

The Messenger.

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Friday, October 27, 1905

REVOLUTION IN MARKETING COTTON CROP.

The Lumberton Argus says: "Hurrah for ten cent cotton." Bless you sympathetic soul, brother, we have gone clear beyond those figures. Our farmers pay no attention to bids or ten cents now. They are holding for a cent a pound more and if they will just "keep a stiff upper lip" they will get it. They have got the trump cards. All they have to do is to play them to the best advantage. The Charlotte Chronicle tells us of one of this kind. He brought his cotton to market, was offered 10.05 for it, but refused to sell, saying he was pledged to his farmer associates to hold for eleven cents, and, so, hauled his cotton back home.

If all the farmers would be as conscientious and as loyal to their association as this one you would soon see the price jump to eleven cents and perhaps higher.

Within the last twelve months the southern farmer has learned how to market his cotton and the banks and other financial interests of the south have come to his aid. The latter find that it is to their interest to help the farmer hold his cotton for higher price rather than to have the crop forced on the market and sold at a sacrifice price to the middle man and speculator to be held until he can squeeze a big profit out of the manufacturers.

The cotton planter and the banker of the south are working together for mutual benefit in this matter in a way that they have never done before. Millions of money would have been saved to the south could this condition have been brought about a few years ago. No doubt it would have been done had the banks been in condition to act as they now are doing toward the farmers, but never before have they been in position to come to the aid of the farmers to the extent that they now find themselves. They have the money now. They do not have to borrow it from New York, as formerly, to be used in moving the crop. Under the old system the crop had to be rushed to market in order that the local banks could get in the money with which to take up their loans made at the north. This system has passed away, thanks to the better conditions at the south, and our banks are able to use their own resources in aiding the farmers, instead of relying on money secured on short-time loans from the northern financial centers. This revolution in the manner of marketing means large profits to our southern banks and increase to the farmers in the net proceeds of the cotton crop. The profits now stay at home instead of going to the north to pay for the money used in moving the crop.

PROPOSED CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

We understand there is a movement on foot among the Seaboard Air Line officials to change the schedule of the trains between this city and Hamlet, whereby the train which now leaves here at 7 o'clock a. m. will have its starting time placed an hour later and the train arriving at 8:50 p. m. will get in about two hours earlier. The railway authorities have issued a circular letter to its agents along the line between Wilmington and Hamlet instructing them to secure the views of the leading citizens along the route regarding the proposed change.

We hope the parties consulted will earnestly oppose such change. We should think it would be to their interest to have the schedule remain as it is. The present schedule is far more satisfactory to the business men of Wilmington than would be the proposed one. It certainly suits the newspapers of this city better. The change would simply delay for one hour the departure of the morning papers and would cause them to miss some of the rural free delivery routes and thereby force their detention at points along the road until the next day. It would be the same with business letters from parties in this city to persons on these free delivery routes. This change would cause great delay and inconvenience in the transaction of business between merchants of our city and their customers on these rural mail routes.

The present schedule is a very convenient one. Business men from our

city, by taking the 7 o'clock train and utilizing the two midday trains, can take in several points along the railroad and return to the city by 3:50 o'clock in the evening.

If this change is made the time will be so shortened that our city commercial men will be greatly hampered in their work up the Carolina Central.

We hope the people along the line of the road whose opinions have been sought will see the matter in this light and will take strong stand against this proposed change. We also hope the railway authorities will consult the convenience and interests of the newspapers and of the business men of our city and also their patrons and customers along the railway and the rural free delivery mail routes which branch off from the towns along the line of the road. If this is done we believe the schedule will be allowed to remain as it is. The proposed change would work the same inconvenience to the people along the railroad or rural mail routes who have business with Wilmington as it would to the business men of our city. In this matter their interests are identical.

THAT DUPLIN COUNTY CASE.

Governor Glenn has notified the sheriff of Duplin county that if it is thought necessary he will order a special term of court to try the negro fiend who attempted criminal assault on the little white girl near Wallace Sunday. The great pity about this negro's case is that the law limits the punishment in such cases to a maximum of fifteen years in the penitentiary. There can be no doubt about this man's guilt. In such cases as this the penalty should be death. Such a fiend should not be allowed to live. In Virginia the penalty for such a crime is death and it should be the same in this state. Those people of Duplin county who had the opportunity to hang this brute but who, instead, secreted him until the sheriff could spirit him out of the county showed great firmness and a law-abiding spirit not usual in men under such circumstances.

John Charles McNeill deserves another trophy for the chaste language in which he accepted the Patterson cup at the hands of President Roosevelt. His speech of acceptance was:

"Mr. President, my joy in this golden trophy is heightened by the fortune which permits me to take it from the hand of the foremost citizen of the world. To you sir, to Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, our gracious matron of letters, and to the committee of scholars whose judgment was kind to me, all thanks."

The Pennsylvania railroad has just placed an order for new rolling stock to cost forty million dollars. This includes thirty thousand, three hundred freight cars and five hundred locomotives. This is necessitated by the increase of freight traffic over that system, which is an index of the increased prosperity of the country. Railways do not increase their carrying capacity unless there is a demand for it. That demand comes from the public's enlarged capacity to buy and to ship goods.

We are glad the city authorities have withdrawn the quarantine. All danger is over now and there was no reason for keeping up the extra expense of fifteen or twenty dollars a day. So long as there was a possibility of yellow fever being brought into the city unless there was a strict quarantine we were in favor of sparing no expense in the efforts to keep it out. We think the city officials deserve the thanks of the general public for the efficient quarantine service maintained while there was danger as well as for the prompt raising of the embargo of passenger travel on the railways as soon as there was no longer any necessity for it.

