

Bandit's Amazing Feats.

The pursuit of the bandits who last Monday night entered the Russian State bank here, killed the guardian and secured \$5,500, resulted today in another highly dramatic incident and cost four more lives at Tamersons, where two of the fugitives were cornered. One of the bandits got possession of the town hall and held it for hours, but finally was subdued by a stream of water directed by the firemen.

Picked Up Here and There.

Sometimes the most interesting newspaper articles are under the above heading. Some times the greatest bargains are "picked up here and there." Men have grown rich by picking up bargains wherever they could.

Solicitor Robinson for Re-Election.

It is with pleasure that we announce to the Democratic people of the Eighth judicial district that the Hon. Lee D. Robinson will be a candidate for re-election as solicitor. For almost five years Mr. Robinson has ably, fearlessly and conscientiously discharged the duties of this position.

Before his election as solicitor and up to this time he has been a safe, conservative and honest counselor and an able and intelligent advocate, and has attained pre-eminent distinction in each branch of his profession.

It is because of his character, capacity and intelligence that we commend him to the Democrats of this judicial district. A Sad Story. Some time ago the Mercury published a true story of how a well-dressed old lady drove to an old negro woman's house in Greensboro, leaving a female infant a week old, plenty of clothing, \$100 in money, and telling the old negro to care for it.

Items Around Washaw.

Mrs. James Morris died at her home in the Osceola neighborhood on Monday, after a brief illness. Her remains were buried at Pleasant Grove church on Tuesday. Mrs. Morris was about 36 years of age and is survived by a husband and four children.

Mr. John Helms, who lives about five miles southwest from this place, had the great misfortune to lose his barn, together with all its contents, by fire Saturday night. A good mule perished in the flames, and a buggy, wagon, harness, etc., were all burned.

The fire is believed—and that not without good reasons—to have been the work of an incendiary. It has been only about two weeks since his brother, Mr. Fulton Helms, lost his dwelling and all its contents in a similar way.

From what the Enterprise is able to learn, not a great many voters in this part of the county are going to be favorable to holding the Democratic primary so early in the year as the month of May. Farmers are entirely too busy during the spring and early summer to give the candidates much thought or attention.

SON KILLS FATHER

And When Arrested for Deed Dies of Fright.

Under arrest, charged with murdering his father, Robt. L. Traynham, while being taken to Lynchburg to avoid danger of lynching here, died on the train as the result of the intense excitement upon a weakened heart.

A piece of twine tied around a blood-stained copy of the Washington Post of February 14, found beside the body of ex-City Sergt. J. B. Traynham, who was murdered Sunday night a week ago at his rooms here, furnished the clue which the police followed up to the arrest of the murdered man's son this morning.

The twine was of a peculiar kind, used only by one merchant here, and the police discovered from him that he had sold a hatchet to Traynham's son a few days previous to the murder. It also was discovered that the son carried the hatchet concealed in his overcoat Saturday and Sunday previous to the murder.

Last night Chief Dyer decided that he had the chain of circumstantial evidence strong enough to warrant an arrest. He called in Commonwealth's Attorney Perkins and others and laid the evidence before them. They agreed that the chain was about as complete as it could be, and that it was the hand of Robert Traynham that murdered his father.

The chief considerably wished to spare Mrs. Traynham the shock of the arrest of her husband, and Detective Griffin was sent with the body to the home, No. 375 Thirteenth avenue southwest. Other officers were posted about the house, and Detective Griffin went to the street, accompanied by Officer Overstreet. Mr. Traynham was told that Chief Dyer wished to see him, and he accompanied the officers. After leaving the home, Traynham was informed that he was under arrest. The officers quietly took the prisoner to the depot and boarded the train for Lynchburg.

While he was en route to Lynchburg he scarcely spoke except to beg for water, several draughts of which he ravenously drank during the fifty-mile ride. On the arrival of the train at Lynchburg, when ordered by the officers to get up, he exclaimed, "Oh, my knees," and began foaming at the mouth, and before he could be removed on a stretcher to the baggage-room he expired.

From the first suspicion pointed to the son. For the past two years his life has been anything but exemplary. Before that he held a position of importance in the railroad shops, but forsook it for the more alluring card table. For eighteen months his wife had believed him to be connected with the shops, and he accounted for his absence by stating that he had to go out of the city for the Norfolk and Western. It also was known that he was in financial trouble.

Traynham played cards Sunday night up to 8 o'clock, but nothing in regard to his movements could be found after that hour, and when interviewed by Chief Dyer he could not account for the time after that. It was noticed that he had a scratch on his face and slight cuts on his hands. Those with whom he played cards on Saturday say that he had no scratch on his face and there were no cuts on his hands.

Little Boy in Chesterfield Shoots His Sister.

