

THE ANGLO SAXON

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ROCKINGHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1899.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE TO EVERYBODY.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Interesting Items Gathered From Our State Exchanges.

Greensboro will erect a \$100,000 Hotel.

The King's Daughters will meet in State convention at Southern Pines June 1, 2 and 3.

There is talk of extending the Concord & Aberdeen railroad through to Mooresville.

No more convicts will be sentenced to the North Carolina penitentiary by the Federal courts.

The State board of education has given an option to I. M. Meekins on the State lands in Camden county, about 19,000 acres, at 50 cents an acre.

The encampment of the State Guard will be held at Morehead. This has been decided upon, but has not yet been officially announced, says the Post.

The contract was let a few days ago for the building of the new silk mill near Roanoke Rapids. This mill, unlike the two other silk mills now being established in North Carolina, is chiefly owned by local investors.

The First Regiment Band is on a tour of the principal towns in the State, after which it will locate, for one year in the town appearing the best inducements. It is pronounced second only to Sousa's famous band and the town will be fortunate which secures it.

The corporation commissioners have gone to the eastern part of the State on a tour of inspection of railroads and steamboat lines. They will inspect first the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad, then the steamboat line from Newbern to Elizabeth City. From there they will go over the Norfolk and Southern, entering up with the branch roads of the Atlantic Coast Line in the eastern part of the State.—Raleigh News.

Phone messages from China Grove tell of a shocking suicide which happened two miles below that place last night about midnight. David Daughtry, a middle-aged man with a family, took his life in a fit of depression following a protracted drinking spell. He woke his wife and asked if he had not been drunk and abusive toward his family. She answered that he had been drunk, but had not maltreated her or the children in any way. He then said that he would never abuse them again, and reaching for a double-barrelled shot gun, placed the muzzle under his chin and pulled the trigger with his toes. His face and the front part of his head were blown off, the brains spattering against the wall of the room.—Charlotte Observer.

We have received what appears to be the second number of "The Anglo-Saxon," the successor to the Rockingham Rocket, which has just been begun at that thriving town. Mr. H. Clay Wall, an experienced journalist, is the president of the company which owns it, and Mr. A. J. Maxwell is the editor and business manager. It starts well and we cordially wish it every success. The Observer has had frequent occasion to commend the writings of Mr. Maxwell who has been ably editing the Columbus News, a Bryan and free silver Democratic paper at Whiteville. The latter will be continued by Mr. Maxwell's brother.—Fayetteville Observer.

There is one simple way open to congress by which the trusts may be restrained. It is the repeal of every protective duty on every article controlled by a trust. Nothing could be more just than to knock the tariff props out from under any combination of capital which uses them as means of crushing competition and creating monopolies.—Atlanta Journal.

Bobby—"Say Popsy, what's political economy?" "Never to buy any more votes than you absolute-

The Craig Bill and Insurance Companies.

Up to Saturday night exactly twenty-two companies had become North Carolina companies under the Craig Bill. They are divided as follows: Life, 6; fire, 15; bonding, 1.

Quite a number of other companies have given notice of their attention to comply with the law as soon as they can get the proper papers.

Yesterday, June 1st, was the time limit fixed by the bill for corporations doing business in the State to become domesticated. Such insurance companies as now have agencies in North Carolina must comply with the law for they cannot close up business here entirely.

If any companies think that by not taking new business, they have "stopped business" and will not be liable to the penalty they are mistaken. The United States Supreme Court, in a late case, in which the Connecticut Mutual Insurance Company was a party (172 U. S., 602) has held as follows:

"A foreign insurance company which has been doing business within a State does not cease to do business therein when it draws its agent and ceases to take new policies if its old policies remain in force, the premiums on which are sent to an agent of the company in another State."

In such case the company is liable to \$200 per day penalty, which can be collected today by garnishee process against the premiums.

The Consumer Pays.

Go to Washington. Dull you may be, indifferent you surely are. Yet you shall not escape the knowledge of the unevenness and maladjustment of public dues. Wherever you look, whatever the item, the poor pay the taxes, the rich ride fairly free. One is taxed for what he needs, not what he has, and the consumer pays. Whether it be whiskey or woollens, sugar or cigars, it isn't the man who sells, it's the man who buys who meets the tax. And the last purchaser pays all.

