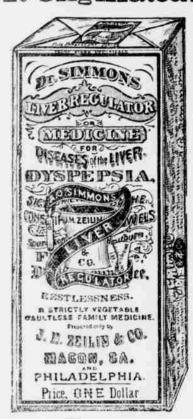
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THE "DIXIE" CO., ATLANTA, GA. SONG AND SINGER.

I saw him once, the while he sat and played-Astripling with a shock of vellow hair-

His own rare songs, in mirth or sorrow made, But tender all, and fair.

And as the years rolled by I saw him not, But still his songs full many a time I sung, And thought of him as one who has the lot

Until at last he stood before mine eves An age-bent man, who trembled o'er his

Ripe for his epitaph. I grieved with grief that to a death belongs, How Time is stern I had forgot, in truth, And how that men wax old, whereas their

My sight rebelled to see him in such gulse,

Keep an immortal youth. -Richard E. Burton, in the Century.

A BANK ROBBERY MYSTERY

BY M. QUAD.



ville," as the sign read, was a two-story brick building, plain and substantial, and George Carter, the sole owner of the bank, was personally known to almost everybody in the county. He was a man of forty-five, unmarried, and an old maid sister kept house for him. The banker was known as a methodical man, careful in his investments, and no one had any feer of disaster overtaking him. Now and then he had been warned that safe blowers might pay him a visit, but he had not taken any extra precautions. He had a large

fire and burglar proof safe, and a man

slept in the room at night on the cot.

On a certain April morning soon after the close of the war Mr. Carter arrived at the bank at exactly 8:30. That was his usual time to a second. The curtains were down and the door was locked. and it was only after a panel had been sawed out of it that entrance was gained, There sat Davis, the watchman, bound fast to his chair and a gag in his mouth, and the safe door stood wide open. A hole had been drilled and the bolts thrown back, and the \$23,000 safely locked up the evening before was gone.

Davis had all the particulars at his tongue's end. He had been aroused at midnight by some one knocking on the door and asking him for a light by which to mend a broken harness. He denied that he had been asleep, but claimed to be "thinking." Suspecting no evil be opened the door, and three men rushed in and overnowered him. After making him secure they got their tools out of a bag and began operations, and in an hour or so had the safe open. His statement thus far was all right and reasonable. From thence on it was a puzzler. I was sent down from the city in answer to the telegram for a detective. and Davis was of course the first man to be examined. He had not been blind-

folded and he saw all that took place, though the burgiars were masks and he did not get sight of their faces. He declared that they did not get a dollar in money and that they cursed and raved and threatened to burn the building in consequence. They pulled everything out of the safe and opened all the large envelopes, but the sack they had brought along was lying on the floor as proof of Davis's story.

At 5 o'clock of the previous evening Mr. Carter had placed in that safe \$21,-000 in greenbacks, most of it in small

bills. The packages would have filled a lawver's waste basket. Had the burglars got them, the sack would have been, used, as that sort of men do not sit down and count up and divide their plunder on the spot. Davis was not only believed to be honest, but Mr. Carter believed his story. It is needless to observe that I did not. I judged from his physiognomy that he was chicken-hearted. He

hal no marks to prove that he had resisted the burglars. I believed he lied when he said he was not asleep. As a matter of fact, I made up my mind that he had "stood in" with the burglars and either been "left" on his share or had secreted it around the building and then let them bind and gag him. I think the theory was not only reasonable, but just the one which any other detective would have adopted.

Fortunately for the bank and its depositors the proprietor had plenty of reserve, and business went on as usual. I was told to go ahead on the case and

work out anything I could, and my first move was to search for Davis's share of the money. No sign of it could be found about the building. In spite of all my efforts he stuck to his story just as he first told it, and I had to admit to myself that he appeared perfectly honest and sincere. In describing the burglars as well as he was able he mentioned that one of them was a very tall man with a hacking cough. That exactly fitted Steve Pratt, a burgiar, who had been out of Joliet only two months after serving a ten years' sentence. Steve had had his throat injured by swallowing a fish bone, and kept up a constant hacking, even in his sleep. He described another as very short and stout, with a falsetto voice, and I suspecte I he was All Taylor, who was then supposed to be in Canada. The third could man I not place.

