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M. W. LINCKE, Editor and Proprietor.

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VOL. VII

NASHVILLE, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1901.

NO. 16.

NASH COUNTY DIRECTORY.

OUR LOCAL GOVERNMENT. Mayor S. F. Austin. Commissioners: S. G. Griffin, S. S. Gay, R. U. Brooks, W. J. Floyd. CHURCHES. Methodist—Rev. H. E. Tripp, pastor, services 1st 3rd and 4th Sunday nights, and 3rd Sunday at 11 o'clock, a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. Baptist—Rev. George W. May, pastor, services 2nd Sunday (morning and night) Sunday School at 3 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Primitive Baptist—Elder M. B. Williford, pastor, services on 4th Sunday and Saturday before at 11 o'clock, a. m. COUNTY GOVERNMENT. Sheriff, Willis M. Warren. Clerk Superior Court, T. A. Sills. Register of Deeds, J. A. Whitaker. Treasurer, E. J. Braswell. Surveyor, John C. Beal. Coroner, J. H. Griffin. Standard Keeper, F. W. Lincke. County Examiner, W. S. Wilkerson. COMMISSIONERS. W. B. Jeffrey, chairman; K. W. Ballentine, S. A. Batcher. Regular meeting of Board every first Monday of each month.

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SAN JONES ON MIXING OF CHURCH AND STATE.

Atlanta Journal. There is no movement, especially in Georgia, looking to the betterment of humanity and the protection of home, that I am not profoundly interested in. I have just returned from a three weeks' tour, ahead of time on account of sickness at home, and I find in looking over the papers that there has been quite a flurry created by the announcement a short while back that the Baptist and Methodist churches of the state were going to organize their forces and go into the primaries and to work at the polls to secure for Georgia a legislature that would not be beset and dominated by the liquor dealers and beer brewers. Our newspapers were not slow to take this up and already they have frightened many of the timid in the church and ministry into a non-committal, compromising attitude. Some preachers are more afraid of newspapers than they are of the devil, and some deacons perchance who have political aspirations fear nothing so much as they fear the frowns of organized parties. I have stood at the front with my guns and seen them run many a time and felt in my heart, no wonder Christianity makes no more progress than it does. We have only a few soldiers of the Cross—the balance of the crowd belong to the home guards. They drill and draw rations, but that's as far as they will go. They didn't join the army of Christ either to shoot or be shot at. They belong to the rear guard, and the crack of a gun or the tap of a drum is warning enough to make them seek for safety in the rear. If there is anything that produces the same effect upon me as ipecac, it is to look on and see the rank and file of the army of Christ fleeing before his enemies, and the would-be state men and wise men jumping up shivering with horror and bleached with fear lest we mix church and state.

A little editor who may not feel sufficient for the task steps aside for the time being and lets the big, brawny, brainy lawyer mount the tripod and help save the country from the awful wreck and ruin that would follow the mixing of "church and state." Some of these little editors and some of our statesmen, so-called, have been in the forefront for years. They have looked on with both eyes and listened with both ears, and seen and heard the brewers and the state mix, the liquor dealers and the state mix, corporations and the state mix, cussing officials and the state mix, and they look on without a tremor of the muscles or the quake of a nerve and see the state locked arm in arm with greedy corporation, bloated beer guzzlers and staggering whisky dealers with perfect serenity.

Now for one I don't understand this. Somehow or other I conceive it is the last retreat of the whisky devils and whisky demons. I do not know personally in the United States today a man who is uncompromisingly against the saloons that has ever lifted his voice or moved a pen to bewail and decry the mixing of church and state, and yet they will tell you to your face that the saloons have a right to mix with state because they pay large taxes into the tills of the state, that brewers have a right because they pay for the privilege, that corporations have a right to mix because they pay big taxes, etc. Forsooth, I suppose the God-fearing people of the state pay no taxes. Courts are run by appropriations made by the liquor traffic. The legislature is not only furnished with all the whisky and beer they want, but some of them are able to loan money after they go home, when they were borrowing on their way down. I believe 75 per cent. of the taxable property in Georgia is owned by decent, God-fearing, upright men. Any man with brains enough to keep him out of the asylum, knows that the liquor traffic never paid its way anywhere. It costs more to police it and control it, and try the criminals made by it, over and over again, than the traffic ever put into the tills of the state.

