

Chatham Observer.

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PITTSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1903.

\$1.00 A Year.

NORTH STATE MATTERS

News Items Gleaned From
Murphy to Lintco.

Winston Tobacco Figures.

Winston-Salem, Special.—The total quantity of manufactured tobacco produced in this city during January, February, March, April, May and June, of this year, was 12,862,953 pounds, an increase for the period of 1903, of 638,358 pounds. The stamp sales at the revenue office for June aggregated \$151,712.61, divided as follows: For tobacco, \$130,735.59; for spirits, \$20,977.02. The leaf sales on the Winston market for June aggregate 676,970 pounds. It brought \$59,269.56, an average of about 9 cents per pound. The total sales for nine months of this tobacco year amount to 12,293,253 pounds. Very little of the old crop remains unsold. However, with the primings of the new crop, the sales this year will pass the 20,000,000 mark.

Toxaway Receivership

Asheville, Special.—C. W. R. Badamer and wife and G. T. Fryor, in behalf of themselves and all other stockholders and creditors of the Toxaway Company, instituted proceedings against the Toxaway Company and J. Frank says, manager, praying that a receiver be appointed for the Toxaway Company and July 8, or which date the defendants should appear and show cause why a permanent receiver should not be appointed. This complaint was filed on account of it having been alleged that the stockholders holding the controlling interest worked adversely to the interest of smaller shareholders. The proceedings were stopped and the receiver discharged when a certified check for the amount of estimated damage was given the complainants.

Attempted Suicide.

Asheville, Special.—Oliver Giddon, a highly respected, though eccentric, citizen of the northern section of this city, drank laudanum with suicidal intent, Thursday afternoon. The circumstances which led Mr. Giddon to this act of attempted self-destruction are extraordinary. It appears that he, together with Mrs. Giddon and a half-dozen neighbors, were summoned to the police court during the forenoon to give testimony concerning the conduct of boys who were arrested on the charge of crying out and throwing stones into the yards and sometimes into the houses of people who lived in the vicinity of East and Seney streets. During the examination of witnesses Mrs. Giddon was called to the stand and was closely cross-examined by the attorney representing the young defendants. Mrs. Giddon had never been in court before and the ordeal proved very embarrassing for her and her husband, Mr. Giddon, who suffers from nervous disease, brooded much over this experience and the annoyance he had suffered from some of the boys of the neighborhood and sought to end his trouble at once. He drank a full ounce bottle of the drug and for a time it seemed that he could not recover, but physicians stated later that he had an even chance of recovery.

North State Notes.

The North Carolina Press Association closed its sessions at Wrightsville Beach last Thursday. The following officers for the year were chosen: President, H. B. Varner, Lexington Dispatch; first vice president, Benjamin Bell, Wilmington Messenger; second vice president, Rev. P. R. Law, Lumberton Robesonian; third vice president, J. D. Bivins, Albemarle Enterprise; secretary and treasurer, J. B. Sherrill, Concord Times; historian, J. A. Robinson, Durham Sun; orator, R. F. Beasley, Monroe Journal; poet, A. B. Carter, Salisbury Sun; executive committee, H. B. Varner, chairman, J. B. Sherrill, secretary, H. A. London, J. D. Bivins, W. C. Dowd, J. A. Thomas, W. P. Marshall; delegates to National Editorial Association: Thad R. Manning, D. T. Edwards, P. R. Law, W. P. Marshall, J. A. Robinson; alternates, P. D. Gold, J. W. Noel, J. W. Lincke, A. Johnson, A. B. Carter, R. F. Beasley.

Mr. Frank D. Brown, of the Department of Commerce of the United States, is at Kinston, collecting data of the resources, etc., of Lenoir county and the town of Kinston, for a statistical report by the department to show the wealth of the United States.

Fayetteville, Special.—At Hope Mills in Cumberland county, a heavy package of machinery fell on Barney Autry, a wagon driver, crushing in his skull, killing him almost instantly.

