

The Elm City Elevator.

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NO. 3.

JOHN WINTHROP'S DEFEAT.

A Novel.

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

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CHAPTER I.

AT FIRE ISLAND.

The Banjo slid over the beach water and up to the pier-steps, the young man at the prow bringing her "to" like some senseless thing that knew her duty. A few idlers down from the hotel stood by, awaiting the arrival of the afternoon steamer bringing the mail and such guests as fate might send. These turned to watch the disembarking of the sailing party, anything being idly interesting upon such an exquisite day, with the sapphire sky and the amber and green and gold of the ocean.

"By George!" murmured Harry Dillingham to his companion, removing his cigar from his lips in surprised admiration. "I say, old boy, who is that magnificent woman in the gray boat-banking of the sailing party, anything being idly interesting upon such an exquisite day, with the sapphire sky and the amber and green and gold of the ocean."

"Your ignorance proclaims your sojourn in the wilderness, Dillingham," was the lazy rejoinder. "Every one who is any one or has been any one where this season knows Mrs. Graham. She carries a fortune in her finger-rings and a nabob's ransom in her necklace. None of your milk-and-water beauties, either. There is a power of wisdom in that little dark head, let me tell you. You are bound to be at your best in her society. Her husband adores her."

"She has a husband, then? Is he here?"

"Of course. One of the lavish sort, you know. Spends cash like water. Their house on the avenue is magnificent. No shoddy; blue blood straight through. Surely, you have heard of the great house of Graham? They must have been abroad, he and his wife. They just returned this summer, and have spent the months at this island. But that's enough for now. She's coming up."

He turned toward the woman in question, as she was assisted to the pier, a tall, high-bred gentleman standing before her bareheaded, his cigar consigned to Neptune, as he added, smiling:

"No need to ask if you have enjoyed the sail, Mrs. Graham. Your face tells its story."

She smiled dazzlingly. Her lifted eyes, even in that clear light, were the even color of violets. She dangled a bunch of sea-weed in one hand, careful that the water should not drip upon her dress. The sunset struck gold through the brown of her hair, under the pretty cap.

"We have had such a delightful sail," she said, "that my face would be a craven not to show it. Mr. Bensonhurst. The Banjo is well named. It is the music of motion."

"Prestly handles the ropes as deftly as the literal Banjo strings," added Bensonhurst. "May I have the pleasure of making my friend known to you? Mr. Harry Dillingham, Mrs. Graham. Dillingham's been tramping through the forests of Maine this summer, and only now comes to Fire Island, so he says, from pure friendship for me, which I doubt. To descend from the killing of deer to the killing of dolphins for some other fellow's sake isn't the nineteenth century code. Here comes the steamer. The Zingara, by Jove! Wonder what's happened to the other? Are you expecting any one out, Mrs. Graham?"

"No one," said Mrs. Graham, with supreme conviction. "Most of my friends are at Mount Desert or the Thousand Islands or Europe. My husband and I came here to watch the sailing of ships, instead of spending the summer where dress is set by Fashion's decree. One needs rest after the winter, not fashion. So the surf here and the light-house and the coast-guard—and sails."

The brilliant smile that came and went instantaneously, but was like sunlight upon her face, finished the sentence eloquently.

"And sailing?" added Bensonhurst, with his significant uplifting of the eyebrows. "Especially the arrival of the Zingara, with her passengers, Mrs. Graham?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Graham, absently, her eyes on the approaching steamer, slowly swinging the sea-weed to and fro, yet never splashing her gown. "Everything here is very restful and charming, Mr. Bensonhurst!"

The party from the sail-boat were gathered about them, having alighted, and were also awaiting the arrival of the Fire Island steamer. Mrs. Graham was conspicuous among them for her beauty and grace.

"Unless I am mistaken," Ninette Bradley said, turning to Mrs. Graham, "your husband is on the steamer, Alecia. There is scarcely ever any mistaking him, is there? He is such a magnificent man!"

Alecia Graham shook her head and turned her face with one of those swift, transfiguring smiles, upon her friend. She appreciated praise of her husband.

