THE MONROE JOURNAL.

G. M. BEASLEY, R. F. BEASLEY, } PUBLISHERS.

TUESDAY June 2, 1903.

The Matter of Pardoning.

This paragraph, taken from one of our State exchanges, is of a character of much of the criticism indulged in by many newspapers whenever a pardon by the governor is announced:

"Talk about the failure of courts to convict, what good is accomplished when the governor steps in and knocks it all in the head?"

Much of the criticism is even a good deal harsher than this. There is a good deal of talk about "the one man power." To be sure, it is a one man power finally; so is that exercised by a Superior Court judge, the law giving him almost unlimited latitude in many cases, allowing him, and him solely, to determine how much, if any, a man shall be punished, after he has been convicted by a jury of his peers. And the constitution, proceeding on the theory that no innocent man should suffer, placed yet another safeguard about the life and liberty of its citizens by saying that the governor of the State should have the power of review and, if to him the ends of justice seemed to demand it, the power of mitigation. And in turn, the legislature, lest this power of the governor be abused, has hedged it about with wise precaution. Thus it is required that when a pardon is to be applied for, notice of the same must be given in the public press, so that if there be objections they may be heard; then the reason for his action is set forth in detail and likewise published.

Now, no one has suggested that Governor Aycock does not bring the utmost care and patience to bear in the hearing of these cases, or that he is not open to argument by all who desire to make it. And, so, being called upon to perform a lawful duty, and doing it as best he can in the light of a calm judgment and a good conscience, it seems to us that his actions should not be harshly and carelessly and flippantly criticised. Certainly he is liable to err, but it can not be contended that he doesn't know more about each case after he has patiently examined it upon its merits than the editors who flippantly criticise without being in possession of the facts at all. Now, some esteemed brother is going to rise and remark that the governor of North Carolina is no czar and above criticism. Certainly not. But we all know there is criticism and criticism. And we would call attention to the fact that it is not the actual pardons which are granted that help to bring the law into disrepute, but the foolish talk which is indulged in by people who should do better and which sinks into the minds of other thoughtless people. It is worse upon society for an innocent man to suffer, or for a guilty one to be punished beyond his due, than it is for a guilty one to escape entirely.

Every man who goes into our courts or is carried there has a right to have his case taken to the Supreme Court in order that it may say if the lower court has erred in the matter of the law. But the Supreme Court has no jurisdiction as to facts, hence a man who feels that he has been wronged in the interpretation of facts by the jury, or has been too heavily punished by the court—which is a one man power—has no redress unless he can go to the governor and ask for a pardon or a reduction of sentence. And, bear in mind, the Supreme Court overrules the lower court twenty times where the governor interferes one time. Then there often happens after the trial that circumstances arise that would make further punishment a miscarriage of justice. It also happens that evidence comes out that shows conclusively that there was a mistake in the sentence. Should not these things be rectified? Too many of us proceed upon the theory that justice is thwarted if the accused is acquitted. If this were true we would have no use for courts—the police and the sheriff would decide the matter by just arresting the right man each time.

The fact of the matter is, that pardons are one of those things which some of us feel called upon to boo at, without knowing or caring very much about the reason for our efforts.

Mr. Roosevelt has announced his candidacy, and says something about wanting to be a "whole president." Senator Mark Hanna kindly withdrew his opposition so far as the endorsement of the Ohio Republicans was concerned, and it appears as if Mr. Roosevelt might now hold up on kissing the babies.

The Statesville Mascot says that Mr. W. E. Morrison, a farmer living near Statesville, sold eight mule colts at sixty-five dollars each, one day last week, to the Henkle Live Stock Company, who sent them to their grass farm in the mountains. The average age of the colts was fourteen and a half months, and Mr. Morrison has raised them, not as a stockman but as a farmer. The Mascot adds that some of the farmers about there who could have raised colts, too, will in a short time be buying some of these at $400 a pair.

The war between the colonels rollicks merrily on—Col. Jule Carr of the globe and Col. Bob Abernethy of River Bend, Gaston county. Col. Bob says Col. Jule owes him salary for managing his Oconeechee farm, and Col. Jule says Col. Bob owes him big money for the damages he did to the farm, and each is suing the other, and Gaston county is the seat of war.

