

"This ARGUS o'er the people's rights
Doth an eternal vigil keep;

No soothing strains of Maia's son
Can lull its hundred eyes to sleep."

GOLDSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 28, 1909.

VOL. XXIV

NO. 43

Seventy-Five Juniors Hear Rev. J. H. Frizelle's Stirring Address Sunday Morning

Members of Goldsboro Council, No. 39, Attended
Services in St. John Methodist Episcopal
Church in a Body.

—Rev. J. H. Frizelle delivered an appealing address Sunday morning at St. John Methodist Church to the members of Goldsboro Council, No. 39, Jr. O. U. A. M., who attended the services in a body. About seventy-five Juniors heard Rev. Frizelle. The sermon to the Juniors was as follows:

Text, Matt. 22-21. "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

The text I have chosen introduces to us the subject of citizenship, an appropriate subject for consideration on an occasion like this. The one great purpose of your noble order is the building and maintenance of a citizenship that will be an honor to this free land of liberty. Citizenship presupposes government and carries with it the responsibility of participation in the perpetuity of said government and asserts our personal responsibility for the character and success of that government. There are three elements that enter into the making of an honorable and helpful citizenship, namely, truthness to home, truthness to country, and truthness to God, who is over all government and to whom all governments shall answer. These truths are in perfect harmony with the tenets of your honorable order, Vitruve, Liberty, Patriotism. Truthness to home. Our American citizenship gets its first ideas of government around the firesides of our people. Father is the first governor, under whose direction and administration we live. Your noble order cannot succeed in its great purpose until there is a revolution wrought in the home life of our people. The mad rush of business and club life of today is gradually undermining our home life by taking our men out of our homes and widening the chasm between father and child, and thus unconsciously instilling into the minds of our children the idea that home is simply a place where we board, instead of a sacred precinct where fatherhood, motherhood and childhood revel in sacred innocence and mutual helpfulness. There is no more serious question that confronts us as a nation than the awful fact that we are losing our pure home life and letting the formation of our future citizenship out by contract to the lowest bidder. Our strongest and purest men are coming from the country, not that they are by nature better, but because of this fact: The country home is a place where each member of the family is associated with the other, brother and sister are the most intimate friends, father and mother are the respected heads of that little government we call home. They know each other. Here is a center of virtue and mutual respect. I beg you, gentlemen, to throw the weight of your great order into the defense of our homes. The fountain head of our citizenship. Your lodge room is a pleasant place and you have gathered together a noble set of men. Much good comes of your gathering together. But, let me warn you, gentlemen, the most sacred spot on God's earth is the true citizen, is his home. Truthness to government. I am aware, gentlemen, that this division of the subject is dangerous ground for a sermon, and yet I dare to tread it, because it is not only an element that enters into the question of citizenship, but is the field upon which you are called upon for the exercise of that noble virtue we call patriotism.

The man who deserts his country in the hour of her trial is branded a traitor, and by that act forfeits the respect of other and better men. But do you know, gentlemen, that the severest tests of patriotism comes, not amid the waving of colors and the roar of musketry and of cannons. Some of the lowest types of men have under such conditions thrown themselves against the enemy's lines with an abandon, born, not of patriotism, but of wild enthusiasm. Then, coming home to take up the life of a common thief and the spoiler of another's home. The place of truest patriotism comes to us in the conduct of the responsibilities of citizenship in times of quietness. Measures are proposed. Men are to be selected for official positions. Selfishness and self-interests, on the one hand, and the real solid good of the country, on the other. You hold in your hand that which is more powerful than swords and bullets; you hold in your hand a ballot; with it

you can further your own self-interest or you can uplift your country. Did you ever cast a ballot for a measure that meant hurt to others? Did you ever cast a ballot for a man whose moral character was corrupt? I do not ask if you stood up to your party, but did you cast your ballot for hurtful measures and unclean men. Here is your real patriotism. Here is your real love of country. Again the cry has gone out that politics are dirty and that clean men, good men, should keep out of it. Hear me, men; no man, be he lawyer, merchant, workman, teacher, or preacher, is true to his country, is no patriot, who deliberately surrenders his country to confessedly unclean and designing men. Think soberly, dispassionately and like men, regardless of fear or favor, cast your ballot for wise and good measures and for wise and clean men, and you show a patriotism worthy of our order.

