heitfeld's Lead.

Boise, Idaho, Dec. 2.—United States Senator Henry Heitfeld, of this State, has addressed a letter to D. H. Andrews, of this city, chairman of the Populist State central committee, announcing his withdrawal from the Populist party and his affiliation with the Democratic party. The letter says both the Democratic and People's parties now are striving for the same purpose and should combine. He asks Mr. Andrews to call the state committee together, expressing the hope that it will approve his action and unite with him in an affiliation with the dominant element of the Democratic party.

Chairman Andrews intimated that he did not approve of Senator Heitfeld's action, and that he would reply to the Senator's letter instead of calling the committee together.

BLOWN TO ATOMS.

The old idea that the body sometimes needs a powerful, drastic, purgative pill has been exploded; Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are perfectly harmless, gently stimulate liver and bowels to expel poisonous matter, cleanse the system and absolutely cure constipation and sick headache. Only 25c at all druggists.

FRIGHTFUL RAILROAD COLLISION.

A frightful collision occurred on Wabash Railroad at a point near Montpelier, O. Wrong signals were given, or the signals were misunderstood by the engineers and two passenger trains ran into each other at full speed—about 300 passengers were on the trains. Over half were killed and many burned to death—both trains catching on fire.

It was only a few days before that a similar collision, though with less loss of life, occurred on the Santa Fe Railroad. There was a greater loss of life in these two collisions than there were soldiers killed in the whole Spanish war.

With efficient and sufficient help and with intelligent and careful management there would not be so many terrible accidents and such frightful loss of life.

We notice that there is considerable complaint especially in the eastern part of the state because of the number of negroes who are leaving. In many sections there are not enough negroes left to cultivate the farms. It is indeed a serious condition that is facing the agricultural and trucking interests of the east. Of course the machine politicians who ran the red shirt campaign are totally indifferent to this fact, and now that they have gotten offices by their lawless and infamous methods they are little concerned as to the effect it has upon the farming interests of the state.

The Southern Railway has done the public a great service by putting on another train between Raleigh and Goldsboro. The train leaves Raleigh at 5:20 a. m. every morning, and returning leaves Goldsboro at 9:35 in the evening. By this arrangement the Southern makes connection with every train on the Atlantic Coast Line and with all the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroads.

OTHER REFORMS SHOULD FOLLOW.

Free Rural Delivery is the most popular reform ever established by the government. Postal Savings Banks and a Postal telegraph should soon follow and would be equally as popular and as great a benefit.

The Charleston Interstate and West Indian Exposition opened Monday. We are glad to note the interest being taken in this exposition and that it promises to be a success. Senator Depew made the oration.

Governor Aycock is running the pardoning mill wide open. Certain democratic newspapers attempted to make political capital out of the number of pardons granted by Gov. Russell, but Gov. Aycock has already outstripped his record.

The reherring of the famous Gattie-Kilgo trial ended last Saturday. The jury rendered a verdict of \$15,000 in favor of Mr. Gattis. The defendant appealed again to the Supreme court.

The Columbian revolution is still on with much vigor, but Uncle Sam will not allow either side to interfere with the Panama Railroad. It is being seen across the isthmus under the American flag each day.

Mrs. Roosevelt has sent a contribution to the Daughters of the Confederacy of Maryland to help them in erecting a monument to the Confederate dead of that state.

That was very handsome conduct in Mr. Rayner, the leading counsel for Admiral Schley, in refusing to accept any fee for his services.

STRIKES A RICH FIND.

"I was troubled for several years with chronic indigestion and nervous debility," writes F. J. Green, of Lancaster, N. H., "No remedy helped me until I began using Electric Bitters, which did me more good than all the medicines I ever used. They have also kept my liver in excellent health for years. She says Electric Bitters are just splendid for female troubles; that they are a grand tonic and invigorator for weak, run down women. No other medicine can take its place in our family." Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed. For sale by all druggists.

WATAUGA HALL BURNED.

A. & M. COLLEGE BUILDING, VALUED AT \$10,000.

Sixty Students Lose all Their Books and Clothes—The Hall Will be Rebuilt at Once.