Mr. W. P. Wood, a business man of Asheboro, has an article in the last issue of the Courier urging the people of his county to do all they can for the education of their children. This is another evidence that the cause of education is taking deep root in North Carolina. Men who have educated their own children, or are able and will do so, turn from their pursuits of business and do what they can for the cause of general education. Verily, the day is dawning.

"An ice factory to begin and work on government building," is the way a contemporary heads a news article from the live town of Greensboro. What do you suppose the ice factory will do to the government building?

Up at Washington last week the Therapeutic Society had a meeting and the doctors came to the decision that Americans live too fast, and that our strenuous life produces nerve and heart diseases. And yet the battle-cry hereabouts is, "Get a move on yourself!"

The address of Mr. Page, which is quite lengthy for our columns, is too good to be left out, and every one who gets the paper should read it. "The man behind the plow" can be some "punkin" in this county if he will only realize it.

Will the Charlotte papers please hold up on printing the name of the Rev. Dr. J. Sparhawk Jones long enough to tell us what ever became of Mr. Conrad Lipscomb?—Gastonia Gazette.

For this, good friend, much thanks. We were ourselves feeling the necessity of making some inquiry regarding the Rev. J. Sparhawk.

GREAT FLOODS IN THE WEST.

Portions of Iowa and Kansas Suffered Terribly and Hundreds Lose Their Lives.

Des Moines, Iowa, May 31.—Eight authenticated fatalities have occurred in and about this city from the flood and the property loss will amount into the millions. At 6 o'clock tonight the Des Moines river had declined 14 inches from its maximum height of 24 feet early this morning. Notwithstanding the steady rain that has fallen for three days, it is believed danger of further rise is past, as reports from points above Des Moines say the river has been falling for 24 hours. The extent of suffering among the several thousand refugees has been reduced to a minimum by the better organization of relief work, and now they are nearly all free from extreme suffering. The remaining levees will hold. The river is from half mile to two miles wide, however, effectually cutting off communication between the main part of Des Moines from east, north and south.

Topeka, May 31.—At 1 o'clock the number of drowned people was known to be at least 150 and a large number were yet missing. Several were reported burned to death, but this could not be substantiated. From all over eastern Kansas boats are being rushed here for the rescue of the sufferers. Shortly after daylight nine boats arrived from Ottawa on a special train and they were put into active service at once. Soon after reports of drowning began to come in. A boat containing eight men was swept away by the swift current about 7 o'clock and as far as known all were drowned. Other small boats were not able to live in the whirling current.

North Topeka is a scene of almost desolation. Not a square foot of land can be seen in any direction. There is but a small chance of any of the residences being left standing at the end of the flood period. Sherry Oakland, and the reform school north of Topeka, are all under the rushing waters, but the situation is favorable in these places compared with what North Topeka is undergoing. Nearly all the fires were put out by the heavy rain, which fell nearly all night. Messages were sent to St. Joseph saying: "Topeka wants three to six steam launches and twelve or eighteen clinker built row boats with men to handle, sent here by special train at once to rescue people in North Topeka." The train was to feel its way as far as possible on the submerged tracks and then the boats would be launched. It was expected that the launches could reach here about 4 o'clock, in which event many of the people on the north side could yet be saved. Meanwhile, the beleagured ones were encouraged to hold on a little longer in the hope that rescues would be effected.

One Woman Cowhides Another.

Some time ago Ex-Policeman Frank Weddington of Charlotte attempted to commit suicide and also to kill his wife, since when he has been in jail on a peace bond. His wife and her people have been trying to get him sent to the Morganton asylum on the ground that the drug habit had made him insane, and his own people have been resisting the effort. It seems that there was method in the madness, for last Thursday Mrs. Weddington proceeded to cowhide a Mrs. Kendrick, being jealous of her, it is alleged.

The Weddington case has become notorious in Charlotte, and the battle of Thursday was a culmination. Mrs. Weddington and her friends met the Kendrick woman in the street, and the former badly belabored the other with a cowhide. The whole bunch was arrested.

"Strength and vigor come of good food, duly digested. 'Force,' a ready-to-serve wheat and barley food, adds no burden, but sustains, nourishes, invigorates."

