

James B. Duke has blood poisoning in one foot. The Duke family has been getting it in the neck of late, and now they are getting it at the other extremity.

More than one man has been thinking that Glenn Williams' statement that he has been 40 years in the whiskey business and never tasted the stuff is the prize case of wasted opportunity.

The bill to insure honest primaries for Salisbury and Rowan county, introduced into the Senate by Senator Wright and passed by the Senate, was killed in the House committee yesterday by Representative Walter Murphy, of Rowan county, and of Salisbury.

Of this measure THE SUN yesterday said:

"If Representatives Murphy and Hall do all in their power to further the passage of this bill, they will earn the gratitude of Rowan county, and not otherwise."

It will be well for the voters to remember that Representative Murphy is responsible for this excellent and sorely-needed measure failing to become a law. And the best time to remember it will be at the Democratic primaries in the fall of 1906.

DELAY IS DANGEROUS

Why anyone who believes in honest primaries could oppose Senator Wright's bill or counsel delay THE SUN cannot understand. The measure has been drawn with the utmost care, it safeguards every interest, and it inures protection for the conscientious voter against having his vote nullified by men hired to cast ballots to which they are not entitled. The proposition that it be submitted to the voters next year looks like merely an expedient to gain time. It has never been the American policy to have a referendum vote on any question of public interest. Legislators are chosen by the people to make laws in accordance with what they deem the best interest of their constituents. If they cannot be trusted to do so, the remedy is simple. Turn them out at the next election and choose a new set who will act for the public weal and will not be subservient to any ring or other external influence. A referendum vote on a question of this sort too often means that those who gain by dishonest methods will employ those means to defeat the will of the people, and then claim, and with a show of truth, that the public is opposed to the measure. If Representatives Murphy and Hall do all in their power to further the passage of this bill, they will earn the gratitude of Rowan County, and not otherwise.

MR. WILLIAMS, THE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

(Charlotte News)

"This business was founded 137 years ago by my great grandfather," says Mr. N. Glen Williams, referring to his great whiskey distillery in the town of Williams. "After the law incorporating my place was passed," he says, "relying on the good faith of the great Democratic party, of which my self and my ancestors have ever been loyal adherents, I put into the business, so created and permitted, all the savings and earnings of myself and fathers."

Mr. N. Glen Williams inherited this business from his father, from his father's father, and his father's grandfather. He is a man about forty years old, who is now at the head of the business, one of the largest whiskey making concerns in this part of the country, and he is and has been for many years its active manager. He was born and reared within the bounds and grounds of whiskey distilleries, has lived there and been a part in the work all his life. The first breath he breathed after coming into this world was mingled with the fumes of the whiskey makers, and almost every breath he has drawn since then has been the same, so that he scarcely knows any other. He played when a little child around the barrels of "mash" and "beer" and "sow paw," and doubtless the brightest pictures on the memory of his early years are set on a background of tubs and barrels and furnaces and the whiskey trickling from little spouts out of the

end of the big worm. Moreover, from this business he and his ancestors have drawn their sustenance, and every hope and aspiration he has had from his birth has been centered and grounded in the manufacture and sale of whiskey.

"Never having tasted a drop of whiskey in my life—" Scarcely believable, simply wonderful, if true. Mr. Williams has a good reputation we believe, for honesty and truthfulness. We cannot, therefore, question this most remarkable statement. "Never having tasted a drop of whiskey in my life," he says in his letter to the General Assembly, from which we have already been quoting. "I have required of my employes an equally strict sobriety. The taking of a drink by an employe of mine is a known cause for dismissal."

Wonderful indeed is it that this big distiller, "whiskey magnate," they call him, who has been intimately associated from the day of his birth with the making and handling of whiskey, and who now sells it throughout the length and breadth of the land, spending \$10,000 in one year advertising whiskey and advising, urging its use—wonderful, indeed, we say, that this man should never have in his whole life of nearly forty years tasted a drop of the stuff he spends his whole time, with several hundred helpers, making and inducing others to drink. But here we have something else equally wonderful, and as significant as wonderful. Why does Mr. Williams forbid his employes to take a drink?

