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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—Senator Sherman will probably settle the question of whether he is to be Secretary of State in the coming administration, during the present week, as he will, by special invitation, have a personal conference with President-elect McKinley at Canton. Mr. Sherman's personal inclinations are not towards the Cabinet, but he is prepared to do his duty as a good republican and a patriotic citizen, and if it be the wish of President McKinley and of the Ohio republicans, who have given him such great political honors in the past that he should accept a cabinet portfolio, he will not allow his personal inclinations to stand in the way. That he would make a good Secretary of State is as certain as that he has made a good Senator and a good Secretary of the Treasury, and while his colleagues would miss his experience and wisdom in the Senate, the knowledge that President McKinley and the country would have the benefit of them would go far towards consoling them for the loss.

Having heard what the parties directly interested had to say about the new tariff bill, the republicans of the House Ways and Means Committee will this week begin the actual construction of the bill. The democratic members of the committee had the privilege of attending the hearings, and some of them availed themselves of it, but the construction of the bill will only be participated in by the republican members. Chairman Dingley has pointed out the difference in this task and the construction of the McKinley bill in 1890, and it should not be lost sight of by those who are interested in seeing the arduous task successfully performed. In 1890 the Treasury had a surplus which was growing larger all the time, and the tariff bill was intended to protect American products and manufactures, and at the same time, to reduce the receipts of the government. Now, again referring to Chairman Dingley's words, the new tariff bill must protect American products and manufactures, and at the same time, add from \$50,000,000 to \$75,000,000 a year to the Government receipts in order to provide for the deficit made by the insufficiency of revenue produced by the democratic tariff bill, which Mr. Cleveland denounced as an outrage and refused to sign, and which he now declares to be a good thing, notwithstanding all the trouble it has brought to the country.

The Loud bill depriving sample copies of newspapers and books of the right to be sent through the mail at pound rates was passed by the House, and has now gone to the Senate, where its prospect of being acted upon is far from bright. It will be fought hard and time is getting scarce.

The speech of Representative Johnson, of California, on the Pacific Railroad Funding bill, which was today disposed of by the House, in which he made vicious personal attack upon Mr. W. R. Hearst, proprietor of the San Francisco Examiner and the New York Journal, is much regretted by all who heard it. Some of the language of Mr. Johnson was so vulgar and indecent that it could not be printed in newspapers which go through the mail without a violation of law—such language as should never be heard in a gathering of gentlemen and which no provocation can excuse. Disgusting people never brings them to your way of thinking.

It remained for Senator Mills to introduce a humorous phase to the Cuban question. His resolution, upon which he made a speech today in his usual style—he works harder than a blacksmith when he makes a speech—after reciting that Cuba ought to be free and declaring that this country recognizes its independence and that the President must act in harmony with Congress, provides for the appointment of a U. S. Minister to Cuba and appropriates \$10,000 to pay his salary and expenses. The idea of appointing a minister to a country which as yet has neither government, according to the common American conception of government, nor a capital is regarded as about the choicest tidbit of humor turned up at the present session of Congress, although Mr. Mills doesn't pose as a funny man.

Representative and Senator elect Money, of Miss., is back from his fool

trip to Cuba, but if he found out anything that the newspapers have not already acquainted the people of the United States with, he has not told it. He has suddenly adopted an owl-like style. He looks mysterious and drops mysterious hints about what he might tell if so disposed, but it does not fool anybody.

THEIR DEATHS AVENGED.

Simon Cooper the Murderer of Five People in South Carolina Killed.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Jan. 8.—Simon Cooper, betrayed by his half-brother and uncle, was located in his uncle's house, five miles from Sumter early this morning and the building surrounded by a posse of twenty men under Sheriff Pierson, of Sumter. Cooper kept the men at a safe distance with a Winchester rifle. None dared to rush on what seemed certain death. The sheriff telegraphed the conditions to the governor and asked that a cannon with solid shot and a supply of long range rifles be sent to him on a special train. Governor Evans replied that no cannon was available, and ordered Cooper's capture dead or alive.