"You are not mistaken, Ninette. Harold is upon the steamer. He went to the city this morning on business. Do you think that I would have gone without him—even in the Banjo—this afternoon, had he been here?"

Ninette laughed. She moved a trifle away from Alecia's swinging sea-weed. She absently pulled a toilet bag from her pocket.

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The Zingara, making more fuss and splatter than an ocean steamer, was dashing and splashing through the amber and green and blue water-lights, fringing her bow with foam and leaving a wide wake of seething bubbles as she neared the pier where the hotel guests were standing. Those who recognized friends on the little steamer fluttered handkerchiefs in welcome, or waved white hands in the sunset glow, laughing and chatting, waiting for them to come.

The blue eyes of Mrs. Graham were penetrating, and they were steadily regarding the pious Zingara as she plowed the golden water-lights. She recognized her husband among those on deck just forward of the cabin, but, her eyes being keen with love, she also recognized that he was unusually excited and pale.

The man whom this woman was watching saw her as quickly as she saw him. He never failed to single out this one woman in any crowd where she might be. He lifted his hat as they came nearer, and he perceived that she saw him. There was not a trace of color in his face, and his black eyes burned like coals from its pallor, restlessly, as though he were haunted by some dread.

Alecia stepped a little back from her friends. She was at one side of the gang-plank where the steamer stopped, and waited for her husband to come to her. The color came and went in her face; her eyes, too, were burning with nervous excitement.

Mr. Graham sprang lightly on the pier, her the plank was thrown out, and again lifting his hat courteously to her and her companions, greeting them with a word or smile, here and there, turned with her up the pier toward the hotel.

"Was it warm in the city, Harold?" "Very warm, Alecia—suffocating. It is like champagne to breathe this air from the ocean. Let us go down to the beach, if you are not fatigued."

"I am not fatigued, Harold. Shall we go to the pavilion or along the sands?"

"Oh, along the sands," he said, restlessly, keeping his eyes resolutely from meeting hers. "A long distance on the sands, Alecia, where I can have you to myself. Then—ah!" he broke off suddenly. "How can I tell you, Alecia?"

"If there is anything that you should tell me, Harold," she said, steadily and sweetly, "you need not fear. Nothing can hurt me much—while I have you."

That wonderful smile of hers was on her face as she lifted it to his as they passed along the covered walk, around the hotel piazza and out on the other side toward the beach. There were groups here and there on the piazza, reading or talking or idly watching the light of the fading sunset upon the water and the glimmer of sails in the distance against the heavens. These the two must greet or exchange with them light words of compliment.

"There have so many ships passed to-day," she said, mechanically, not to allow silence to fall upon them. "So many ships, Harold—but they all go by, they never stop or stay."

"Yes," he said bitterly, commanding his voice by a powerful effort. "Every thing passes, Alecia, like the ships."

"Not everything, Harold. Love never drifts by when once it finds harbor. The winds and the currents cannot move it! Its anchor sinks so deeply in the heart, Harold, that only a dead heart lifts it up."

He turned upon her in sudden fierceness. His burning eyes flamed into hers, but she would not falter.

"You have never been tried," he said, harshly.

But he made no answer, and she could not speak further with the growing fear in her heart; and so in silence they descended the steps of the pavilion and struck out upon the sands, where the surf hissed and seethed with the lifting and falling of the breakers.

The sand was heavy, and they moved slowly along, she with the dangle sea-weed, he with his clenched hands, the soft lights upon them, the ocean and the ships just beyond. They turned the bend in the beach and were alone, so far as curious eyes could see or curious ears catch any word not meant for them.

Then Harold Graham stopped and faced his wife. He placed some marvelous restraint upon himself—for he was a passionate man—and when he disengaged the seaweed from her fingers, letting it fall unheeded upon the sands, his touch was very gentle. Both her hands he held in his, and drawing her to him so, he laid them upon his breast, his eyes upon hers.

"Alecia!" "Harold!" "My darling, you believe that I love you?" "Perfectly."

"You told me back there to try you. I shall try you infinitely."