And why does he so absolutely refrain himself from touching it? Never, we believe, have we anywhere seen a stronger argument against the manufacture and sale of liquor as well as against its use as a beverage. If whiskey unfits a man for work around a distillery, does it not seem that it would also unfit one to work in the factory, the store, the bank, on the railroad and in the mine?

WELL TO REMEMBER GOING IT BLIND

Blind Tiger Taken to Charlotte on Blind Baggage.

(Charlotte News)

Along with its string of cars speeding southward with Uncle Sam's mail, No. 97, the Southern's fast mail train, brought in to Charlotte yesterday afternoon a "blind tiger."

As the puffing, snorting, screaming locomotive slowed up at the point where the Seaboard crosses the Southern, near the Ada mills, yesterday, a short, black, greasy little negro jumped from the blind baggage and started across to 11th street.

There were jugs swung from the negro's shoulders; jugs hanging from the waist and in front of the little negro—probably the best of the lot—swung a one gallon jug from a cord that wound tightly around the man's neck.

All the way from Salisbury this agent of the Boozie Fraternity, with his five jugs filled with fire water, crouched low on the front of the mail car, next to the tender.

As the fast flying mail train darted in and out curves; over and beyond the hills and low places, this same greasy individual swung to his usgs with one hand and with the other made sure of his position on the blind baggage.

The red hot sparks as they whizzed from the smokestack of No. 97's engine, had no terror for this negro. They flew at him like so many darts from a furnace. But undisturbed, with only one thought—that of reaching Charlotte with his load of "sorepaw"—he sat and brushed away those cinders that stuck to his neck and face, because of their exceeding heat and fury.

The great speed of the "midnight mail" had no terror for the negro. With each lurch of the train he swung closer to his jugs and every now and then would take a sip from the most convenient—the one that swung from his neck.

But with the stopping of the train a new burden was taken up—that of carrying to safety those five jugs of liquor.

The police were to be dodged, also the suspicious ones who were dry. He had to make his home, there to lay down the burden which had been so carefully guarded, both on the blind baggage and afoot.

In an obscure cabin in Charlotte those five jugs are concealed from the eyes of the officers. It may be that even the "Blind Tiger" that rides the fast mail will come to grief.

Ayer's

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only

Hair Vigor

hair food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor it grew and now it is four inches long. This seems a splendid result to me after being almost without any hair."

Mrs. A. H. Sprick, Colorado Springs, Colo. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

for Short Hair

ROOSEVELT'S GREAT DAY OF TRIUMPH

Washington, D. C., March 4—Theodore Roosevelt was today transformed from President by chance into President by choice; from President through an assassin's bullet into President through the ballots of the people.

Under the shadow of the gray-domed Capitol, gazing into the placid marble features of Greenough's statue of the first President, the twenty-sixth President of the United States swore faithfully to execute the laws and to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution.

Once before he had taken this solemn obligation; then, at the death of his martyred predecessor, surrounded by a small company of tear-dimmed friends and counselors; today, in the presence of a cheering host of fifty thousand people. Then he had ridden many lonely miles over storm-swept mountain roads to reach the tragic scene of his elevation; today he was escorted along the nation's grandest avenue from the White House to the home of Congress between two densely packed lines of his countrymen gathered from every quarter to cheer him and wish him Godspeed in the coming four years. Then he said, with choking voice, "It shall be my aim to continue absolutely unbroken the policies of President McKinley for the peace, prosperity, and honor of our beloved country." Today he left it for his fellow-citizens, who had honored him with a greater majority than ever before given, to judge whether or not he had redeemed that pledge.