A sad affair occurred in the home of Mr. Phillip Hurst, who lives in the Shiloh church section, late last Monday afternoon. It seems that Mr. Hurst had his gun, probably shooting a bird near the house, and gave it to one of his little boys to carry into the house. After the little fellow, who was about 7 years old, had been in the house a short while, his sister, nearly 14 years old, started in the house to see what the little fellow was doing, and as she got to the door the gun fired and the whole load of shot struck her on the top of the head, tearing away all of the hair on a place measuring two or three inches and breaking the skull, causing pieces of it to enter the brain. Dr. Teal, being on his way to that section, was gotten to her in about one-half hour after the shooting. After relieving the pressure on the brain by some of the broken pieces of the skull, the girl went into spasms and died in about thirty minutes.

The load did not enter the skull, but seemed to strike and glance after breaking it. This is indeed a sore trial for the family. Mr. and Mrs. Hurst certainly have the sympathy of every one.

One Murderer Sure of His Destination.

Elsewhere in our news columns will be found a brief story of an old negro who died in Stokes county a few days ago and confessed on his death bed to the murder of a white man committed many years previous, in which he cut his victim's heart out and roasted it in the fire. The remarkable thing about it is that the old negro, after confessing it, remarked that he was going straight to hell for his sin. We don't know about that and wouldn't offer an opinion, but it is refreshing to know that some murderers still look upon hell as a final resting place. It is getting quite common for every murderer and rapist in the country to announce before departing that they are going the most direct route from this world to heaven, without any stops or layovers. Of course, it is possible for murderers and rapists to repent of their sins and be forgiven by a God who is ever compassionate, but we were never favorably impressed with the gallows as a starting point for glory, and it varies the monotony of things to hear of one murderer who is really in fear of hell and is impressed with its awful reality.

Beautiful Woman With Heart of a Fiend.

Mrs. Cora Carpenter was arrested here today accused of wrecking a Pennsylvania freight train a week ago Wednesday night, and attempting to wreck a fast passenger train on that night and the night following. Mrs. Carpenter is a member of a prominent family of this county and is a beautiful woman, highly educated and apparently refined. She is supposed to have a mania for causing and witnessing wrecks. The authorities declare it was a miracle that a fast train, crowded with passengers, was not wrecked on the first and second attempts to ditch it.

Grover Bachman, aged 20, who was arrested yesterday, today confessed that he and Mrs. Carpenter wrecked a freight train last week, but that its unexpected arrival prevented the loss of as many lives as they expected.

The plot, as outlined by Bachman, was that together they would wreck the train and that when the horror of the catastrophe had caused a large reward to be offered, Mrs. Carpenter would tell on him. He was willing to serve a year or so in the penitentiary, he says, and after that was over the two had planned a life of ease.

How the Mob Does Negroes in Ohio.

The difference between mob violence in Ohio and the South as regards crimes by negroes is again emphasized by the news of the riot in Springfield Tuesday night. Because of the fatal shooting of a white man by two negroes, a mob which defied the police set fire to houses in the negro quarter of the town and a number were destroyed. In short, the crowd made war on all negroes because of the crime of two of their number. A Southern mob might have lynched the offenders, but it would not have maddened innocent parties. An occurrence similar to this outbreak occurred in Springfield some two or three years ago.

[For three nights the mob raged against the negroes and were suppressed only by machine guns in the hands of the soldiers.]

A Scientific Wonder.

The cures that stand to its credit make Bucklen's Arnica Salve a scientific wonder. It cured E. R. Mulford, lecturer for the patrons of husbandry, Waynesboro, Pa., of a distressing case of piles. It heals the worst burns, sores, boils, ulcers, cuts, wounds, chilblains and salt rheum. Only 25c. at all druggists.

Secret Passage Foils Hunters of Rockefeller.

According to a statement made yesterday in the office of Lawyer Henry Wollman, who represents Missouri in its suit to take away the charter of the Standard Oil Company, the process servers who are hunting for John D. Rockefeller have just made what is to them a most disagreeable discovery. They have learned, to their astonishment and chagrin, that there is a private or secret passageway between the home of the oil king at No. 4 West Fifty-fourth street and the residence of his son-in-law, E. Parmentier, at No. 5 West Fifty-third street.

For weeks and weeks the sleuths have been wondering why they could not catch the elder Rockefeller. They have had him, as they believed, neatly "spotted" on several occasions at his big town house. Then they seated themselves patiently in front of the brownstone mansion and peered calmly and triumphantly through the iron railings.

"We've got him this time," they said. After they had waited for several hours they would get word that Mr. Rockefeller had left his house and was on his way to his gabled retreat at Pocantico Hills, up in Westchester county.

Henry Wollman, counsel for the State of Missouri in its suit against the Standard Oil Company, said yesterday: "If we had \$10,000 we could hire fifty process servers, and then, I suppose, we could get our hands on Mr. Rockefeller somehow, some time. But our present force has been baffled by the passageway between his home and that of his son-in-law, and by the multitudinous passageways in the Standard Oil building, No. 26 Broadway." Mr. Wollman said he had received several tips to the effect that the oil king was not in Europe, or in the South, but was in reality vibrating between his home in this city and his estate at Pocantico Hill.