Leaving national for local government, and Washington for home, as you scan taxation, you note that, still and ever, it is the poor man who pays. The Verdict doesn't assume to know the tax conditions of States and counties other than its proper home. It knows the taxing story of New York, however, and it will hazard half its income that the story finds frank parallel in every county in the land. Personal property escapes and real property is left to bear the general burden. Which means that the rich folks and the corporations go much unladen of taxes, while the renter and small home-owner are made to carry the load. For mark you! it isn't the landlord, it's the tenant who discharges the public dues against the roof-tree that shelters him. The city takes from the landlord and calls it taxes; the landlord adds this contribution to the charge against the tenant and recovers in the sacred name of rent. Whether it be whiskey or rent, tenant or toper, the consumer pays.—Verdict.

He Didn't Budge.

One time a carriage met a young man in a buggy driving in a narrow lane, where they couldn't pass.

"I shan't make way for you," said the young man.

"I am older than thou art," replied the Quaker, and therefore have a right to expect thee to give way so that I can pass."

"Well, I won't," resumed the young fellow. Then he pulled out a newspaper and began to read, as he sat still in his carriage.

The Quaker, observing him, pulled a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, struck a light, and sat and puffed away very comfortably.

"Friend," said he, "when thou hast read that paper I should be very glad if thou wouldst lend it to me."

The young man gave up the con-

NEWS EPITOME.

The Week's News Told in Condensed Paragraphs.

Dreyfus will be given a new trial.

The Hague Peace Conference considers favorably America's arbitration proposal.

Forest fires have destroyed vast property in New Jersey. The loss is estimated at \$150,000.

Secretary Wilson's Southern tour convinces him that tea may be profitably grown in this country.

Mrs. W. J. Bryan addressed the graduating class of Jacksonville (Fla.) Academy on "The American Woman."

Ex-president Harrison, who will act as chief counsel for Venezuela in the Venezuelan boundary dispute, has arrived in Paris.

The Treasury Department has decided to make a formal inquiry to establish responsibility for grounding of the steamship Paris.

Kraenling, of the Pennsylvania Athletic club, on Saturday last, at the Manhattan field broke the world's record for broad jump. The new record is 24 feet 4 1/2 inches.

Charles Hutchinson, a young man, was shot by his wife during a family quarrel at Arcadia Thursday and instantly killed. The woman pleads self-defence. She is but 26 years old and Hutchinson is her fifth husband.

Governor Sayers, of Texas, has addressed letters to the Governors and Attorney Generals of all the Southern States asking them what date would be most convenient to them to attend a convention to consider the question of uniform legislation in opposition to trusts.

The emperor of Germany may be erratic on some subjects but he has very practical views as to education. He has sent two sons to Keil to learn the trades of carpentering, cabinet making and blacksmithing. They are to go into the shops like ordinary apprentices and will be required to "buckle down" to work.

The emperor's design is to have all his sons learn one or more trades so thoroughly that they could, if it became necessary, earn a good living by manual labor.

The belief in so-called Christian science is sweeping over parts of the North. Its followers refuse all medical attention when sick, and the legal phase of the question is being discussed. It is argued that when a person gets sick and unable to help himself and his attendants refuse to procure medical aid for him, they should be punished. Ex-Vice President Stevenson's sister lately died without medical attention. Christian science claims to heal by prayer and faith. A man named Kipper and his wife, science doctors, were arrested in Buffalo Tuesday charged with manslaughter, in causing the death of a nine-year old boy, who is said to have died of pneumonia without medical aid. The parents of the boy will be arrested after the funeral.

The Summer Season Should be Taken With a Grain of Salt.

The way to the seaside is by the Seaboard Air Line. Saturday and Sunday excursions from May 20th to September 24th to Virginia Beach, Ocean View and Old Point Comfort, round trip \$3.50 via the Seaboard Air Line. Tickets will be on sale Saturdays and Sundays, good to return following Monday from Raleigh, Boykins, Durham, Lewis and intermediate points.

The wife of a man named Moon, in Arkansas, presented him with a fine boy. This was the new moon. The father celebrated the event by drinking himself full. This was the full moon. When he awoke from his drunken stupor, all he had left in his pocket was twenty-five cents. This was the last quarter. His mother-in-law beat him over the head with a club, thus giving him a total eclipse.

