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REMINISCENCES.

Biographical and Historical Sketch by Dr. P. S. Hicks, Treating of Local Persons and Scenes.

He pointed out to me a boarding house that was kept by a widow woman. He said she had been married fourteen times and was then engaged to be married again. I asked him if that was an average, he said not, but that this woman was good-looking and smart, was a good cook and kept a boarding house, that all her husbands had been killed in the pits, and that she did not stay single long. I stayed all night there and went home next day.

About this time the presidential election was on hand and Abraham Lincoln was elected. I saw that war was pending and I had better go back home, for if I stayed there I could not tell whose hands I would fall into. In a few weeks I wound up my affairs in Richmond and Manchester and moved back to Tarboro. Drums soon began to beat, war was the pass word, companies were being formed the roll was being called, the war hoot sounded. Fort Sumter was captured by the rebels and war began in full blast. The second year of the war I got a position as overseer for Mr. Lafayette Dancy. By this time the Confederacy was in an uproar and war was the order of the day.

A State Draft was ordered taking all between eighteen and twenty-five on the roll. I think two thirds between those ages were drafted. My boss, Mr. Dancy was drafted to go with the state troop. Soon another call was made by the order of the Confederacy taking all as conscripts of the above age, of course I was included then, the tug of war had come. I was opposed to war and did not love to fight anyway but something must be done, if there was an easy place to be had I wanted it. My brother Seth hired a substitute but he being commissary of the militia was enough of conception. Seth then turned his substitute over to James my other brother, he being an overseer for a widow woman, got him exempt under the act of the twenty negro law. As I was not able to hire a substitute I had to fall in ranks for conscription. The day soon came.

Edgecombe county fell into line, Capt. A. C. Latham was the conscription officer for Edgecombe. He controlled a light artillery, he was in the first battle at New Bern and in another big battle in Virginia and had lost over half of his men and was after recruits for his company, he made this proclamation, if any man wanted to join his company, step to the front and if he was a good able bodied man he would receive him, enlist him and give him a pass to stay at home until he called for him. Then it was time for my wit to commence, I stepped to the front and was the only man in the county that did. Right then and there he gave me a permit and I left for ranks. He took in several others but they were consigned as substitutes for other people. I will call part of their names, John Dugin, John O. Moore, George Balsler, James Smithwick and David Ricks, of Nash county. The conscripts were all taken to Raleigh to camp. In fifteen days I received orders to go to Raleigh but after going was permitted to go back home for ten days longer. I was then ordered to go back to Raleigh and stayed there about two days. While there I was fitted out with uniform, napsack and canteen etc, and a helmet. I brought with me from home two suits of clothes besides the ones I had on, two bedquilts, another blanket and a feather pillow. You can imagine about how I looked with all that rigging bundled around me on a march. The day before we left Raleigh a man by the name of Gilbert came and asked me if I belonged to the artillery, I told him all right to wait a minute and I reckoned I could get him in. I hastened off and looked around for Dick Green, he was a kind of clerk or aid for the captain. The captain was his uncle. I soon found Dick and if he could take him around to the captain and swear in. Dick said he thought he could. They started to the tent, just then I happened to think and called Gilbert and asked him how old he was. He said he was seventeen years and six months old, I asked him didn't he think he had better go as substitute for some man that six months and get pay for it. Dick Green saw the place and said yes for him to go right on, that he knew a man that wanted a substitute bad. Shortly I saw Gilbert, he had plenty of money, he got four hundred dollars but gave Green two hundred for getting him in. He asked me what he owed me for my service. I told him he could give me what he liked. He gave me

what he liked. He gave me twenty dollars. That is where I missed it, the two hundred dollars could have been made, but that was alright anyhow. I sent the twenty dollars home and my wife bought a barrel of flour with it. At that time flour was twenty dollars a barrel. Pretty soon the long roll was beat, we all fell in line and answered to our names. Orders were given to march! We had to march about two miles to the Raleigh depot.

It seemed to me that my bundle of bedding had turned into a whole great big bed by the time we reached the depot. We all heard the train. It blew the long whistle and moved off and we were off for the war, billed for Richmond.

We arrived in Richmond in due time. We had to march about four miles on the north side of James river and it was about the middle of the afternoon when we got there, and as for my self I was pretty well broken down, after lugging enough baggage for a whole company myself. That trip learned me a lesson about carrying baggage in war. So I sent most from there back home, but it never got there. The first day after we got there the bugle sounded for us to fall in line. The noncommissioned officers were appointed cannoners, gunners, drivers and so on.