A good deal has been said recently about the attitude of the Internal Revenue Department with reference to the operation of the Watta law, and the impression has obtained in some instances that conflict might result between the State and Federal authorities as a result of the operation of the new law. The Federal government has no desire or disposition to interfere with the operation of the Watta law. The man who violates its provisions will receive no comfort from that source. It was explained, today that the Federal government does not license saloons and distilleries. The State exercises that function and authorizes them to do business. The Federal government goes no further than to levy a tax on such institutions. The State does the licensing in the interest of the world.

LYNCHING IN UNION

Orderly Body of Citizens Hanged a Self-Confessed Brute.

John Osborne, the negro who assaulted Mrs. Lizzie Wentz, of Union county, Sunday night, was taken from two constables Thursday night and hanged to a tree. Just before his death he confessed his guilt.

The evidence against Osborne was entirely circumstantial, but it was so complete in its entirety as to leave no room for doubt as to his guilt.

Though Osborne worked for Mr. Joe Biggers, who lived ten miles away from where Mrs. Wentz lived, near Indian Trail, he was the first man and the only man upon whom suspicion fell; and within 48 hours after the crime was committed this suspicion came to be a belief in the minds of all people—white and colored—who lived in the neighborhood of where the crime was committed. He had a bad character generally speaking and a few years ago had been charged with attempting to assault another white woman, a Mrs. Hargett, but apart from his previous bad record, the evidence connecting him with the assault on Mrs. Wentz became insistently cumulative and vividly strong.

STRONG CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

It was proven that on the night the crime was committed Osborne had ridden a mule within a quarter of a mile of Mrs. Wentz's home, and he was tracked from where he had hitched the mule to the home of his victim. In his Sunday vest pocket was found a small piece of string that Mrs. Wentz recognized as the same bit of twine that she had kept in a match box in her house. She remembered that in looking for money the negro had struck a number of matches. And in the pockets of Osborne was found, too, money that it was alleged he must have taken from Mrs. Wentz.

In the preliminary trial that was given Osborne at the home of Mrs. Wentz Thursday evening more than 20 witnesses testified, and the testimony, linked together, left the colored "tweezer" standing up in the shanty grove and declaring that the prisoner was guilty.

THE OPINION OF A MOTHER.

Even Osborne's own mother, who came to the scene, yelled aloud: "John, you know you are guilty. Good-bye. There ain't nothin' for you to do but pray."

When the prosecution, which was represented by Mr. Plummer Stewart, of this city, a nephew of Mrs. Wentz, had finished, there was a muttered sentiment in the outskirts of the crowd that boded ill for the prisoner. The manner of the deed had been such as to arouse to anger the most conservative people in the audience. Mrs. Wentz is 64 years old; a feeble, timid woman, who lives alone—saving the presence of an aged negro woman, who lives in a hut in the yard. It was the voice of this negro that Osborne had imitated, crying that he was ill—to let him in the house. When the door had been opened he had clutched Mrs. Wentz by the throat, and had become a fiend in violence and horrid language. Such little money as he could find—less than a dollar in all—he had taken with him.

A NERVOUS COLLAPSE.

Before his accusers the criminal almost collapsed in his excessive fright. He was young—only 24 years old and black as the pure Ethiopian type, but his politeness, his eager desire to propitiate everyone who came near him would have been pitiable if it had not been ghastly. Just before he was arrested he had come trembling like a reed in the wind to Mr. Plummer Stewart and had begged to be allowed to shake hands, fawning like a whipped cur he maintained until death this attitude of extreme humility and courtesy.

THE LYNCHING.

After the conclusion of the evidence, Squire Broom, the magistrate who conducted the investigation, ordered that Osborne be committed to jail in Union county to await trial at the next term of the Superior Court.

Constables Frank Kesiah and Luke Horton put Osborne in a buggy between them, intending to go to Indian Trail and take the train from there to Monroe. Before the officers had proceeded two miles they were surrounded by a party of several hundred men, including a number of negroes. The constables resisted when ordered to surrender their prisoner, but were overpowered, Kesiah being pinned to the earth in the clutches of two members of the mob. At this time several pistol shots were fired by men in the mob.

