

**FLAGMAN KILLED
AT ROCKINGHAM**

**B. B. Thomas Fell From
Freight Car While
Setting Brakes**

B. B. Thomas, a flagman for the Seaboard Air Line, well known in Raleigh, was killed at Rockingham yesterday afternoon by falling from the top of a freight car.

The accident occurred about 5:20 o'clock while the train—a southbound freight—was moving at the rate of about eight miles an hour. Thomas was at the time setting the hand-brake on top of the freight car, and his foot slipped in such a way as to cause him to fall from the car to the ground, a distance of twenty feet or more. It could not be ascertained last night what the character of the injuries were which caused his death. The air-brakes were not being used on the train.

The deceased was about 21 years of age and his home was at Kinston. He had been in the employ of the company for quite a while.

**THE BOAT AND
WHISKEY SEIZED**

**Collector Duncan Notified of
Haul Made by Deputy
Babbitt**

Collector Duncan, of the internal revenue department, Fourth district, received notice yesterday that Deputy Collector C. M. Babbitt has seized a thirty-foot boat on which was concealed five packages of blockade whiskey. In connection with the notification the statement was made that the whiskey has been shipped to Raleigh and the boat has been locked in the New Bern docks. Mr. Duncan also thinks there is no doubt that the parties implicated in the blockading have been arrested in this instance. Under the law the blockaders lose both the whiskey and the boat on which it was being transported.

SORRELL-RAGSDALE

**A Pretty Home Wedding Cere-
mony at Fuqua Springs
Yesterday**

Dr. L. P. Sorrell of Flint and Mrs. Mary Ragdsdale were happily married at 5:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents at Fuqua Springs. It was an elegant wedding service and was witnessed by many friends of both parties interested. Rev. J. M. Atkinson was the officiating minister. Miss Mary Sorrell was maid of honor and Mr. Luther C. Sorrell served as the best man to the groom.

The groom and a party of friends from his home and from here left Raleigh at 4 o'clock on a special train over the Raleigh & Cape Fear Railroad for Fuqua Springs, and the bridal party returned on the same train at 7 o'clock last night. Dr. and Mrs. Sorrell and a party of friends continuing their journey to the groom's home at Fayette, where an affair was held.

FUNERAL OF MR. BETTS

**Held Yesterday Afternoon In
Tabernacle Church**

The funeral services over the remains of Mr. Everett A. Betts who died Wednesday afternoon at Rex Hospital were held at 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon at Tabernacle Baptist church. Every seat in the large auditorium was filled, attesting the great popularity of the deceased.

As the funeral cortege entered the church, soft, muffled notes of the great organ filled the auditorium and the choir sang "Hark, hark my soul angelic tones are swelling."

Rev. W. D. Hubbard, in a choking voice said he felt more like taking a place with the family of deceased than conducting the services. He felt the loss of the hand-clasp of a brother. "The Home of the Soul" was announced and sung and Mr. Hubbard read several selections from the Bible. Mr. John T. Pullen offered prayer and the choir sang "Shall we meet Beyond the River."

Mr. Hubbard then spoke feelingly of the last days of the deceased, taking as a basis the words of Christ: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord." Following Mr. Hubbard, Mr. John T. Pullen spoke briefly of the life and death of the young man.

Miss Hammond sang sweetly: "Some time we'll understand" and the remains were conveyed to Oakwood, where interment was made. A large number of Old Fellows attended in a body and conducted services at the grave.

The pall-bearers were Messrs. Jas. T. Johnson, A. H. Mooneyham, Jno. T. Pullen, Robert N. Simms, J. J. Bernard and Henry T. Hicks.

THE CASINO GIRL

**A Triumph of Geo. W. Lederer
That Has Won Great
Recognition**

Of the many triumphs that Geo. W. Lederer has had in his Casino productions of the past ten years, none has won greater recognition than the musical comedy, "The Casino Girl," which has been secured as one of the leading attractions at the Academy of Music here Saturday. After establishing a record of 400 performances in New York and 300 nights at London, the piece was taken to Philadelphia and to Chicago, where, in each instance, it was received with immense favor, and

now for the first time it is being taken on a tour of the principal cities of this country. The organization is under the personal direction of Mr. Samuel E. Bork, whose experience in handling musical and comic opera attractions assures a production of superior excellence. Seats are now on sale. Lower floor \$1.50 and \$1.00; balcony 50 and 25 cents.

**A GREAT HIT LAST
NIGHT AT ACADEMY**

**The Romantic Revolutionary
Story, Janice Meredith**

A dramatic version of Paul Leicester Ford's romantic revolutionary story, "Janice Meredith," was given last night at the Academy of Music by a splendid company with Miss Mary Mannering as the leading lady.

Miss Mannering is a beautiful and bewitching woman and has withal a most charming stage presence. Robert Drouet as the leading man was good, and as Tabitha Drinker, a companion of Janice Meredith, Miss Amy Ricard performed her part well. In fact, Miss Mannering was ably supported throughout the whole play.