When you come to judge a singer always remember how perfectly you yourself

AN OLD HUNTER'S HOME.

(Col. Steele in Forest and Stream.)

The following beautifully written classic came from the pen of Col. Steele many years ago. The interesting characters it reveals, types of bygone days, and the simple, chaste English in which the story is told, warrant its reproduction. It was republished by the Fayetteville Observer last week.

Many years ago, when sulks and gigs and buggies and wagons and the horse were the only means of transportation along the highways, roadside inns were much more common than they now are, and occasionally one was to be found which afforded the weary traveler genuine refreshment and repose after the toilsome journey of the day. Such a stopping place as I have described was situated on the east bank of a stream called Quewhiffle, in the county of Cumberland, and thirty miles west of Fayetteville, which was for a long while the market town of a large portion of the western part of this State. Since that time, by reason of the construction of railroads, a very considerable part of the trade which that place once controlled has been diverted to other marts, though the town is still in a somewhat thriving condition. The house to which I refer was made of pine logs, nicely hewed, was of one story in height, had a small piazza on the south side, at one end of which was a "shed room," about ten feet square, and in the rear a large one, extending the whole length of the house. Its only chimney was made of puncheons and dirt and sticks. The windows were destitute of glass, and shielded from the weather by plank shutters. Just on the outside of one of them, near the fireplace, was a platform, upon which the proprietor always kept a large supply of lightwood knots with which he found it easy at all times to keep a blazing fire, rendering the use of other lights entirely unnecessary.

The dwelling was inclosed, and was not more than ten feet from the north side of the highway. All the out-houses were of the same unpretending character. Paint was unknown. The country all around was, and is, very unproductive, and no one acquainted with the character of the hospitality would have ever stopped there except as a last resort to avoid sleeping in the woods. Daniel Love, an old Scotchman, his wife, Polly, and their only child, William, were the dwellers in this humble home, except for the last ten or fifteen years of the owner, when Daniel McMillan a brother of Mrs. L., resided with them. The old man owned a few negroes, and with their labor, such as it was, and that of father and son, a scanty crop was made. The mistress (she was really the servant, and this state of affairs was not uncommon in the South during the existence of slavery) and one or two negro women, spun and wove cotton and wool, and out of this the clothing was all made. Mr. Love was the possessor of more than one thousand acres of land, and had quite a number of cattle, sheep and hogs. Such is a general outline of the condition of things.

The traveler, weary and dusty at the close of the day's journey, drew up to the door, and got out of his vehicle. It often happened that nobody would be seen for a few minutes, when from behind some house, Tom, a negro boy would show himself, and approach with a gut which evinced that "burry" was a word whose significance was unknown on the premises. He would assist in looking after the horse, and at his convenience, carry the luggage into the piazza. About that time, the old lady would walk in noiselessly from the back part of the house, greet you with a pleasant smile and a few words of unstudied welcome. Upon your inquiring for Mr. Love and William she would probably say to you that they were

