THE GOLDSBORO HEADLIGHT.

ESTABLISHED 1887. GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1901. VOL. XV. NO. 1.

Half-Sick

"I first used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the fall of 1848. Since then I have taken it every spring as a blood-purifying and nerve-strengthening medicine."
S. F. Jones, Wichita, Kans.

If you feel run down, are easily tired, if your nerves are weak and your blood is thin, then begin to take the good old standard family medicine, Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It's a regular nerve lifter, a perfect blood builder. $1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand family medicine. Follow his advice and you will be satisfied.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Healthy Children

FREY'S VERMIFUGE

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH
PENNYROYAL PILLS
Original and Only Genuine. SAFE. Always reliable. Ladies, ask druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH RED and Gold metallic boxes, seal with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse Dangerous substitutions and Imitations. Buy of your Druggist, or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Park, PHILA., PA.

Every Woman
should know about the wonderful
MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Vaginal Syringe. Supersedes all others. Best, Easiest to Use, Most Convenient, Cleanest, Most Economical. At your druggist for it, or sent by mail for it, with 4 extra nozzles, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00. Illustrated booklet free. MARVEL CO., Room 11 Times Bldg., New York.

NEWS AND OPINIONS OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.

THE SUN

ALONE CONTAINS BOTH.

Daily, by mail.....$6 a year.
Daily and Sunday, by mail.....$8 a year.

THE SUNDAY SUN

Is the Greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail $2 a year.

Address THE SUN, New York.

A SINGLE STANDARD

is possible, whether as a test of excellence in journalism or for the measurement of quantities, over a period of nearly twenty years, of uninterrupted growth, has led to claiming that the standard established by its founders is the one in use of

The - Philadelphia - Record

as a mirror of nearly twenty years of uninterrupted growth, has led to claiming that the standard established by its founders is the one in use of

A Perfect Newspaper.

To publish ALL THE NEWS promptly and succinctly and in the most readable form, without fear or partisan bias, to discuss its significance with frankness, to keep an open eye for public abuses, to give besides a complete record of current events, famous and discoverer in all the departments of human activity in its daily editions of twelve to twenty pages, and to provide the whole for the acceptance of the nominal price of one cent—that was the ideal set up when this journal was established, and will continue to be the aim of The Record.

THE PIONEER

among morning newspapers in the United States, "The Record" still leads where others follow. Its daily circulation exceeding 100,000 copies, and an average exceeding 120,000 for its Sunday editions, while imitations of its form of publication in every important city of the country testify to the truth of the assertion that in quantity and quality of its contents, and in the use to which it is put, "The Record" has established the standard by which excellence in journalism will be measured.

THE DAILY EDITION

of "The Record" will be sent by mail to any address for $6.00 per year or 25 cents per month.

THE DAILY & SUNDAY

editions together, which will give its readers the most and freshest information of all that is going on in the world every day in the year including holidays, will be sent for $7.00 a year or 55 cents per month.

Address
THE RECORD PUBLISHING CO.,
Record Building,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

A Dream of Life's Springtime

You came, dear, in the Springtime, with all its balm and bloom;
A rainbow arched the tempest, a star smiled in the gloom;
And, Oh, the days, the weary ways with thorns so keen to kill,
But evermore that whispered word: "Dear heart, I love you still!"

You came, dear, in the Springtime, and all the roses seemed
Far sweeter for the thought of you, as in your face they dreamed;
You came, the Springtime promise in beauty to fulfill,
With evermore that whispered word: "Dear heart, I love you still!"

Oh, vision of life's Springtime, where all Love's mem'ries cling,
How sad we drift to winter who once have known the spring!
But evermore the thought of you shall all the wide world thrill,
With that sweet word: "I love you—dear heart, I love you still!"

—FRANK L. STANTON.

Cheerful Labor.

The hardest task can be made easy when it can be done cheerfully. The willing worker thinks only of the labor in hand and finds pleasure in doing it. The unwilling worker is dissatisfied and renders himself unhappy by vain regrets. Although these are the merest truisms known of all men, the knowledge is not always turned to useful account. If the labor we all have to perform may be made either a source of pleasure or of discomfort, we should surely take some pains to learn how to work cheerfully. That is one of the reasons why care should be taken in choosing an occupation. Unless we are interested in our work we cannot do it well, nor can we go to it day after day with a cheerful disposition. Nor can we work cheerfully, even at a congenial occupation, unless we have become habituated to labor regularly.