While still suspecting Davis of having a hand in the job, and securing the services of a local officer to watch him, I began a hunt for the others. I got track of Steve Pratt after a few days and located him in Cincinnati. He was too quick for me, and I followed him to Chicago. He got the start of me again, and led the way to Buffalo, and there seemed to sink into the earth. For two long weeks I was engaged, with the local officers, searching for him, but our efforts met with no success. One day I took a run down to the falls with a friend, and we went to the International Hotel on the Canadian side for dinner. We were seated in the office when there was a sudder outery from the clerk behind the railing. A man had coolly walked in behind him and taken all the money from the till and was walking out with it. We had a pretty hot time to secure him, as he was in a desperate mood, but when we had him fast I recognized the chap we had been hunting for. He was Steve Pratt, and no mistake. He denied it, of course, but inside of three days I produced such proofs that he finally knocked under. I was never more as-

tounded in my life than when I came to interview him about the Raxterville Bank affair. He verified the story of the janitor in every perticular.

"I shall get 'soaked' for this botel job, anyhow," he said, "and so I might as well tell you about the other. There are three of us. We threatened to kill Davis and overawed him. We got the safe door open, to find we had been fooled. I'm a convict and all that, but I'm talking straight when I say that we did not find a dollar. Here is what we did find and all we brought away. I took it for luck-a Spanish piece with a hole in it."

"But Carter put \$21,000 in that safe at 4:30 o'clock."

"Then he or someone else took it out before we go there. Bankers sometimes rob themselves."

I explained to him that it was not so in this case, and he was as much mystified over the case as I had been. On leaving the bank they had locked the door from without and had carried the key a mile before throwing it away. They had gone away empty handed and mad enough to kill Davis. I don't go much on the declaration of convicts caught again red-handed, but in this case it did seem as if the truth was being spoken. Had Steve got his \$7000 out of that boodle he would not have been dead broke so quick, for unlike nearly all others of his ilk he was a miser and never gambled. I returned to Raxterville with my news and asked Mr. Carter if it was not possible that he had placed the money somewhere else.

"It is not, sir!" he replied, with more acidity in his voice than the occasion seemed to demand. "That safe was here to put my money in. I put it there. I stacked up the packages with my own hand. I locked the door myself. I alone knew the combination. My bookkeeper never handles a dollar of the money."

"But you have searched elsewherein these cupboards and drawers?" I

"No, sir; but you seem to wish it, we

will do so now." For a long hour we searched desks and drawers and cupboards, but we made no discovery. He was as sure that he put the money in the safe as he was that he was a living man, and the book-keeper was sure that he saw him carrying some of the packages back there. What had become of that money? If it was there, why didn't Steve Pratt and his gang get it? That they didn't I was now pretty well convinced. The only way that I could reason it out was that someone had under five years of age.

robbed the safe before the Pratt gang got there. If so, however, it was done by opening the door in the regular way. The banker had said that he alone knew the combination. I led up to the matter again, and he admitted that his sister also had it, as a safeguard against acci-

I now began work on an entirely new theory. I felt that the key of the mystery was in the hands of the sister, though I was far from hinting any such thing to a living soul. I took my quarters in the town and began on the new theory. I soon found that Anna Carter was a spinister of thirty-five, and was generally regarded as a strong-minded woman. She had money of her own, and she knew how to invest it to make a profit. She now and then, so it was said, gave her brother hints which he found to be valuable in a business way. Coming down to the burglary, I found that she was under the care of the doctor off and on for a month previous with

some nervous trouble. For some reason which she did not explain Miss Carter refused to even see me while I was consulting with her brother at the house. There are plenty of people, and good people, too, who dislike detectives, but I take no offence at it. Every man to his notion, say I, provided his notion does not lead to crime. Had I sat down to interview the lady, however, the case might not have been helped along any. It had occurred to me, as you may have suspected, that the sister had robbed the safe herself while in a state of somnambulism. I had a talk with her doctor, and he agreed that her condition during the first week of April favored such a thing. Indeed, on the morning the robbery was discovered he had been called in, to find her very much exhausted, and she declared that she was as stiff and lame as if standing at the washtub all day.