Between 11 o'clock and midnight last Friday, Watauga Hall at the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts here was totally destroyed by fire. This building was three stories, the first used as a dining room for all the cadets, and in the second and third stories sixty students slept. The kitchen was in the rear of the hall and the fire originated there and swept into the adjoining building. Next morning the three hundred students who boarded at the college were lined up and their breakfast handed out to them. A bakery in the city sent out the food, and coffee was made at the place. The college is seriously hampered by the fire and many of the students have gone home.

All efforts to save this building were unavailing and the heat was terrific. The students led by several professors then fought like heroes to save the other buildings which were in great danger.

The fire department from the city went out and rendered valuable assistance. Watauga Hall cost \$9,000 and was insured for \$6,000. The property and clothing of the students in the building was nearly every bit destroyed and amounts to over \$8,000. The only insurance was on Watauga Hall and the loss minus insurance amounts to nearly \$10,000, estimated.

President Winston was seen in regard to the fire. He says that the board will meet Tuesday and he supposed that they will decide to rebuild the burnt dormitory right away.

DEATH WAS HIS ONLY REFUGE.

Threatened With Disgrace Treasurer Young Blows out His Brains.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 27.—After being offered one evening newspaper which said his books were under examination by expert accountants, Stuart R. Young, City Treasurer of Louisville, this evening went to the rear of a warehouse at Sixth and Nelson streets and committed suicide by shooting himself behind the right ear with a pistol.

A great sensation was created when the last edition of one evening paper appeared with a story, in substance, that accountants were at work on the books of the retiring City Treasurer, Stuart R. Young, and that it was reported that discrepancies had been found in his accounts.

Shortly after 6 p. m., Mr. Young was seen at the ladies' entrance of the Louisville Hotel on Main street, where he lived with his bride of few months. Two newsboys who knew Mr. Young ran up and said: "Mr. Young, don't you want a paper? It's got your picture in it."

One glance at the double column headlines told Mr. Young why the paper had printed a double column picture of him. He walked down Sixth street towards the river, the newsboys following him on the other side of the street. Just after passing Nelson street Mr. Young turned off between some box cars. The boys feared to follow him any further and returning to the Louisville Hotel described Mr. Young's action to 'Kid' Johnson, a hackman. Johnson was acquainted with Young and going the direction given by the newsboys, finally found Mr. Young lying face downward in the cinders, his right arm under him. Seeing a bullet hole behind Mr. Young's right ear, Johnson turned the body over. Then he saw a pistol in Mr. Young's right hand. Life was extinct.

Stuart R. Young was thirty-five years old and one of the most prominent men in Louisville. He was a graduate of Princeton University, a son of Colonel Bennett H. Young, a prominent lawyer and former Confederate soldier of Louisville, and a brother of Lawrence Young, of Chicago, President of the Washington Park Jockey Club.

CURED OF ASTHMA.

After 35 Years of Suffering. It will be gratifying to the Asthmatic readers to learn that an absolute cure has at last been discovered by Dr. Randolph Schiffmann. That the remedy is an effectual one cannot be doubted after perusal of such testimony as that of C. W. Van Anwerp, Fulton, N. Y. who says:—"Your remedy, (Schiffmann's Asthma Cure) is the best I ever used. I bought a package of our drugstore and tried it and one box entirely cured me of asthma, and I have not had it since. I can now go to bed and sleep all night with perfect comfort which I have not done before for 35 years and I thank you for the health that I now enjoy. I hope that you will publish this letter, that others may learn of its wonderful virtues."

NATHANIEL MACON.

THE NORTH CAROLINA PUBLISHING SOCIETY'S PRIZE SKETCH.

BY CLARENCE R. POE, OF RELEIGH, N. C.

A Fine Sketch of one of North Carolina's Most Distinguished Sons, whose Name Should be Written.

Nathaniel Macon was born in North Carolina, in what is now Warren county, in 1758. His father was a native of Virginia; his mother, of North Carolina. The father dying a few years after Nathaniel's birth, the boy was left in the care of his widowed mother with but moderate means of support. To the nearest old field school, however, he was regularly sent, and he also studied much by fire-light at night. On the whole, he gave evidences of such marked ability that arrangements were made for sending him to Princeton in which college the early days of the Revolution found him. Very early in that struggle he joined a volunteer company, served a term, then returned to Princeton.

But in 1778 British troops threatened to overrun our Southland, and again Mr. Macon left his studies for the field. This time he returned to Warren county and, enlisting as a private in a company commanded by his brother John, marched to South Carolina. Pay for his services he refused to receive and a traitor, says Benton, that has neither precedent nor imitation in history. It was a time of deep despondency. Macon was at the fall of Fort Moultrie, the surrender of Charleston, the defeat at Camden, and then took part in Greene's famous retreat.