My big turn from Richmond had put me on the sick list, at least I had a little fever and did not fall in line, so I was not assigned to any place at all, and it was providentially good for me, it turned out lucky and very lucky. About three days later we got orders to join Stonewall Jackson at Gordonsville. Here we will mention T. C. Braswell, the boy spoken of further back about the bread cast upon the waters. My wife's nephew at about sixteen years of age joined Capt. Hammon's company, at Rocky Mount. But after awhile Capt. Hammon sent him back on account of his size. But by this time he had grown a little larger and become more resolute, and was on his way with me in the company, but had not been sworn in. Now back to joining Jackson at Gordonsville. The bugle was blown to "fall in line," orders were given harness up and we were ready to move "quick time." Every thing was in a "hurry schurry." They wasted no time in practice drilling. Things looked pretty well mixed up and confused. At last I felt mixed up myself. At about that time Capt. Latham saw me. "What place did I give you," he asked. I told him he had not given me any place at all. He told me he wanted me to take charge of his forge. I asked him what that was, and he said it was a blacksmith shop on wheels. I told him I was no blacksmith, he said that was alright that he would give me two more men.

(To be continued.)

Young Man Injured by Train.

Mr. J. S. Buck, an employe of the Atlantic Coast Line, at South Rocky Mount, was caught between the engine and a car Friday, while coupling, and his leg horribly mashed. His leg was caught between the cylinder of the shifter and the car and the flesh was torn from the bone from the knee to his body, nearly all of it, though the bones were not fractured. He was taken to the A. C. L. Relief Hospital and up to the present the limb has not been amputated, but this will very probably have to be done. Mr. Buck is a young man whose home is at Winterville, and his father and brother came from that place Sunday to be with him.

Rocky Mount Tobacco Market.

Owing to the cold unsuitable weather prevailing the past week, except of leaf tobacco have been small, amounting to less than 150,000 lbs. Much of the stock offered consisted of shipped tobacco and rehandled warehouse tobacco, such were more or less neglected. Good tobacco, when it appeared, and all grades at fresh country leaf commanded close attention and prices were high.

The market have continued activity and good prices are expected to prevail from now until the season closes. Plantbeds are being burned and preparations for another crop are in progress.

The best investment ever desired for small savings is a well managed Local Building and Loan Association. The Rocky Mount Homestead and Loan Association has stood the test of time. Six years of successful operation without the loss of one dollar is our record. Call on R. L. Huffines, Secretary and Treasurer for full information.

HAPPENINGS IN POLICE COURT.

Comedy and Tragedy of a Week as Enacted in Calamity Hall Before Mayor Thorp.

Friday morning Tom Rowe, colored, was tried before his honor on the charge of fighting and the evidence developed a more serious offence on which Rowe was later convicted. He was fined \$10 in the first case and \$30 in the other.

Saturday Bob Braswell was let off with a fine of \$5 for drunk and disorderly and taking the pledge not to drink any more. Dave Battle, a colored boy who stole a gun from the opera house, took the alternative of a sound whipping by an officer instead of a road sentence. The judgment was pronounced at the request of the mother of the boy, and she witnessed the flogging.

Monday morning George Allen, colored, for cursing on the street was fined \$5, and a white man named Collins, from Middlesex, was required to pay \$7-50 for his failure to respect the law against disorderly.

When a man indulges in terpsichorean pastime he is bound by an inexorable law to remunerate the violinist. Which reduced to common, every day English is the old maxim that "who dances must pay the fiddler." Will Howell found it thus, as all others have from time immemorial, Tuesday morning when he appeared before the bar of justice to answer to the charge of wanton and reckless conduct, if not wilful and malicious, Monday night while under the exhilarating influence of whiskey. At South Rocky Mount, when the Norfolk and Richmond shooflys were standing on the track, being gotten ready for their southbound trip, Howell, in company with two of his friends, came out of a restaurant for the purpose, they said, of going to Wilson. Howell was drunk, he said, and his statement was corroborated by several witnesses, and according to witnesses, proceeded to demonstrate that he was a bad man also, by leaving a vinegar cruet into the passenger coach with the result that the window was smashed and a colored boy on the train struck with the bottle and some flying glass. Afterward Howell acted he went around the train and without provocation struck the negro porter, who was transferring baggage, a vicious blow in the face. For the last offence he was fined \$15 by Mayor Thorp, and for throwing the bottle into the car he was fined \$100. Howell denies throwing the bottle into the car, but a young white man testified that he was standing near and saw him do it.