Balked in this, the sheriff got a cannon in Sumter, but while it was being conveyed to the seat of war, Cooper was killed. It seems that, under protection of another house, some members of the posse got within a short distance of where Cooper was and and kept up a hot fire. He hailed them and offered to talk. One of their number told him it would be best to give himself up, but he blasphemed terribly at the suggestion. He was told if he came out unarmed with his hands up he would not be killed. Finally Cooper did come out. One member of the posse, keeping him covered, walked up and took hold of him. The others then surrounded the negro who began to resist. Then he was shot in the head with a pistol and afterwards with a rifle. He fell, but regained consciousness and kept up his cursing. It was suggested to burn him, but the half dead man was started to Sumter. On the road the posse, which had assumed the proportions of a mob, tied the officers of the law, hauled Cooper out of the cart in which he was and strung him to a tree riddling him with bullets.

A coroner's inquest was held and resulted in a verdict that the killing had been done by persons unknown to the jury. The body was carried through the streets of Sumter and viewed by a large crowd. The negroes seemed joyous over the killing of Cooper, whom they dreaded. The man's last wish was that he might have a chance to kill the brother who betrayed him.—Wilmington Messenger.

A MEDICAL STUDENT

Cured of Consumption After All Hope Seemed Useless.

A young man was taking his finishing course of study in a medical college. He was far from home, in a large city. Deprived as he was of the comforts of home, he caught a bad cold, which soon settled on his lungs. He consulted the professors as to his trouble, but in spite of their most careful and attentive treatment, rapidly developed consumption. His symptoms became alarming, and he was actually pronounced incurable by the medical faculty of the college he was attending. At this point his thoughts turned homeward and he remembered the household remedy of his parents. He knew very well if his father could advise him she would say at once, "Take Per-una." He was not able to make the long and tedious journey home and it took a long time for a letter to cross the ocean. So he commenced taking Per-una according to the directions on the bottle. It helped him at once, and finally cured him. All the doctors were at first incredulous, then astonished, but at last convinced.

Consumption is catarrh of the lungs. Per-una cures catarrh wherever located. Dr. Hartman's latest book on consumption and all catarrhal diseases is being sent free by The Per-una Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Remember for a few days we offer to send the Hickory Press, the American Farm News, and Atlanta Constitution all one year for \$1.50. Speak quick if you want them.

A QUIET DAY IN CREEDE.

DEATH OF THE MAN WHO KILLED JESSE JAMES.

Bob Ford's End and the Sudden History of Which It Was an Incident—"Charity Covereth a Multitude of Sins"—The Condemnation of Kelly, the Murderer.

New York Sun.

It was a quiet day in Creede camp in the morning of the summer of '92. Most of the miners were away in the hills; many of the gamblers and others of the night shift were still sleeping, though it was now 4 o'clock. A string of burros, laden with heavy loads of boards, which they were about to drag away up to the Last Chance, stood dreaming in San Louis avenue. Some fishermen with long cane poles thrown over their shoulders were trailing out at the lower end of the town in the direction of the Rio Grande. A string of heavy ore wagons was coming down the mountain from the Amethyst mine. The brake on the forward wagon gave way when the team was nearly down to the foot of the hill, and instantly the heavy load shot forward and the poor animals—there were six of them—bounded away in a mad effort to keep out of the way of the heavy load. The wheel horses appeared to understand that they were expected to hold the wagon back, and they did what they could; but the force of the great wagon threw them off their feet, and when they fell, slid them along the rocky road to the foot of the hill, grinding and crushing their legs under the wheels, and when the wagon finally stopped they were both dead. All this happened just above and in full view of the town, so that many of the people saw it, and heard the poor animals cry, almost as a human being would cry for help, while they were being run down and killed by the ore wagon.