Much of the happiness or unhappiness of our lives depend upon the habits we form when we are young, and happiness comes not to those who pursue pleasure, but to those who learn to carry within themselves a cheerful and contended disposition. The pleasure-seeker must have change and excitement—he cannot content himself with a dull routine of work; but the great majority are required by force of circumstances to labor daily, and therefore, it is the part of wisdom to learn to work cheerfully and to seek pleasure in labor. There are other pleasures to be found in life, but they will be appreciated more keenly if they have been earned. To realize this it is only necessary to note the zest with which the cheerful worker enters upon a brief holiday, and the languid air of his fellow who on the same occasion seeks an outing, but to whom the holiday has no significance because his indulgent parents permit him to live in idleness.

The well-to-do often envy their poorer neighbors because of the keen appetites of those who work hard and have few luxuries; they have as much reason to envy the cheerful worker to whom a holiday is a great event. The hours that most people can give to so-called pleasure are few in number compared to the hours they must give to work, and their happiness will be greatly increased if they can learn to labor cheerfully. This is largely a matter of mental habit and the young should start right in forming habits. The first thing to learn is promptness in beginning a task. The more one stops to consider about going to work the more distasteful the idea becomes. There is no trouble about getting out of bed in the morning when one is called, provided the summons is instantly obeyed. But it becomes more and more difficult to get up the longer one lies in bed thinking about it.

So also there is no trouble about going to work of any kind if one starts at the appointed time, instead of lingering and making a vain effort to postpone the beginning of the day labor. Good habits having been formed in the matter of starting, activity and earnestness in doing the work will shut out idle thoughts and enable one to do the appointed task cheerfully. Idleness is the parent of many vagrant thoughts; the cheerful worker becomes so intent upon his task that he thinks of nothing else. Cheerful labor has in this a good moral influence, and every one should therefore endeavor to acquire such habits as will make work a source of pleasure.

The man who never faileth is a myth. Such a one never lived, and is never likely to live. All success is a series of efforts, in which, when closely viewed, are seen more or less failure. The mountain is apt to overthrow the hill; but the hill is reality, nevertheless. If you fail now and then don't be discouraged.

Cuts and Bruises Quickly Healed.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm applied to a cut, bruise, burn, scald or like injury will instantly allay the pain and will heal the parts in less time than any other treatment. Unless the injury is very severe it will not leave a scar. Pain Balm also cures rheumatism, sprains, swellings and lameness. For sale by M. E. Robinson & Bros., J. F. Miller's Drug Store, Goldsboro; J. R. Smith, Mt. Olive.

Twenty-five bodies have been recovered from the wreck of the steamer City of Trenton on the Delaware river above Philadelphia.

ARP ON OLD FRIENDS.

Bill Says He Receives Letters From Old Men Which He Enjoys.

They are not all dead. In fact, they seem to multiply as the years roll on—my contemporaries, I mean. I receive more letters from old men than I ever did, and they write well and give long epistles. When a man gets along in the seventies he feels lonesome, notwithstanding the near presence of children and grandchildren. The companions of his youth are gone, and so some of these old men unbosom themselves to me for sympathy. I like such letters and try to answer them all, but rheumatism in my arm and hand cramps my replies.

One old gentleman from Alabama says he feels better after he has written, for he is a native Georgian, and loves her people and her old red hills and the sweet memories of Emory College and his visits to Athens, where his uncle Elizar Newton lived, and how he met me there in the forties, and John Grant and Dan Hughes and Jack Brown and Billy Williams, who married my friend's cousin and took charge of the blind asylum—and how he heard Dr. Church preach and was charmed with the music of the choir, where Misses Ann Waddell and Rosa Pringle and other pretty girls sang, and how a tall, long, high man, with a big hooked nose and a huge "pomum Adamus" on his throat, sang base, and how he was a roommate of Tom Norwood at Emory and a classmate of Bishop Key and Judge A. B. Longstreet, the author of "Georgia Scenes," was the president; and how he removed to Alabama in 1849 and married and has seven daughters and no sons and has ten orphan grand children, and has to work early and late to support and educate them, but never sees and rarely hears from any friend of his youth and is at times sad and depressed and longs for sympathy.