Terrified, pleading, weeping, pent, Osborne was dragged from the buggy to an oak tree that stands by the side of the thoroughfare. One end of the rope was tied around his neck. The other end was taken by a man who climbed the tree and lowered the rope over a limb. In a moment the hands of the mob had caught the loose end of the rope and Osborne was swinging in the air.

So far there is no indication that an effort will be made to prosecute the lynchers.

STATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

Editors Enjoyed Refreshing Breezes of Old Ocean.

Wilmington, Special.—President W. F. Marshall, of Gastonia, called to order the thirty-first annual convention of the North Carolina Press Association in the assembly room of the Seashore Hotel at Wrightsville Beach at 11 o'clock Wednesday morning. The attendance is not so large as usual, but the editors there and their friends appear to be enjoying the outing at the beach very much. The welcome address in behalf of the chamber of commerce upon the invitation of which the convention is here this year was made by Iredell Meares, Esq. A patriotic and very cordial response was made by R. F. Beasley, of The Monroe Journal. The devotional exercises were by Rev. P. R. Law, of The Lumberton Robesonian. President Marshall presented his annual report, which was an able paper. Important suggestions embodied therein will be discussed by the editors.

To Raise Money for Exhibit.

There was a conference at the Governor's office regarding ways and means of raising money by private subscription for an exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition. Present, Governor Aycock, Hugh Chatham, of Elkin; L. Banks Holt, of Graham; Robert N. Page, of Blacoe; Garland E. Webb, of Winston; J. G. Hackett, of Wilkesboro; J. J. Thomas and F. B. Arndell, of Raleigh. It was the sense of the meeting that \$50,000 ought to be raised. It was shown that there are 6,000 industrial plants in North Carolina, the annual output being worth \$90,000,000. The only question in the minds of the gentlemen who attended this conference with the Governor is whether 250 manufacturers shall be asked to give \$200 each and also make exhibits or whether 100 shall be asked to give \$200 each and also make exhibits or whether 100 shall be asked to give \$500 each and make exhibits. It was decided to put an agent in the field to canvass the State and raise the \$50,000 needed. There is a determination on the part of all to make the great exhibit at St. Louis. It is learned that large sums are promised by manufacturers at various places in the State. The Governor received today letters from D. A. Tompkins, of Charlotte; J. W. Grainger, of Kinston; J. A. Long, of Roxboro, and North O. Berry, of Goldsboro, regretting their inability to be present, and pledging their hearty aid in every way.

Valuable Gold Deposit.

Salisbury, Special.—Mr. Frank H. Mauney, of Gold Hill, a mining man of many years' experience and one of the leading citizens of the community in which he lives, said regarding the rich strike recently made by the Whitney Reduction Company at the Barringer mine, that he believed it to be by far the greatest ever made in a Southern State. He was convinced that large bodies of the ore are worth as high as \$50,000 a ton and that half a million dollars is now immediately in sight. Mr. Mauney would not hazard an opinion as to the continued yield of the vein beyond this point, but said that it might be immense. He was greatly impressed by the presence in the ore of masses of nearly pure gold larger than a man's fist. Especially because the Whitney people do not court publicity or care about issuing statements.

Wednesday afternoon the two-foot vein which yields this extremely rich ore was struck by a depth of slightly more than 100 feet, all the indications for a much greater depth continuing good. The vein was first struck at a depth of 35 feet.

A Destructive Fire.

Raleigh, Special.—Greenville, N. C., is on fire. The flames started at a quarter to 1 o'clock and the fire is now under full headway. No correct estimate can be made of the losses, but it is believed that they are already about \$200,000. The fire started in a small restaurant and the buildings already consumed are the market house, Farmers' warehouse, Gorman & Wright's tobacco factory, Jordan's tobacco factory, residences of Mrs. Nellie Harris, Zeno Moore and several smaller buildings. The heat is so intense that the fire department can not cope with the flames. There is, besides, no adequate water system of water works. At this hour the Christian church and King's Hotel are threatened with destruction. At 2:20 the fire was under control.

