

THE ARGUS

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

Neuse Lodge No. 6, I. O. O. F., meets every Tuesday evening, at 8:00 o'clock, in Odd Fellows Hall.—Cordial welcome to visitors.

Wayne Lodge No. 112, A. F. & A. M., meets 1st and 3rd Monday evenings, 8:00 o'clock, in Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting brothers heartily welcomed.

Alpha Lodge No. 6, K. of P., meets every Friday evening, 8:00 o'clock in Odd Fellows Hall. Knightly welcome to visitors.

Goldsboro Council No. 89, Jr. O. U. A. M., meets every Wednesday evening, 8:00 o'clock, in Odd Fellows Hall. Cordial welcome to all visiting brethren.

THE WEATHER.

For North Carolina.

Rain to-night; probably heavy rain Saturday.

OUR LOCAL OPTIC.

Goldsboro and Vicinity History in Brief
Epitome of Sayings and Doings, Wise and Otherwise, Run Down and Run in by Omnipresent Ubiquitous, Local "Grand Rounds."

And still it rains.

Mrs. C. B. Miller is on a visit to her sister in Norfolk, Va.

Mrs. J. C. Jenkins, of Tarboro, is in the city visiting Mrs. F. L. Castex.

The Supreme Court yesterday granted a new trial in the now famous Gattis-Kilgo libel suit.

The Goldsboro Base Ball team left this morning for M. Olive to play a match game this afternoon.

Mrs. Bruce Wright, of Raleigh, who has many friends here, is in the city, the guest of Mrs. F. K. Borden.

Mr. T. A. Uzzell has gone to Beaufort, where he has been elected cashier of the Bank of Beaufort, which will open its doors for business to-morrow.

Miss L. E. Street and brother Howard B., only daughter and youngest son of Mr. J. J. Street, who have been attending school at Wilmore, Kentucky, arrived home to-day.

Prof. E. E. Broadhurst is in the city on a short visit to his parents, Capt. and Mrs. D. J. Broadhurst, before leaving for Thomasville, Ga., where he has been elected superintendent of the Graded Schools of that town.

Last day of May—and we doubt if there was ever before such a phenomenally cold and rainy and crop-devastating May since first the flight of time began. Let us hope that there awaits the farmers a "dry June," which, it is said, "never begs bread."

Large numbers of students from schools in the middle and western part of the State pass through Goldsboro daily for their homes in the East. Goldsboro is the gateway to Eastern North Carolina and all the travel has to come this way. No matter what kind of disagreeable weather we are having, they all have to alight from the trains and make the best of it they can, just because we have no union passenger depot.

There was a quartette of traveling men sitting in front of the Hotel Kennon to-day and viewing the inclement weather with alarm. It is impossible to sell goods in bad weather and these gentlemen have all come to their homes in Goldsboro to wait "till it breaks off." They are all well known to the mercantile public and their many friends around Goldsboro are familiar with such names as Messrs. Ben King, Ben Campen, Frank Castex and Henry Grimes.

The strawberry crop, which is the "money crop," for the people between here and Wilmington, has already been put on the market, or as much of it as is saleable. Mr. W. B. Brice, a prominent buyer at Wallace, shipped the last car load from that place to-day. There are a few berries yet at some other points, but to-day will close up the shipping season. The price has not been as good as last year,—an unusually good year, but on the whole, prices have been very fair and the laborer, farmer and merchant will all come in for their share of prosperity. All eyes are now turned on the tuckerberrycrop, which is fast ripening and which is looking very well at this time.

DAVID THE SHEPHERD.

A Rare Musical Treat in the Messenger Opera House Last Night.

The Newbern singers gave the Goldsboro people a splendid treat last night in their excellent rendition of "David The Shepherd Boy" and our people were glad to greet them.

The audience was composed of the elite of our city and their enjoyment of every scene of the delightful cantata was evidenced by their hearty applause and repeated encores.

The visitors were met on the arrival of the train yesterday evening by a delegation of our citizens, while the K. of P. Cornet Band, in full uniform, greeted them from the balcony of the Hotel Kennon with inspiring music.

The company repaired at once to the Opera house, as it was then 7:30 o'clock, and deferred supper, other than coffee, which was served them at their pleasure and convenience by the Kennon, until after the entertainment, when a repast was served them on their private car by the Kennon to be partaken of en route home, the hour being too late for them to indulge in a set supper, which was tendered them, but they preferred the luncheon, as above served, instead. An invitation was tendered them also by Mr. T. B. Robinson to partake of ice cream and cake or other cooling refreshments at his well appointed establishment, which was elaborately and artistically decorated in out flowers and growing plants for the occasion, but the visitors had no opportunity to accept, as the lateness of the hour and the long distance home made it impracticable for them to be the recipients of those social courtesies which our people were so desirous of extending to them.