He was still with Greene on that retreat and in camp on the Yadkin, February, 1781, when he received from the Governor of North Carolina a summons to attend a meeting of the General Assembly, in which body his countrymen had, without his knowledge, elected him to represent them. Macon said at once he would not obey the summons.

Hearing of this, General Greene saw him and inquired the reason for his extraordinary action. Macon replied by saying that he had often seen the faces of the British but intended to stay in the army till he saw their backs. Greene realized that men of that mould were needed in the Legislature. He also realized that a private who had served through three gloomy years without pay or promotion and still chose the hardships of the camp rather than the comforts of the General Assembly, would not reconsider his action unless he felt that by so doing he could better serve his country. It was to this very spirit of patriotism, therefore, that Greene appealed, and he finally convinced the young soldier that he could be more service to his country in representative than in individual capacity. Taking this view of the case, Macon decided to obey the summons; and so ended his military career and began his political life. And all must admit that he was a "faithful over the few things" as a private soldier as he was faithful to greater trusts as a statesman.

Though only 23 years of age, Macon's ability was soon recognized by his colleagues in the Legislature, our "Colonial Records" showing that he served on some of the most important committees. The condition of Greene's army was, naturally, the subject nearest his heart, and his best work was in behalf of movements looking to the better equipment of Greene's forces.

In 1785 Macon's brother John succeeded him in the General Assembly, and Nathaniel seems to have played no further part in public affairs till after the framing of the National Constitution in 1787. Its adoption he opposed bitterly, insisting that it gave too much power to the central government. But it here may be added, parenthetically, that though he seems not to have wavered in his belief that the Constitution could have been improved, he (1814) declared that "To dissolve the Union and destroy the Constitution would be to throw from us as great a blessing as Providence has bestowed upon any people in modern times."

Macon was elected by the people of his district to represent them in the lower House of the second Congress; which met in Philadelphia, October 24th, 1791. There he began that long service in the councils of the nation that was to make him famous. The seventh Congress elected him (1801) Speaker of the House of Representatives, which position he held till 1807. In 1809 he positively declined to serve long-

as Speaker but nevertheless received forty-five of the 119 votes cast. In the House of Representatives he served, being constantly re-elected, till 1815, when he was, without his solicitation, transferred to the Senate. There he remained thirteen years, always a leading member, and acting president of the Senate after the death of Senator Gallatin (February, 1826) till May, 1828. Then, though re-elected president pro tem, he declined the office, knowing that within a few months he would complete his seventieth year, at which age he had previously decided to retire from public life. He was in the midst of a Senatorial term, but was true to his purpose, and sent to the Legislature of North Carolina his resignation as Senator, trustee of the University, and one of the justices of the peace for Warren county. For thirty-seven years he had been his State's most honored representative in the halls of Congress. At that time no other man had been honored by any State by being chosen to guard its interests at the nation's capital for so many years consecutively, and not until more than half a century later did any State so honor any man, the late Senator Morrill, of Vermont, being Macon's only rival in this respect.

In 1783 Macon married Miss Hannah Plummer, of Warren county. She died a few years later, leaving two daughters, whom he brought up as accomplished ladies.

After 1828 he took no part in political affairs until 1835, when he presided over the State Constitutional Convention. Serving as elector for the Van Buren ticket in 1836 was his last public act. Death came June 29th, 1837, and he met this grim visitor as he had met the duties of life—calmly and philosophically. He had paid his physical; asked two neighbors to make a plain coffin for his body, and selected a barren ridge on his plantation as the spot for his grave. Believing, as he had said years before when opposing an appropriation to build a mausoleum to Washington, that monuments are useless since the invention of printing, his grave is marked as he directed, only by a pile of rough flint stones.

Macon's Character and Political Principles.

Having given this brief sketch of his life, I shall now say something of Macon's character and political principles. In politics, he was a member of the original Republican—later known as the Democratic—party. Honesty, independence, faith in the ability of the people to settle properly all political questions and opposition to all unnecessary (and perhaps some necessary) appropriations, were his strong points politically.

