

Chief

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In Canada they call this country "The States." Then why, asks the New York Independent, may not the riddle of a name for our people be solved by calling us "States-men?"

The Courier-Journal learns that Professor Wiggins lays the biame for the cold weather, the cholera and the rest of the ills with which the earth has recently been afflicted on the conjunction between Jupiter and Mars.

A mathamatician, who evidently has abundant leisure, has been figuring, relates the New York Naws, on the size of the mortgage we should now be carrying if Columbus had pledged this country for the cost of his outfit. Starting with the assumption that the expenditure cost Isabelle \$49,000, he adds interest compounded every six months. At the present time the amount foots up nearly 271 quadrillion dollars. Taking the population of the United States at 65,000,000, the little obligation reaches nearly 417 million dollars for each inhabitant. It is consequently a great relief to know that Columbus never set foot on North America. It would be very embarrassing to have a musty mortgage for that dizzy figure presented, with the customary notice of foreclosure.

! The New York Advertiser says: "Beginning with Grant's second inauguration in 1873, a period of twenty years, during which six Presidents have been inaugurated, the 4th of March fell on pleasant days only twice. The 4th of 1873, was a bitter cold and blustering day. There was neither snow nor rain, but the temperature was so low that death reaped a large harvest among those who participated in the parade. The 4th of March, 1877, when Hayes was inaugurated, was a miserably damp, pneumonia-breeding day. The 4th of March, 1881, when Garfield was inaugurated, and the 4th of March, 1885, when Cleveland was first inaugurated, were both pleasant days. Mr. Harrison's Inaugural address was delivered in the midst of a pouring rain, and Mr. Cleveland's second oath of office was taken while the snow beat upon his bared head. There is no sort of justifi. cation for the retention of this date for this important ceremony. It will always be made a spectacle. Surely it is not necessary to slay the people to celebrate the change in the administration of a Republican Government. Let the date be changed in the interests. - [humanity."

A BLUEBIRD'S SONG.

To simple souls, ofttimes in simplest ways, Come sweet surprises that-we scarcely know why-

Made glad with sudden brightness dreary days,

Or set a rainbow in a stormy sky. A smile, perhaps, from some dear pass-

er-by, A word, unsought, of sympathy or praise, A way-side flower, a flower-like butterfly-The veriest trifle has its spell to raise Some drooping heart to whom God bids

it speak . And I-who heard but now all unaware That bluebird's rapture thrilling on the air-I know its meaning is not far to seek:

To me faint-hearted, fearful, once again The Father sends a message-not in valu.

Mary Bradley, in Harper's Bazar.

STILTS MORGAN'S BLIZZARD

TILTS MORGAN had lived three winters in Dakota without once having seen a blizzard. He had come to have his doubts about the existence of such a thing. To be sure, he often read in the

Eastern papers that a blizzard had swept over his State and had done all sorts of dreadful things. But it had never come his way, and he firmly believed that these stories were the maticious inventions of dishonest newspaper correspondents in the pay of railroads and town-site companies anxious to divert immigration from Da. kota. Stilts used to inveigh against these cruel stories bitterly. To mention the word "blizzard" in his presence was the signal for such a storm of protest as suggested that if he had never actually encountered one he kept the possibility of it always with him.