The process servers have also been baffled in their search for other big Standard Oil men, notably Chas. M. Pratt, Walter Jennings, Henry M. Tilford, Wesley H. Tilford, Chas. T. White, Robt. H. McNail, Jas. B. Taylor and Michael M. Van Beuren.

Pratt is a red-headed man, and the sleuths thought he would be an easy mark. But they soon found to their dismay that the Standard Oil headquarters at No. 26 Broadway was full of red-headed men, many of whom looked more or less like Pratt. Pratt lives in Brooklyn, in a row of mansions all inhabited by Pratts, all of whom are red-headed.

Hindoo Woman's Sad Lot.

The Hindoo holy books forbid a woman to see dancing, hear music, wear jewels, blacken her eyebrows, eat dainty food, sit at a window, or view herself in a mirror during the absence of her husband, and allows him to divorce her if she has no sons, injures his property, quarrels with another woman, or presumes to eat before he has finished his meal.

Home Baking with ROYAL Baking Powder. The United States Agricultural Department has issued (and circulates free) a valuable report giving the results of elaborate experiments made by and under the direction of the Department, which show the great saving from baking at home, as compared with cost of buying at the bakers.

It makes a woman awful proud to say she doesn't play whist as well as her husband when he can't do it at all. A girl likes to dance till four o'clock in the morning because her mother will be too sleepy after midnight to notice how she is flirting.

Out of Debt. "Out of debt at last—at last!" "Hear him speak those words last night. Dear old father!" and a tear. For a moment dimmed his sight. What a tale they told to us! Then for words so softly said: As he turned away his eyes, Bending thankfully his head, Thankful that the strife was past, "Out of debt at last—at last!"

Reflections of a Bachelor. It's pretty nice the way a girl's lips can look so red and warm and feel so cool and fresh. A man can be hated and awful popular with his relatives at the same time if he has money enough. A girl is always afraid that somebody will see her stocking when there is a hole in it, or won't when there isn't. It makes a woman awful proud to say she doesn't play whist as well as her husband when he can't do it at all.

Only 60 Days in Business. Have sold twice the amount in stock and I am better prepared to-day than ever to furnish you nice fresh goods at the lowest prices. Goods delivered anywhere in the city. See local ads.

Special Sewing Machine Sale. You will do well to call and see our line of Sewing Machines. Our line consists of the following standard makes: Wheeler & Wilson, Davis, Standard, Silver King. Call and get our prices before you buy. The W. J. Rudge Co.

New Quarters! New Men! Our laundry is now turning out first-class work in every respect. In our new place at the famous Tan Trough Spring we have everything fixed up in good running order. Here we have the best water for washing purposes to be found anywhere. If you have not already given us a trial you should do so at once.

Bank of Union. W. S. BLAKENEY, President. J. R. SHUTE, Vice-President. W. C. STACK, Cashier. THE BANK OF UNION. MONROE, N. C. This Bank has been operated in the interest of the people at large as well as its stockholders. Its officers have done their best to build up Monroe and the surrounding country.

Why You Should Start a Bank Account. To provide for a "rainy day." To establish a business standing. To do business in a business way. To provide for opportunity of investment. To establish habits of thrift and economy. To build up self-esteem—a quality required for success in business.

Every Two Minutes. Physicians tell us that all the blood in a healthy human body passes through the heart once in every two minutes. If this action becomes irregular the whole body suffers. Poor health follows poor blood; Scott's Emulsion makes the blood pure. One reason why SCOTT'S EMULSION is such a great aid is because it passes so quickly into the blood. It is partly digested before it enters the stomach; a double advantage in this. Less work for the stomach; quicker and more direct benefits. To get the greatest amount of good with the least possible effort is the desire of everyone in poor health. Scott's Emulsion does just that. A change for the better takes place even before you expect it.

Brother Minister Wants to Go to Prison for Another. Dean Beecher of Trinity cathedral, Omaha, begged the Federal court today to send him to prison for a year instead of his friend and brother minister, the Rev. Geo. G. Ware, who was convicted of conspiracy to defraud the government by illegal homestead entries. The court would not consent. Ware will appeal from the sentence of one year in the county jail and a fine of \$1,000.

Why You Should Start a Bank Account. To provide for a "rainy day." To establish a business standing. To do business in a business way. To provide for opportunity of investment. To establish habits of thrift and economy. To build up self-esteem—a quality required for success in business. To protect life; avoid robbery; lessen crime; conduce to peace and safety. For convenience and safety in keeping of receipts and disbursements; also for settling for accounts and purchases. Lastly, but not least, "for the glorious purpose of being INDEPENDENT." START NOW, and with us. The People's Bank of Monroe.