S. R. Doster has just received a lot of nice Hams.

TALKING WITH THE PEOPLE.

A Question Referred to Captain Howie—Uncle Hampton's Setback—Mr. Morgan Satisfied—Buying Cotton that Has Not Yet Been Plowed—An Aggrieved Citizen—Down at Lake Waccamaw.

All of us quite agree that the war is over and we all are brothers and that the Southern boys were as quick to fight for the country in the Spanish war as anybody, and a little quicker—but we are inclined to think that old Uncle Joe Wheeler did an unbecoming, or at least, an indelicate thing in appearing at the Confederate reunion in New Orleans in a United States army uniform. And as to whether we are right or not, we refer the question to our friend, Capt. S. G. Howie of Sandy Ridge.

* * *

Old Uncle Hampton, whom The Journal sometime ago mistakenly reported as dead, came in yesterday to tell about the effect the obituary that we gave him had upon his illness. "It set me back, sah," he said. "I didn't know but you were a prophet, and though I was doing pretty well when I saw it, I had to have the doctor again next day." The story goes that on one occasion a man went to Charles A. Dana and complained that the Sun had stated that he was dead, whereas he was quite alive and before Mr. Dana right then. "But I'm not dead," said the man, "and I want you to say so in your paper." "If you see it in the Sun it's so," said Mr. Dana, "but we can put your name in the birth column tomorrow."

* * *

Somebody has sent this notice to The Journal office:

"Found—A garter or a hat band. Owner can get same by describing it and paying for this notice."

Jerusalem! A man who can't tell a garter from a hat band! How would he know when the description fit?

* * *

Mr. J. C. Morgan of Marshville spent several days away from home last week for recreation. "I have been," said Mr. Morgan, "in seven counties of North Carolina since I've been away. And while I saw much good lands, much progress, good stock and fine people, I was inclined to be prouder of old Union the further I went and the more I saw."

* * *

The continued upward jump of cotton last week set people wild—such of them as deal in the immaterial product called "futures." While nobody knows what the prices are going to be, somebody is willing to risk some, for a farmer in Monroe has been offered nine cents for his this fall's crop.

But who knows whether the feeling which prompts a man to buy a crop which has only just been planted is based upon a sure belief that the prices will be high next fall, or upon the mere spirit of gambling?

* * *

Lee Medlin, the darkey whom the police laid violent hands upon and forced him to tell where he got his liquor, is an aggrieved citizen. They put Lee in a cruel hard place—just yanked him up, found the liquor on him, clapped his hand on "the book," and made him out with it.

"Dey shore had me in trouble," says Lee in relating it. "I wouldn't er told on Jim an' er got him in trubble lak dis fer nothin', but you sees, I had fer tell on 'im er tell er lie wid my hand on de book, and I couldn't do dat. But, den, I'm sure Jim's er gwine to come out alright, 'cause I had a zeutment of dat las' night in er dream. I drempt dat me and 'bout twenty more niggers was wuckin' under er boss one day. We was all t' come back nex day an' finish up de job, but nex day all dem niggers but me was gone. Now, I 'lows dat dem other niggers repeent Jim, and dat mean Jim's gwine t' be gone."

* * *

The town officers are making preparation to plant a flag pole on the square for the display of weather signals, reports to be received from the station at Raleigh. Messrs. Gordon & Thompson are the promoters of this undertaking. The flag pole has been secured and, as it rested horizontally upon trucks ready to be planted, some joker undertook to display some signals of his own. A white flag, bearing in ragged letters the legend, "Fair Today," was nailed upon the top of the flag pole about two feet from the ground, while the sun beat down scorchingly upon the pavements. Deputy Sheriff Myers, Maj. Andrews and Prof. J. W. Townsend watched that flag all the first day as closely as a boy watches his first bird trap.

"What ar' them rags agwine to be f'r," said a man from Stanly; 'pers t' me a body could see it's fair t'day w'thout botherin' 'bout them wimmen's aprons hanging out thar."

"Oh," said Prof. Townsend, "they represent certain problematical prognostications which astronomical observers have declared to be imminent about the time the perennial summer solstice comes into perihelion with the vernal equinox upon the quadrilatteral end of the isoseles triange of—."