Stilts was "proving up" on a claim not far from the city of Watertewn. He kept a grocery store in the city, but left it early every afternoon in charge of his brother so as to be able to sleep on his claim. He had to walk four miles across the prairie, but he argued that the walking did him good, and it became at last a very simple matter. He left town one afternoon in February, a little later than usual, but still in ample time to reach his shack before dark. It had been a warm, beautiful day. The sua had blazed out of a perfectly clear sky, and, although the air was sharp, everybody had gone around with his top-coat on his arm, if, indeed, he had bothered with it at all. Stilts knew that the weather changed quickly scmetimes, and he never ventured on his long walk without plenty of protection. So he took his coat with him-a heavy, oldtime buffalo-with his arm looped over it and his hands in his trousers pockets. Nothing momentous is apt to occur nowadays in a walk across a Dakcta prairie. The Indians, wolves, buffalo and everything else of former interest have gone forever. Gophers shoot around through the grass, but gophers are as small of account as sparrows in New York or turkey buzzards in Trinidad. Now and then a jack-rabbit would rear himself on his hind legs, point his long ears toward you and bound fleetly away. Sometimes a coyote would bark shrilly far beyond in the distance, and it might be possible to catch a glimpse of him, and once in a great while you might stumble on a colony of dogs. But when all these incidents had occurred the possibilities of the prairies were exhausted, and you were left to your own resources for entertainment. In this aspect of his case Stilts was fortunate. He had little to think of, but he possessed the rare faculty at will of not thinking at all, and would move on, mile after mile, without being conscious of anything. On the February afternoon I mentioned Stilts was thus occupied, that is, he was plodding along mechanically with his mind in a condition of simple repose. Suddenly, and as if awakened from dreamless sleep, the thought appeared in his mind that he was cold. It had probably been there quite a while before he perceived it, for now that he did perceive it, he seemed to recollect in a dim sort of way that he had been for some time uneasy. He reassumed control of his mental operations and looked around him. Something queer was in the air. When he last noticed things the weather was clear, sunny and warm. Now it was very cold, and the chill seemed to deepen profoundly every instant. The northern and eastern skies were a dead gray in color, and the southern and western wore a sickly red hue. The atmosphere was strangely still and thick. There was no sun visible, and get it could not have gons down. Stilts was oppressed. He seemed to feel that something dreadful was about to happen. He began to take his bearings. Less than a third of a mile in front of hum he saw his shack. For an instant he could make it out plainly, and yet, even as he leoked, it seemed to become indistinct. Half way between him and the house there ran a deep coulee, and he fixed the spot with his eyes where he wanted to strike it. These observations, from the particular second of time when he first thought he felt cold, had certainly consumed no more than three minutes, but now the entire dome above him was

sky, or rather the atmospheric cone within which his sight was limited, seemed to darken and close in on him. At one point just over his right shoulder and apparently a stone's throw distant in the air, there was a black knot about the size of a cannon-ball. It looked as if it were spinning around and whirling darkness and confusion far in all directions.

"God save me!" gasped Stilts. "I do see a blizzard now !"

Stilts was not his real name. I don's think I ever heard his real name, but if doesn't signify, anyhow. Everybody called him Stilts on account of his ab normally long and thin legs. He was tall, but his body was not well proportioned. The most of it was legs, and long as they were they lacked weight and muscle. It came like a flash into Stilts's mind that if he ever let that twirling black knot strike him it would carry him so far and turn him over so often that even if he got away from it alive he would have lost his bearings completely and would have no notion whatever as to the direction in which to walk. All the stories he had heard on read about people getting lost in the snow came surging upon him. He re-membered one case where a man started out in a blizzard to close his barn door, and perished in a vain effort to find it. Another, where a man and his young daughter left a church building in which, with others, the blizzard caught them, thinking they could surely reach their home on the other side of the street and only a few doors below the church. They were found dead in the snow not ten feet from the fence that inclosed their house. Stilts threw himself on his stomach, flattened out and dug his fingers and toes into the ground fiercely.

He did the right thing and did it not a moment too soon. The noise which had directed his attention to the black knot had become a startling thunder, wild flurries of snow darted and spread, and in another instant the blizzard broke! Ten million demons surcharged with fury could uot have made a wilder uproat, or produced a more fearful force. The luckiest thing that ever happened to

He said to himself that if ever he got out of this alive, he would go to somebady who knew one and get it and commit it to memory. But what to do now distressed him. He thought and thought and thought, but only to find himself repeating again and again;

Where is the little boy min ling his sheep? Under the hay-mow fast asleep. "Weil," said Stilts, gathering himself

together to begin the ascent, and to face the storm anew, "I can't help it; it's all I know; it's the best I can do, and if it won't go, why, so much the worse for It somewhat comforted him, however, and he felt better for saying it. The ascent to the top of the coulee was performed with the expenditure of

almost all his remaining strength, and when Stilts felt himself on the level prairie he moved slowly and feebly. He was conscious that 'us body was stiffening, that he no longer felt keenly, and that it was a question how far he could go without falling. This he attributed to the fearful cold rather than to fatigue, and he began to swing his arms, to jump, to pound his legs, and to do everything that would aid the circulation of his blood. He kept on and on until he felt sure he must be very near his shack, and then hope began to fail him. He could see nothing, hear nothing, but the wind, feel nothing but the savage snow. Still he walked, holding his hands outstretched before him, and uttering short, low moans of despair. Suddenly he fell.