Baptist Young People's Union.

Atlanta, Special.—Preparations for entertaining the Baptist Young People's Union of America, which will meet in annual session in Atlanta July 9-12, are complete. Cool weather is looked for during the convention. A chorus of a thousand voices trained by Professor Porter will render musical selections during the sessions of the convention. The headquarters of the gathering will be at Piedmont Hotel. The auditorium at Piedmont Park, with a seating capacity of 5,000 to 3,000 people, will be used for the daily sessions.

GERMANY WON AUTO RACE

The International Contest in Ireland Free From Fatalities.

Jenatzy, the Winner, Rode 368 1/2 Miles in Ten Hours and Fifteen Minutes—The Americans Not Placed.

Ballyshannon, Ireland.—Germany's representative, M. Jenatzy, won the international auto race, bearing out the most daring chauffeurs of America, England and France. Jenatzy covered the 368 1/2 miles in ten hours and fifteen minutes, sometimes driving his machine at a rate of seventy miles an hour. He was fortunate in not having a mishap of any kind.

René De Knyff, one of the French representatives, got second place, although he crossed the finish line two minutes ahead of Jenatzy, but in actual racing time the German won the race by three minutes. M. Gabriel, another of the French team, finished third.

Alexander Winton, L. P. Mooers and Percy Owen, the American representatives, did not finish. Winton was considered one of the most dangerous competitors, but he really was out of the race before he started. His machine went wrong and he started forty minutes after his scheduled time. This practically put him out of the race. Mooers, too, had trouble at the start. He got his machine running at top speed after going ten miles and was rapidly making up the time lost when his machine broke down at Athy, four hours after the start.

Foxhall Keene represented Germany in the race. He was well up with the leaders when he discovered that one of the axles of his machine was in danger of breaking, and he was compelled to drop out. He had covered 100 miles in four hours and twenty-six minutes, making the best time for the first tour of the course.

There were several accidents, but nothing of a serious nature. Stocks and Jarrott were in smash-ups and their cars wrecked. Jarrott smashed his machine turning a sharp corner. Stocks ran into a fence, but escaped with slight injuries. At first it was believed that Jarrott and his mate were badly injured, but it is said that a dislocated shoulder is the extent of his injuries.

Baron Drott, who was directly behind Jarrott, narrowly escaped colliding with the wreck. He slowed up to learn the extent of the damage and lost considerable time. He lost a few seconds more when he reached the grand stand, where he slowed down to tell of the accident.

The best time for one mile was made by Gabriel, when he cut loose after passing the stand the second time around, and ran a mile in fifty-five seconds. Gabriel and René De Knyff won the \$1000 team prize offered by Scott Montagu, M. P.

The course was in the form of a figure eight, the lower, or eastern circuit, having a circumference of about forty-six miles, and the upper or western circuit, fifty-eight miles. The journey consisted of three times around the entire figure and once around the western circuit, making a total of 368 1/2 miles.

The start and finish were at the intersection of the two parts of the eight, at a cross road corner just outside Ballyshannon. The course led through the towns of Killeulen, Kildare, Monasterevin, Ballinbrittas, Stradbally, Ballynary, Athy, Carow, Castle Dermot and Ballinacorney.

AN ASSISTANT FOR SCHWAB.

Believed He Will Soon Resign Presidency of Steel Trust.

New York City.—William E. Corey, President of the Carnegie Steel Company, was appointed by the Finance Committee of the United States Steel Corporation as assistant to President Schwab with full powers.

It was officially announced that Mr. Corey is to perform the active duties of the Presidency, and the eventual retirement of Mr. Schwab as head of Mr. Morgan's billion dollar trust. Strong intimations to that effect were heard in financial circles.