"I've got some juanner to buy, an' I guess I'll be goin'," said Stanly, and Prof. Townsend continued his elucidation to Deputy Myers and Maj. Andrews.

* * *

Mr. J. S. Hasty left yesterday for a couple of days' fishing at Lake Waccamaw, in Columbus county. Capt. Barnes and Commodore, the cook, have already been in camp for a week and have pitched tents till frost. The young sportsmen, Ray Adams, Herndon Hasty and Claude Broadaway, left Thursday morning with a 22 calibre repeating rifle and about 8,000 cartridges, and a grip full of fish hooks and some filched bed clothing. And Capt. Barnes, the good old soul, will have neither sport nor peace while those boys are there. His motherly instincts will make him potter around after them, to pull them out of the lake or to keep them from being shot or to take care of the tackle or—but when they are gone the old fisherman will fish all day and all week, and Commodore will cook the fish, and when the frosts come next fall—oh, they'll come back to town and tell about it.

* * *

Squire M. C. Austin says he now has the original "little brown jug." On the place on which Squire Austin lives in New Salem, there once dwelt an old man by the name of Vernal Adams, a famous brandy maker in his day. That was something like a hundred years ago. One year the old man made eleven barrels of brandy from his orchard. The other day one of Squire Austin's boys was plowing in the orchard and turned up a curious object. It was a very old fashioned quart jug, a foot long, and tapering from four inches in diameter at the bottom to a small neck. The first thing that Squire Austin did was to plunk his nose to the mouth of that jug, "but I didn't smell a thing," said he. "But the other day one of the boys got sick and we wanted to put something hot to his feet. This jug was handy, and I filled it with hot water, and that raised an odor. My! it was the best old brandy smell that I ever smelt. That jug was certainly buried full of brandy."

* * *

"You came down right on the folks who go to the opera house and eat peanuts," said Dr. W. B. Houston. "Now, I want you to go for the folks who own dogs and let them run out. You know, that's the greatest nuisance in this town. They scare horses and cause runaways; they frighten children; they cause hydrophobia—oh, they do everything bad. Tax 'em, tax 'em, kill 'em, tie 'em up—do anything to keep them off the street."

Mr. Covington's Mark the Highest Ever Made at Wake Forest.

I think three of the graduates are worthy of particular mention, namely, Mr. James Royall, whose speech on Nationalism was pronounced by Prof. Poteat and other gentlemen the ablest speech ever made at Wake Forest College by a student, in which opinion I heartily concur; Mr. Earl Fowler, who has made a fine record as a student, and who closed his career with a remarkably noble utterance on Literature in the South; and Mr. Covington of Monroe, who broke all the records of the college for excellency of scholarship, having made an average throughout his career of more than 99½. He is only nineteen years of age, and one would judge by looking at him that he is not a hard student.

For Confederate Veterans.

Crosses of honor to the Confederate veterans will be presented tomorrow. All who have applied for these badges will please meet in the court house at 2 o'clock tomorrow and receive them.

You cannot send for your crosses of honor, as presentation must be made only to the ones entitled to them and not to messengers, and they must be presented by the Daughters of the Confederacy.

R. V. HOUSTON,
Commander of Camp Walkup.

Our Ice House is opposite J. J. Lockhart & Co.'s store. Phone us when you want Ice. No 30.
CATHEY & WALLACE.

I want your old Iron.—J. D. Parker.

THE RUSSIAN MASSACRE.

A Letter From a Jewish Resident of New York Tells a Most Harrowing Story.

Half of the atrocities attending the massacre of the Jews of Kishineff, Bessarabia, and neighboring villages, described in letters received in this country by relatives of the oppressed people in the Russian province, and turned over to the New York central relief committee, are of such character that they can not be told in print.

Women and children in particular were treated with almost inconceivable brutality. During the three days' reign of terror, the effects of which have not yet been dispelled by the presence of Russian soldiery, there were scenes of inhuman violence. In the letters in which these scenes are depicted it has been necessary to eliminate more than half of all that was told.