I do not suppose that the Methodist church, in its organic and organized capacity, has ever proposed to get into a battle royal with the whisky gang, or the Baptist church, either; but I will say to them that they had better do something, and had better do it individually and organized both. The churches of Georgia today are not in a war of conquest; they are fighting for their existence, and I know what I am talking about. There is not a city in the state of Georgia today that will pit its church forces against the whisky forces, like we did in Macon a year or two ago, that won't get woefully licked in the fight. Pastors may memorialize and the churches plead with the legislature of Georgia in vain, and one or at big, pussy, bloated brewer can control more members of the legislature than all the preachers in Georgia when the issue is made on the lines of sobriety and decency. The demagogues and dirty politicians know the power and influence of the liquor dealers and have enjoyed the rewards that came from them, and they know, on the other hand, that whenever the church

of God makes a move that all they have to do is to mount a stump and rare and rave about the mixing of church and state. Then it's rate to your holes; lie down millah, he's going to bust a cap.

I don't know what the church, as an organized force is going to do, but I know what I will do—I am going to shoot as long as I have got a gun, hit 'em as long as I have got a fist, kick 'em as long as I have got a foot, bite 'em as long as I have got a tooth, and then gum 'em till I die. Peripatetic, perfumed and pusillanimous persons may take to the woods, and hell-bound deacons and stewards may skulk and hide, but I am going to stand on my hind feet and give them the best I have got in my shop. I am not mad with men, but I am mad with liquor and I am mad with beer, and if I could turn into a stick of dynamite big enough to blow every drop of both a million miles beyond the sun, I would willingly turn into the dynamite and beg a friend to touch me off.

Mixing church and state—a bugaboo, a negro in a woodpile, a scarecrow in a watermelon patch, a ghost in a graveyard that makes the boys whistle as they walk on. You can't scare me, gentleman, with your church and state bugaboo. I am not afraid of any legislature in Georgia enacting a law to pay the preacher's salary out of the treasury of the state or county. I am not afraid of a Methodist bishop presiding over the Empire State of Georgia, allotting her offices and controlling the legislature by his patronage. I am not afraid of deacons and stewards with the ten commandments as their guide and the sermon on the mount as their by-laws, taking charge of the state of Georgia and running it, but I do believe if the church would organize itself for the fight like corporations, liquor dealers and brewers have organized, and spend one tithe of the money that these things have spent, that we could rout the gang in Georgia and put in place from the governor down, God-fearing men, who would legislate in the interest of home, in the interest of Sally and the children, in the interest of our boys and for the protection of our homes.

The truth of the business is we have relegated the church to the rear and marched out in front of her the greedy hordes of men, the soulless corporations, the infernal traffic of liquor and beer, until today the church is bringing up the rear of the procession from Maine to California, and but few preachers dare to preach the plain truth to their people without humbly apologizing at the conclusion of the sermon.

The church is not here primarily to pin wings on men and start them home to heaven, but to train and drill and teach them how to be good here and how to run things here, for it is the fellow who is faithful over a few things that will be made ruler over many.

We preachers talk of the church as a militant, but money is conquering the world, and the church is out of sight in the rear. Mixing church and state! You won't mix them in Georgia until you get the front ranks to halt and let the rear ranks, the church of God, catch up with them, and then they will be such strangers to each other till they won't mix much for awhile. This question is open for discussion, gentlemen. I will discuss it through the press, in the exposition building in Atlanta, with any of you gentlemen who can get your nerves steady enough and your horrors on leave you long enough to stand on your feet and talk back at a fellow who is laughing at your horror, and got a profound contempt for your fears on the subject.

Yours, ready to come again, SAM P. JONES. P. S.—It tickles me to hear a city pastor say he won't take his church into the fight. Broughton is the only city pastor who can take his church into any fight he chooses against the devil. The balance won't because they can't.

A Grandmother at 26. Gaffney, S. C., Special. It is reported by reliable authority that there is a woman living in the mountains of O one county, this State, who is 26 years old and has 14 children and one grandchild. The woman married when only 11 years old and has enjoyed remarkable health ever since. It is wonderful how these mountain people ignore the law, yet they attach very little importance to any of the laws. They do just as they feel inclined to do regardless of the results, and it is very seldom that when any one violates the law it is ever known outside of their mountain settlement, and while this woman has been married for 15 years it has very recently reached the outside world. It is doubtful if there is a similar case anywhere on record.