The solos and prominent characters in the cantata, the personnel of which have already been published in these columns, were all excellently sustained, while the choruses were simply superb—thoroughly sustaining Newbern's long enjoyed reputation for intellectual culture, while the bearing of the company, in graceful manners and courteous recognition of every social amenity extended them, was in keeping with the innate refinement that has ever characterized the citizens of Newbern "to the manner born."

The "company," if we may speak of them "jocularly" as such, were managed on this "outing" by Capt. Matt Manly, and chaperoned by Mrs. John Dunn, Mrs. Basil Manly and Mrs. Allie Powell, which of itself is all that is necessary to say in commendation of the visitors.

Goldsboro hopes that this is but the beginning of an indulgence in such visits from our sister city, and of a mutual interchange of such between us, and we can assure them of always a cordial welcome here—and we need not to be told that such ever awaits us from them.

TO ALL APPLICANTS FOR STATE PENSIONS.

Notice is hereby given that all persons intending to apply for State Pensions must present themselves at the Court House in Goldsboro on Monday, June 24, 1901, to be examined by the County Board of Pensions. The above includes all who now receive pensions. All who do not present themselves on the above-named day, or, if unable by disability to do so, do not send physicians' certificate of such inability, will not be recommended for pensions. I. F. ORMOND, C. S. O. For County Board of Pensions.

Aguinaldo has no constitution to protect him now. He has the flag, but the flag does not carry equal rights. It is but a rag to him now.

STORIES OF FUNSTON.

Incidents in the Career of General Aguinaldo's Capturer.

LIVELY RAILWAY EXPERIENCE.

How the Famous Kansas Soldier Saved a Freight Engine From Wreck and Got the Election Returns From Little Medicine—Funston as an Angler.

Among the many anecdotes related of General Frederick Funston, the man who surprised and captured Emilio Aguinaldo, the commander in chief of the Filipinos, the following are of timely interest:

General Funston's home is at Carlyle, a small village in Allen county, Kan., named after the old home back in Ohio, right in the center of the great natural gas belt of Kansas, says the New York World. Really he has no home, but that is where his parents reside. Funston carries an annual pass on the Missouri Pacific railway. The manner in which he got it illustrates the facility with which he decides upon a plan of action. It was out at Downs, Kan., that the affair took place.

One morning the engine which was to convey the passenger train to Atchison was brought down a few minutes in advance of the arrival of the train and stopped on the main line about 50 yards ahead of the engine which would bring the train in.

Suddenly a cry, "Hill, stop that engine!" startled the crowd. The engineer jumped toward his moving machine, but it was some distance from him and picked up speed, which showed that pursuit would be fruitless. Several yardmen joined in the pursuit, but they also gave it up, and, as there was not a man in the lower yards, it became evident that the engine would continue until it came to a stop of its own accord.

The Downs operator was looking out of his big bay window in the depot, and saw the engine start. Like a flash the situation dawned upon his mind. He called up Cawker City. The response was prompt, and, realizing that no railroad man needed a diagram, he sent Cawker this brief message:

"Runaway engine. Throw derailing switch."

It happened that Funston was in the Cawker office when the message was received. As the operator dashed out of the room to throw the switch he shouted the telegram to Funston.

About a hundred yards west of the station was a water tank. Funston rushed to it and climbed up the ladder to the platform, which was on a level with the crane with which the engine was supplied with water. Around the curve came the engine, going swift enough to deter any but the most experienced railroad man from attempting to board it.

Funston did not intend to board in the ordinary way. Carefully he calculated the speed of the engine and the distance he was above it, and then, as it passed the tank, he leaped for the tender, fell among the coal and tools, scrambled into the cab, seized the throttle, shut off the steam, put on the air and opened the sand valves.

"It wasn't much," said he. "Even if the old kettle had run off the track I could have got off all right." But the company presented him with an annual pass, and it is always among the first to be renewed each year.

It was while Funston was a cowboy in one of the cattle counties of western Kansas in the early eighties that another incident happened.

It was election night, the close of a bitter campaign, and it was conceded by both sides that the victors would have very little to crow over. At about 4:30 or 5 o'clock returns had been received from every precinct except Little Medicine, and the leading side was but four votes to the good. The vote in each precinct was small, and, although not much time was taken in counting, there was great delay in getting the returns to the county seat.

Little Medicine was claimed by both parties. The excitement was intense. No one thought of going to bed. Some of the sportier boys were putting up money on the result. The list of voters in Little Medicine was gone over again and again, and each time both parties claimed that their side was sure. About 5:30 o'clock the chairman and secretary of the Republican committee, with a little knot of the faithful, walked out to where they could command a view of the trail the messenger would take.