A sorry-looking young woman was working the shops and sa'oons on the shady side of the avenue. She carried a long sheet of writing paper, upon which she asked people to put their names, and opposite their names the amount of their subscriptions. One of the girls had died the night before and this money was asked in order to pay some one to dig a hole at the top of the hill and to hire an express wagon to haul the girl up there. When the woman came to the Leadville dance hall, she entered, and was greeted sadly by another woman who stood over behind a low railing, which extended from the end of the bar to the front of the tent, fencing off a little space which served as an office for the proprietor and the woman, who was a silent partner in the firm. The visitor pushed the paper over toward the man—a small, sallow-looking man of thirty-two, who was ever fidgeting and glancing at the door of whatever house he happened to be in. The man glanced down the column, saw "Soapy Smith, \$5," and as he hated "Soapy," he immediately raised him five, gave the woman the money, and wrote just under his name and the ten: "Charity covereth a multitude of sins." Then he passed out from behind the bar and began walking slowly to the rear end of the long room. The woman with the sorry face and the long white paper passed out. Upon the threshold she met a man in miner's clothes, and even as she turned to look at him a very short man rode up to the door of the tent and handed a double-barreled shotgun to her. At the entrance, as the miner's man entered the tent with the gun, the woman with the paper turned as if she would follow him, for she feared that the stranger might do violence, reluctant as she was to believe that a man in a refined mining centre would resort to the use of so clumsy, not to say unconventional, a shooting iron as a shotgun. "Hello, Bob!" called the man with the gun, and as the keeper of the dance hall turned he raised the weapon and let go both barrels. The shot, without scattering, entered the throat of the victim, and carried his gold collar button out through the back of his neck.

The report of the shotgun started the whole camp, and as the Leadville was directly opposite my hotel, I rushed over and was almost the first man in the place. One man had pre-

ceded me, and as I entered he came out and shouted: "Bob Ford's dead."

At the moment I entered the only person in the room was the insignificant looking woman in the little office. She was weeping. She knew me as the editor of the morning paper, and at once began to pour out the story of Bob's virtues. "He had planned," she said, "to do much good." "Yes," said I, "it is reported that he intended to kill off the entire Chronicle force, including the editor."

"Yes, I know," she went on hurriedly, for the place was filling up rapidly, "but he didn't mean it—he told me so—he didn't have it in for you—all a little bit. But, say," she continued, waving a hand in the direction of the corpse, and her eyes filled with a fresh flood of tears, "just to think they should shoot him with that kind of a gun—it—just breaks—my heart," and she leaned her head upon the bar and wept.

Presently she lifted her head, dried her eyes, and continued:

"Why, Bob wouldn't uv killed a coyote with a shotgun—it's a coward gun. When he killed Jesse James, the braves' man 'at ever lived an' the dearest shot, he dun it with a 45, an' ef he'd a come down to clear out the Chronicle, which he wouldn't, he'd uv come with his two hans an' his six-shooter an' he'd a had you all jumpin' thru the winders an' scootin' fur th' willers 'fore yer could uv raised a han."

"Well," said I, glancing toward the rear of the room to make sure he was still there. "Bob's all right. He's a good fellow—now."

I had known Ford. He was the first man to whom I was introduced upon my first visit to the camp. He had been our guide, and had shown Judge Rooker and me the camp by candle-light. It was upon this occasion that I noticed his nervousness. If a man came in and left the door open, Ford would slip back and shut it. If there was a mirror over the bar, he always kept his eyes on it, not to see himself, but to observe those who passed to and fro behind him.

In a pleasant way I asked him if he was expecting some one. He answered smiling sadly, that he was always expecting some one. He had saved his life once in Kansas City by looking into a mirror. A friend of the man he had murdered entered the room, saw Ford's face in the mirror, and instantly reached for his gun. Ford, lifting his glass, saw the man, and the moment their eyes met the man weakened and passed on. My friend, the Judge, from force of habit, I presume, began to question Ford about the killing of Jesse James, and the fellow told us that he had been led to believe that if he killed James, whose friend and messenger he had been, he would be the greatest man in Missouri. That meant a great deal to this boy of 23, for outside of Missouri there was little worth striving for. And then, to justify his cowardly act, he related that it had been planned by James that a bank should be robbed soon, and Ford had been told that he was to enter the bank with James, who would quietly shoot him, as he had begun to mistrust the "Boss." All this Ford pretended to believe. He was confident that he would have been murdered in a little while, had not put a bullet through Jesse's back while he was hanging a pig.