A representative of Mr. Schwab gave out the following statement: "Mr. Schwab will not resign the Presidency of the United States Steel Corporation. Mr. Corey will be an assistant to Mr. Schwab, as he has been the last fifteen years, and will carry out Mr. Schwab's policies, relieving Mr. Schwab of a huge mass of detail. Mr. Schwab and Mr. Corey are old personal and business friends. Mr. Schwab selected Mr. Corey for this work. Mr. Schwab will take a vacation of a month or two in this country. He is not critically ill, but he simply needs rest."

POSTAL SERVICE DEEP IN DEBT.

Deficit For Last Year Increased Nearly \$2,000,000 Over 1902.

Washington, D. C.—The Postoffice Department failed by \$4,617,203 of meeting its expenses in the year ending June 30. The deficit for 1902 was \$2,661,170. The increase during the last year being attributed to the great extension of the rural delivery service, though the deficiency several weeks ago in that branch was fixed at \$227,000. The receipts for the year were \$134,268,600, the expenditure \$138,885,812.

Many Hottians Banished. More than fifty Hottians have been sentenced to perpetual banishment.

BILL ARP.

It is now many weeks since the good St. Valentine told the birds to mate and the girls and boys to go wooing. St. Patrick has been out and shook his scapular at the snakes, but still gentle spring keeps on flirting and fooling with old man winter and makes him believe she is in love with him. But she is not. May and December never mate, nor March and November. It is against the order of nature. We old people can look and linger and admire, but that is all. We have sailed down the river and encountered its perils, its reefs and rocks and shoals and quicksands, but, strange to say, we give no warning. Maybe it is because we know that warning will do no good; maybe, because misely loves company; maybe, because it is the order of nature, the fiat of the Almighty. Verily the young people would mate and marry and launch their boat and sail down that river if they knew there was a Scylla and Charybdis at every bend and Leviathans and maelstroms and cataraacts all the way down. Poor, trusting, suffering woman. What perils, what trials, what afflictions does the maternal instinct bring upon you! Close up by us, while I write, is a beautiful young mother lingering in the grasp of death—dying that her first born child may live. There is nothing more touching, more pitiful, more heroic in nature. There is nothing that a man is called upon to endure that compares with the death of a mother in childbirth.

But there is a brighter side—a more charming, comforting picture of life—married life, domestic life—when the good mother is a matron, and looks with pride upon her children and grandchildren as they come and go lovingly before her. What calm serenity hovers over her matronly face. What sweet content, what grateful rest—rest from her labors, her pains, her care and anxiety. Well, may she exclaim with Paul: "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith; I have finished my course. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

To every lad and lassie there is a period of life not always thrilling or tragic, but highly emotional and sensational. Of course, I mean the period of love—young love—or love's young dream, which sometimes runs smooth and sometimes don't. What a luxury it would be to look behind the curtain and see just what love has felt and suffered and enjoyed. Such a kaleidoscope would have a world of eager lookers, for the old are as fascinated with stories of love and courtship as the middle-aged and young. In looking over the daily or weekly paper we may skip the displayed heading of war in Serbia or riots in London or cyclones in Oregon, but any little paragraph that has love in it arrests the eye and demands attention. Children go to school to study books, but by the time they are in their teens they begin to mix a little timid, cautious love with their other studies. A sweetheart is a blessed thing for a boy. It straightens him up and washes his face and greases his hair and brushes his teeth and stimulates his ambition to excel and be somebody. Jerusalem! How I did luxuriate and palpitate and concentrate toward the first little school girl I ever loved. She was as pretty as a pink and as sweet as a daisy, and one day at recess, when nobody was looking I caught her on the stairs and kissed her. She was dreadfully frightened, but not mad. Oh, no; not mad. She ran away with blushes on her cheek, and more than once that evening I saw her glance at me from behind her book and wondering if I would ever be so rash again.