When he entered the White House the youngest President in his country's history, besides the vast responsibilities of his office, he received as a heritage McKinley's dearest ambition to become more and more with the years the President of all the people. Today there were represented in throngs that had journeyed hither to greet President Roosevelt men from the North, South, East, and West, and from distant islands of the seas: from the Philippines, from Porto Rico, from Hawaii—from every land where floats the emblem of the Republic. In the great parade there rode Governors of States, both North and South. Filipinos who had fought under the flag of Aguinaldo today carried the arms of Uncle Sam and stepped proudly beneath the Stars and Stripes. Blanketed Indians from the virile plains vied with silk-hatted gentry from the effete East in sounding the praises of this cowboy-author-soldier statesman. The President's old rancher friends, with lariats and chapareos and wiry bronchos, made strange contrast to the stiff-backed, pouter-chested young men from the national military schools. Rough Riders from San Juan Hill, volunteers from Santiago, jackies from Manila bay shared the plaudits of the multitude with modest, everyday soldiers, for whom the title Regular is distinction quite enough. Political clubs from East and West, militiamen from North and South, blue-clad veterans of the sixties, heroes of the Spanish-American war, miners from Pennsylvania, the entire legislature of the State of Tennessee—the President's neighbors from Oyster Bay—all contributed to the national character of the splendid pageant. Who shall say that for today at least Theodore Roosevelt was not president of all the people?

The Colonel of the Rough Riders has written of his crowded hour in Cuba. Today he showed his former comrades a crowded hour in Washington. They were waiting for him when he emerged from the White House this morning—30 picked men under Governor Frodie. With the crack squadron A of the First Cavalry, U. S. Army, they formed his escort to the Capitol. As they swung around the Treasury building into Pennsylvania avenue a division of the G. A. R., with General O. O. Howard and staff in the lead, which had been standing at salute, wheeled into the column while the cavalrymen checked their pace to accommodate the slower foot steps of the aged veterans. A mighty wave of cheers swept along the Avenue as the President's carriage came in sight. Throughout the whole

route the President, with hat in hand, kept bowing in acknowledgement of the greetings. On his arrival at the Capitol he was conducted to the President's room, in the rear of the Senate chamber, where he began at once the signing of belated bills. At noon he entered the abode of the Senate to witness the installation of Senator Fairbanks as Vice-President. This ceremony concluded, he proceeded to the stand on the east front of the Capitol to receive the oath from Chief Justice Fuller and to deliver his inaugural address. Immediately upon its conclusion the President was escorted back to the White House, where, after luncheon with the officials of the Inaugural Committee, he took his position on the stand in front to review the formal inaugural parade.

The quadrennial national fête day will be concluded with a general illumination of the city and fireworks on the Washington Monument grounds, followed by the great inaugural ball at the Pension building, at which President and Mrs. Roosevelt will be the guests of honor.

The inauguration cost about \$65,000, which it is believed has been fully repaid in the sale of grand-stand seats and ball tickets. The guaranty fund subscribed by Washington merchants and business men will thus be returned. Everything but the actual ceremonies was in charge of the Inaugural Committee, composed of Washington residents, and headed by Brig. Gen. John M. Wilson, U. S. A., retired, appointed for that purpose by Chairman Cortelyou, of the Republican National Committee.

NEW OFFICE BUILDING

To be Erected on Council Street Adjoining Craig's Law Office

(From The Sun of Saturday)
A. S. Hellig, Esq., and Colonel John S. Henderson have bought from the Rev. F. J. Murdoch the vacant lot on West Council street, immediately adjoining the law office of Burton Craige, Esq., and propose in the near future to erect an office building. Whether it will be of one story or several or whether it will be a very handsome structure or one of plain brick has not yet been decided. In any event, the erection of a substantial building on a lot which has always been an eyesore, and the shutting off from public view of the assorted bunch of vacant lots, rear of stores and prairie wagons, will be a decidedly desirable improvement.

PAYING A BET

Walter A. Rentlaw Walking From Buffalo, N. Y., to Jacksonville

(From The Sun of Saturday)
This morning there was in Salisbury a man by the name of Walter A. Rentlaw, who is walking from Buffalo, New York, to Jacksonville, Florida, to pay an election bet.