Terror was growing upon her. Her startled eyes would not retain the brave spirit she sought to hold. Her lips would tremble, do as she would, as she answered, softly:

"Alecia!" he cried, letting her hands fall and turning despairingly from her toward the one or two sails down on the horizon. "Alecia! You cannot dream what is at hand. How can I tell you?"

He was frightening her more than he realized. But she crowded down her fear and responded:

"Harold, my dearest, you may safely trust in me. What have you to tell?"

He looked down upon her as she clung to him, and smiled with a bitterness deeper than words. She did not know what it was she said. Some men might affirm that the blow fallen upon him was not so bad after all with this exquisite face and steady eyes and musical voice his own. Some men! To him it was infinitely worse because the blow must also fall upon her. Nevertheless it was sweet to have her clinging to him and assuring him that he could trust her—very sweet.

"Alecia," he said; his voice was perfectly steady now, for his manhood demanded that he should be brave and strong and true to her. "You have been the sweetest of women always. You are brave, too; and you love me. So far, in our married life, I have given you everything you could desire that money could buy. Now—I cannot. I have not one penny in all the world that is mine!"

She sighed. The tense lines of her face relaxed; her hands upon his arms were quite steady. She had feared something so different, that this was a relief.

"Is that all, Harold?" "He fell back from her, letting her hands fall from his arm. Amusement was upon every feature of his face. Then he recovered himself, believing that she did not understand.

"All, Alecia? Is it not quite enough? Do you comprehend that I say that we have not one penny in the world to live upon—or die upon; not one penny! Is that not enough? Beggars—cast upon the world with nothing but creditors clamoring about me—and you! Is this all?"

"But my money, Harold? How can she wait! Surely she did not realize what it meant to be penniless. Can we not manage upon that until better times are for us?"

"You are for us? You will retrieve yourself; you could not stay there. Your brave heart would never admit that, dearest."

He groaned again turning his face from her eyes.

"Your money, Alecia? Your money was in mine, and has gone, too. I believe it perfectly safe, this last investment, and but every penny into it—every one! The house closed to-day, though no one outside is aware of it; and as I shall give up everything, I cannot meet the demand. I shall be weighed to the earth with liabilities. I shall drag you down as well. But, of it all, the bitterest is that your money is gone through me. The house is yours, Alecia. It was bought and made over to you when there was no hint of failure. And your jewels are yours. Were you not accustomed to the luxuries of our home you might call this a fortune; nevertheless it is not half equal to the fortune I lost for you."

She smiled very softly, taking his hand in both of hers and leaning her cheek against it.

"I love beautiful things," she said. "What woman does not? But, after all, I can be happy without them. Harold. Having each other and our health and brave hearts, should we not feel that we are blest? Whatever you did with my money you did for the best, I am assured. The one thing that I regret is that every demand cannot be met. Of course we will give up the house; that will surely realize a good deal and may help you. The jewels I will keep because—your gave them to me, and because—how steadily she spoke—"because there is no reason why I should give them up. You think that I do not comprehend this, Harold. I may not know all that this means, but I am certain that I have you, and have no fear. I can be happy in but one room at a time. Our home is beautiful, but I felt always that I could be myself just as well in a less luxurious place. You must not despair. I shall not let you despair."

Twilight was setting over the water. The dinner hour was almost at hand and their return to the hotel and to their friends to the light chat-bat and laughter and songs and careless hearts and bright eyes, and hide this blow for the one night at least.

"You must not despair, Harold, dearest," added Alecia presently, they two standing alone upon the sands with the purple and lilac and pink of twilight falling around them and the hoarse murmur of the sea at their feet; afar off, against the lifting rose of moonrise, a white sail glimmered. Her face, lifted steadfastly to his, was touched with some indescribable softness of light and shadow from the world around them. The golden anchor on her sleeve caught reflection from the moonrise and glowed against the soft gray of her gown like an emblem of hope. "We will conquer it, Harold!"

It was a question as well as a comforting assurance, for she knew how much this fashionable world was to him, and how he demanded luxury where she would force herself to be happy without it.