Poor old man, I wish that he lived near me, for I would visit him and cheer him up, and tell him anecdotes and antidotes, and we would talk over the old times and swap college stories and brag about the good old days when there were no telegraphs or telephones or bicycles and we did not want any; no sewing machines or store clothes, and we didn't need any; no football or baseball or hazing or suicides or appendicitis. And in those days came Toombs and Stephens and Judge Dougherty and Howell Cobb and Walter Colquitt and spake to the people face to face, and such eloquent men as George Pearce and Bishop Capers and Jesse Mercer and Dr. Hoyt and Goulding and Ingles preached to them. Yes we would talk about our boyhood, when there was no gas or kerosene or friction matches—nothing but candles to give us light, and no Prometheus to steal fire from heaven to light them with. Shakespeare knew how it was, for he wrote:

"How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

If Shakespeare wrote by candle light, why shouldn't we? And he, too, used the flint and steel to make a spark to light them. "Pick your flint and keep your powder dry," was General Jackson's order at New Orleans. When I was a young merchant gun flints were as common as marbles, and I sold them at the same price—10 cents a dozen. Wonderful, wonderful are the changes, and we old people fall in with them and adapt them to our use and comfort. I wouldn't be set back to the good old times, if I could, but I would enjoy seeing this generation all set back about seventy years, just for about a week. My Alabama friend and other veterans would be tickled to death to see the universal dismay—no railroads or telegraph, no mail but once a week—and 25 cents for a single letter. No daily newspapers in the state and only four weeklies, with no sensations, no suicides or lynchings. There would be no cooking stoves, no coal, no steel pens or envelopes, no cigarettes. No millionaires or free niggers.

I remember when cotton was packed in round bales with a crowbar. The long bag was made first and was suspended from a hole in the gin house floor and Uncle Jack got down in it and packed the cotton hard as it was thrown to him. He packed two bales a day and they weighed 400 pounds each. Two of them filled the bed of a big wagon and five more were crossed on top and fastened down with a long pole. All the little spaces were filled with corn and fodder, the big cover put on and with a four or six-horse team we were off for Augusta. It was a ten days' trip and we boys were happy to go along and camp out all night and listen to the nigger drivers tell about ghosts and Jack-o'lanterns and witches and raw head and bloody bones. It was great fun. We brought back sugar and molasses in great hogsheads. It was brown sugar, for white sugar wasn't invented, except a kind called loaf sugar, which was put in five-pound cones and covered with blue paper. That kind was for rich folks and was very precious. It was crystallized like these little square lumps that are common now. When our mother would unwrap the loaf she would let us children lick the sweet white tissue paper that was next to the sugar. It was good. Most anything was good then. A stick of striped candy was a rare treat. So was an orange, or a bunch of "reesins," as the niggers called them.

Most anything was good then, for our appetites had not been surfeited with cakes and sweetmeats, as they are now. We loved sassafras root and angelica and sugar berries and locusts and wild cherries and the inside bark of chestnut trees and slippery elm. We were always hungry and hunting for something. My Alabama friend is sad, not only because he has lost his youthful companions, but his youthful appetite. Even ginger cakes have lost their relish and a game of sweepstakes and town ball and bull-pen their fascination. I envy the happy children as they play around me, but I am happy, too, in trying to make them happy, for I know that there is trouble enough ahead of them, for man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. The best we can do is to do the best we can to fortify against it and take the bad with the good. Try to be calm and serene, for life is full of blessings and we should school ourselves to magnify them and be thankful. I have not forgotten the poor little boy who slept under the straw, and one cold windy night his mother laid an old door on the straw to hold it down, and he said, "Mother I reckon there are some little boys who haven't got any door to put over them." It is a good way for us to think about those who are worse off than we are, and my Alabama friend knows there are thousands of them.

But I must stop, for it is hard to write a cheerful letter these gloomy days. The weather is depressing and that helps my Alabama friend to feel sad. Cobe says that a long wet rain is worse on a man than a long dry drought. We have not seen the blessed sunshine for four long days and the wind has blown down my pretty butter bean arbor flat to the ground.