He had stumbled. He moved his numb hands about in the snow. "It's my wood-pile!" cried Stilts; "I am saved!" It was his wood pile, but there were as many possible directions in which his shack might lie from the wood-pile as there were points of the compass. He figured the thing out, though, with no little judgment. If he had come in a reasonably straight line from the coulee to the wood-pile the shac's was about thirty feet to the right. He turned and paced off the thirty feet, thirty-five, forty-but he did not strike the shack. Then he faced directly about and paced

his way back to the wood-pile. Having got it again, he started off a second time, somewhat more to the right. in he failed and again he returned. He made five journeys back and forth from the wood-pile, not daring to move save in straight lines from and to it, his courage running higher at each start and failing deeper at each return. But the sixth trip gave him his life. He fell directly on the squared log that served him for a door step. Stilts opened his coat, and reached his stiff hand into its inside pocket for the key of the padlock that fastened his door. It took him an age to find it, and a weary, weary time to get it in the lock. But when, at last, he turned it and removed the hasp, leaned against the heavy door, staggered into warmth and safety, and fell upon his bed in the corner, he said, faintly, "I'll say over them lines again before I drop off to sleep. It's a wheat farm to a whisp o' straw that they was what saved me!"-

PALMETTO CHIPS.

News and Notes From Here, There & Newsy Gleanings from Cherokee to Everywhere in South Carolina. Street cars will be running at Florence on May 1st.

Commissioner Kirkland figures out the nterest on the direct tax refund to be \$35,000.

The Columbia city council refuses to bid for the State Girls' College. The bids now stand Spartsuburg \$43,000, Rock Hill \$60,000, Chester, \$55,000.

Judge Simonton dismissed the cross bill which had been filed by the Georgia Construction Company against the bondho'ders of the Carolina, Knoxy.lle and Western Railroad Company.

One of the signs of increased properity of the Columbia, Newberry and Laurens Railroad, is that the tolls on the United States mail have grown from \$600 is t year to nearly \$6,000 this year.

Gen. Elias Earle, a native of Green. ville, but more recently a resident of Florids, a veteran of the Mexican and last civil wars, died on Tuesday,

D. H. Traxler, the State dispensary commissioner, is in Columbia preparing to commence business, and, as the Sta e expresses it, "the government barroom is to le located in the agricultural hall building."

On the 12th of May-inless executive lemency or natural death interposes-Alfred Crosby, Isinc Crosby, Isaac Yongue, Martha Yongue and Elisha Yongue, all found guilty of the murder of Auderson McAlly, together with Joe Brannon, already under sentence of death, and all colored, will be hung at Chester.

The farmers in the Etta Jane section are planting large crops of sugar cane this year. Though they say they have much of the old crop of molasses over, they expect to keep a year's supply ahead. The Italians who have been working in the South Carolina phosphate mines are returning to sunny Italy.

Governor Tillman has written to Senator Smythe authorizing the use for the phosphace exhibition at Chicago of such part of the South Carolina exhibit that is now at the Augusta Exposition.

E. L. Roche had a consultation with the phosphate men of Charleston

NORTH CAROLINA SQUIBS.

Ada Liluroy

Currituck.

New Hanover's new court house, which is said to be by far the handsomest in the State, will soon be ready for occupancy .

A lodge of Odd Fellows which was organized in Statesville more than a year ago, with a good membership, has gone out of business.

Governor Carr has offered \$200 reward for the arrest of J. M. Benson, treasurer of Harnett county, official information having been received that Benson has taken \$2,400 of the county fund and fled.

It is reported that Captain Charles Price, who is attorney for the Richmond and Danville railroad, has succeeded in compremising nearly all the suits brought against the company on account of the Bostian Bridge wreck.

A bank, an opera-house, and a railroad are three things that will probably be added to the improvements of Lumber ton during the year 1893.

Mayor Fishblate, of Wilmington, has instructed the chief of police to notify his officers to arrest all persons they hear using profane and vulgar language on the streets.

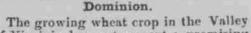
There are twelve North Carolina students at Harvard University, Massachu-setts, and several of them "stand way up." Of these eight are graduates of the University of North Carolina.

The North Carolina committee on colonial exhibits for the Columbian Exposition has called upon all citizens in that State to lend their aid in furnishing portraits, glass, china, silver and historic documents as belonging to the colonial and revolutionary period.

Ten students of the medical class in the Leonard medical school of Shaw University, colored, at Raleigh, bave graduated. Some of them are foreigners, one or two being from the Congo Free State, and having been sent at the direction of the King of the Belgans.

VIRGINIA HAPPENINGS.

The Latest News Items in the Old Dominion.