One of the most interesting of those letters was received by Mrs. Yetta Feldman of No. 231 Henry street, from her husband, Nocham Feldman, who recently went on a visit to relatives in Russia, his health being the object of the trip. He was at Kishineff when the massacre occured, and wrote from there a letter, in which he described the horrible brutalities of the Russian fanatics. Only a part of the letter can be published. It is as follows:

"My Dear Wife—You have doubtless heard of the massacre in Kishineff. My hand trembles, my brain is on fire, and my thoughts are confused as I write these lines.

"I am ill with the blows I have received. May God grant that I fully recover in a month or two. The few dollars that you sent to me were also stolen. I, myself, gave them up so that my life should be saved. I have only my watch and chain at this time. They had been hidden, and the assassins did not find them.

"Never has there yet been such a terrible massacre as this one at Kishineff. A great battle was fought to-day, I had a visit from doctor. As soon as he left me I hired a carriage and drove to the hospital. In the hospital there are 485 wounded. My God grant recoverry for even 100 of them.

"The doctor say those who do recover will be crippled for life. From the hospital I drove to the cemetery. There lay thirty-eight corps, who will to-day be interred. These thirty eight were photographed before they were dressed for their last resting place. Those in the hospital who are expected to die will also be photographed. This calamity is greater than the calamity of the Temple. Three-quarters of Kishineff has been destroyed.

"People were slaughtered in their own houses. Furniture was chopped to bits, clothing was torn up, houses were burned, bricks from the houses were scattered, and even the chimneys were torn down. A waste was made of all Kishineff. The city is now as white as after a hard snowstorm from feathers from beds scattered about. Eight thousand families are lying on the streets with nothing but the sky over them. Brands were put on the houses, and men, women and children, all naked barely escaped.

"To every ten persons 5 pounds of bread are given. My sister Esther, with her two children, were brought to my father's house in their night clothes. They were terrible beaten and bruised. Her condition was frightful. May God have pity on them. In the surrounding villages the Jews suffered similar fates.

"It is a day of nakedness. The number of killed is not rightly estimated as yet.

Nice Meats Our Hobby!

Anything in the line of nice tender meats is our hobby. We lead the trade. H. Z. White.

Sweetest Living.

Atlanta Constitution.

Fleecy clouds a-floatin'
Dream-like overhead,
Yonder, in green meadows,
June—with clocks of red!

Then ho! for sweetest living
By hills and flower-fair streams,
Bright nuns to sit "blood nothing,"
And stars to whisper dreams!

When in need of fresh meat—phone No. 91. J. D. Parker.

THE NEED OF INSURANCE

If you will permit

us to demonstrate to you the need of Insurance, we are satisfied that you will no longer be without it.

Level-headed men realize the importance of Insurance; but we wish ty talk to those who are not fully aware of the advantages of Insurance, and respectfully solicit an opportunity to give them information.

Best and strongest companies represented.

Gordon & Thompson.

New Ordinances.

No. —. It shall be unlawful for any person to climb or in any manner ascend any telephone, telegraph or electric light pole in the city of Monroe, except those persons employed by the respective owners of such poles, who may climb or ascend them for the purpose of making such repairs or inspections as they deem necessary. Any person violating this ordinance shall pay a penalty of five dollars.

No. —. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to attach any hose to any private hydrant for the purpose of sprinkling any lawn, garden, street or ground or to use the city water for such purposes. Any person violating this ordinance shall pay a penalty of five dollars for each and every offense. This ordinance shall be in force until the well now being bored is completed.

R. C. ASHCRAFT, Sec'y.

Land Sale.

By virtue of a power in a certain mortgage deed to me executed by John F. Ford, on the 20th November, 1899 (the said conveyance being recorded in book AD, page 65), I will, on the

3rd day of July, 1903,

at 12 o'clock m., at the court house door in Monroe, N. C., sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following parcel or lot of land in the town of Wesham, viz: Beginning at a stake, S. E. corner of colored M. E. church lot, and runs N. 81½ E 8 chains and 60 links to a stake by 2 small p. o's and hickory in Joseph Adams' line; thence with the said Joseph Adams' old line about N. 21 E 1 chain and 76 links, crossing a small hollow, to a stake by a small w. o. in the said Joseph Adams line, C. A. Williams' lot corner; thence with the said Williams' line S. 81½ W. 8 chains and 90 links to a stone, the M. E. church lot corner and also the Louis Davis and C. A. Williams lot corner; thence with the said colored M. E. church lot line S. 10½ W. 1 chain and 50 links to the beginning, containing ¼ acre and 20 poles of land more or less. This June 2nd, 1903.