Truthness to God. I think I need not stop to argue the existence of a God to an audience like this; but that I am safe in taking it for granted that we all recognize God as the great Ruler of the universe. The great head of all government, and therefore citizenship, in the end will answer to Him. This truth I would impress upon you: God governs, not as a master governs slaves, but that He governs as the father, and thus lifts citizenship from the scale of slavery to the position of sonship, and the consequent liberty of sonship. In other words, we come back in true citizenship to the home idea, God the Father, man the son.

Fatherhood government involves the obedience of sonship and in this lies the completeness of an ideal and true citizenship. On our coin we inscribe our professed faith in God and no man is allowed to testify in our courts who does not recognize God, all our deeds and papers of value are made out in the name of God. These are the paths of our citizenship, but are they the oaths of our real conviction? Do they express the measure of our loyalty to Him? There can be no real citizenship in which there is not the element of real home life, real patriotism and the real liberty of sonship with Him who is the Ruler of the universe.

We may be true to our homes according to the rules of polite society; we may be true to country according to our accepted standards of political parties; but, hear me, you can never reach the standard of true citizenship until we each recognize God as our personal Father and ourselves as his sons. Never can we reach an ideal citizenship until we reach the measure of the man as set forth in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, who was the very essence of unselfishness and who spent his life for the uplift of men, and who did this by the truthness of his pure life in the exercise of a true citizenship.

COLORING GRADED SCHOOL.

Closing Exercises Two Night's This Week.

The commencement exercises of the high school department of the colored graded school will be held Thursday evening at eight o'clock at the A. M. E. Zion Church.

The closing exercises of the primary department will be held at the Messenger Opera House Friday evening at 8 o'clock. The right dress circle will be reserved for the trustees and our white friends.

A Delightful Play.

The Woman's Club is preparing to present a very charming amateur performance in their club room next Saturday night.

Several performances have been given under the direction of the club, but probably no play more enjoyable and full of more laughable situations has ever been presented.

Some of the best known amateurs in Goldsboro will take part, and all who come will spend a most pleasant evening. Admission 50 cents, Saturday night, May 1, in the Woman's Club rooms.

The "Best Line" Porch Rockers on earth, strong and durable. Call and see them. Andrews & Waddell Furniture Co.

BASEBALL BUNTLETS.

George Seal, the husky outfielder that Roy Miller has signed up to cavort about Goldsboro's outfield this summer, landed in town yesterday from Richmond, Va., where he had been for a few days. The big outfielder lives in Scranton, Pa., but came down to see a friend that plays on the Richmond team.

Seal, while in Richmond, put on a uniform and practiced with that team, and the management was so impressed with his actions that they wanted to give him a position on their team. He however informed them that he was under contract to Goldsboro and was on his way to join that team.

Together with Miller, Kelly, Fulton and Seal, the baseball situation is beginning to look as if there was something doing.

The men go out to the park every afternoon and indulge in some strenuous practice, and as soon as the rest of the squad arrive, which will be about Thursday or Friday, Miller says they will go out both morning and afternoon.

Thomas, the shortstop, has wired that he will be on hand at the specified time. He is said to be very good.

MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL.

The Pittsburgh Festival Orchestra Will Be Heard in Charlotte During the Twentieth.

