

MRS. MORRIS ACQUITTED. A Sketch of the Case and the Trial. State Chronicle.

The readers of the Chronicle were shocked in August last to read that Mr. D. E. Morris, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Reidsville of high standing, and a member of the Methodist church, had been found dead in his bed, and that suspicion of the murder rested upon his wife Cora May Morris, a niece of Ex-Governor Seales.

Since Cora was a child and frolic about his store at Reidsville, Mr. Morris had loved her. As the girl grew older, his infatuation for her grew stronger. But Mr. Morris was not Cora's ideal of a man. He was of a very quiet, easy disposition, pious and very careful in his dress.

At last the girl yielded to the pressure and the marriage was announced. It took place at the bride's residence on the 12th of December, 1888, and congratulations and gifts showered upon the supposed happy couple.

Mr. R. B. Glenn's appeals in behalf of his client were pathetic in the extreme, and tears trickled down the cheeks of three jurors besides many in the court house. Mr. Glenn declared that the State had failed in its effort to make out any case at all, saying that even the evidence that was introduced was only circumstantial, which never should convict any woman.

On August 9, 1889, Mrs. Morris told her husband that if he would make his will and place all his property in her favor, and insure his life for \$10,000, that beginning with September 1, 1889, she would begin a new life, and be to him a loving and faithful wife.

There was a death like stillness as the voice of the clerk rang out: "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on a verdict?" "We have," answered Foreman Saunders.

Addressing Mrs. Morris, the clerk said: "Prisoner, look upon the jury," and then turning, "Gentlemen of the jury, look upon the prisoner."

The trial commenced at Wentworth on Friday, Judge J. H. Merriam presiding. She was defended by Messrs. W. N. Melane, Hugh R. Scott and R. B. Glenn. The prosecution was conducted by Solicitor Settle, and Reid & Reid, and Boyd and Johnson.

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Martha Williamson, the colored cook, was the first witness examined. She testified that on the morning of August 19, she went to Mr. Morris's room and that he was lying on the bed with his hands folded across his breast as if dead.

Charles Fetzer, a Reidsville druggist, testified that he received a note on Sunday night, the 18th of August, 1889, saying: "Send two ounces of chloroform and charge to Mr. Morris."

C. M. Goode, who was the first white person to go into Mr. Morris's room after his death, was put on the witness stand. He said Mrs. Morris did not want him to go into Mr. Morris's room, saying he was not dead, but sleeping.

Twenty witnesses who had been summoned were not examined. Mrs. Morris did not make any statement as it was expected she would do.

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All the thousands of specimens in the State Museum are being rearranged and re-labeled so as to show the common name, the scientific name, and the components. The museum, with its geological specimens, has been worth a great deal to the State.—Ex.

is the home of Mrs. Morris, and it is in this thriving town where is located most of the property mentioned in the will of Mr. Morris. It is learned to-night that there will yet be more lawsuits over the matter, and there is more unrest in store for pretty Mrs. Morris.

The Printer's Towel.

When I think of the towel, the old-fashioned towel, that used to hang up by the printing house door, I think that nobody in these days of shoddy can hammer out iron as it were. The tramp who abused it, the devil who used it, when these two were gone; the make-up and the foreman, the editor, poor man, each rubbed some grime off while they put a heap on.

Bad Woman.

An unusual and shocking domestic tragedy occurred in Abbeville county, S. C., on the 23d instant. A. N. Nelson was shot and killed by his wife, who then attempted to shoot herself. No one was present at the time but their little children, the oldest being five years old.

About Finger Nails.

A white mark on the nail bespeaks misfortune. Pale or lead colored nails indicate melancholy people. Broad nails indicate a gentle, timid, and bashful nature. Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment have round nails.

A Cherokee Man With Six wives.

The Raleigh Call says: Passengers who came in Saturday from the W. N. C. road report that a United States Marshal had a pretty tough case in tow on a train that day. The prisoner was a 70 year old man, and claimed Cherokee county as his home.

Each State can manage its educational interests better than the United States can do it for them. Interference by the Federal Government would do more harm than good. The Blair bill should be dropped.—New York Star.

A Great Engineering Feat.—The Proposed Light House Off Cape Hatteras.

Bids will be opened in the office of the lighthouse board July 1st for the erection of a light house on the Outer Diamond shoal, off Cape Hatteras, N. C. The total cost of the structure is limited by act of Congress to half a million dollars.

The lighthouse board does not specify what method shall be adopted but it is generally understood that an immense caisson, eighty or one hundred feet in diameter, with a hollow iron cylinder projecting from its centre, will be built at the most convenient port.

I am very sorry to have been the cause of so much disappointment in the community, and especially to have given trouble to the Sheriff and jailer, who have been so kind to me at all times.

You will excuse me for having taken away with me the three pistols that I found in the lower room of the jail as I came out. It always appeared strange to me that such jolly kind fellows as I found about the jail should want anything of the sort.