D. S. DAVIS, Mortgagee.
Redwine & Stack, Attys.

Our Bargains Know No Bounds!

We are plunging ahead, captivating more and more people every week with our surprising bargains. It's your privilege to choose freely from these values now. Better ones couldn't be, "as good" ones are hard to find—if you do find as good, they won't be as cheap as ours.

Silks and Dress Goods.

The most comprehensive, the most elaborate, by all odds the most worthy showing we have ever made, and the prices—well, you will be surprised, that's all.

Corded Taffetas, worth 68c, special at 39c.
Wash Silks, worth 50c, special at 33⅓c.
Yard wide Taffeta Silk, no better for $1.25, special at 98c.
36 inch wide Jap Silk at 50c a yard.
38 inch white Silk at 75c a yard.
Peau de Crepe Silk, in all shades, the latest thing in Silks, at 98c a yard.
The Celebrated Bethalda Silk, yard wide, special at $1.25. This Silk is guaranteed in every respect.

Wash Goods.

Another big lot of Mill Ends put on sale today.
12½c P K at 7½ a yard.
10c Lawn at 7½c a yard.
Good Calico at 3½ cents a yard.
10c Lawn, beautiful patters, at 5c a yard.
20c Madras at 10c.
Full line of White Goods for dresses, waists, etc., at prices to suit all purses.

Miscellaneous.

75c Strengthy Seam Drawers, special at 48c.
$1.00 Shirts, special at 75c.
Suspenders 5c up.
50 dozen Socks, worth 20c, the lot special at 10c a pair.
10c Socks at 5c a pair.
Specials to offer in Clothing. See it.

Shoes.

The brightest, the snappiest Spring Shoes produced are here for your selection.
Children's, misses' and ladies' Oxfords, Pat. Leather, Bluchers, and Strap.

We sell Queen Quality Oxfords $2.50 and $3.00; all the new shapes; see them.

A Millinery Beauty Show.

A surprising exhibit of New Spring Millinery. The Paris Hats and our own matchless creations. We are splendidly equipped to meet your millinery wants. Showing an endless variety of choicest Netting at just the price you want to pay. New Parasols, the latest and prettiest for summer, just received and at prices that will interest you. Come to this store for your want and you will find it.

BELK BROTHERS

Cheapest Store on Earth.

W. S. BLAKENEY, President. A. M. STACK, Vice-President. J. RAYMOND SHUTE, Cashier.

—THE—

Bank of Union.

Safe, But Progressive and Liberal.

A modern banking house with every facility for the prompt and careful handling of all business.

Get one of our Pretty Steel Banks,

carry it home, deposit your savings and get interest on them.

The Latest.

We have just received a new lot of Shirt Waist Sets in Gray and Oxodized Silver for ..... 25 cents
Beads, all colors, ... 25 cents
Belt Pins, the 50 cent lot, for ..... 25 cents
Close out lot 50 cent Hat Pins for ..... 25 cents

When you pass our store look at the display in our window and take your choice for 25 cents.

The W. J. Rudge Co.

Plenty of Difference!

Which Do You Choose?

You want paint which will protect the material it covers and give beauty to the place. The best paint is that which gives the best color and stands the LONGEST SERVICE.

Here's a low price paint that will save cash and look well. No mistake in using it. Stands the wear of years.

Make your improvements by using Heath & Miligan Paints.

C. N. Simpson, Jr.

Successor to C. E. HOUSTON.

A. LEVY. MRS. A. LEVY.

We have supplied thousands of the good people of Monroe and Union County with their spring

Dry Goods, Clothing and Millinery

but there are others who have not yet bought and we are ready to

WAIT ON YOU

now with the determination to give you better selections, better bargains, and better and prettier goods than you can get this side of Baltimore. Now is the time. A. Levy's is the place.

A. LEVY. MRS. A. LEVY.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Cures Grip in Two Days.

Take **Laxative Bromo Quinine** Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.