Charlotte, N. C., April 26.—Arrangements have been completed with Mr. W. L. Radcliff, of Richmond, Va., for bringing to this city during the great Twentieth of May celebration the Pittsburgh Festival Orchestra and the celebrated vocal artists, Florence Hinkle, soprano; Adan Campbell Hussey, contralto; Edward Strong, tenor, and Frederick Martin, basso. With the orchestra will be Frank Kohler, violinist; Frantz Goener, cellist, and Joseph Schuecker, harpist, all three of whom have toured with the principal orchestras of Europe and have played under such eminent conductors as Richard Strauss, Edward Lassen, Victor Herbert and Emil Paur.

The music festival will open on the night of May 19, with Rossini's Stabat Mater, to be sung by a chorus of 150 voices under the direction of Prof. H. J. Zehm, of Elizabeth College. On May 20 an orchestra concert will be given in the afternoon and the festival will close that night with a splendid grand opera program.

NEARBY NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD.

LaGrange, N. C., April 24.—The infant about seven days old, of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Boone, died this afternoon and the remains were taken on the 9 o'clock train to Garysburg by Mr. Hallie Rouse, undertaker, the parents being too ill to accompany the body. Mr. Boone is pastor of the M. E. Church and he and his wife have the sympathy of all in their bereavement, which is augmented by the trying circumstances.

Lightning did some damage to Mr. Burke's property, caused Mr. Luby Measley's horse to run away and put half a dozen phones out of commission. The runaway came near being serious, as there were several children in the buggy. Luckily the greatest damage was to the buggy.

SURE CATARRH CURE.

Brings the Forests of Pine and Eucalyptus to Your Home.

Germs cannot live when Hyomel (pronounced High-o-mee) is used. You just breathe in this soothing yet most powerful antiseptic air and relief is immediate. It is exactly the same air as you would breathe in the forests of pine and eucalyptus of Australia where catarrh or consumption was never known to exist.

If you have catarrh and are constantly embarrassed because you must hawk, spit and snuffle, surely you will give Hyomel the attention it deserves, when J. H. Hill & Son will guarantee this pleasant remedy to cure all this distress and humiliation, or will return your money.

Hyomel kills catarrh germs, it relieves the soreness and distress in five minutes. It stops hacking and snuffing and makes you feel like a new man in a week. It is the surest and most satisfactory catarrh treatment known and gives comfort and relief to consumptives.

A complete outfit, including inhaler, costs but \$1.00, and extra bottles, if afterward needed, cost but 50c. A few minutes' time each day is all you need to quickly cure the most chronic case. Hyomel is sold by leading druggists.

MI-ONA Cures Indigestion

It relieves stomach misery, sour stomach, belching, and cures all stomach disease or money back. Large box of tablets 50 cents. Druggists in all towns.

AND THE YEARS ROLL ON

Col. W. B. Fort Writes of a
Young Texan Hero's
Death.

His Remains Rest in Beautiful Willow
Date Cemetery in This City and
His Grave is Remembered

With Flowers, Flags
and Salutes on
Memorial
Day.

Editor Argus:

Jared K. White, a young, brave and daring Texas Ranger, of Company B, Eighth Texas Cavalry, was killed March 20, 1865, on the old Fort homestead, located fourteen miles north of Goldsboro, Wayne county, North Carolina, on Nahunta Swamp.

Extract from Goldsboro Argus, of Saturday, June 27, 1904:

"Death of Wm. B. F. Fort. There died yesterday morning at 1 a. m., a man not only remarkable for his age, but for his ancestry as well; he was Mr. Wm. Benj. Franklin Fort, father of our esteemed countymen, W. B. and J. W. Fort, of the Nahunta section. The deceased was 83 years of age, having been born on the 14th of June, 1811, on the plantation where he lived and died, which contains 1,500 acres of land, and where all the hereditary generations of the Fort family have been born, lived and died, back to the time of King George III, by whom it was granted to the original Fort when all this section was known as Dobbs county, the county seat of which was New Bern, and when Tryon was Colonial Governor, occupying the Tryon Palace in the 'City of Elms.'"

