

# The Greensboro Evening Telegram.

VOL. I. NO. 109.

GREENSBORO, N. C., MONDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1897.

Price Two Cents

Tenney's Peanut Brittle.

FRESHER,  
PURER,  
BETTER

than any other Brittle on the market.

Put up in air tight boxes, a half pound box for a dime,

Special prices to the wholesale trade.

Sole Agent:

**ANDREWS.**

The Leading Confectioner.

Opposite K. of P. Building.

"Time Works Changes"

The truth of the above is plain to all who are in the habit of keeping track of our doings.

The Time Has Come.

Many occasions arise at this season of the year for a visit to a first class jeweler. Wedding invitations call for appropriate gifts. There are anniversary and birthday presents to be bought.

**W B Farrar & Son**

Jewelers

Established 1868.

**THE ALLEN**

Greensboro, N. C.

Formerly Morton Hotel.

Centrally located near court house. Newly furnished. Hot and cold water, gas and sewerage. Cleanliness, convenience and comfort, special features. Terms moderate. Special rates to tourists and families and commercial men. Open at all hours, day and night. Try it. Present rate, \$1.00 per day.

W. B. ALLEN, Prop.

For Saturday:

Hecker's  
All Pork  
Sausage.

**J. HENRY PHIPPS.**

500 Ashboro street. Phone 24

Fresh  
From the Country.

Eggs, Chickens, Butter, Potatoes, and everything in the way of Produce. Don't forget that we can fill your orders in groceries of any kind, of the very best quality, at the lowest prices. Our motto is to sell a heap, to sell cheap, and to keep continually at it. Come and see us and be convinced that we are the people to deal with.

**VUNCANON & CO.,**

Reliable Grocers.

South Elm St. Phone No. 2.

When Out for Your  
Christmas Shopping  
call and examine our

Holiday  
Goods

We may aid you in  
settling the Gift  
Question.

**Gaston W. Ward**

Druggist.

TWO FOOTBALL PLAYERS OF Greensboro were bruised up considerably and used Goose Grease Liniment with splendid results. n-22.

## SATURDAY NIGHT'S TRAGEDY

Respectable Woman Killed by a Worthless Husband

### MURDERER CAUGHT AND JAILED

The Community Shocked and Stirred over the Red Handed Deed of the Assassin.

The foulest, blackest deed which has ever blotted the annals of Greensboro history, was perpetrated in this city on Saturday night, with the particulars of which our citizens are more or less familiar by this time.

Twenty-two years ago Robert S. Ryan led to hymen's altar Eliza A. Jennings, whom he then and there took a solemn vow to protect and love through life. How well he kept that pledge is shown by the cold-blooded and heartless manner in which he took her life Saturday night.

There have been numerous reports circulated as to the facts in the case. After the excitement has somewhat subsided the Telegram gives what is as near as can be ascertained, the real facts in the awful tragedy, avoiding as far as possible anything that would further inflame or excite the people to attempt acts of violence.

Mrs. Ryan lived on Ashe street, near the A. M. E. church, where she conducted a boarding house and took in sewing to support herself and children, of whom there are seven. Her husband, Robert S. Ryan, or "Sonly" Ryan as he is nicknamed has long had an unsavory reputation, being a thriftless, worthless fellow, often taking the hard earned shillings of his industrious wife and spending the money for drink or throwing it away in gambling dens. Several times he has been in jail for his rascality and has escaped with light punishment. He even professed reform and found ready friends to assist him in establishing a legitimate, respectable business. The effort to make a man of him proved futile for he was soon again at his old tricks.

Some months ago he left Greensboro a fugitive from justice and spent part of the time in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, returning to this State in September. It is learned that he has been spending the time since his return at the residence of Jess Dillon, about three miles from High Point. So many were his wrongs and grievous his mistreatment toward his wife and family, that they had refused to live with him any more. He had written letters to them asking to be allowed to return, but the brave woman firmly refused.