Kelly, the "tough citizen," who removed Ford, seemed, strangely enough, to regard the killing of this man much as Ford had looked upon the killing of Jesse James. Ford was an open enemy of society and only a month before his death had closed all the saloons, houses and put the camp to bed at 9 P. M. The morning paper had suggested that Ford be informed that he would be expected in the future to refrain from shutting up the town, leave the camp, or be hanged, just as he pleased; and for that he swore he would kill off the working force, from the editor in chief down to "Freckle Jimmie," the devil.

However, Kelly was wrong. He was condemned even by Ford's enemies for his cowardly act, just as the public had disapproved of the murder of Jesse James. All agreed that the removal of Jesse would facilitate the movement of trains in Missouri, and that Ford's absence would add much to the peace and quiet of Creede camp; but no man admires a coward. So Kelly was arrested, and in Judge Bell's court he was surprised to receive

a life sentence in the pen.

On the morning of the day following the killing half a hundred people assembled in a store room where religious services were held. They brought Ford's coffin, and placed it upon a bench, and then the preacher got up and preached a funeral sermon. He was not very enthusiastic, I thought, but he had a tough client and a hard case. He took for his text, if he could be said to have taken anything, the line which Ford had written upon the white paper, "Charity covereth a multitude of sin," and made the most of it.

When he had finished an express wagon backed up to the door, they put the dead man in, and the wagon wound away up the trail to a level spot above the town, where the unwept and unfortunate girl had been buried the day Ford died; where all about were new made graves; where Gambler Joe Simmons and "Slanting Annie" slept side by side.

The autumn winds blow bleak and chill,
The sighing, quivering aspen waves
About the summit of the hill,
Above the unrecorded graves,
Where halt, abandoned burros feed,
And coyotes call—and this is Creede.

UY WARMAN.

SOUTHERN BANKS SOLID.

Comptroller Eckles Highly Compliments Dixie Upon Her Excellent Financial Showing.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 6.—The Manufacturers' Record has received from Comptroller Eckles a statement as to the general situation of the banking interests South.

Mr. Eckles says: The strength of the banking conditions of the South cannot better be evidenced than by the fact that during the panic of 1896, which embraced the most trying portions of 1895 and 1896, there occurred but six national bank failures, while since November 1, the failures have numbered but two. Of these two, the bank at Roanoke, Va., has proven solvent and arranged to pay its creditors without the intervention of a receiver and go into voluntary liquidation. As against these two failures, we have a condition of improvement in the cash reserves of the banks in the South, as shown by the bank call of December 17, over that of October 6, which proves how much money must have been brought out of hiding since election day. The two States thus far reporting, Mississippi and Arkansas, show an increase of 29.42 per cent to 32.51 and from 30.40 to 32.65 respectively. Of the reporting cities in the South the returns from Louisville, St. Louis, Houston, Baltimore, New Orleans, and Savannah show large increases. When it is remembered that the requirement of the law, based upon that which is deemed the point of safety, requires a reserve of but 15 per cent in the states generally, and but 25 per cent in reserve cities, it is really seen how able the banks are to meet every demand to be made upon them by Southern depositors. It is a noteworthy fact that throughout the South, prior to 1892, the number of large enterprises undertaken enlisted much foreign and domestic capital, and not a few unhealthy booms were created, and yet, despite all this, the bank failures in that section have been comparatively few, and the losses entailed upon shareholders and creditors comparatively slight.—Charlotte Observer.

Ransom Economizing.

My old friend Matt Ransom, Minister to Mexico, has made himself extremely unpopular in the City of Mexico by his niggardliness. They say down there that he is saving every dollar of his salary to fetch back to North Carolina. He never entertains, and, far worse, never drives. Not to drive is the worst crime in Mexico. Minister Ransom rides in a red cab—second class.—New York Press.

Mary Winters, of Orangeville, O., a spinster, who fasted eight weeks and had been in a comatose state for 15 days, died last week. She was reduced from a good sized woman to a mere skeleton, weighing less than 60 pounds. She claimed that she had a vision and saw the Lord and He commanded her to abstain from food.

The American Farm News, the Hickory Press, and Atlanta Constitution all one year for \$1.50. This offer open for only a few days.