The original Fort was a near relative of Benjamin Franklin, after whom the subject of this sketch was named, and there are now at the old Fort homestead, where the deceased died yesterday morning in Nahunta township, silver and gold knee and shoe buckles preserved through all the passing generations of the Fort family, as heirlooms from the Franklin branch thereof.

"William Benjamin Franklin Fort married Miss Evelyn Becton Isler, who preceded him to the grave thirty-five years ago. She was a relative of the Isler family of this city, and was a sister of the late Mrs. Council Wooten, who was mother of Mrs. Judge W. T. Faircloth, of this place; so that he had a wide family connection, running back through the years, with some of our most distinguished people.

"Deceased was one of the oldest members of the Primitive Baptist Church at Nahunta. His funeral will be held from the old homestead this morning at 11 a. m. Elder Jonathan T. Edgerton officiating, and the interment will be made in the ancestral burying ground on the plantation."

From the above sketch it will be noticed that the young Texas Ranger lost his life and was first buried on almost sacred ground. I saw an extract from a Texas paper, June 26, 1907, headed "In Memory of Terry Rangers; a Handsome Monument in the State Capitol Grounds of Austin Texas in Commemoration of the Valor of the Eighth Texas Cavalry, Better Known as Terry Rangers, Provisional Army of the Confederate States, 1861-1865," and this carried my memory back to April, 1865, when my only brother, the late J. W. Fort, and I had just returned from Lee's surrender at Appomattox, my brother a paroled soldier of Stonewall Jackson's Corps and I a paroled sailor under Admiral Semmes, of the Confederate Navy, both arriving at home on the old Fort homestead, where we found our aged father, had survived the horrors of the terrible war with his faithful slaves, where great many serious fights had been fought between Wheeler's Cavalry and Sherman's advanced guards on their march to Greensboro, N. C., where Johnson's army surrendered.

The most important and bloodiest of the conflicts fought on the old homestead was March 20, 1865, between Texas Rangers and Federals. The Federals were marching up the old mill lane and the Rangers were fighting them under cover of a branch parallel with the lane. Ranger White would bravely ride out in the open, when on one of the bold dashes he was shot through the body and was killed, the same bullet killing another Ranger's horse under him, who instantly mounted White's horse and continued the fight until the Rangers drove the Federals back across the swamp at the old historic mill where Whitney's first cotton gin

was seen in North Carolina, and where they packed bales of cotton in long sacks suspended from gin floor above the mill sheets below, the lint cotton being packed in these long bags with iron crowbars in the hands of a stout negro man. Such was the crude way of packing bales of cotton before the screw press was invented.

The Rangers, having driven the Federals back, returned, and after wrapping their dead comrade in his own army blankets, buried him upon the slope of the hill under a large post oak tree, near the branch where he was killed. With the assistance of an old Fort darkey, Durdin Fort, they built a high pen of pine poles around his grave and after presenting the old darkey with White's army saddle, requested him and my father to see that nothing disturbed the lonely grave, they all bid a sad farewell to the halloved spot, and resumed their march at the head of Johnson's army to Greensboro, N. C., where General Johnson surrendered his army to General Sherman.

Often times, while walking over the old homestead I would wander by the Ranger's lonely grave beneath the whispering pines and wonder if the loved ones in far-off Texas would ever learn the fate of the dear soldier boy missed at the family fireside. But fate soon solved the problem, as there came in the neighborhood two Texas soldiers on their way home down in Texas from Appomattox driving a double team to a buggy. Hearing of these Texas soldiers, I drove over to Nahunta depot and met them. I found one of them to be a Colonel Hooks, who came by the Hooks neighborhood to visit some of his father's relatives, his father having years before emigrated to Texas. I informed Colonel Hooks of the death and burial of Ranger White upon the old homestead. He said he knew White and his family, as they were near neighbors in Texas. The Colonel said he would inform the White family upon his arrival at home.