#### THE CRIME.

On Saturday night just after dark, while the thick mist of rain caused the electric lights to cast weird looking streams of light into the inky blackness, he returned to the home where his sworn partner for life was struggling to make a respectable living for herself and children. He returned disguised in a woman's skirt, shawl and hat. Mrs. Ryan was just starting to a near-by grocery store to settle her weekly bill, accompanied by her little boy who was just in front of her.

"Sonly" Ryan saw and recognized his little boy and asked him if the boarders were in. The little fellow recognized his father's voice and told him that two of them were gone. This was on the sidewalk just outside the gate. Stepping inside the gate Sonly met his wife and caught her in his arms. As he did so the little boy ran past them and into the house screaming, "Father is out yonder and he's going to kill mama." Ed. McDonald, a boarder, started out, followed by Mrs. Ryan's oldest daughter. They reached the door just as the shooting took place. Holding his wife in his left arm Sonly fired three shots in rapid succession, two of them taking effect. He ran and called out, "Catch her, she's falling."

The murdered woman was immediately carried into the house, medical help hastily summoned, but to no avail. Her life ebbed rapidly away

and in thirty minutes she was dead.

#### THE CHASE.

The news spread like a prairie fire and soon was all over town. Chief of Police very promptly offered a reward of one hundred dollars for the capture of the murderer, and joined in the chase himself. There were conflicting rumors as to the route taken by Sonly. One report had it that he had gone up by the coal chute and men were dispatched in that direction, and learned that he had been seen by a negro. For a while the trail was lost and Chief Rees and Policeman Scott were talking of sending a man to Jess Dillon's, his lurking place.

But it seems the murderer contemplated further mischief, as he returned and entered Frazier's hardware store on South Elm street, presumably to buy cartridges as his pistol was afterwards found to be empty. In the store he ran on County Treasurer John A. Hodgkin, against whom, it is said, he had made threats, who, seeing his pistol, grappled with him and succeeded in getting hold of the pistol, which he wrenched from his grasp. Sonly slipped out of the scuffle, cleared the door and made a break down the street. At this juncture Officers Rees and Scott were near the corner of McAuley's bar and seeing two men running took after one of them, but saw their mistake and turned on the other one who proved to be Sonly Ryan. He dashed around the corner between the Southside Pharmacy and the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley railroad. Mr. Scott kept the track thinking the man would attempt to escape over the embankment, while Mr. Rees followed close behind Sonly. While running almost parallel with Ryan Mr. Scott fired three shots at him without effect.

Excitement ran high. Crowds of people ran from every direction. Mr. Scott leaped up the embankment and joined Mr. Rees just as he nailed his man, and together they secured him. In his hand he held something which the officers thought was a knife, but which turned out to be a bottle partly filled with laudanum.

He was carried to jail, followed by hundreds of people, and when near the Benbow a brother of the murdered woman attempted to shoot the prisoner but was prevented. Talk of lynching were freely indulged in and late at night a party of disguised persons went so far as to advance on the jail and demand admission which was firmly refused and the crowd dispersed. Last night again there was talk of a lynching but it all fell through, cooler heads and wiser counsel evidently outweighing the anger and determination of the men who sought to take the law into their own hands.

#### IN THE MURDERER'S CELL.

A Telegram man visited Ryan last night at the jail just twenty-four hours after the murder. He was lying down and when spoken to only raised to a half sitting and half reclining posture. He did not care to talk, but seemed in a repentant mood. He was asked: "Why did you shoot your wife?" He hesitated so long the reporter thought he had gone to sleep and repeated the question. Another long pause and as an audible sigh escaped his lips, answered: "I don't care to say anything on that subject."

"Are you sorry you committed this deed?" was asked him. "I certainly am," he replied, "and if I had not been in a manner drunk I would not have done it."

This statement is rather hard to believe when you consider that he had previously, and at different dates, written letters showing that the murder was planned and premeditated. "What will be your defense?" the reporter asked. "I shall not make any defense," he replied. "Have you secured counsel?" was asked. "No, I shall not employ a lawyer," he answered.