The play is a drama of revolutionary war times, and the love story running through it intensifies the thrilling scenes of carnage. There was a large audience present, and at the end of the third act, when Washington crossed the ice-clogged Delaware and surprised the British who were celebrating Christmas in drunken revelry, there were four or five successive curtain calls.

Janice Meredith is a clever drama, though perhaps not quite as strong as Nathan Hale. The work of the players last night, however, has hardly been exceeded here this season.

**\$2,500 AWARDED
MISS MATTIE BAKER**

**For Injury Sustained in the
Raleigh Cotton Mill**

The damage suit of Mattie Baker against the Raleigh Cotton Mill which has been before the Superior Court since Tuesday resulted in a verdict last night in favor of the plaintiff for \$2,500.

The case was subornly fought, on both sides, every inch of ground being vigorously contested. Mr. W. C. Douglas finished the speech to the jury yesterday morning which he began Wednesday afternoon. He was followed by Mr. R. N. Simms. Both of these speakers were for the plaintiff. Mr. Richard H. Battle then made a strong plea for the defendant company which lasted until the hour for adjournment for dinner. After dinner Mr. S. G. Ryan addressed the jury for the plaintiff, speaking for an hour and a half.

**DELEGATES RE-
APPOINTED**

Governor Aycock has reappointed the North Carolina delegates to the Good Roads Convention at Danville, which was to have been held during the week of February 20th, but was postponed on account of the cold weather which set in about the time the good roads train was due there from Raleigh. The date for the convention now is March 13 and 14. There are about forty delegates from North Carolina, most of them from counties bordering on Virginia and contiguous to the Danville section.

One of the Most Efficient

Hon. James R. Young, head of the insurance department is making a praiseworthy record in his official capacity. He was in Charlotte this week consulting with cotton mill men in the organization of a mutual insurance company. The Charlotte News says of him:

"Hon. James R. Young, Insurance Commissioner of the State of North Carolina, is in the city today. Mr. Young is one of the most efficient officers in the state government. He has made the insurance department one of the most profitable in the state."

Had to Mislead Him

(New York Judge.)
"It was a dirty trick anyhow," growled Mr. Mulcahey.
"Y'hwat's that?" asked Mr. O'Tuuder.
"Me 'b'y Terry is playin' th' drum in th' Sixtieth Rigmint Band, an' th' bandmaster knew he wudden't play anny Gurman tunes, an' so he croshed th' toils' ev' 'til th' other Gurman was th'ome" an' all th' other Gurman was an' marked th' as 'Th' Wearin' av' th' Grane' an' soch loike, an' Terry played loike th' devil all th' time. De-rince Hinny was here, niver knowin' but phwat he was handin' out good Irish music, an' now th' b'y has a brick in han' an' ha-d wor-r-ds in his muth and is huntin' th' bandmaster."

**BURGOMASTER
A MERRY JINGLE**

**Is a Phenominally Financial
and Artistic Musical Com-
edy—Here Tues-
day Night**

That merry jingle "The Burgomaster," which returns to the Academy of Music next Tuesday night, is without a doubt the most phenominally financial and artistic musical comedy triumph that has been presented here in many a day, and should be heralded as a most welcome revelation to all admirers of wit, beauty and song. Its clean-cut wit is still town talk; its many catch phrases are still the foundation of much local humor; and its unusually large chorus of youth and beauty, moderately speaking, has been the most cheerful revelation welcomed to town for many a day. Its music is still as popular to-day as when first heard here, and in fact is either whistled or sung everywhere you go, especially that catchy refrain "The Tale of the Kangaroo." Many new specialties will be introduced this time, much new music, many new faces, and an entire new scenic and costume outfit. In fact, this return engagement should prove as big a boon to our amusement loving public as its initial appearance, and that was a little short of a positive ovation. Seats go on sale Saturday morning. Prices 50 to \$1.50.

ANCIENT CITY OF TUCSON

Town in Arizona with Many Peculiar Features

(From Letter to Springfield Republican.)
Situating on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, 500 miles from New York, Tucson is only about 75 miles from Old Mexico, of which it was originally a part. Once the home of the Aztec, later of the Mexican its population is now 25 per cent. Mexican and 75 per cent. Yankee, the latter largely from the Eastern States. Having grown from 5,000 souls to a population of 11,000 since 1895, it is now a hustling little city, whose principal stores will compare favorably with those of our beloved Springfield, and possessing the advantages of a city government, municipal water-works, sewers, fire department, electric lights, street cars, city library, driving park and street watering add to the city. Here one can see ancient adobe houses, side by side with modern buildings of brick and stone, though one feature, which is shared by both ancient and modern buildings, is that both are nearly all only one story in height, without apparent reason therefor, as this is not a locality visited by earthquakes. However, the Tucsonian has no use for a flight of stairs, and two-story buildings of any kind are very few, while I think there are none more than two stories.

Having fairly good records back to 1804 and traditional and corroborative material of a kind pointing to a settlement centuries before that time, this city claims to be the oldest in any of the States or territories which make up the United States of America, a claim, however, which is disputed by San Francisco, a few hundred miles to the west. The name Tucson means black water, taken from the appearance of a spring by the foothills of the Tucson Mountains, which was once the water supply of the little settlement.