"We will agree to be true to each other, dearest," he made answer, very gravely.

They turned back toward the hotel, feeling that they were beginning a new life—an unknown life—from that time. Alecia, pausing a moment in the pavilion, her hand resting lightly upon her husband's arm, gazed across the purple black of the ocean, along the line of silver heralding moonrise, to where the distant sails seemed stationary so far away against the lightening heaven.

"And are they laden with hopes, too," she thought, wistfully, "and sailing away?"

(To be continued.)

INDEPENDENT FOR CONGRESS.

Mr. E. R. McKethan Announces His Candidacy.

Fayetteville, Special.—Edwin R. McKethan, of Cumberland county, has announced himself as an independent Democratic candidate for Congress in the sixth district. He resigned as secretary of the county Democratic executive committee, and has published the following card:

"To the Voters of the Sixth District: In a government by the people it is right and good for the people to divide. For more than thirty years unhampered division with safety. In North Carolina, in 1900, there was a change, and it was proclaimed throughout the State that thereafter her electors should and would be free to divide, every man according to his views. On Monday, April 30, 1900, this was proclaimed in Cumberland by our present honored and distinguished Governor, and, in introducing him in this city on the evening of the day, a privilege and honor accorded me as president of the white supremacy club, I called attention, and especially emphasized this position; how he and others labored to bring this freedom to her rightful electorate. The returns for Governor and the General Assembly in North Carolina are a lasting record. For cause there is now a division among the voters of the sixth congressional district. What strength it represents now or will hereafter grow to represent and what the final result will be, it is not within human knowledge to tell. When I, heretofore, respectfully announce, as I now do, my candidacy for this high honor, as your representative in this district, no man can realize more than I do the importance of the step. No matter what the result may be on the 4th day of November, it has been given me more than once in life to cast my vote among the foremost and the few in behalf of some measure or opinion that proved to be right for good. If it be so in this let us hope and pray that I may be given strength to do my duty. If I have misjudged public sentiment, if on hearing me my constituents are not satisfied, if I stand for liberty and freedom that is not desired and you see fit to reject me, I only ask that you reserve too severe judgment until time shall have put its seal upon it."

E. R. McKETHAN.

Mr. McKethan is a young man of marked ability. He is a graduate of Davidson College and the University. In 1900 he led the legislative ticket of his county and is the author of the bill that gave Cumberland prohibition. He comes of a good old Cumberland stock and is a native of the county. He is a member of the Cumberland county board of education and is a member of the Cumberland county board of health. He is a member of the Cumberland county board of agriculture. He is a member of the Cumberland county board of commerce. He is a member of the Cumberland county board of education. He is a member of the Cumberland county board of health. He is a member of the Cumberland county board of agriculture. He is a member of the Cumberland county board of commerce.

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ALABAMA PRIMARY.

Elks Won Over Johnson in Monday's Election.

PRESENT GOVERNOR RE-ELECTED

The Former Ex-Governor and Ex-Tar Heel Defeated in Alabama's First Legal Primary.

Montgomery, Ala., Special.—In the Democratic primary, held in this State Monday for the nomination of candidates for State officers and congressional representatives, Wm. D. Jelks, of Harbor, the present Governor, won over former Governor Jos. E. Johnston, of Jefferson, for Governor, by a majority which will probably reach 20,000.

The day's primary was the first held since the addition of the new constitution, by which the negro is eliminated as a political factor in Alabama, but the new organic law was not made an issue in the campaign. Today's result is equivalent to an election in this State. The new constitution was endorsed in its entirety by Governor Jelks, and ex-Governor Johnston also guaranteed to uphold it, although he opposed its ratification. R. M. Cunningham, of Jefferson, defeated C. E. Walker, of Hale, by almost 20,000 majority for Lieutenant Governor. The election of State officers by a general primary was an innovation in Alabama and the voting passed off quietly throughout the State.