He made a wager with William J. Shannon of Buffalo on the recent gubernatorial election in New York state. If Herrick was elected Shannon was to walk the distance and if Higgins was victorious the walk fell to Rentlaw.

Rentlaw lost and passed through Salisbury this morning on his way to Jacksonville. One provision of the wager was that Rentlaw should live on 25 cents a day. The amount allowed him for the trip is all gone and he is living on the generosity of the people.

One thousand dollars was put up as a forfeit to be paid to the winner in case the loser refused to comply with his part of the contract.

Mr. Rentlaw says he appreciates the sunny weather we are having now after some of the rough experiences he has had.

ADVERTISED LETTERS

Advertised letters remaining in the Salisbury, North Carolina, post office for the week ending February 28th, 1905. Persons calling should ask for Advertised Letters and will be required to pay one cent for each letter.

Males

Levi Hatley
Henry Boogs
J. L. Boughton
W. S. Wofford
William Long
Charles Leach
Jim Johnson
W. L. Walker
A. B. Harris

Females

Mrs. W. B. Orr
Mrs. Hattie Daniels
Miss Katie Neely
Miss Ester Brown
Miss Katy Willie
Miss Nannie Monroe
Miss Mattie Farris
Miss M. Fester
Miss Katie Cherry
Miss Maggie Cesser
Miss Ora Christian
Miss Ader Grim
Miss Mary Metts
J. H. RAMSAY, Postmaster.
Salisbury, N. C.

You may have observed that a good many people wear shoes on their understanding.

A MATTER OF HEALTH



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

FARMERS ARE PLOWING

Woodleaf People Getting Ready to Sow Corn and Cotton

Woodleaf, March 4—Farmers in this section are busy plowing up their land for corn and cotton.

Scott Fremont and family, who have been living at Coolee for the past three months moved his family on his farm near here yesterday. We bid them a hearty welcome back into our community.

Ed Foster has plenty of cotton in the field that has never been picked the first time yet.

The remains of Sam Benson, who died about six years ago, and was buried in a piece of woods near the Episcopal church, were removed a few days ago to Unity Presbyterian church, where he was reburied by request of his family and relatives.

Our public school is busy preparing for a big entertainment to be given in the near future.

The school at Morrison's school house, that was taught by C. F. Swicegood, closed yesterday.

The Rev. J. P. Loring and family have returned home from Davidson county, where they have been visiting relatives for the past few days.

We are glad that once a week we see a large number of Globes come to Woodleaf, because we enjoy reading them so much.

Will Bailey, who works for Dr. J. D. Heithmore, shines shoes in Woodleaf. SNAP SHOOT.

DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY

Primary to be Held March 24 to Nominate Mayor and Aldermen

A Democratic primary will be held in the North, South, East and West Wards of Salisbury, on Friday, March 24, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for mayor and eight candidates for the office of aldermen; two from each respective ward.

Every democrat legally qualified to vote in the municipal election to be held in Salisbury in May, 1905, and who agrees by his vote to abide by the decision of the primary is urged to come out, thereby securing the full and freest expression of Democratic sentiment.

A committee for the purpose of canvassing and ratifying the result will be held at the court house at 8:30 o'clock on the night of March 24, 1905. The precincts shall be open from 4 p. m. to 8 p. m. and will be held at the following places.

North Ward at Court house.
South Ward at City Hall.
East Ward at Fisher's stable.
West Ward at Central Hotel.

JOHN M. JULIAN
Chairman.

MR. SECHLER OUT AGAIN

(From The Sun of Friday)
Jackson Sechler, a well known and popular young man of China Grove, and a veteran of the Spanish-American war, having served in Co. L, 1st North Carolina volunteers in Cuba, was in Salisbury today.

Mr. Sechler has been confined to his home for over a month with an aggravated ulceration of the throat, which has completely run him down, but his many friends in Salisbury will lean with pleasure that he is now on the high road to rapid recovery.