Tucson lies at an elevation of 2,400 feet, and is almost entirely surrounded by mountains. The Tucson Mountains are on the west, the Santa Rita to the south, the Catalina eastward and the San Xavier to the north. The houses, being only one story, shelter only one family each, and this is the biggest city on the ground of any of 11,000 population that I know of. Very many of the comparatively modern houses are built of adobe, especially those of the well-to-do Mexican, and the interior of many of these ancient-looking houses is a revelation. Fine modern plumbing, gas, electric lighting and luxurious furnishings make beautiful homes inside these walls made of mud baked and plastered outside with more mud.

Just a word as to what adobe is. From anywhere in this valley a few feet below the surface is taken a soil which is mixed with the straw refuse from the stables, and pressed into blocks about 12 inches long, 10 inches wide and 4 inches thick. These are dried in the sun for about three weeks, when they are ready to use in laying out the walls of an adobe house. Being laid double the walls are 20 inches or more thick. The mortar used in construction is more of the same mud. These walls are carried up about 15 feet and a nearly flat roof of more mud is laid on sticks or boards tightly placed together two or three feet below the top of the walls, through which are made openings to allow the rain to run through to the outside. The outer and inner surfaces of the walls are then plastered with more mud, and the whole structure soon dries in this climate to be nearly as hard as our brick, and makes a cool house in summer and a warm one in winter.

Regarding the dryness of the climate, let me say that one cannot imagine it; it must be experienced. Our pine lumber is unfit for building purposes here, as it would dry and shrink tremendously in the dry season, and then swell and burst its fastenings when the summer rains come on. Surface water courses are very few in this country. One stretch of the old road leading from Yuma to the gold fields, 90 miles in length, has no water the whole length, and more than 400 graves of gold seekers are to be counted along this stretch, where they died of thirst. Other travelers have placed small stones of the form of a cross to mark their last resting places. No teamster or bicyclist, much less the foot traveler, would venture on a 20-mile trip even, without his large canteen of water. The draymen, who haul merchandise to the mines, all have small barrels of water attached to the side of the wagon, for a supply en route for man and beast.

Though the Indian with blanket

strapped to his back, the Mexican with knife at his belt, and the cowboy mounted on his pony, bridle in one hand, lariat in the other, and a brace of heavy six-shooters at his hips, are to be seen on the streets any day, the city is very orderly and only the policeman, and he in citizen's clothes, is needed to keep the peace. The "Loyal Tender," the finest gambling house in Arizona, is located on Main street, and although I pass it many times each day, I have yet to see anything that would lead me to think it other than a clubhouse, or possibly an opera house of imposing architectural design.

Did you ever see a "burro"?—little animals about the size of a Shetland pony. They work equally well driven in pairs on the wagon or loaded high on their backs with wood or the camp outfit of some wandering Mexican. A sort of saw-buck frame is first placed on their back when loading with wood, and then the sticks put between the X's and lashed fast. The Mexican here, as well as wherever he may roam, is not much on work. He will loaf about the piazza in the sun, as his desire for activity is always expressed in the word "manana," meaning tomorrow. He never does today what can be put off till tomorrow, though his wife and children are living on the bare ground that serves for a floor in his adobe hut, shivering through the cold of the night, and basking in the warmth of the day's sun outside the door, living on beans in winter and melons in summer.

Speaking of beans reminds me that I shipped to our mine the other day one ton of beans costing \$70, for the use of our forty miners, who will not work unless we provide them beans three times a day. This little city has a very large trade from the surrounding country. Miners and others come in with their wagons, load up, and return, so the trade of this place is phenomenal for its size. One department store does nearly two millions a year business. Goods are very high-priced, due to exorbitant freight charges. We bought ten car-loads of coke for our smelter in St. Louis a few days ago, costing there about \$700, and at Tucson \$2,000, and at \$8 per ton for hauling to the mines, 60 miles away, the total cost laid down at the mine will be about \$4,200. Board here is from \$10 to \$20 per week, but even grocers' clerks get \$75 to \$100 per month wages. Nothing but gold and silver is used as a medium of exchange, and nothing whatever is sold for less than 5 cents.

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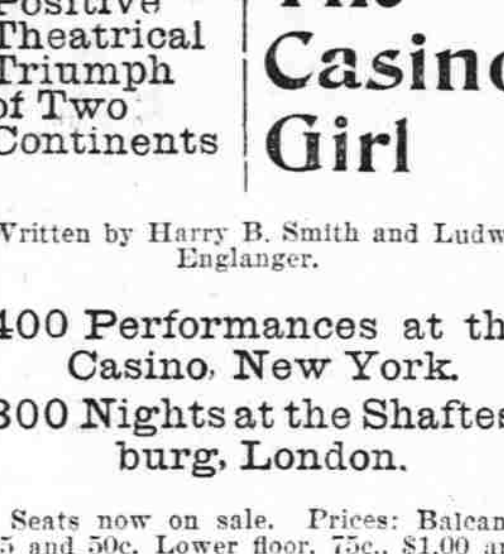
The Casino Girl

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