As I went through the Fisher woods toward North Buffalo, I was struck with the signs of improvement that appeared here and there. On the limb of a tree I saw a little bird of the air, and the little bird said to me, "Lige, when it was found that you had stepped over the jail fence, and were gone off, everybody about court house square was paralyzed, and the jail looked to be about the size of a snow bird trap."

In a recent interview, Emperor William of Germany said: "Political parties are sheer frippery. I only know two—the one that is for me and the one that is against me."

A Letter From Lige.

[Below we give a letter appearing in the Greensboro Daily Workman, and said to have been written by a condemned man, Lige Moore, who escaped jail in Greensboro last Friday, in broad day light.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I am loose again after long confinement, and am enjoying myself as well as could be expected. I am almost amazed when I think how long I remained in prison when I might have gone out almost any time since the first of December, had I made the effort.

Especially am I grateful to you for having turned a deaf ear to those middlemen persons in the community, who suggested that I might requite your kindness by taking French leave. Many a time I feared that you might be influenced by the things that were said about the danger of my getting away, and might be more strict in keeping watch over me.

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FOUND IN HIS DIARY.

John Wilkes Booth's Reasons for Killing Lincoln. From the Baltimore American.

The American received from its Washington correspondent the following extracts from J. Wilkes Booth's diary, found in his clothing after his death. It is now in the possession of the Department of Justice:

"APRIL 14, Friday the Ides. 'Until today nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we have worked to capture, but our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to others, who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step through a thousand of his friends, who stopped me, but pushed on. A colonel was at his side. I shouted 'sic semper' before I fired. In jumping broke my leg. I passed all his pickets. Rode sixty miles that night with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump. I can never repent it. 'Though we hated to kill, our country owed all her trouble to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment.

"The country is not what it was. This forced union is not what I have loved. I care not what becomes of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. The night before the deed I wrote a long article and left it with one of the editors of the National Intelligencer, in which I fully set out the reasons for our proceeding, He or the South.

"After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night being chased until I was forced to return, weary, cold and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair; and for why? For doing what Brutus was honored for, what made Tell a hero; and yet I, for striking down a greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common cut-throat. My act was purer than either of theirs. One hoped to be great himself; the other had not only his country's but his own wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain. I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country, and that alone—a country ground beneath this tyranny—and prayed for this end. And yet, now behind the cold hand they extend to me.

"God cannot pardon me if I have done wrong. Yet I cannot see any wrong, except in serving a degenerate people. The little, the very little, I left behind to clear my name, the Government will not allow to be printed. So ends all. For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and holy, brought misery upon my family, and am sure there is no pardon in heaven for me, since man condemns me so.

"I have only heard what has been done (except what I did myself), and it fills me with horror. God try and forgive me, and bless my mother. To-night I will once more try the river with the intention to cross, though I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do. I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to man. I think I have done well, though I am abandoned, with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great, though I did desire no greatness.

"To-night I will try to escape these bloodhounds once more. Who can read his fate? God's will be done. I have too great a soul to die like a criminal. Oh, may He, may He, spare me that, and let me die bravely. I bless the entire world. I have never hated or wronged any one. This is not a wrong unless God deem it so, and it is with Him to damn or bless me.

"And for this brave boy, Harold, with me, who often prays (yes before and since) with a true, sincere heart—was it a crime in him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but I must fight the course. 'Tis all that's left me."

These are the last words in the diary, and probably the last he ever wrote, as he was shot very shortly afterward.

Four Babies in One Day.

Kansas City Times.

The State of Texas, which carries the palm for Democratic majorities, large areas and other good things, varies the monotony of political office years by increasing its population in the most unexpected and surprising ways. The little town of Ingersoll, thirteen miles west of Texarkana, on the cotton-belt route, furnishes a story which for years to come will surely be the cap sheaf.

It also shows the great possibilities of the new South. Incidentally it is a terrible warning to young men who have married Texas widows. As narrated by the Times special correspondent's addendum to the despatch of the 12th inst., the story reads this way:

On the morning of January 10, Mrs. E. T. Page, of Ingersoll, gave birth to a girl baby of six pounds' weight. This happened at nine o'clock.

The father was much delighted with the little youngster. At 11:30 a companion girl arrived. The second edition weighed four and a half pounds. The father's joy was doubled. Two girls had arrived to bless the home circle.

At 1 o'clock another girl arrived. The third edition weighed four pounds. The father, trembling and pale, remarked to the attendants that he was much pleased.

At 2:10 a fourth girl, weighing five pounds, arrived to complete the family. The father faints.

After recovering consciousness he rushed to the telegraph office. Taking the operator aside he whispered between his set teeth: "I can lick any man in Texas to-day."

"What's the matter?" gasped the astonished agent.

"My wife has just presented me with four girl babies."

Without waiting to hear more the station agent, who was a newly married man, escaped by a side door and has not yet returned.