BILL ARP.

A Bridegroom at Ninety.

New York, Sept. 2.—Ninety is only a ripe age for a romance after all, and anyone who doubts this can take counsel with Mr. Paul Sandstrom Brown. He possesses the hearty old age, a fortune in real estate, stocks and bonds conservatively estimated at $100,000 and a charming bride of 37, whose heart he won after he had met her by advertising for a housekeeper.

A year ago Mr. Brown went to live with Herbert J. Carrington, a nephew. They kept bachelor quarters for a while, but, as Mr. Brown puts it, he "got tired of toasting his fingers and eating burned beefsteak." He announced that he was going to advertise for a housekeeper.

Among the applicants was Miss Augusta Andree, a stately brunette. She said she was born in Sweden and had lived for some years at 323 East Twenty-seventh street in this city. Moreover, she was a trained nurse, and without delay the place was hers. Mr. Brown still recalls with a thrill of joy the first supper provided by the new housekeeper.

The first impressions became permanent, and one day the nephew startled Mr. Brown by remarking that the latter would make an ideal husband for the young woman, who certainly deserved a good one. The uncle laughed, thought it over, and then he wooed and won.

A marriage contract was signed and by it Mr. Brown is to convey to his bride several valuable pieces of Brooklyn property. The bride elect received a handsome gold watch and chain and a sum of money sufficient to purchase her trousseau.

The wedding took place on Saturday afternoon at the Carrington cottage. The wedding trip to the seashore, however had to be postponed, for the banquet which followed the ceremony was so elaborate, it is said, that the next day the bridegroom was the victim of a severe attack of indigestion. His condition at present is grave. [A later dispatch announces the death of the aged bridegroom.—EDITOR.]

A dispatch from Havana says that Lino Lima, a notorious bandit, for whose capture, dead or alive, the military government offered a reward of $1,000, has been killed at Macurijes (Corral Falso), in the province of Matanzas. The police assisted the rural guard, and four other bandits were captured.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a Great Favorite.

The soothing and healing properties of this remedy, its pleasant taste and prompt and permanent cures have made it a great favorite with people everywhere. It is especially prized by mothers of small children for colds, croup and whooping cough, as it always affords quick relief, and as it contains no opium or other harmful drug, it may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by M. E. Robinson & Bro., J. F. Miller's Drug Store, Goldsboro; J. R. Smith, Mt. Olive.

Wife Sues For Lost Love.

Lexington, Va., Sept. 3.—A suit has been entered in the Court of Rockbridge by Mrs. Lilley E Markell, of Roanoke, Va., against Miss Mamie R Day and Mrs. Mary J. Netz, of Lexington, claiming damages to the amount of $6,000 for alienating the affections of her husband, George A. Markell, of Roanoke. The case will be called at the spring term of the Circuit Court, in March, 1892, Judge S. H. Letcher, presiding. This promises to be one of the most sensational cases ever held in the courts of Rockbridge. A strong array of legal talent will be employed on both sides.

It will be recalled that, about July 8th last, Miss Mamie R. Day, an attractive young lady, of East Lexington, who made her home with her aunt, Mrs. Mary J. Netz, left Lexington ostensibly to visit friends in a neighboring county, but joined Markell at Clifton Forge, Va., and from that point went to Cincinnati, where they were later located by a detective from Roanoke, who was employed by the deserted wife to find her recreant husband. Subsequent events disclosed the facts that for some time a regular correspondence had been carried on between Markell and Miss Day, besides the frequent visits made by him to Lexington. It has also been shown that Markell was a married man, with a wife and one child living in Roanoke.

Information of his intentions were discovered by Mrs. Markell, it is alleged, by a letter falling into her hands disclosing the plans of the plotting couple to elope.

Miss Day is now at her home here having returned from Cincinnati about a month ago. The where abouts of Markell are unknown, so far as the people of this community are concerned. Before leaving Virginia he was prominently identified with the tobacco interests of Roanoke.

ANOTHER CASE.

Gloucester, Mass., Sept. 3.—Proceedings have been instituted by Mrs. Martin Magnusson, wife of a coachman, against Miss Maude B. Wetherell, a wealthy young woman of this city, alleging that Miss Wetherell alienated her husband's affections while he was in her employ. Mrs. Magnusson seeks $30,000 damages.