P. R. Poole, of Marengo, for Commissioner of Agriculture; Thomas L. Sowell, of Walker, for Auditor, and J. Craig Smith, of Dallas, for Treasurer, had no opposition, there being accorded a second term by precedent. For Attorney General, Alex. Troy, of Montgomery; A. M. Garber, of Talladega; Massey Wilson, of Clarke, and former Congressman J. E. Cobb, of Macon, were the contestants. It is not believed that any one of the four contestants was nominated and a second primary will be held between the first two receiving the highest vote, the State constitution demanding that the successful candidate for State office should have received the majority of all the votes cast. For Secretary of State, T. Heflin, of Chambers, F. N. Julian, of Colbert, and Jas. L. Tanner, of Jefferson, were the candidates and a second contest will probably be ordered between the first two who received the highest vote. In the contest for nomination for Superintendent of Education John G. Harris, of Montgomery, Thomas L. Bulger, of Tallapoosa, Chapell Corrie, of Montgomery, and J. W. Hill, of Etowah, were nominated. The following candidates were nominated with opposition: First district, G. W. Taylor; second district, A. A. Wiley; third district, Sidney J. Bowie; sixth district, J. H. Bankhead; seventh district, John L. Burnett; eighth district, Wm. Richardson; ninth district, Oscar W. Underwood. In the district for former Congressman Willis Brewer is opposing Charles W. Thompson, present incumbent. The returns indicate the re-nomination of Thompson.

Fast Mail Wrecked.

Toccoa, Ga., Special.—The fast mail on the Southern Railway, south-bound, was wrecked Monday morning by an open switch, near Harbin's, S. C. The entire train, except the sleepers, turned over, but none of the passengers were hurt. Engineer Henry Busha, of Atlanta, was severely but not fatally injured, and a tramp, who was stealing a ride, was fatally hurt. Slight injuries were sustained by Fireman Chas. S. Swan, of Atlanta, Mail Clerk, N. E. Lowenthal, W. A. Dugan, of Toccoa; C. M. Anglin and J. W. Gracy, Jr. Three switches near the scene of the wreck were found to have been tampered with, intentionally, it is believed. An attempt is being made to capture the supposed wreckers.

Jailed For Libel.

Manila, Special.—Frederick Dorr, proprietor, and Edward O'Brien, editor of Freedom, have each been sentenced to six months in prison and fined \$1,000 each, for libelling Benito Legarde, a native member of the civil commission, by publishing a certain article in Freedom. Both Dorr and O'Brien have also been convicted of sedition, but have not yet been sentenced on this count. The case has been appealed to the Supreme Court of the islands.

Fatal Trolley Accident.

Memphis, Tenn., Special.—One person is dead and seven injured, one of whom may die, is the result of a trolley accident here Monday. The dead, Mrs. Newton E. Morris, of 308 Iowa avenue, the injured: Mrs. F. M. Watson, of Pleasant Hill, Miss., shouldered and internally injured; colored woman, name unknown; W. J. Fox, negro, knee dislocated, burned by electric current; Life Williams, negro, hands cut; Mrs. Fisher, bruised, not serious; Docia Adair, colored, ankle fractured, mouth cut; Conductor W. L. Jones, left arm broken.

School Board Acts.

Shenandoah, Pa., Special.—The school board of Mahony township removed six of the oldest teachers in the township. The reason given was that the members of the families of these teachers were non-union mine workers. Among those affected is one named Bedell, sister of Jos. Bedell, who was killed during the riot of July 30. The board unanimously decided that applicants in any way connected with non-union workmen should not receive appointments.

General News Notes.

German steel and iron manufacturers have formed a trust and created an export bounty fund.

The Columbian gunboat Boyaca, which was captured by insurgents in now keeping Government troops out of Panama harbor.

The blockade of the port of Carupano, Venezuela, is ended.

Camille Flammarion, the noted astronomer, is securing aid in having a new calendar adopted by France.

Rev. M. Baxter, of London, prophesies the millennium in 1929.

Johann Kasper, an American citizen, is confined in a German jail for evading military duty in his youth.

The naval war game ended in the defeat of the "enemy's" squadron.

President Roosevelt attended the christening of the Theodore Willard Chandler at Newport, and afterward visited Senator Lodge, Nahant, Mass.