And now, Mr. Editor, if a thousand of your patrons peruse these random memories, nine hundred of them can finish up the chapter from their own unwritten book. Who has not loved who has not stolen a kiss, who has not caught his palpitating thrill and felt like Jacob when Rachel, beautiful and well favored, no wonder that Jacob watched thy sheep and then kissed thee, for there was no one to molest or make thee afraid. That memorable kiss is now four thousand years old, and has passed into history as classic and pure, but I have had them, and so have you, dear reader, just as sweet and soul-inspiring, and never said anything about it to anybody. Ours was a mixed school, and every Friday the larger boys and girls had to stand up in line and spell and define. My sweetheart stood head meat generally, and so I was stimulated to get next to her, and I did, and my right hand slyly found her left, and we both were happy. But time and circumstances separated us, and we both found new loves—she married another fellow and was content, and so did I, but neither of us have forgotten the stolen kiss or that tender childish love that made our school days happy.

But love becomes more earnest after awhile—more intense, more frantic—the young man means business and so does the maiden. Like the turtle-doves in the spring of the year, they are looking around for a mate. This is nature, and it is right. God said, "It is not good for man to be alone; I will make a helpmate for him." And so he made Eve to help meet the expenses, and that is what a wife ought to do now, but a good many of them don't. They help meet them, but they don't help meet them, and that is why the young men have almost quit marrying. The rich girls won't have them, and the poor girls are trying to keep up with the rich, and so the turtle-doves mate more slowly and marry with more slowness than they do now. It is not vanity to say that I could have married

half a dozen nice girls, and my wife could have had choice of a dozen clever prosperous youths as likely as myse Cupid just roosted around those woods and shot his arrows right and in. Sometimes he shoots a young man at then waits days and weeks before he shoots the girl he is after. This keeps the poor fellow on the warpath, as frantic and rampant, and Cupid laughs. But he is clever to me, for as near as I can judge he let fly both arrows at once and plugged my girl and a simultaneous, and with a center she My wife denies this, but I have told so often I believe it. There was no skil missing on my part. I never did shoot with a scattering gun. Marrying was cheap in those days. My recollection that it cost me only about \$45—twenty-five for clothes, ten for a ring and ten more to the preacher. It didn't cost anybody else anything to speak of, for there were no wedding presents. The tomfoolery wasn't invented. We did go to Niagara or anywhere right away, but we went to work. A month or so later we did take a little trip to Tallulah Falls and look at the water tumbling over the rocks, but that didn't cost but a few dollars and made no sensation outside the family. My thoughtful wife had enough nice clothes to last her two years when I married her, and they were long afterwards cut up and altered down for the children, and there are some precious fragments his way in the old trunk now. The old trunk and of common size, was sufficient then for a traveling wardrobe for a lady of the land. My father and mother and two children made a journey by sea to Boston with one trunk and a valise, and came back to Georgia by land, in a carriage, but not long since I saw a delicate female traveling with two trunks four times as large and ribbed with iron, and fastened with three massive locks, and said she was not happy. Oh my country! That girl was too much in love with her clothes to love a man, and nobody but a fortune-hunter would dare to marry her. Young man, beware of trunks!—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

The Home of "Sparrow Jack."

There is a little old house in Germantown, at the northwest corner of Main and Upsal streets, that is in a certain sense historical. In this house, some thirty-five years ago, lived "Sparrow Jack," and the building, therefore, has the name of "Sparrow Jack's home." Jack was an Englishman, John Bardsley, and through the influence of William F. Smith, a Germantown councilman, he was sent to England to bring over a lot of English sparrows, the idea being that the sparrows would destroy the caterpillars that infested the trees. The few sparrows Bardsley imported are the ancestors of the millions that now thrive in Philadelphia. The importer was highly praised for his work during the first year or two, and his nickname of "Sparrow Jack" was a title of honor in which he took great pride. Later on, however, as the sparrows began to become a nuisance, the nickname came to have a reproachful significance and in the end it became a term of opprobrium.

Lighthouses of the World. There are now between 3,500 and 3,600 lighthouses in the world.

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