Miss Wetherell is the daughter of the late Monson L. Weatherell and is a handsome woman of 22. Her father was one of the best-known of the city's business men and left a fortune to his children. He was an ardent admirer of fine and speedy horseflesh and Miss Maude shared her father's love for a horse perhaps more than any other member of the family.

Coachmen have been employed by the Wetherells for the last thirty years or more. About two years ago Martin Magnusson, a good-looking young man, came into their service and drove the family, including Miss Maude about town. He left the employ of Mrs. Wetherell last September, of his own volition it is stated by the defendant. Since that time he has not been emyloyed, so it is stated, but has lived with his father on Short street.

Mrs. Wetherell was seen at her residence to-day in reference to the matter. She was almost prostrated by the notoriety which has been thrust upon her family and is under the doctor's care. She says she believes her daughter is innocent of anything of the kind charged.

Husband Turns Washwoman.

While his wife is in the North Hudson Hospital with appendicitis August Rinke, a man of 70, living at 911 Spring street, West Hoboken, N. J., supports himself and two children by washing and ironing. Rinke is a shoemaker, but has been unable to get steady work. His wife did washing and ironing to help support the family. When the doctor told her she would have to go to the hospital for an operation she refused to go, because she was afraid she would lose her laundry customers. Rinke said that he would do the work, and she went. The operation was successfully performed, and Mrs. Rinke will be able to leave the hospital in a few days. Rinke has not lost a customer. They all say that he does the work as well as his wife.

Jealous Man Kills a Woman.

Roanoke, Va., Sept. 2.—Roscoe Collins shot and killed a young woman named Genevieve Ball about two miles of Coeburn, Va., this afternoon. It seems that Collins wanted the woman to go out walking with him, but she refused and was walking on the railroad track with another man when Collins slipped up behind them and fired on them with a shotgun. The discharge took effect in the woman's head, killing her instantly and wounding the man who was with her in the arm and shoulder. Collins made his escape to the mountains.

A cloudburst at Cleveland, O., Sunday morning, did damage amounting to $1,000,000. No lives lost.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The News From Everywhere Gathered and Condensed.

The American Forestry Association urges Congress the importance of cultivating forests.

A brick kiln collapsed at Vassar, Mich., Tuesday, burying five men, two of whom will die.

Justin Apple and George Smeltzer were stabbed to death in a quarrel at Geneva, N. Y., Saturday.

The Land Office receipts from the sale of lots in the new towns in Oklahoma aggregated $659,427.

Henry Stewart, a negro hackman, of Macon, Ga., was lynched Tuesday for insulting a white woman.

Plow manufacturers have decided upon an advance of 10 per cent. in prices, due to the steel strike.

William Montgomery, a wealthy farmer, killed his wife at Beallsville, O., Tuesddy, and then suicided.

A heavy wind-storm and cloudburst wrecked the colored Baptist church at Centralia, Ill., Monday.

Burglars dynamited the safe in the Citizens' Bank at Petersburg, Ind., Monday night and stole $250.

Burglars stole all the cash and stamps on hand from the post office at Whistler, Tenn., Sunday night.

By a decision in the Police Court at Des Moines, Ia., kissing and hugging may be indulged in in the city parks.

Safeblowers robbed the jewelry store of Bernard J. Hagaman, at Chicago, of gems worth 5,000, Monday night.

Prof. F. V. Hubbard, superintendent of Public Schools at Red Wing, Minn., was killed by an earth excavator, Friday.

Peter Gallagher was drowned in an oil well at Beaumont, Tex., Tuesday, and two others were dragged out unconscious.

Burglars blew up the bank building belonging to James H. Hall, at Kinde, Mich., Tuesday night, destroying everything of value in the vaults.

Four persons were killed and seven seriously injured in a tenement fire in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Friday. The explosion of a kerosene oil stove started the fire.

A large brick building at Rutherford, Tenn., occupied by R. B. Dinkle as a business house and residence, collapsed Saturday, fatally injuring Roy Townsend and Kerr Alexander. Five others were injured, but none seriously.