Stilts in all his life was his thinness at that moment. He held himself down in the cured grass and trembled. Stiff as he was with cold, the perspiration of fear wet his face. How long he lay he did not know, but he knew the snow was heavy on him and he began to be

afraid of losing consciousness. The wildest passion of the storm had passed -of that he felt certain. But it still raged and roared. The snow fell in lit. tle flakes that struck his face like whipsuaps. He could not see a foot in front of his eves. He was afraid, indeed, te open them, and ventured to do so only for a second now and then. He rost slowly, testing his strength against the storm with every movement until at last he stood upright with his face set, hs was sure, directly towards his little shack, one-third of a mile away.

Stilts had heard about the tendency of a man in walking, without visible marks to guide him, to move in a circle,

and he argued that there was danger of his missing the shack while being very near it. As the thing had been explained to him, the muscles of the right leg being stronger and more vigorous generally than these of the left, it was a circular movement toward the lett. He concluded, therefore, to strike out for a point to the right, or north of his shack. The wind had also to be taken into account. Its natural effect would be to throw him toward the left. Considering these facts, he began to move as swiftly as he dared, having due regard to the necessity of controlling the direction of every step. But it was not really swift. The wind caught him, almost turned him and stiffened every muscle. The cold was unthinkable. The biting, whirping snow seemed to raise a blister on every point of surface it struck. He could not turn from it lest he changed his route. He went forward a dozen steps, beating against the wind, and then paused in exhaustion-a dozen more and paused

again. He asked himself a thousand times. Would he never reach the coulee, even? Again and again he was sure he had lost it, sure he was going any other than the right way. But as last he thought he felt his footsteps descending, and now he was sure of it. Down, down, down he went, slowly but firmly, the force of the storm growing less with every step. He was at the bottom of the coulee!

Stilts had been thinking all kinds of things since he saw that black knot, and the thought which passed on him hard-est was that his time had probably come. His mind was choked with memories of his boyhood in Kentucky, of his mother, who was as good a woman as ever moaned a life into the world, and as he stopped for breath in the coulee, with the blizzard howling above him, he tried to recall the prayers she had taught him, but to save his soul he couldn't. He remembered the long meter Doxology, but as he said it over softly to himself, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," it didn't seem appropriate-at least just yet. The only other verse he could bring back were the lines: Where is the little boy minding his sheep? Under the hay-mow, fast asleep.

It wasn't a prayer, and Stilts know it wasn't. But he had never gone through

New York Tribune.

Whole Town Destroyed:

WILMINGTON, DEL -The chief of the fire department of this city received wora that the town of Galena, with about eight hundred inhabitants, near Chestertown, Md., was on fire and requesting assistance. A later dispatch was received saying the town had been wiped out. About two hundred houses were totally destroyed and several persons severely

burned while fighting the fire. No lives were lost. As uo raviroad nor telegraph office is in the town, it is impossible to get further details. The houses, which were frame were neat and substantial, and built close together. The town contained several agricultural implements shops and had a large school-house. The largest retail store in Kent county was located at Gelena.

Why One Illinois County is Small. In examining the map of the State of Illinois the question is often asked how it happened that Putnam County was founded so small. This is the reason given by the Virden Record . A number of years ago Putnam County embraced all the territory now in several of the adjoining counties, and had a Member of the Legislature. Whenever the citizens of a portion of this district would object to any of his actions the representative would introduce a bill making another county of that particular territory. This plan he followed for several years, till all that was left of the original county of Putnam was four townships, and this he continued to represent until he died.

General Smith Buried.

SEWANEE, TENN.-The funeral of General Edmund Kirby Smith took place Friday morning at 12 o'clock. A special train of six cars arrived from Nashville with nearly 500 veterans and two companies of State troops. The funeral was of a military character. A beautiful floral tribute was presented by the stud-ents of the University, of which the late General was a professor. Telegrams of condolence have poured in from all parts of the United States, showing the esteem in which he was held .

BIG BLAZE IN GLOUCESTER.

Nearly All the Town Destroyed by Fire.

WEST POINT, Va .- A big fire in the night destroyed the town of Gloucester

last week in relation to the phosphate exhibit to be made at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Great progress is being made in collecting specimens and making other final arrangements for the proposed exhibit.

The Kershaw Manufacturing Co.'s new \$250,000 cotton factory at Camden is rapidly nearing completion, and the spindles will soon be in operation.

Charleston's commerce in 1891 ran to almost the clear hundred million mark. While she fell off some in the year 1892. in common with the trade of the whole country, due to depressing causes universally prevalent, her legitimate rate of expansion is exemplified in the remarkable increase of exports and imports from \$13,807,673 in 1890 to \$21,857,470 in 1891, or \$8,049,797, or the amazing figure of 60 per cent. in a single twelve months.