Shortly afterward, while my father, brother and I were sitting on the front piazza of our home enjoying the pleasant breeze from the west, we saw drive up to the front gate two men in a buggy, followed by a hearse and driver.

The old Irish veteran, Mike Wood, so well known in Goldsboro and surrounding country, was one of the occupants of the buggy, and introduced us all to Mr. White, of Texas, brother of the dead Ranger, who said his father had sent him all the way from Texas to exhume the body and carry it to the Confederate cemetery at Goldsboro, N. C., Colonel Hooks having conveyed to them the sad news of his death and the place of his burial.

All of us proceeded to the grave, after taking along with us the old faithful darkey, Durdin Fort, who had assisted in the burial of the Ranger. When the body was exhumed, and after unfolding the army blankets from around it, his brother said he could swear to those two family finger rings upon his brother's fingers, one was gold and the other silver. These rings reminded me of the gold rings that were placed upon brother and my fingers when we joined the Confederate service, so that in event of death we could be recognized by those family rings. Young White placed those rings in his pocket to show his parents that they were the same rings that were placed upon his dead brother's fingers when he left home to join the Eighth Rangers.

After placing the body in a beautiful casket they carried it to Goldsboro, N. C., and re-buried it in a lot apart from but under the shadow of the beautiful Confederate monument erected by the Goldsboro Rifles to the 800 Confederate heroes who bivouacked beneath it.

Young White had a white marble slab erected at the head of his brother's grave with the appropriate inscription: "Jared K. White, Co. B, 8th Texas Cavalry. Born Dec. 8th, 1842, in Austin Co., Texas. Killed in service of the Confederacy Mar. 20th, 1865."

Having built a substantial iron railing around the grave before he left, he informed me that his father requested that our family should look rather his hero son's grave, and that as soon as he arrived home his father and the whole family would move to Brazil, South America, as he would never again live under the flag that his dear boy died fighting.

I have never heard from the White family since young White's return to Texas.

I was reading in the "Confederate Veteran" about an old comrade, Jolly, of Texas, who was in the Confederate navy with me at Charleston, S. C. I wrote him to send me a Texas flag. This was promptly sent by express and I presented it to the president of Thos. Ruffin Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, of Goldsboro, N. C., and this is placed every Memorial Day, 10th of May, over the brave Ranger's grave, after decorating it with beautiful yellow roses, the emblem flower of Texas, and with the "Lone Star"

The grape illustration is to remind the reader of the fact that this healthful fruit gives to Royal its active and chief ingredient. From the grape

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

derives those prime qualities which make it unique as a raising-agent, a favorite with all who desire the finest, most healthful food. Royal is the only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

Program of Closing Exercises of Eureka High School Which Was Held Today

The closing exercises of Eureka High School will be held Wednesday, at which time County Superintendent E. T. Atkinson and Prof. E. A. Woltz will deliver addresses. The program of the day and evening exercises is as follows:

Song, "To the Graded School I Love to Go" Little Boys and Girls
Recitation, "Greetings" Minnie Davis
Music By the Band
Flag Drill By 18 Boys
Pantomime, "Angels' Serenade" By the Band
Flower Festival Thirteen Boys and Thirteen Girls
Pantomime, "Old Black Joe" By the Band
Music By the Band
Song, "Faithful Teacher" By the School
Music By the Band
"Months and Holidays" Six Boys and Nineteen Girls
Snowball Drill By the Band
Pantomime, "Red, White and Blue" Twelve Girls
Essay on "Woman"

DAY EXERCISES.