A Southbound passenger train on the Sodus Bay division of the Northern Central Railroad was derailed at the station of Fairville, N. Y., Thursday night. Fourteen persons were killed and twenty-five injured, several of whom are expected to die.

During a terrific storm at Altoona, Pa., Friday afternoon, while the annual golf tournament of the Altoona Cricket Club was in progress, one person was killed, seven were rendered unconscious and 200 people, all spectators of the tournament, were more or less seriously shocked by three successive bolts of lightning.

Thirty-six lives were lost and thirteen persons were injured in the wreck of a Great Northern Railway passenger train at Nyack, Mont., Saturday. The wreck was caused by the breaking in two of a freight train on the steep grade of a Rocky Mountain foot hill. The rear end of the freight tore loose from the head end, dashed backward down the mountain and crashed into the rear end of a passenger train which was just pulling out of the station.

Foreign Affairs.

Discontent with the Brazilian Government is becoming threatening.

A revolutionary force of 2,000 men has crossed into Venezuela from Colombia.

Disagreements among the Jamaica planters over the sale of fruit have led to riots.

The new British first class battleship Exmouth was launched at Birkenhead, Saturday.

Following the deficit in the French wheat crop, the price of bread has been raised in Paris.

The Chilean Congress has ratified the nomination of Don Jerman Riesca as future President.

Andrew Carnegie has given $50,000 to build a town hall at Motherwell, Lanarkshire, Scotland.

So terrible is the prospect of famine in Russia that it is believed the coming winter will be the worst in her history.

One of the bulls broke from the ring in a fight at Barcelona, Spain, Monday, resulting in a riot in which many were fatally injured.

General Delarey has issued a proclamation counter to Lord Kitchener's, declaring that the Boers will continue their struggle.

The German steamer Lusitania sank in a collision with the Spanish steamer Amboto off the Alderney coast, Sunday night. Four of her crew were drowned.

ALL OVER THE STATE.

A Summary of Current Events for the Past Seven Days.

In a drunken row at Nashville, Friday afternoon, L. L. Vivrett shot and killed J. W. Pettit.

The first bale of new crop North Carolina cotton was sold at Morven, Anson county, Tuesday, and brought 9½ cents.

Out of the appropriations made by Congress for the benefit of military organizations North Carolina will get $23,366.

Another homicide occured in Wilson county, Sunday morning, when Amos Bynum shot and killed Gus Hagan in a jealous rage, while a colored festival was in progress.

Becoming suddenly deranged Monday morning, Lucien Acree, aged 46, secretary and treasurer of the Jonesboro cotton mill, blew out his brains with a revolver in his office at the mill.

Miss Hazel Armfield, of Greensboro, while visiting her aunt, Mrs. Lewis Huffines, at Oak Ridge, Monday, took a dose of strychnine by mistake for quinine to relieve neuralgia, and died with frightful rigors soon after.

Thursday night, J. S. Crenshaw, of Mecklenburg county, shot two young negroes, James Mack and Sam Alexander, whom he caught in the act of stealing watermelons from his patch. Mack died from his wounds soon after and the other may lose an arm.

John Scott, a cotton mill operative from Randleman, came to Greensboro on a visit Tuesday and while walking along a deserted street that night he was approached by two men, who knocked him down and robbed him of his money and watch, leaving him on the ground unconscious and bleeding, until a policeman found him.

Practically all the newspapers in the State have now declared in favor of a compulsory education law. The next Legislature, that of 1903, may not enact the law, but it is reasonably sure that of 1905 will take the step. The cause of this change of heart is the knowledge that the negroes are applying themselves more than the whites to the removal of illiteracy.

As a result of a family row at Cassius Valley, Jackson county, Tuesday morning, Evan Pell was killed, J. Van Long, Sr., fatally shot and J. Van Long, Jr., and a man named Bryson were seriously wounded. The trouble originated by the younger Van Long wanting to marry Pell's step-daughter against his wishes.

William Mills, of Polk county, his daughter-in-law and two of his children were drowned in a small stream near the centre of Rutherfordton about 9 o'clock Monday night. The stream was about five feet deep, owing to heavy rains, and in attempting to cross it in a covered wagon all the occupants save two children were drowned by the wagon turning over.