Levid on a Marriage License.

(Roanoke News.)

Mr. C. W. Dunn, of Scotland Neck, one of the best tax collectors in the state, sometimes adopts unique ways to collect poll taxes. While in the register of deeds office Monday, a small darkey, all smiles, walked in an called for a marriage license. While the ever polite and accommodating register of deeds was engaged in asking the usual questions Collector Dunn had one eye on the darkey and the other on the license. Just at the moment when Mr. Fenner was about to exchange the license for \$3 in cool cash Mr. Dunn reached forward and said: "I levy on the license for this coon's taxes."

The jig was up. The applicant realized that he must either then and there pay his taxes or return home without the necessary papers for a wedding. He got busy at once, went out among his friends, explained the situation, and soon raised the necessary funds to square himself with the tax collector and received his marriage license with joy and returned home a wiser coon than he ever was before.

The New Teddy Bears.

(Tarboro Southerner.)

When the panic of '93 was most acute, the Republicans following their habit of charging everything unpromptly to the Democratic party, the holes in a man's clothes, they called "Cleveland's patches."

Time often works revenge. The other day while a friend was telling the writer that at Rocky Mount and other points on the railroad, there were many locomotives of silver idle, laid off, so many that the round houses could not hold them, a hearer "batted in":

"Do you know what they call those idle engines?"

"No" was the answer.

"Teddy he bears" he grimly answered.

One horse built each month for the past six years is the record of Rocky Mount Homestead and Loan Association. Subscribe to the 12th series of stock due and payable February 1st, 1908. R. L. Huffines, Secretary & Treasurer.

CHARGED WITH SHOOTING HIS WIFE.

W. D. Shaw, a Printer, is Held Under \$750 Bond to Court to Answer to Most Serious Charge.

W. D. Shaw, a printer who for the past few months has been engaged at work on the Twin County Echo, of this city was, Wednesday morning bound over to superior court under a \$750 bond on the charge of secret assault with a deadly weapon with intent to murder his wife. Examination was waived by defendant's counsel when case came up for preliminary hearing before Judge W. L. Thorp and only the question of bond was argued by counsel for prosecution and defense. Mr. E. B. Grantham represented the prosecution and Mr. T. T. Thorne the defendant.

The case, which has created much interest and speculation, is still shrouded in mystery inasmuch as contradictory statements are made by Mrs. Shaw and the defendant, and no evidence being offered in court from which the public could deduce any certain conclusion.

Mrs. Shaw was shot in the head twice last Thursday morning about three o'clock, with .32 calibre bullets fired from a .38 calibre pistol, one shot taking the forehead and one in the back part of the head. Neither penetrated the skull but were flattened as a coin, and this fact (that the bullets did not enter the brain) is accounted for on the theory that the cartridges were too small for the pistol, the proximity of the pistol to the lady's head and the further fact that the pistol, of the British Bulldog variety, was no good.

When the shooting took place, at Mr. Pitts' home just beyond the Falls, where Shaw and family boarded, there was no one in the room but Shaw, his wife, a two-year-old child and a five-weeks-old infant, all of whom were sleeping in the same bed. Mr. Pitts, being attracted by the pistol shots and cries of both Shaw and his wife, soon reached the room and found Mrs. Shaw prostrate on the floor with the bullet wounds in her head. She charged at the murderer, and while she was shouting, the two-year-old child was shot and awakened her and she leaped from the bed and tried to escape from the room but failed. She pointed the pistol in her face and fired. That neither bullet caused the woman's death seems miraculous. Shaw denies in toto the statement of his wife and says that she shot herself; that he was aroused from his sleep by the first explosion and tried to prevent his wife from further attempting her life but did not do so until she had fired the second shot. He further states, it is reported, that his wife is insane and has shown suicidal mania before, has in fact, attempted her life before to his own knowledge. These are reports, only, and not evidence, consequently when the testimony is offered in the court the public will be prepared to judge and not 'tilt then.