Through the gray light of the coming dawn the figure of a man on horseback was discerned. Was it the messenger? What if it should turn out that it was not the long looked for messenger from Little Medicine? "It's him!" yelled the secretary. "It's ole Bill Hickey! I'd know that there yaller broncho among a thousand!"

Down into a dip in the prairie went horse and rider; up again on the next swell. It was old Bill Hickey. Standing up in the stirrups, lashing the broncho into a final burst of speed, swinging his hat and yelling at the top of his voice, old Bill dashed up to the little group, flung himself from the saddle, with a wild "Whoopee-ee!" and asked what the result was in the county.

The chairman pushed his way forward and asked old Bill for the result in Little Medicine.

"Little Medicine!" roared old Bill. "Little Medicine. — I don't know nothin' 'bout Little Medicine. I left there 'fore they commenced countin' the votes. Whichever side wins'll only have 'bout seven majority. What I want to know is how the county went." Hot tears of rage and disappoint-

ment glistened in the eyes of the chairman.

"Bill," he said as he pulled a six shooter on the man from Little Medicine, "git back into that saddle. Point the critter's head the other way. Now you light back for Little Medicine, and if you show up in this town again before those returns do we'll mail your ornery frame until your hide won't hold shucks. Git!"

Without protest the orders were obeyed. The little group returned to the headquarters room, and the broncho made a yellow streak through the atmosphere in the direction of Little Medicine.

The chairman was Fred Funston.

Here is one story that does more credit to Funston's capacity to "get there" than to his ethics as an angler, says the Omaha World-Herald. He was one of seven Kansas university students who camped with Chancellor Snow one summer in Colorado. The waters were full of fine trout, but the boys were not sufficiently skilled to land enough of them to satisfy the voracious appetites of the camping party.

One day, however, Funston took a comrade and started out to do or die. They went up the Big Thompson to a place where a very short fall formed a pool below. In passing up stream the fish jumped this fall, and at times as many as a dozen were in the air at once. With a net the two scientific sportsmen captured 312 trout in three hours, and for the first time since Chancellor Snow's advent in camp he had enough fish to eat. To get their catch home the boys filled a knapsack and a game bag and put the rest on two strings, 50 on each.

A Manila correspondent of Leslie's Weekly tells the following story of how General Funston once avenged his horse in the Philippines:

Colonel Funston sat on his horse, watching his Kansas boys fire at the enemy at Calocan, when an orderly came up with the commanding general's compliments and an order to stop firing.

"Cease firing!" shouted the colonel.

Only a few of the nearest men heard him, and the firing kept on.

"Cease firing!" ordered the colonel again, and this time the bugle gave forth the peal, and the firing, after scattering, stopped altogether. Just then a ball from the insurgents drilled the neck of the colonel's pony. Quick as a flash Funston whirled around, fire in his eyes.

"Commence firing!" he shouted at the top of his voice. "Give 'em — at 300 yards!"

It took three or four rounds of ammunition all along the line to avenge that horse, though the colonel still rides it.

Mr. William Allen White of Emporia, Kan., who is a bit of a sportsman and knows his Rockies shrewdly, related the following experience of General Funston to a correspondent of Forest and Stream:

General Funston of Kansas, who has made so meteoric a record for himself in Cuba and the Philippines, is a great friend of Mr. White, and they two have hunted together for many years. Once upon a time, before the game laws had very much respect given them in Colorado, these two worthies were on a hunting trip in the summer time out beyond Estes park. Here, in a little valley, they came upon a deserted village, some scores of houses without a single inhabitant, the abandoned camp of an earlier mining stampede. They took possession of this town in the name of Kansas, hoisting over it their broad pennant, and when they got tired of living in one house they moved into another.

Mr. Funston, whom Mr. White describes as a shocking bad shot, went out hunting regularly after mountain sheep and finally succeeded in killing a good ram, which they bore in triumph to the house which at the time they were honoring with their presence. They had disposed of most of their sheep, when one morning they were surprised to receive a visit from the game warden. While Mr. Funston entertained this gentleman in the front parlor Mr. White pulled up a couple of boards in the drawing room and lost the head under the house for the time being. The game warden departed, silenced and apparently convinced.

A few days later than this Mr. Funston went out after raspberries, taking his gun along, as usual. He gathered a pailful of berries, which he put in a shady spot, and threw his gun down beside them. Wandering a little way from this spot, he at length lay down and went to sleep. He was awakened some time later by an unfamiliar noise and on sitting up saw a very handsome cinnamon bear making for his pail of berries. It need only be added that the bear got the berries, the general of volunteers making a masterly retreat along the mountain side until he reached the bosom of the deserted village aforesaid.

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