At Cherry Grove, Columbus county, Saturday night, Felix Foley was shot and killed by an unknown white man, supposed to have been a moonshiner, against whom Foley was a witness. Foley was called to his gate by a man who said he wanted to see him and when he came within 20 steps of him the man fired at him, killing him instantly. Cherry Grove has been the scene of numerous shootings from ambush during the last year.

John Ware, a young white man, living near Reidsville, shot and probably fatally wounded his father, David Ware, Tuesday afternoon. He also fired two bullets into a colored man named Julius King, who was trying to prevent a difficulty between the two. The negro is seriously hurt. Young Ware immediately left home and has not yet been apprehended. It is said the son became enraged at some remarks his father made about his wife, whom he had only recently married.

The body of Mrs. Charles Wright, who was drowned in Stewart's creek, Surry county, on Thursday of last week, was found on Tuesday afternoon half a mile below the point where the drowning took place. Mr. and Mrs. Wright and a little nephew were on their way home from Mt. Airy. They did not realize their danger and drove into the creek when it was already past fording and rapidly rising. The mule and wagon were washed down the stream, the occupants of the wagon being thrown out into the rushing waters. Mr. Wright and the child succeeded in making their escape, but Mrs. Wright was drowned.

Difficult Digestion

That is dyspepsia.
It makes life miserable.
Its sufferers eat not because they *want to*—but simply because they *must*.
They know they are irritable and fretful; but they cannot be otherwise.
They complain of a bad taste in the mouth, a tenderness at the pit of the stomach, an uneasy feeling of puffy fulness, headache, heartburn and what not.
The effectual remedy, proved by permanent cures of thousands of severe cases, is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

HOOD'S PILLS are the best cathartic.

Dead Dog in Silken Shroud.

Beverly, N. J., Sept. 3.—This city was the scene of a unique funeral this afternoon. On Monday "Nipper," the pet dog of Mrs. Mary Jones of Broad street, suddenly expired. Mrs. Jones was inconsolable and she decided to convey "Nipper" to his last resting place in a fitting manner. She secured the services of an undertaker, and, the dog, dressed in a handsome silk shroud, was laid in an expensive child's casket. The body was exposed to the public view from 12 noon to 2:30 p. m., during which period a large crowd filed past the flower-bedecked casket. After a brief funeral address, delivered by the Rev. John Reddles, of the R. E. Church, "Nipper" was laid to rest in a quiet spot in the garden.

How To Gain Flesh

Persons have been known to gain a *pound a day* by taking an ounce of SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is strange, but it often happens.

Somehow the ounce produces the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able to digest and absorb his ordinary food, which he could not do before, and that is the way the gain is made.

A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health; if you have not got it you can get it by taking

Scott's Emulsion

You will find it just as useful in summer as in winter, and if you are thriving upon it don't stop because the weather is warm.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

FOR SALE!

22 acres east side of Webbtown, in Goldsboro Township, excellent land. Great Bargain for next 30 days.

SEE

HUMPHREY-GIBSON CO.,
Goldsboro, N. C.
Opposite Hotel Kennon.

MONEY SAVED

In anything you may need in the tining line. I guarantee the best goods for the least money. I am

Springing Prices

that will astonish you on
STOVE PIPE,
VALLEY TIN,
TIN ROOFING,
or any kind of roofing.
RUBBEROID
or SLATE.

Tobaccco Flues a Specialty.

If you are needing any work done, it will be to your advantage to get my prices before placing your order. Remember all work guaranteed.

Thanking the public for their past liberal patronage and soliciting a continuance of the same,

Respectfully,

T. C. BRYAN,
The Leading
Tin and Sheet Metal Worker
Walnut Street.

Cash Paid
—FOR—
Beeswax.

If you have some to sell, ship it to us, and we will allow you

27 CENTS PER POUND

Freeson board cars at Goldsboro in good sound packages.
References all through the South if required.

W. H. Bowdlear & CO.,
Boston, Mass.
Office and Warehouse 149 Pearl St.

Write Quick For FREE Scholarship
POSITIONS GUARANTEED,
Under $3,000 Cash Deposit.
Railroad Fare Paid.
Open all year to Both Sexes. Very Cheap Board.
Georgia-Alabama Business College,
Macon, Georgia.