Shaw is from Fayetteville and his brother came from there to his assistance. Shaw was arrested and in default of \$500 bond was locked up Saturday. Wednesday morning Judge Thorp deemed the case of sufficient seriousness to increase the bond to \$750. The maximum penalty for the offence Shaw is charged with is 20 years in the penitentiary.

Mrs. Shaw is progressing towards recovery rapidly and will, it is believed, be able to get up soon.

WHITAKERS ITEMS.

Miss Ruth Moore, a young lady of brilliant attainments, has returned home from Sumter, S. C., where she has been on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Forest Taylor.

Mr. W. D. Lindsay, of Fremont, traveling salesman, is in town.

Ex-Judge Jacob Battle, of Rocky Mount, the pure, incorruptable and profound jurist, was in town Saturday on professional business.

Eld. A. J. Moore has been called to preach at Richmond and Manchesta, Va. Eld Moore is a forceful and eloquent speaker, educated at the University of North Carolina and well fitted for any position that he may be called to.

Mr. M. C. Braswell, of Battleboro, one of the most prominent merchants in Eastern Carolina, was here to day.

Mr. Zeno Mann, who has been residing in Rocky Mount for several years, is at home now, helping his father, O. D. Mann in the mercantile business.

There is very little cotton coming to this market at present. There has been large receipts of cotton seed and pe-

nuts. We know of no better point in North Carolina where a cotton seed oil mill and peanut factory would pay better, for there seems to be no end to the receipts and shipments.

The paric, state prohibition and the May election is the topic now being discussed which promises to be pretty lively and heated. Get ready Mr. "Puritan" for the battle.

Mr. J. E. Dickens, who has been sick and critically ill for so long, is able to be up at his place of business and shaking hands with his numerous friends.

Judge Hargis Killed by His Son.

Jackson, Ky., Feb. 6.—Former County Judge James Hargis, for many years member of the state Democratic Executive Committee, accused of complicity in many killings and a prominent figure in the feuds which have disrupted Breathitt county for several years, was shot and instantly killed in his general store here about 3:30 p. m. today, by his son, Beach Hargis. The son fired five shots in rapid succession at his father, who fell dead while his clerks were waiting on customers. The exact cause of the murder has not been learned, but it is supposed to have been the result of differences which existed between father and son for some time. The two men are reported to have had a severe quarrel several years ago when the father, it is alleged, was compelled to resort to violence to restrain his son. Young Hargis, it is said, had been drinking heavily of late.

A Handsome Soda Fountain.

Griffins Drug Store has installed an exceedingly handsome "Innovation" sanitary soda fountain at considerable expense and is now prepared better than ever to cater to the wants of the thirsty ones. It is indeed a beautiful apparatus and especially constructed with an eye to convenience in keeping the syrups and all other appurtenances free from anything that is deleterious to health. With the counter service, easily accessible and in full view this is a beautiful sight and the top furniture is mahogany, with a large mirror and electric light fixtures to give the whole a very pretty effect. The handsome "Innovation" fountain will no doubt prove a great drawing card to the lovers of the delicious, sweet cool drinks dispensed at soda fountains, and with the excellent service always to be had at this popular drug store will increase the patronage to a great extent.

The Grip is Defined.

Sufferers with the grip, of which there are many in this section will appreciate the following from The Charlotte Observer, if one with the grip can appreciate anything which is doubtful. "Squire S. H. Hilton sat in his office at the court house yesterday and indulged in divers speculations. The subject of grip came within the pale of his sophistry and he essayed to define the feeling that as yet has never been reduced to understandable solution. "I think the grip is a delusion which makes a man think he is well while he is still sick, a kind of a start-out and then give-out game, a feeling without gravitational elements, misery, discontentment, disgust, aversion, antipathy, isolation, dread, fear, trembling, uneasiness, bitterness—these are a few of the mixtures that go into the distinct entity of that little disease known as the grip."

The Citizens Bank and the Bank of Kinston, the two leading banks of Kinston, will be converted into national banks with a capital of \$100,000 each.

While despondent and disgusted with life Mary Taylor, a colored woman of 65, jumped into a 20 foot well at Kinston, in an attempt to commit suicide. The water was not deep enough to drown her, but it was cold and the old woman changed her mind about dying and cried for help.

There are 1000 civil cases on the docket in Guilford county, and it is said the docket could not be cleared if court was to sit for a year.