EASTER LATE THIS YEAR

Easter falls this year on April 23. It may be of interest to know that it will occur later than his only one time during the next 95 years or until 2009 A. D., and only twice will it occur as late as this during the same length of time. In 1943 it will fall on April 25, and in 1916 and 2000 on April 23, the same as this year.

The earliest date on which it will fall in the above mentioned period is in 1940, when it will be on March 24.

If you would force a woman to acknowledge the corn step on her toes.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. OVERMAN

Handsome Picture of Her Published in Richmond Paper

Under the heading "Mrs. Overman, a Favorite in Washington Society Life," the Richmond Times-Dispatch of Sunday, Feb. 26, contained a handsome two-column picture of Mrs. Overman in evening dress with the following graceful tribute to this most gracious and beautiful example of southern womanhood:

Mrs. Overman, wife of Senator Lee S. Overman, junior senator from North Carolina, comes to Washington with unusual prestige as she is not only the wife of a senator, but also the daughter of Senator Merrimon, a former senator from North Carolina, who at the time of his death, was chief justice of his state. Mrs. Overman was married to Senator Overman in Raleigh, N. C. They have two daughters, who are with them, and are being educated in Washington. Mrs. Overman has been the recipient of much attention since she came to Washington, and returns civilities courteously and with cordiality. She is very youthful in appearance, and is a tall, graceful blonde, with very easy, attractive manners, showing at a glance that she was reared in southern aristocratic life. Senator Overman is also distinguished looking, courteous and cordial, occasionally dropping in and joining his wife during the latter part of the brilliant afternoon receptions given by the wives of the senators at the Cochran Hotel during the season.

LITTLE GIRL HURT

Railroad Torpedo Takes off Finger and Wounds Her Face

Ava Winders, aged nine years, was seriously injured Sunday as the result of a recklessness of a boy companion. The latter, a few years older than the girl, gave her a railroad torpedo, telling her to strike it against something and see what would happen. She struck it between two bricks, and the explosion caused her to lose one finger, while a hole was cut in her hand and a bad gash made in her lip. Dr. Brown was summoned and dressed the wounds.

TO HIGH POINT

Robert C. Davenport, a well known bricklayer, who has been employed on the construction of the New Meroney opera house, left this morning for High Point, where he will be employed for the next two months on a large building to be erected in that bustling little city. He was accompanied by his brother, John H. Davenport, who has for some time been known in this vicinity as a baseball player of more than average ability, and who is also a bricklayer. Mr. Davenport's home is at Mt. Holly, but during his stay here he made a large circle of friends by his gentlemanly ways and never failing good nature. Mr. Davenport is ever ready to be of assistance to those weaker than himself, always spoke a good word for his friends, and could he not say anything pleasant, would under consideration be even the suspicion of a knocker. He is a union man, a gentleman, and a good fellow, and his friends will regret his departure, but are unanimous in saying: "Here is a Man."

C. A. LIPE'S DEATH

(From The Sun of Friday)
C. A. Lipe of China Grove, whose death was briefly chronicled in The Sun of yesterday, died last Wednesday and the funeral occurred from Ebenezer church Thursday. Mr. Lipe was 46 years old and had always lived in that vicinity, dying within half a mile of his birthplace. He leaves an aged mother, a widow, and seven children, one of whom is married. He was regarded as an influential and worthy citizen and his death is deeply regretted by all who knew him.

CASE OF SMALL POX

Quite a little excitement was created Saturday night by the appearance on Main street in front of the Opera house with smallpox.

Mallie West, proprietor of the Opera restaurant broke out with this much dreaded disease Saturday night, and was standing in front of the Opera house when discovered by Officer Eagle, who procured some medicine for him and sent him home.

West is now confined to his bed and the house quarantined, but his case is thought to be of a very mild form.

LINER IN COLLISION

London, March 3—The Exchange telegraph companies of Liverpool have a dispatch stating that the Dominion liner Vancouver has been in collision in the Mersey. No details are given.

If you would please a woman say nothing and listen.