Song, "America" Choir
Declaration, "What We'll Be" Three Little Boys
Recitation, "North Carolina Teachers" Valeria Jones
Music By the Band
Declaration, "The Corn Speech" Jesse Becton
Recitation, "Whistling in Heaven" Amanda Davis
Music By the Band
Declaration, "The Heritage" Charlie Ellis
Recitation, "Be Calm" Ruth Jones
Music By the Band
Declaration, "The Good Citizen" Henry Scott
Recitation, "Croatan" Mabel Minshew
Music By the Band
Declaration, "Small Beginnings" W. R. Minshew
Recitation, "An Incident of the War" Lucy Winders
Music By the Choir
Declaration, "North Carolina" Frank Jones
Recitation, "To Our State" Bessie Winders
Music By the Band
Song, "Ho! For Carolina" Choir

flag floating over his grave the Goldsboro Rifles always honor it with a parting salute, after sounding taps.

Thus we commemorate the brave Ranger's memory in the beautiful "Gem City of the Plains," Goldsboro, N. C. Thus he sleeps peacefully, and the setting sun casts the solemn shadow of the beautiful bronze Confederate monument over his lonely tomb, while his family dwells in a foreign land—in far-away Brazil, South America, upon the beautiful banks of the broad Amazon river.

It would be but a brief step over for any old Eighth Texas Ranger passing on his way North from Goldsboro's beautiful new union station, and visit this comrade's grave and see how beautifully it is kept, as is also the "Lone Star" flag in the loving hands of the beautiful daughters of the Old North State.—God bless them!

"Here's to the Land of the Long Leaf Pine!"
The Summer Land, where the sun doth shine;

Where the weak grow strong, the strong grow great—
Here's to Down Home—the Old North State!"
W. B. FORT.
Pikeville, N. C., April 24, 1909.

Monday's Primaries. The city ward primaries Monday night for the selection of Democratic aldermanic candidates were well attended, orderly and harmonious and resulted in the selection of a most excellent board for the government of the city for the ensuing two years.

Messrs. F. K. Borden, George C. Kornegay, W. J. Gibson and Lionel Well, of the old board, were renominated, and the new members are Messrs. W. D. Creech, W. H. Collins, John R. Crawford, D. H. Dixon and Sam Draper.

The former ward committeemen were renominated for the ensuing two years.

Our line of Matting, Window Shades and Lace Curtains is complete with prices very low. Andrews & Waddell Furniture Co.

OAKLAND ITEMS.

Mr. John Pearson, from near Buck Swamp, was the guest of Miss Ethel Grantham Sunday evening.

Mr. Murry Lynch and Miss Agnes Worley spent Saturday night and Sunday near Princeton, where they were the guests of Miss Hortense Edwards, Mrs. Cicero Gurley and children were the guests of Mrs. W. R. Fall Sunday.

Mr. DeWitt Worley spent Sunday near Smithfield.

Mr. and Mrs. W. U. Grantham spent Sunday in Goldsboro, and were the guests of their daughter, Mrs. A. Edgerton.

Mr. Clayton Holt, from near Princeton, was at church here Sunday and was the guest of Mr. J. W. Massey for dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sasser, of near Pinkney, where the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Worley Saturday night and Sunday.

Miss Sallie Grantham and sister, from near Princeton, were at church here Sunday and were guests of Miss Carrie Massey for dinner.

Mr. Zeno Edgerton and Miss Alice Hooks, from near Walter Cross Roads, were at church here Sunday, and were the guests of Mr. A. J. Massey for dinner.

Mr. Sidney Fall and Miss Ida Worley, of this section, spent Tuesday night at Greenleaf, where they were guests of Miss Annie Moring, and left Wednesday morning for Seven Springs, where they attended the school closing and were guests of Mrs. J. R. Murvin.

Mr. Luby Lynch and sister, from Johnston, were at church here Sunday and the guests of Miss Ora Smith for dinner.

Mr. Walter Perkins and Miss Ida Worley spent Sunday evening at Sugar Hill, where they were the guests of Mrs. G. W. Massey.

Mr. H. Fields and wife, of near Princeton, were at church here Sunday and were the guests of Mr. J. Z. Hines for dinner.

Mr. Carl Grantham and wife spent Friday evening with his uncle, Mr. D. Grantham, near Princeton.