The money stringency has apparently subsided and the Rocky Mount Homestead and Loan Association has emerged from the period of depression with a feeling of pride that loans have been granted and all stock surrenders have been paid on demand without discount. The 12th series of stock will be open for subscription February 1st, 1908. Call on R. L. Huffines, Secretary and Treasurer.

CALL OF ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE.

State Committee Issues Ringing Appeal to Temperance Forces to Rally to State Prohibition Cause.

Raleigh, N. C.

To the people of North Carolina: We, and others of the Anti-Saloon League called the temperance forces together to meet in convention in the City of Raleigh, on Jan. 21st. The great convention that assembled unanimously asked the present Legislature to give the State a statutory law against the manufacture and sale of liquor at the present session, but a majority of the members of the Legislature, after considering the matter, decided to submit the question to a vote of the people. The "Long-Dowd" bill is now a law. It is a composite bill prepared by the best thought of temperance men in the State. It is not as stringent as some of us would like it to be, but it is an extension of the Watts and Ward bills to the whole State. On Tuesday, May 26th, the issue will be presented to the people of North Carolina, are you "For or against the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors?" The praise for this issue being submitted to the people of North Carolina is due to the great heart of the masses of its citizenship demanding this reform, the ministers of the Gospel of peace and good will towards men, those Senators and Representatives who voted for the bill, most of the press of the State, the Educators of the State, and to those splendid men: Senator F. M. Simmons, Judge Jeter C. Pritchard, Ex-Gov. Thomas J. Jarvis, Gov. Robt. B. Glenn, Ex-Gov Chas. B. Aycock, Joseph Daniels, Hugh G. Chatham, S. McIntyre, J. A. Hartness, Henry A. London, G. W. Watts, T. H. Vandervord, J. J. Rogers, Henry A. Page, Frank R. McNinch, W. C. Newland, A. D. Watts, H. G. Fennell, J. H. Tucker, J. D. McCall, Settle Dockery, A. D. Ward, J. H. Pou, W. N. Jones, L. L. Smith, N. B. Broughton, W. H. Sprunt E. T. Cansler, Jas. I. Johnson, Clarence H. Poe, Geo. P. Pell, R. B. White, W. I. Everett, Cameron Morris, F. S. W. S. O. L. Robinson, E. A. M. Scales, R. Lee Wright, J. W. Bailey, W. F. Snyder, R. L. Madison, W. T. Shaw, J. L. Choat, W. B. Cooper, Virgil S. Lusk, W. B. Smoot and others. The bill leaves intact the higher local prohibitory laws now in force in the several counties.

We have patiently borne for years the galling yoke of the saloon, distillery and drink evil with all their attending curses and woes. The time has come when this enemy to the human family must be destroyed. No family, high or low, rich or poor, has not felt the awful curse of the drink habit. It is the canker worm that has eaten into the heart of the body politic; it has made the sweet water of life bitter; the tears that have been shed by an army of mourners speak to our heads as well as our hearts.

"In the sweetest bud, The eating canker dwells."

No race is exempt; especially is it injurious to the negro, to whom the white race owes a duty. The people of the State, in the generations gone by, have resisted to the lost ditch tyranny and oppression, cruelty and wrong. The power is with them and they are once more called upon to do battle in a righteous cause. Be not deceived with false arguments. The business man and corporation no longer want one who drinks in their employment. The Mill and Manufacturing towns of the State have refused to license the traffic fraught with such evil to the moral and material prosperity of the community. How wonderfully they have prospered by so doing!

This issue appeals to men of all parties; to men of all creeds; it is above party, above creed, above nationalities; it is a matter of conscience. With malice toward none, and with an eye single to the public good, we call upon all to join with us in the contest. If any have made, wittingly or unwittingly entangling alliances, hurtful to themselves or the good of the human family, we appeal to them to sever their connection with the "body of this death," re-assert their freedom and manhood and enter the contest. We especially appeal to those who have been against us in the past to forget all differences for the public good and enter this contest. It is a contest against the saloon, distillery and drink evil, and not against the man; and of merit and morals, and not of men and politics.

Friends of temperance, organize, work, watch and pray. If this is done victory is ours.

JNO. A. OATES, Chairman Executive Committee. HERIOT CLARKSON, President of State Convention, R. L. DAVIS, State Organizer.