Every man should be capable of keeping his estimate of his abilities to himself. There is only one thing which wins a battle, and that is straight shooting.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Jacksonville has got the smallpox scare. It is not a panic, for there has been no deaths, but there are about forty cases and the board of health have got them out of town and have ordered universal vaccination. A child can't go to school without a sore arm and a certificate from the doctor. My son is a doctor here and it interests me to note the flocks of children who come and go, and to listen to their talk. Mothers or sisters come with them to keep their courage up. Some are timid and some are brave. Young men come at night and take their turns, and the city will soon be immune. What a wonderful discovery it was only a hundred years ago Dr. Jenner dared to proclaim it to the world, and it took twenty-five years to make the world believe it. Now every child that bares its arm to receive the virus is a living monument to the sagacity of that great and good man. It is pathetic to read how he was bounded and persecuted by the envious and malignant of the medical profession. How patiently he waited for time and truth to prove his theory, and lived to see it all confirmed, and when he died a beautiful monument was erected in Trafalgar square to honor his name and perpetuate his fame and memory. Our own Dr. Crawford Long is entitled to a similar memorial, not only by the state, but by the nation, for although he did not protect mankind from a pestilence, he did give them immunity from pain under the surgeon's knife. I remember well when the patient had to clench his teeth and strong men had to hold him while the doctor cut and sawed his limb in two.

I remember when it was my part to hold the foot and leg that was being severed from a poor sufferer, and when at last the saw had cut through the bone and the weight of the limb came down upon me I fainted and fell down upon the floor with the bleeding leg. But Evans never groaned. He lived to make me another pair of boots. I remember when at college, in 1846, I had a jaw tooth extracted and took what was then called Morton's Jethian, and didn't know when it was pulled. It took me some time to get over it and as I was reeling back to college I met Professor McCoy, and in a hilarious manner slapped him on the shoulder and said: "Hello, old Mack!" and he thought I was drunk and had me up before the faculty. My roommate, Derrell Cody, was with me and tried to explain, but the professor wouldn't hear him and we had fun next morning when the truth came out. The professor apologized to me and not long after invited me to supper. Poor Bill Williams was there—good, loving Bill Williams. He was my classmate and I loved him, and mourned for him when he died. He had charge of the Blind asylum, at Macon, for many years. Every now and then the boys drop out and the procession moves on. I read of every one and feel sad, but that is all I can do. A friend in Atlanta asked me the other day, "Why didn't you write something about Eugene Harris, your college mate and one of the truest, kindest and best men who ever lived." "Of course, of course," said I, "but what could I write." He was a friend in need, a friend indeed—an aristocrat by birth, a gentleman in heart and manners. Lost everything by the war except the gentleman that was born in him. He died poor and was buried by his friends, but he was a big-hearted gentleman to the very last. How kind he was to my wife and little children during the war, when they were fleeing from the foul invader and I was far away. That's all. He was not a great man in any sense, but he had a great big heart and would have died for a friend. That's all! If I can't find him in heaven, I shall be disappointed. My wife says he was the best friend she ever had when she was in the greatest distress.

Easter is about over and will soon be forgotten. I brought down some Easter eggs for a little grandson. His cousin dyed them for him and he was very curious to know more about them, and said to his mother, "Mamma, who is this Easter man and where does he live?" "He lives up in heaven," she said, "and his name is Jesus." "Is he selling eggs up there?" he asked. How these little chaps do perplex us with their questions. Little Mary Lou has the whooping cough and didn't want to take her medicine. "If you don't take it," said her mother, "you may die." "Well mamma, if I do die I will go to heaven where God is, and he will give me a pony." I wish the grown up people were as trusting and innocent as the children. "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven" is one of the sweetest verses in the scriptures. The preachers may quarrel about the confession of faith and infant salvation, but the mothers don't want any better faith than is in that verse, and that other one, where David said of his child: "He cannot come to me but I shall go to him. There is another remark that I will make about mothers. No one believes her dead son is lost, no matter how wicked he was. The mother expects to meet him in heaven and if he is not there how can she be happy? God knows. We do not. All that a poor mortal can do is to trust Him and do good. BILL ARP.