On January 18 the happy father visited Texarkana and took out to his home at Ingersoll four cradles, a case of soothing syrup, half a dozen bottles of paregoric, sixteen dozen safety pins, eight nursing bottles and a Jersey cow. The mother of the quartet of Texas babies is a slight, pleasant-faced woman weighing about one hundred and twenty-five pounds. She was formerly a Miss Atwood, and is a native of Texas. About fifteen years ago she married a Mr. Lupton. After his death four years ago she was married to Mr. E. T. Page, of Ingersoll, Texas. Mr. Page is a small man, weighing about one hundred and ten or one hundred and fifteen pounds.

In their three years of married life Mrs. Page has twice presented her husband with twins, going that two better with the quartet of girls, making eight in the three years. The fond husband and happy father expresses a belief that there will be six or more the next time.

Ice for the Gods.

Cincinnati Times.]

It is said the city of Tacoma, Wash., is to have a flume connecting it with Mount Ranier, on which is located an eternal glacier. From this glacier and via the flume, the city will derive its ice supply. As the bewitching and original school-girl says, this will be perfectly splendid. No new "Lake Superior ice" gathered in a horse-pond or ice from an ammonia sweat-box will henceforth decorate Tacoma tables or clink in Tacoma glasses. The ice of this new Puget Sound metropolis will have on it, figuratively speaking, the dust of ages. Their ice, as a bartender would say, will be of the vintage of the glacier period. It will have on it the bouquet of not years, decades, or centuries, but of cycles.

A Monster Coffin.

CHICAGO, Jan. 30.—A coffin had to be made to order for the body of Peter Damm, a pioneer of the town of Lake, who died recently. Mr. Damm weighed 380 pounds, and none of the ready-made coffins would contain his body. The casket was thirty-two inches deep by twenty-six inches deep. It took ten men to carry the coffin and its burden to the hearse.

Congressional Life.

New York Star.]

A party of Congressmen were in Speaker Reed's room at the Shore. Ham the other night, and the conversation drifted to the subject of Congressional life in Washington. It was remarked that a member of Congress from a wayback district could come to Washington, live well, go to evening receptions, and put on a certain amount of lugs without the fact being used to defeat him on the ground of extravagance. In short, a member, no matter how moral the constituency he represented, was now expected to keep up his end at the Capital.

"It's quite different from what it used to be," said Major Butterworth, who was one of the party. "When Ben Lefever came to Congress as the Granger statesman from Ohio, it was his great dread that some of his constituents would discover his luxurious ways of enjoying life. One day I was in the House when a page brought me a scrap of paper soaked with moisture on which was scrawled in lead pencil, evidently by a dripping hand, this message: 'Dear Butterworth: I am down in the bath room, and a lot of pumpkin huskers from Anglaize county are hunting me. Steer them around until I can get dressed. Tell them I am over at the agricultural department to get more seeds for Ohio, and will be back soon. I don't want them to know that I bathe in a marble tub with perfumed soap. If it should get out that I bathed any place except in a creek, I could never get back to Congress.'"

A Crop that Always Grows.

The crops of the farmer grow only for three or four months. They are constantly liable to failure or disaster. But the man who holds a mortgage on the farmer's crops or land has a crop that grows steadily on and on, through all the days and nights and months and years. It is a crop that begins to yield him an income from the very day it is planted. Devastating flood or withering drought may come, but the mortgage crop grows on. Does the farmer's crop suffer and dwarf through his neglect or laziness or sickness? The mortgage crop still flourishes. And nowhere, on all the earth, does it seem to grow and flourish more vigorously than in our Southern climate. Brother farmer, how you allow any one to plant his mortgage crop on your farm? Your crop and his will not grow well together. His crop will have the advantage all the time. If you allow him the opportunity he will plant his crop largely in January. You cannot plant yours before March or April. His will grow through all kinds of weather—grow and strengthen and gain every hour from the beginning to the end of the year. Have you a faithful and loving wife to care for and dear children to feed and clothe and educate? Then you have no right to allow any man to plant his mortgage in your farm, for you are thus robbing these dear ones of their just rights. If you would prosper and be independent and happy, dear brother, keep the mortgage off your farm.—Progressive Farmer.

Opposed to Negro Suffrage.

JACKSON, Miss., Jan. 29.—The

sensation of the day in the Legislature was the memorial presented by General A. M. West, member from Marshal. He is the senior member of the House, he represented his county in both houses, and was nominated on the Greenback ticket for Vice-President with Weaver. His memorial contains a long preamble covering negro suffrage from its inception. Its history is reviewed comprehensively and declared to be a failure in every phase and as demoralizing and harmful to the South in every way. The memorial ends with the following resolutions, which were referred to the Committee on Federal Relations, of which he is chairman:

Resolved, That the Legislature of the State of Mississippi, that it is the deliberate opinion of the said Legislature that the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States shall be abrogated, and the said Legislature does hereby petition the Congress to take the necessary steps to that end.

Resolved, That our Senators in Congress be, and they are hereby instructed, and our Representatives in Congress be, and they are hereby requested, to present this memorial and petition to their respective Houses for consideration and action.

Resolved, That the Secretary of State forward certified copies of the above to our Senators and Representatives in the Congress of the United States and a certified copy to the Governor of each State in the Union, with a request to have them laid before their respective Legislatures.