cattle and sheep, and would be in after awhile. Further questioning her, you might get information that they took their single-barrelled flint-lock shot-guns thinking it might happen that they would see a deer or turkey during their search. She would then leave you and you might amuse yourself by looking over some old copy of the Fayetteville Observer, which a traveler had left with them or a Patent office report which some member of Congress had sent to him. Or, if so inclined, you might walk about the premises and see nailed up on posts, or the sides of a house, some trophies of the pine barrens—the antlers of many a buck which he and William had brought down by the aid of their guns. Just before dark, or between sundown and that time, you would hear the squall of one or more chickens, and have your olfactory organs regaled with the aroma of roasting coffee. Tom would come in and throw a few pine knots—"lightered," as usually called, upon the fire, and soon the blazing brands would fill the room with light and heat. After a time, the quiet voices of Uncle Daniel and William would be heard just outside of the house, and in they would come dressed in woolen hunting shirts of a brownish color, set their guns up in the corner, hang their shotbags upon the ramrods, give you a very gentle grasp of the hand, and then seat themselves in split-bottomed chairs. You would ask what luck they had had, and the old man would tell you that they had succeeded in getting a deer and a gobbler. Of course, you would want to see the game. A torch would be lighted, and you would witness one of the means by which the larder of the house was often supplied, for the delight of the palate of many a guest. After being told how far the turkey was from the hunter, when killed, that they had "toted" the game on a pole for several miles, and would proceed to dress it before going to bed, you would re-enter the house. The old man would take a seat near the window, open the broad shutters, take a knot throw it on the fire, and make the room more cheerful and more bright. The old lady would come in, and William would help his mother set out a folding table in the middle of the room, upon a floor well sprinkled with clean white sand. She would go to a chest, take out a clean cotton table cover and nicely spread it. Then she would go to the cupboard take the plates, cups and saucers, knives and forks, and put them in appropriate places. Lastly she would take a small water and put it at one end, and into this her sugar dish and cream bowl and teaspoons. Very shortly thereafter one negro girl would come in bearing a plate of biscuit and a dish of fried chicken. Refraining, she would soon return with a dish of broiled venison and sony turkey steak. Mrs. L. would finish up with the coffee-pot and fresh plate of butter. You would then be very quietly told that if you wanted anything to eat, the chance had come for you to get it. It is probable enough that you would want no second suggestion and proceed to business without further ceremony. The coffee was not to be surpassed anywhere, in any French café; those biscuits were light and nicely browned, that chicken was past all praise—for be it known that a young fowl cooked before the life heat had left it is unsurpassed in tenderness and flavor; that venison is good enough for poor mortals; that turkey steak is

abundant supply of anecdote and a profusion of quiet humor. He will tell you of his hunting experience; and if you will ask him how many deer he has killed in all his life he will inform you that, including the one he got to-day, the number is exactly 1,521. As to turkeys, he is not so positive, but enough to give every family in Cumberland county a nice one for Christmas and New Year's dinners. In that day we had no Thanksgiving dinners, for we had no Thanksgiving day, known to our law. No doubt we were quite grateful for Almighty benefactions as we are now; though we did not make quite so much public parade of the fact.

The old man was one of the salt of the earth. He knew nothing of conventional or fashionable life. He never saw a railroad nor steamship, had read but few books besides his Bible but knew how to be honest and straight-forward, kind, gentle and hospitable. No armoire dried up the fountain of his soul—no malignity, nor envy, nor hatred put gall and wormwood in his heart. And that old woman, who for forty years—neither long nor weary ones with her—had made herself happy, by doing her duty in the "lowly train of life's questered scene," as became a wife and mother, was really one of the best of the sex. To her Mr. Love and William were the chief objects of her earthly idolatry. Her boy—for boy he always was in her eyes—was, to his parents, ever loving and true. Though the old folks are "dead and gone," William lives there still, married but childless, and when he "shuffles off this mortal coil," the last of the race will have departed.

While you and Uncle Daniel and William are talking, the good old woman is deftly using her knitting needles upon a pair of yarn socks for the comfort of her husband or son—the wool clipped by them, washed and carded and spun by her. Oh, how sweetly, even now, after more than thirty years have passed over me, whitening my locks, and furrowing my cheeks, does that maternal smile of Aunt Polly dwell in the house of my memory!

After you have conversed until your feelings are in full accord with the indication of your watch Uncle Daniel will tell you that there are two beds in the east end of the room, and you can take which you choose. If you show by your conduct that your modesty is likely to be sorely tried, he will suggest that if Polly can stand it, he thinks you might be able to do so. And then the old woman may go out, but will come back after you have thrown the protecting blankets over you, and will knit away, until you have lost all sense of your early surroundings. In the morning when you wake, after a night of healthful repose, refreshed and strong, you will see her, quickly moving about the fire. If she notices that you are awake she will express her sincere wish that you have had a good night. And then she glides out of the room, you get up put on your clothes (they call it "dress," these days) and sit about the fire which somebody had made while you were asleep.

In a few minutes Uncle Daniel and William come in, and you learn from them that soon after you got in bed, weary with your ride of thirty miles, they rested from their walk of over ten, had skinned the buck, cut it up and put it away; and rising at daydawn, had that very morning taken a tramp of several miles. Soon you have intimations that breakfast is approaching—for about an hour before you had smelt the odor of partridge coffee and

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