I was now satisfied that I was on the right trail. I found that Mr. Carter always carried his key home, and that the watchman never left his in the lock at night. I went for Davis again, and he finally admitted that he was asleep from 10 o'clock until aroused by the burglars. The end of the case was as mysterious as the beginning. One night when I had reasoned it all out and felt satisfied in my own mind, but could see no way to secure proofs, I got so nervous that I arose at midnight and went out on the street for a walk and a smoke. I took no heed of my direction, but at the end of ten minutes I found myself in front of the banker's cosy home. It was in total darkness, as well as others in the village, but I leaned up against a tree box and stood gazing at the windows as if expecting something to happen to pull my ease through. Something did happen.

I was within six feet of the gate and I suddenly saw a figure in female dress come around from a side door with a lærge market basket og her arm. She was fully dressed; and from the first instant I believed it was the banker's sister. I thought she looked full at me as she passed out of the gate. but nevertheless she walked off up the street with the basket on her arm. I followed a few yards behind her, and she held steadily on and went straight to the bank. I was sure of her then. She paused at the door for a few seconds to unlock it and then disappeared inside. Five seconds later Davis was shouting and a woman's voice could be heard uttering shrill screams. I opened the door and entered, and the mystery was solved at last. There stood Miss Anna, just aroused from sleep, and in the basket on her arm was that missing money. Davis was lying down, but not asleep, when she entered, and he had at once seized her.

How did she get the money from the safe? She had been reading about burglars and gone to the bank in her sleen. She had entered and secured the money and left again without arousing Davis. The burgiars came later on. She had taken the money home and concealed it, but in what spot she could never determine. She probably did not walk again until the night she returned it. There was a new safe and a new combination, but as she knew the word she might have restored the money and escaped unseen but for the vigilance of the watchman. To this day no one in that village except brother, sister and Davis knows how that money was restored. They even declare that not a dollar was ever recovered, and that I had to throw up the case for want of brains to strike a clew .- St. Louis Republic.

Of the 43,634 deaths in New York City the last year 18,225 were children LADIES' COLUMN.

GOTHAM'S WIDOWS.

New York has more widows than any other city in the world. On a fine afternoon the promenades are black with Henrietta cloth, crape and Persian lamb. Take a pretty Sunday to go church visiting and you find the pews in Grace, St. Thomas, St. Bartholomew, St. Paul and Trinity Chapel half full of melancholy stuff. London ranks second in the list and Paris third, which goes to prove that the rate at which New Yorkers live is the pace that kills .- New Orleans Times-

OIL FROM THE WOOL OF LAMBS.

The oil that is extracted from the wool of lambs is said to afford the best food that has been discovered yet for the human epidermis. Women who use it declare that they can defy wrinkles. This is only the new telling of an old story. Everybody who has ever used old-fashioned mutton tallow-which is simply the fat of lamb or sheep tried out, knows that if properly applied it will keep the skin as soft and smooth as velvet. The swell druggist, however, puts up the "wool fat" with cucumber cream and charges \$1 a box for it, while the economical woman trims her mutton chops of superfluous fat, trys it out in the frying pan and cools the mass in a neat little cake, and then she is supplied with face food of most nutritious quality, and the dollar bill safe in her own pocketbook instead of the druggist's. -New York News.

PERSIAN WOMEN.

Persian women are said to be unusually bright and shrewd as well as very beautiful, with dark flashing eyes and gentle, graceful manners. They are naturally active minded, with a strong poetic temperament, and a liking for art, letters and politics when they can get at them. The Persian woman has greater power with her men folk than other Oriental women, and in most affairs of importance her influence may be distinctly traced. She is permitted to enter trades on her own account, to possess independent property, to appear as witness in courts, and is responsible for her own debts, and in divorce has a right to her children. In theory then the fair Persian is well off, but practically her place is insecure, owing to the insecurity of life and property in all phases of Persian life. And in child hold their religious convictions with their lives, and go to the stake or a worse death for their faith's sake. - New

MRS. ASTOR'S UNDERWEAR.