We then asked him: "Are you not afraid that a party of men will come here, take you out and lynch you?" to which he replied.

"No, I am not afraid. If they want to kill me that way, it is all right with me."

"Do you think you deserve the penalty of your crime?" we asked. "I certainly do," he replied.

He seemed to have given himself up to his fate and was totally indifferent as to what was going on.

#### FUNERAL OF MRS. RYAN.

Mrs. Ryan's funeral was held from St. Andrew's Episcopal church at 3:30 yesterday afternoon, conducted by Rector Miller. A large concourse of the friends and relatives of the deceased were in attendance, and a number followed the remains to Greene Hill cemetery where they were laid to rest.

Thus ends a tragedy which has stirred the souls of strong men in Greensboro as they have, perhaps, never been stirred before. The Telegram has always been opposed to lynch law or mob violence, and it is gratifying to know that though the crime was dastardly, cowardly and cold-blooded, no additional blot has been stamped upon the fair name of the city by lynch law. Court is in session now and the criminal will be given a speedy trial.

#### THE CAUSE FOR THE DEED.

On this point the prisoner refuses to talk. He charged infidelity against his wife, in a letter addressed to the Record, but not a single individual has been found who believes one word of it. The acquaintances of the dead woman are unanimous in saying that her character is unimpeachable and that she was a modest and consistent christian.

## AN EXTENSION OF TIME

The Petrified Woman Viewed by Many of Our Citizens

WILL REMAIN ONLY A FEW DAYS

Longer on Exhibition in Our City. One of the Great Wonders of the Nineteenth Century.

By special request the "Petrified Woman Exhibit" will continue here Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. So far the patronage has been good, thus warranting the extension of time. It is undoubtedly the greatest curiosity that has ever visited Greensboro, if not any city in the United States, and those who fail to see the "Beautiful Woman Turned to Stone" will certainly miss a chance of a lifetime. Dime tickets will be issued to school children, thus enabling them to see the scientific wonder.

#### MOORE COUNTY GOLD.

Dr. L. W. Hunter Has Been Drinking Water from a Gold Mine.

For some years past Dr. L. W. Hunter, of Sardis, has been drinking water from a gold mine, but until recently he has contented himself with taking it in the inner man.

A few days ago he decided that gold was a very good thing to carry around even in one's pockets, and decided to develop his holdings.

Yesterday he brought five tons of ore to the reduction works of Captain John Wilkes, from which he hopes to get encouraging results. This supply is from a large vein near his home place, and from present prospects there is an almost unexhaustible quantity. A number of northern prospectors have recently inspected this property with a view of purchasing, but Dr. Hunter prefers to thoroughly investigate its value before making a trade.—Charlotte Observer.

#### Baptist Statistics.

The Baptist State Convention will meet in its sixty-seventh annual session December 9th, with the Church at Oxford. Dr. A. C. Barron, of Charlotte, will preach the sermon. Rev. J. E. White, corresponding secretary, gives out the following statement: Reports now in hand show churches, 1,400; membership, 140,000; preachers, 700; baptized during the year, 8,500. Financial statistics: Missions—State, home and foreign, \$30,000; education of ministers, \$2,400; orphanage \$15,000. Total for all objects, \$325,000.

## A TRIAL UNPRECEDENTED.

It Consumed About a Quarter of an Hour.

### MURDERER RYAN PLEADS GUILTY

To the Charge of Murder in the First Degree—Judge Adams Will Sentence Him.

Never perhaps in the annals of criminal jurisprudence in this State has there been a trial so brief and so dramatic where a human life was involved. After disposing of the preliminaries this morning Ryan the wife murderer was brought into court and arraigned at 12:30 P. M. It had taken the grand jury only 30 minutes to return a true bill. The prisoner was arraigned amid a breathless silence. The court room crowded to suffocation leaned forward in breathless expectancy. The prisoner was asked if he had counsel. He replied that he did not have and did not want any. Notwithstanding the judge appointed Col. James T. Morehead and P. D. Satchwell to defend him. He retired to the courtroom with his counsel. In a few moments they returned and Col. Morehead speaking for counsel said that he was placed in the peculiar position of wishing to enter one plea while his client wished to enter another as he could not conscientiously enter the plea his client wished to enter he asked along with Mr. Satchwell to be excused. He was excused.