He was democratic in the broadest and deepest sense of that word. He opposed the adoption of the United States Constitution because he did not consider it democratic enough, and refused to endorse the work of the State Constitutional Convention of 1835, chiefly because the new constitution did not provide for annual elections, which he considered "a fundamental principle of republican liberty." "The people," said he, "should pass upon the acts of their representatives at least once a year. I prefer the tempest of liberty to the calm of despotism."

Macon wished to keep all political power directly in the hands of the people. More than once he complained of the constantly increasing power of the executive department of the government. He would accept no office "not the gift of the people or of their immediate representatives, the Legislature." Twice he refused a position in Jefferson's cabinet but the insignificant office, justice of the peace, to which the people of his county directly called him, was not too small for him to accept.

One of his Congressional colleagues, who knew him as a friend and as a statesman, says that Macon would "trust the people further than Jefferson would have ventured, far beyond Washington, and to an extent that Hamilton would have pronounced anarchical."

Scorning the arts of the demagogue, however, he made no display of his devotion to the people and to their cause; never made popular harangues, never canvassed his district to ask for the votes of his constituents. An uncompromising champion of democracy he was, but he was no time-server, and did not bring before public opinion declarations before public opinion declared that "To dissolve the Union and destroy the Constitution would be to throw from us as great a blessing as Providence has bestowed upon any people in modern times."

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Its Mr. Roosevelt.

New York World.

"Mrs. Flynn, is Aunt Mary here?" President Theodore Roosevelt had stopped off on his way back to Washington from Oyster Bay and climbed a dark stairway to the second floor of the house, 150 East Forty-eighth street, Manhattan, to call upon the old nurse, Mrs. Mary Ledwith, who had nursed not only Mrs. Roosevelt herself when she was a baby, but all of the children of Mrs. Roosevelt and the President.

"Yes, she is here," said Mrs. Flynn, who is Aunt Mary's sister; "but I can't see who you are."

"Just say it's 'Mr. Roosevelt,' and that I want to see her, please. I came up to see how she is."

Mrs. Flynn, though she had known the Roosevelt's for many years, was not unnaturally a bit "flustered" by the honor of a visit from the President of the United States, with his secretary and valet and detectives waiting outside.

She ushered him into her little sitting-room and then went and acquainted the old nurse, seated in an invalid's chair in another room.

"It's the President of the United States, and he has come up to see you," said Mrs. Flynn.

"The President of the United States!" echoed Aunt Mary in amazement.

"Certainly, and he says to tell you that if you are not too ill he wants to see you."

A light dawned on the old nurse's mind.

"Oh, the President! I'll be bound, now, that it's nobody but Mr. Roosevelt. Why, you quite took my breath away."

And then she fixed her hair a bit, as women will, old or young, and, adjusting her glasses, announced that she would be shown in.

Mr. Roosevelt came in smiling and bent over the old nurse and shook her hand. Then he drew up a chair and sat down beside her. He told her how sorry he was that she was ill.

In a few minutes the bell rang again, and Mrs. Roosevelt came in and took a seat on the other side of the nurse. She remained only a short time and then went to another room to be fitted with some gowns which Mrs. Flynn is making for her.

When the President's party came out the sidewalk was lined with children, who sent up a cheer. Some of them called for a speech. The President passed through the crowd, patting their heads and laughing as he went. Frank Flynn, who escorted the President to the carriage, had on a low button. "That's the right sign," said the President.

In the meantime the old nurse, in her invalid's chair, was smiling happily and saying over and over, "He ain't a bit changed; not a bit. He might be ten times the President and still be just Mr. Roosevelt, always thoughtful and kind."

Mrs. Ledwith has been in Mrs. Roosevelt's family for forty-five years. She is seventy-six years old, and has the culture that comes of much travel with refined people, besides a good deal of kindness of heart. She took care of Mrs. Roosevelt in her childhood, accompanied her abroad, and has been the right-hand of the present lady of the White House in the care of her children. A few weeks ago, on her way from Oyster Bay to Washington, she was taken suddenly ill and was carried to the home of her sister, Mrs. Flynn. As soon as she recovered sufficiently she will go back to the Roosevelt's at the White House.

She is quite overcome by the fame that has been thrust upon her by the President's call, and says: "They were nice people before ever they went to the White House to live."

Politician, of Course.