THE ATLANTA SENSATION.

Some Gate City Bank Directors in Very Ugly Position.

WASHINGTON, D. C .- It is authoritatively learned at the department of justice that special counsel Henry W. Jackson, employed in the Gate City Na tional Bank case of Atlanta, Ga., has not been removed, but any further action on his part in the case has been suspended until Attorney General Olney and Secretary Carlisle of the treasury department agree upon the course to be pursued.

The Gate City National Bank case, .'s far as information reaches here goes, has assumed a very peculiar phase. The bank Thursday, in the opinion of the treasury officials, is in a position to open its doors and pay off every dollar of its indebtedness caused by the defalcation of Redwine, its cashier, but there is said to b: some disagreement as to who shall constitute the board of directors, and for that reason principally the bank has not been reopened.

On the other hand, it intimated that several of the old directors are open to the charge of having wrongfully taken money from the bank. This view is suid to be held by Special Counsel Jack son, who was formerly attorney for the bank. Gen. Jackson's son, it will be recalled, committed suicide shortly after Redwine's defalcation, and in some way not clearly indicated the suicide of young Jackson was connected with Redwine's defalcation. Gen. Jackson, special counsel in this case, was naturally very much grieved at the suicide of his son. and the intimation unofficially thrown out here is that Gen. Jackson has become overwhelmed with grief and has made very wild statements and insinuations against some of the old board of directors, so gave in character that the Government has been called upon to stop further action on his part in the case, until a most thorough and searching investigation of the bank's condition can be made.

Chicago Eats Texas Strawberries.

CHICAGO, ILL .- Four hundred cases of strawberries picked ripe in Texas and shipped in a new refrigerator arrived here Wednesday in quite good condition. This shipment was an experiment, and consignees are so will satisfied that they will continue to receive small fruits from Texas throughout the season.

Tom Watson Gives Up His Contest.

of Virginia does not present a promising appearance.

A new town, to be named Dawson City, is being laid off on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, near Cherry Run.

A new bank has been organized at Norfolk with \$250,000 capital. It will be call d the Norfolk Bank for Saving & Trust.

The Chesapcake and Ohio Railroad Company will construct a road up the Guyandotte river in order to reach some coal dep sits

Robert Stevens, a venerable citizen of Louisa county, was killed by being caught under a falling tree.

A millionaire Colorado miner and a Be'gian repr sent tive of a company are on their way to Virginia with a view to investing in gold properties in Fluvanna, Goochland and Fauquier counties.

The fruit trees and strawberry patches around Nor'olk are blooming on the truck farms, and the green stuff, under the warm rains, is looking very promising. The season will be late owing to the severe freezes of January, but the truckers all believe the outlook is very favorable for a large yield of everything and a profitable season ahead unless the cholera scare cu's off the markets. The green peas never looked prettier at this time of the year and only a heavy breeze will speil a fine crop.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Latest Happenings Condensed and Printed Here.

Joe Bond, colored, was convicted Friday at Appling, Ga., of the murder of Louis Shank, also colored, last December.

Dr. H. C. Hornaday, a well-known Baptist preacher of Atlanta, died at Montezuma, Ga., Thursday. He had been ill a long time.

The Campbell Glass and Paint Company's establishment, in Kansas City, Mo., was completely destroyed by fire. Loss \$120,000; issurance \$100,000.

Mike Chambers, in jail at Sacramento, Cal., has confessed that he is the man who murdered Fred Fetterman some months ago at Huntsville, Tenn.

The Pennsylvania board of pardons has recommended pardons for "Abe" Buzzard, the notorious Welch Mountain outlaw, and James S. Dungan, the wrecker of the Bank of America, Philadelphia.

The Philadelphia, Admiral Gherardi's flagship, the Baltimore, the Yorktown, the Vesuvius and the torpedo boat Cushing sailed from New York Frirday for the naval rendezvous at Hampton Roads.

The Chattanooga Bar have sent to Governor Turney their endorsement of Judge W. K. McAllister, of Nashville, for appointment as Judge Lorton's successor on the State Supreme Bench.

Fate of Six Fishermen.

PROVINCETOWN, MASS .- The fishing schooner Ada K. Damon lost six men on Tuesday. They were setting trawls from dories when a snow storm shut them from view, and they were not seen again. Three dories and one dead body blew ashore between Manset and Welfleet.

Hard Times in Atlanta.

The chief dry goods dealers of Atlanta,