Judge Adams then expostulated with the prisoner telling him that learned counsel had been appointed to defend him and he should follow their advice. The prisoner was not merely cool, he was absolutely indifferent. It might have been a man in Europe whose life was at stake for all the concern he showed. He stood up chewing his tobacco stolidly and replied: "I do not want counsel. I have committed the deed. It is unnecessary to consume the time of the court and worry the lawyers. I committed the deed. I am willing to pay the penalty of the act with my life. If I had a hundred lives I should be willing to spend them all in the same way." The Judge again attempted to influence him to accept counsel but he persistently refused. His lips were closed with an expression of immovable determination. He would listen to neither Judge nor counsel. He therefore entered the plea of guilty to the charge of murder in the first degree and was remanded to jail. The entire trial had consumed about fifteen minutes. All that remains is for the criminal to be sentenced unless his plea is set aside.

#### SCUFFLE BELOW STAIRS.

As the prisoner was being taken back to jail Ben Jennings, a brother of the murdered woman, half drunk, made a rush at the prisoner. Officer Scott collared him and Henry Heath and Henry Melvin, bystanders threw him down and sat upon him till his militancy was soothed. Meantime he brandished a bottle of whiskey which was the only weapon he seemed to have. He was not even arrested.

#### JUDGE ADAMS INTERVIEWED.

A Telegram reporter saw Judge Adams at the McAdoo and he said it was the first instance in his knowledge where a man had plead guilty to a capital felony. He said that out of a sentiment of humanity he had insisted on Ryan's accepting counsel and being tried in the regular way. He found the prisoner's conduct very puzzling. He will probably be sentenced at the opening of court in the morning.

#### State Furniture Factories.

The labor bureau has completed its report on furniture factories. It reports 35 in operation. High Point leads in number. The average wages paid are 97 cents a day, children 07 cents. Approximately there are now 1,359 men and 262 children employed in the factories. The new cases in the state museum, all of quarter-sawed oak, show both the quality of the native wood and the excellence of the manufacture and good artistic effects.

#### COURT SESSION.

One Hundred and Three Cases now on the Docket.

The session of superior court began this morning, Judge Spencer B. Adams presiding.

The following grand jury was empanelled:

W A Fields, foreman; D F Hoffines, W G Hazlewood, W W Shields, J D Goldson, John C Self, C S Weaver, John C Burick, W T McChristian, J L Lewis, C F Johnston, W G Wiley, C C Johnston, Edwin Hodgkin, A L Bryan, H W Gray, D C Aldridge, A L Coble.

#### ADDRESS TO GRAND JURY.

Judge Adams' address to the grand jury was clear, forcible and had the right ring. He said:

Every good man is willing for the law to take its course. If a body of men go to a jail and take out a poor fellow creature and lynch him they establish a precedent the community can never outlive. No man is safe if the men are allowed to band together and take men from prison.

#### Talked to the Lynchers.

Mayor Nelson went down to the meeting place of the would-be lynching party last night and talked quietly with them, urging them to disperse, assuring them that Solicitor Bynum would lose no time in bringing on the trial of Ryan. Policemen Whittington and Pearce also talked to some of them along the same lines. They believed it and dispersed, and they were not deceived, as the report of the trial, published elsewhere, will show.

#### Auditor Ayer's Gab.

The Raleigh correspondent of the Charlotte Observer interviewed Auditor Ayer with the following result:

Auditor Ayer said today: "It looks like we will have to lick the democrats again, and if so, the ease with which it can be done is the only contemptible thing about it." Auditor Ayer was asked what he meant by "we," and replied, "The folks." Then he was asked if he did not think the white people would get together, and replied, "The white folks will rule this State as long as they are here. It seems from the experience of the next two years that the right kind of white people will rule it. You can draw your own conclusions."