Not long ago the wife of a western Kansas politician asked him to lay aside politics long enough one day to dig the potatoes in the garden. He agreed to do it. After digging for a few minutes he went into the house and said he had found a coin. He washed it off and it proved to be a silver quarter. He put it in his jeans and went back to work. Presently he went to the house again and said he had found another coin. He washed the dirt off of it. It was a silver half dollar. He put it in his jeans. "I guess I'll take a short nap." When he awoke he found that his wife had dug all the rest of the potatoes. But she found no coins. It then dawned upon her that she had been "swooned."

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

Mrs. WINGLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world.

Pimples, blotches and all other spring troubles are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla—the most effective of all spring medicines.

A TERRIBLE R. R. WRECK.

AN IMMIGRANT TRAIN ON THE WABASH SHATTERED IN A COLLISION.

MANY ON BOARD SLOWLY ROASTED.

It is not known how many people were on board, but the number of dead and injured will be anywhere from 100 to 150—The Trains Crashed Into Each Other Going at Full Speed.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 27.—From 100 to 150 persons were killed or injured to-night in the most disastrous wreck in the history of Michigan railroads. Two heavily loaded passenger trains on the Wabash railroad collided head on at full speed east of Seneca, the second station west of Adrian.

The westbound train of two cars loaded with immigrants and five other coaches, was smashed and burned with the result of awful loss of life and fearful injuries to a majority of its passengers. The eastbound train, the Continental Limited, suffered in scarcely less degree.

The track in the vicinity of the wreck is strewn with dead and dying. Many physicians from Detroit have gone to the scene.

No. 4 was the Continental Limited, engine 609, engineer Strong, conductor G. J. Martin, and No. 13, double-headed, engine 88, Engineer Work, engine 151, engineer Parks, conductor Charles Troll. No. 4 it is believed, disobeyed orders in not waiting at Seneca for No. 13, thereby causing the wreck. The track at the point where the collision occurred was straight and at first the officials could not understand why the collision should have occurred.

No. 13 which ordinarily is due to leave Detroit at 2:30 o'clock, was two hours late, leaving at 4:20. The two trains met at Montpelier, Ohio, according to schedule, but No. 4 had orders to wait for No. 13 at Seneca.

The blame is therefore placed on the conductor or engineer of No. 4. Had this train been held at Seneca, the accident would not have occurred. No. 4 was due at Seneca at 6:43 according to the change in schedule, but apparently orders to wait were disobeyed, and the probabilities are that the true story of why will never be told as the train crew undoubtedly met instant death.

Advice from the wreck at midnight state that the country for miles around is lighted by the burning cars and that the flames could not be quenched because of lack of proper apparatus. Mangled bodies were picked up along the track by the farmers before the special train arrived. In some places the bodies were mangled beyond all recognition. The bodies which the rescuers managed to pull from the burning ruins of the immigrant cars were so badly burned that their identity will probably never be established.

It is not thought that any Detroit people are injured, as train No. 3, immediately behind No. 13 contained the Detroit passengers for Chicago.

No. 4, eastbound, was made up of an engine, baggage car, combination coach and sleeper. The trains came together one mile east of Seneca under a full head of steam. All but the two rear coaches of No. 13, the westbound train, were demolished and the coach on No. 4 was telescoped. Five of the cars of train No. 13 caught fire. The loss of life is estimated at 100 on the train. The loss of life on No. 4 is said to be 25. Engines No. 88 of train 13 exploded and engine 609 on No. 4 turned over into a ditch. Two firemen and one engineer on No. 13 were killed and the fireman and engineer on No. 4 jumped and escaped.

New Industries at High Point.

High Point, N. C., Nov. 27.—Following close after the announcement of a buggy factory with a capital stock of \$125,000, as one of the new enterprises for High Point, comes the information that H. L. Bickford and others, of Concord, New Hampshire, will establish a factory here for the manufacture of carriage, wagon and buggy wheels.

The Pittsboro Plate Glass Company will establish a branch office South, and it is learned that High Point will most probably be the place selected.

IT GIRDLES THE GLOBE.

The fame of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, as the best in the world, extends round the earth. It's the one perfect healer of cuts, corns, burns, bruises, sores, boils, scalds, ulcers, felons, aches, pains and all skin eruptions. Only infallible cure. 25c a box at all druggists. Sold by all druggists.

Pimples, blotches and all other spring troubles are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla—the most effective of all spring medicines.

(Continued next week.)