A Fight Against Tammany.

NEW YORK, April 18.—A mass meeting was held in Carnegie Hall to-night, to form a new political party, to be called "The Greater New York Democracy." The new party is formed to fight Tammany Hall. John C. Sheehan, E. Ellery Anderson, Peter B. Olney and Joseph P. Daly were among the persons who signed the call for the meeting. About 2,000 persons were present. Following are the resolutions adopted by the meeting: "Whereas, Tammany Hall is responsible for existing abuses in the administration of city affairs and its permanent overthrow, is an essential prerequisite to the success of any attempt to secure better local government, therefore, "Resolved, That this organization be and hereby is irrevocably pledged to oppose the election of candidates at the coming municipal election nominated by the so-called Democratic city and county convention, to be held under the auspices of Tammany Hall." An address was issued by the meeting which scores the present city government, and declares that Tammany has run up the annual expenditures from \$70,000,000 to \$98,000,000 and has given the city a tax rate three times as large as that of Chicago. Then, the address says, that in an effort to "befog this unpleasant fact, Tammany has increased the real estate valuation by \$743,000,000. Tammany is declared to be controlled by one man "who essays to dominate courts and coerce judges and whose guiding purpose is the exaction of tribute through the violation and nullification of law."

After a Runaway Husband.

Salisbury Truth-Index, 10th. A prominent citizen of Salisbury was appealed to yesterday by a heart-brcken woman for help in finding out the character and residence of a man whom she had married. He has given us the letter for publication, and we hope that other papers which may see this will do what they can to relieve this woman. She also says that she wants a description of his size and looks and those who aid in this hunt would like to have her description of him and if it is found that he has another wife, this is all that she cares to know of him. She says further that she is in awful trouble, for she loved him as dearly as her life and adds by way of proof of her unfeeling affection that she sold everything but her land and gave him the money. This man, who has left here, signs his name W. F. Clark. Mrs. Clark will be in Concord this entire week, and in Charlotte next week. Her address at present is Mrs. M. A. Clark, Concord, N. C. Mrs. Clark says in a portion of the letter which we had overlooked that her husband had told her that he was reared in Harrisburg, Pa., and that the sheriff (we presume of Cabarrus) will bear her out in what she says. Also that her runaway husband says that he has lived for a year in Cape Charles, Va.

Hard on Mrs. Nation.

Mrs. Carrie Nation was fined \$500 by Police Judge McCauley at Kansas City Monday and given the alternative of leaving town before 6 o'clock in the evening. She was arraigned on a charge of blockading the streets. Addressing Mrs. Nation the judge said: "Missouri is no place for you. Missouri is not a good place for short haired women, long haired men, or whistling girls."

There is no end of odd names in North Carolina. One of the best-known men in Raleigh named children after the States of the Union, and they are among the most prominent people here today, among them being Dr. Wisconsin Illinois Boyster and Mr. Vermont Connecticut Boyster. Newbern is the home of Mr. Sharp Blunt. The home of Sink Quik is in Richmond county; Prof. Dred Peacock, of Greenboro, is one of the foremost educators in the State, while the home of Early Dawn is Raleigh.

Mr. Mack Orr, aged 21 years, a son of Mr. Capp. M. Orr, was instantly killed at the works of the Liddell Company, in Charlotte, at 2.15 o'clock yesterday afternoon. He was caught by a belt and carried over a pulley, his body making perhaps 800 revolutions before the machinery could be stopped. It was a high speed belt and the young man must have been killed the moment he struck the pulley.

An effort to transmit and receive half tone pictures by telegraph between New York and Chicago, tried a few days ago, proved a failure. The instruments, or electrograph, had worked successfully over distances of several hundred miles, but owing to induction of the wires in New York they would not record the thousands of fine dots of which the pictures are composed.

The corporation commission gives notice that under the terms of the new act all mixed trains, carrying freight and passengers, must after June 1st, comply with the "Jim Crow car" law. This leaves only the fast through trains, which are interstate and on which the negro travel is very light as a rule. No objection to the law is heard on the part of the negroes.

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