#### Shot Stonewall Jackson.

Col. Olds writes: A man named Waddell, at the soldiers' home in Raleigh, is one of the five North Carolinians who were guarding the road in wilderness and shot and mortally wounded Stonewall Jackson.

Waddell tells the story interestingly. General Jackson had ordered them to keep the road clear and to shoot without warning or halting anybody. Half an hour later he evidently forgot his instructions and rode along the road. After the shooting Waddell saw him and asked: "What will they do with us?" "You did only your duty and obeyed orders," replied General Jackson, "and I will mention that in my letter to General Lee."

#### Reduced Rates.

Agents of the C. F. & Y. V. are authorized to sell round trip tickets to Oxford, N. C., on the 7th, 8th and 9th, final limit Dec. 15th, 1897, good for continuous passage in each direction, at reduced rates.

The following rates apply: Fayetteville via Sanford, \$6.75; Maxton via Fayetteville or Sanford, \$7.65; Wilmington via Fayetteville or Sanford, \$9.10; Mt. Airy via Greensboro \$7.70. For intermediate station rates call on local agents.

#### Card of Thanks.

We desire to express through your columns our deep gratitude to the many friends who were so kind to us in many ways during our sore affliction in the sudden death of our son. We are deeply thankful to God for the sympathies and prayers of these friends. B. N. Smith and Family.

#### Notice.

The orchestra will practice on Thursday and Saturday nights until we hold our carnival. Full attendance desired. Chas. J. Brookmann, Director.



Attending a Thanksgiving Dinner, or any social function, a man should be provided with a dress suit of the latest cut and fashion. Order now, and we will have it ready for you on time, and will guarantee that in perfection of fit, distinctive style and beauty of fabric no one will look more "swart" than a man who wears one of our dress suits. Cleaning, repairing and dyeing done at short notice. B. L. RUBEN, Merchant Tailor, 116 South Elm Street—Benbow Building.

Chirine Chap Lotion,  
Antiseptic, 25c.

Perfumed Witch Hazel Jelly,  
In Tubes, 10 and 25c.

Take your choice—both perfect preparations for healing chaps and abrasions of the skin and keeping it in healthy, smooth condition. Not sticky or greasy.

Beautiful Xmas stock opening up.

Richardson & Fariss.  
Prescriptionists.  
Hot and Cold Drinks, Fine Candies.

## Facts Worth Studying.

If the Southern Stock-Mutual pays no larger dividends than the 20 per cent. now paid, and the business increases during the next seven years in the same ratio it has increased during the last three years, the actual saving for the ten years to policy-holders in North and South Carolina will be \$194,822.00, and to the policy-holders in Greensboro alone, \$26,237.00. Besides this the Company's assets (reinsurance reserve and surplus) represented by still larger figures will be kept at home and invested in the state. What better investment can the public make than by upholding an institution like this?

WHARTON & MCALISTER.  
AGENTS.

## New Quarters.



I have at last gotten into my new office in the elegant

M. P. Publishing House,  
302 1-2 S. Elm St.,

where I shall be glad to see all who are needing my services for the correction of the various errors of refraction. Many are being relieved who had given up in despair because of repeated failures by good oculists.

J. T. JOHNSON.

Examination Free.

OFFICE HOURS: 8:30 a m to 12:30 p m.; 2:00 to 5:30 p. m.

## Almond Cream

Will Cure chapped Hands, Face and Lips. Every bottle guaranteed.

FOR SALE BY

Howard Gardner,  
Druggist.  
CORNER OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

## Holiday Goods.

I have just opened a pretty line of holiday goods—please call.

Nothing better for chapped hands than Marshmallow Lotion.

Holton's Drug Store.

McAdoo House Building.

WANTED—An energetic boy of good address and neat appearance, age about 15, to help in store. Address, Lock Box 90, stating experience.