Ex-Senator Gorman and Hill held a conference at Saratoga.

President John Mitchell, of the miners, told People's Alliance representatives that he was willing to do anything in his power to end the strike.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and M. DeLacasse conferred regarding tariffs between France and Canada.

WEEKLY CROP BULLETIN

North Carolina Section.

The majority of crop correspondents report that very favorable weather conditions prevailed during the past week, and that crops have continued to do well. Copious showers occurred on several dates, which generally sufficed for growing crops. The rainfall was too heavy in some eastern counties, where also, notably in Pitt and Edgecombe counties, some minor damage to crops by hail occurred; on the other hand very dry weather continues in several extreme western counties in which crops have not materially improved. The temperature was above normal early in the week, with maximum above 90 degrees on a few days; the nights have been rather cool for August; a marked cool portion occurred towards the close of the week. As a rule conditions were very suitable for farm work of all kinds.

Young corn is now filling well, and will soon be mature; pulling fodder is general; sorghum is doing well, but the canes are heading low. Cotton is reported as suffering from rust quite extensively, and is also shedding forms but probably not more than usually occurs at this season. Plants generally are heavily balled, indicating a large crop that will mature early; the top crop is promising in some sections while not so well developed in others. Cotton is now opening rapidly, picking has begun, and some new bales have been marketed. Tobacco in the central portion is ripening nicely and continues to cure well, with good color. Frequent showers caused second growth in some places which will give difficulty in curing and cause leaf to be heavy and dark colored. Peanuts, sweet potatoes and field peas are more promising than expected a few weeks ago. Fall Irish potatoes and turnips are coming up nicely, and late cabbages are heading well.

Rains reported (in inches): Newbern 3.36, Goldsboro 1.21, Lumberton 1.70, Greensboro 0.52, Winston 0.04, Marion 0.08, Seale 0.40, Raleigh 0.50, Foster 0.55, Charlotte 0.80, Wilmington 0.80, Raleigh 0.42.

RIDDLED WITH BULLETS.

Colored Fiend Punished by Members of His Own Race.

LaGrange, Special.—Tom Jones, the negro who last week cruelly assaulted Mrs. Smith near Seven Springs, was hanged and riddled with bullets about 10 o'clock Monday morning by a crowd of eight or ten persons, who appeared to be negroes.

Sunday night between 10 o'clock and daylight Jones was caught coming out of a cabin, where he had been concealed, on the Kenansville road, about eight miles from Seven Springs. He was captured by a posse from Duplin county and at once confessed his crime.

He was brought before his victim, who identified him and showed the razor he stole from her house. He was then confined in a barn, from which he was taken about 10 o'clock by eight or ten persons, who appeared to be negroes, hung to a tree and riddled with bullets.

Mrs. Smith, the victim, is not expected to live. One eye is nearly out and her face terribly lacerated, and her jaw broken in several places.

A later report says that the negro was not hanged but was carried to a tramway and riddled with bullets, but both affirm his death.

Albert Dawson, also colored, is being hunted for a similar crime, committed Saturday night at Falling Creek, a station between LaGrange and Kinston, on the Atlantic & North Carolina Railroad. His victim is a colored girl.

Gold Production.

Washington, Special.—Geo. E. Roberts, Director of the Mint, has issued his final estimate of the production of gold and silver in the United States during the calendar year 1901. Mr. Roberts' statement shows that during 1901 the United States produced 3,605,000 ounces of gold, valued at \$78,867,000; a decrease of \$504,300, or 0.68 per cent, as compared with the yield of 1900. The silver yield for 1901 amounted to 55,214,000 ounces of the commercial value of \$3,128,400, which was 2,433,000 ounces, or 5 per cent, less than it was in 1900. The total value of the precious metals produced by the United States in 1901 amounted to \$11,795,100, which was \$1,964,100 or 2 per cent less than the yield for 1900. In 1901 the gold production of Georgia was valued at \$124,500; silver \$240,000. North Carolina produced \$55,500 gold and \$12,1