The cedar chests in the Astor mansion, which contain the superb underwear of the queenly Mrs. Astor, are perfect household ornaments in themselves, with deep engraven gold lockers with the initia. A wrought in finest carving upon its surface. Inside the chests, neatly folded in webs of choicest linen, are the dainty garments of society's queen. Each week as they leave the ironing sheet, they are laid within the chests to await the bidding of their

Every article of this superb wardrobe is stitched by hand, and no materials but the purest and finest of lineas and cambrics are used. They are all elaborately trimmed with lovely point and duchess laces, and the initial "A" is daintily embroidered on every article. In the same orderly manner Mrs. As-

tor arranges her footwear, which is equally as exquisite; only the cedar chests have apartments moulded in which each slipper and boot fits perfectly and keeps its shape. By the way, Mrs. Astor has a pretty foot for an old lady. Her daughters, Mrs. Coleman Drayton and Mrs. Orme Wilson, have neither of them such pretty feet, and they are eternally envying their lady mother her beautiful feet and their adoraments .-Courier-Journal.

FASHION NOTES. Little bow-knots of white enamel are

a novelty in lace pins.

Heart-shaped lockets in gold and silver are very fashionable. Collars appear higher, and the Medici

shape continues in favor. New basque skirts are fifteen inches

deep below the waist-line.

White silk, corduroy and velvet are fashionable for evening dresses.

Velvet muffs, trimmed with bunches of violets, are considered pretty concert

Some of the handsomest costumes of the season are made up without founds-

New French dresses of heavy cloth have silk linings. This is fashionable,

Feather boas and fancy muffs are likely to be quite as popular in the spring as they were in the fall. An elegant theatre wrap is made of

gray matelasse, with gold brocadings.

The lining is ot gold-colored satin. The trimming is of white fox, very long and

Ribbon in bows, loops, ends and knots is more popular than heretotore. Some ribbons are very wide, while others are not over three-fourths of an inch in

Bonnets made of tweed, Bedford cord, cheviot, cloth, or any other wool fabric matching the tailor costume are still in high favor with stylish women both here

A novelty in millinery this season is the use of the whole plant, including the roots, which, by the way, are the real article. These roots are so skillfully attached to the blooms and foliage that it is difficult to believe that they really are only artificially joined to them.

How a Gold Discovery Was Made. James F. Wardner, of Fairhaven, tells

a singular story of how the gold quartz in Okanogan County, which is now being worked as the Little Falls and Red Jacket mines, was found. "On September 18th last," he says, "two prospectors, Redmond and Herrick, were out hunting and prospecting, and they had with them a bird-dog named Skookum. They were working through the Salmon River basin when they came over a hill and looked down into a little ravine with a brook running through the bottom. They saw in a bush overhanging the brook a pheasant at which one of the men shot. The bird fell into the water, and the dog Skookum started after it. As he scrambled back with it in his mouth, his paw pulled down some soft green moss from the rock at the side of the stream. The prospectors noticed that the stone showed whiter under the moss. They made an examination, and found it to be gold-bearing quartz. They followed the lead and located the two claims.

"Well, I had been for some time looking for that sort of ore, and so on my recent trip to Okanogan I bonded the two claims, and with them included the black dog Skookum. We are now going back to take possession and arrange for development."

An Electric Mail Car.

One novelty in the way of electric traction on the St. Louis and Suburban Railway, now in successful operation in St. Louis, Mo., is the application of electric motors to a United States mail car, which makes regular trips over the entire line, distributing and collecting the mail at different railway stations, as is done on steam railways. This car is of the same length as an ordinary steam railway mail car, and is equipped with double trucks with thirty-six inch wheels, a Thomson-Houston motor of fifteen horse power capacity being connected to each truck. A very high speed is attained, and the delivery and collection of mail is made without stopping the ear, as in steam service. - Scienti / American.



A cream of tarter baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength .-Latest U. S. Government Food Report.