Do the people of Wilmington know that we have one of the promptest and most efficient fire departments of any city of our size in the United States? It is a fact. We do not rely upon our own judgment for this opinion but upon that of others who have lived in other cities of equal and even greater population and who have had occasion from personal experience to make comparison between our department and those elsewhere as to promptness in getting to fires and effectual work after arrival on the scene.

These railway and corporation senators are beginning to think that Mr. Roosevelt is in earnest about federal supervision of inter-state railway rates. Many of them would be glad if he had not made his southern tour. That Raleigh speech almost took their breath away. They have come to realize that they have no child's play before them during the coming session of congress.

It is impossible to have a clear head an active brain a vigorous constitution or a strong body when the digestion is weak or when the stomach is out of order. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will put the stomach and digestive organs in good condition and improve the general condition. R. R. Bellamy

The last number of The Financier is a very handsome publication. It contains nearly three hundred pages and has many handsome illustrations of prominent bank buildings with their interiors and portraits of leading bankers and financiers of the country. Among its leading features is a stenographic report of the recent annual convention of the American Bankers' Association. The publication is gotten up in handsome style with a cover in gold and embossed.

Things are warming up over the campaign in New York city. It looks like Hearst is going to give somebody a pretty good run, and, then, Osborne is making it hot for Jerome. The impression seems to be gaining ground that Ivins is a mere figurehead for the purpose of drawing votes from Hearst in order to insure the election of McClellan.

President Roosevelt has undertaken the difficult job of making Castro do the amende honorable to France. We are afraid this will be more difficult than bringing about peace between Russia and Japan or modifying the rules of football.

Wouldn't you like to know exactly what Senator Foraker thinks of Secretary Taft's railway rate speech made in Ohio last Saturday night?

Take "bribery" and "theft" and dress them up in a fine suit of clothes with a silk hat, seal ring and a diamond shirt stud and they become "fraud."

As Others See Us. That staff correspondent of The Washington Post, who was here with the President's party last Thursday, wrote the following to his paper:

"This great gathering enabled the observer to judge North Carolinians as a type. They are peculiar and picturesque people. The men are shrewd, sharp-faced, spare of build, reticent, plainly attired and with a little change of costume and cut of hair might serve as models of the commonality of England in the days of the Roundheads. The women are not given to fashionable dress, but the number of handsome and regular features among them was remarkable. These people are sons and daughters of the soil of the Old North State, intensely devoted to their home and neighborhood. Their hospitality, which is proverbial, was extended today to the thousands of sojourners from outside states with a grave and quiet courtesy that charmed the recipients."

We hardly know whether to utter a sigh embraced in the language of the Scotch bard, or rise on our dignity and administer a rebuke to the young man who wrote the foregoing, in the nature of a lesson on good manners. As it is we are curious to know just what we look like without the "change of costume and cut of hair" suggested. And from a parade through crowded streets and a sea of humanity crowded along a dusty trail of a fair midway and a race track, what opportunity did the correspondent have to learn that our women "are not given to fashionable dress?"

We mind the soft and easy compliment the writer bestows in the closing part of the foregoing paragraph, and judge that it was his intention to be nice, as any guest should be. But didn't he get a remarkable view of us, in the brief time he was here? "They are a peculiar and picturesque people," as if such qualities were only found in North Carolina! "The men are shrewd, sharp-faced, spare of build, reticent, plainly attired," etc. He must have had in mind the fakirs along the trail! Then speaking of the women, he says "the number of handsome and regular features among them was remarkable." Might have been speaking of the horses, or the pigs in the exhibition pens at the fair.

At any rate it is a "peculiar and picturesque" compliment the correspondent paid us, even if our hair is not cut just right to show us up as Roundheads.—Raleigh Post.

Who are Democrats. What is this talk about excluding Mr. Willie Hearst from the Democratic caucus of the lower house of Congress this winter because he is not a Democrat and because he is running as an independent candidate for mayor of New York? The Hague Tribunal itself could not tell who is a Democrat these days and who is not, and it might be that Willie could gather around him a sufficient number of Representatives of his type of Democracy to keep the other fellows out. As for excluding him because he is running as an independent, that could not well be done in view of the number of Democrats of one variety and another who are applauding the "maelishness" of District Attorney Jerome for doing that very thing.—Charlotte Observer.

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Bowser and His Address

He Starts One to Be Delivered at County Fairs and Reads It to Mrs. B.

MIXED IN HIS HISTORY

Calls Daniel Webster a Soldier and Puts Robert Fulton In Congress.

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AFTER dinner the other evening instead of lighting a cigar and turning to the daily paper, as was his usual custom, Mr. Bowser walked about in a nervous way, with his hands clasped behind his back, and as Mrs. Bowser took sly looks at him she saw his lips moving, as if he were talking to himself. It had become plain after awhile that he wanted to talk with her on some subject, and she paved the way by saying: "I suppose your clubs will be meeting again soon?" "Yes, I suppose so."

"Shall you deliver any reopening addresses?" "Um! I can't exactly say. I wish—"

"Well, what do you wish?" "I wish you were a little different woman."

"But how, dear?" "I wish you didn't stand ready to go back on everything I wanted to do."

"But I don't. If it's anything foolish I tell you of it, but that's what a wife should do. You must admit that you sometimes take rather queer notions."

"There you go, first thing! There isn't a more level headed man in this



"I STEP FORWARD AND BEGIN."

town, and you know it, but you are always talking about my fads and notions."

"Well, what is it this time? I promise you that I won't make one single criticism."

"The county fairs will soon be on, won't they?" he asked after hitching around in an uneasy manner.

"Yes, of course."

"And at all such fairs they have some one to deliver an address?"

"Certainly."

"I don't know what they pay, but it must be as much as \$300. What's the matter with my dodging out and making half a dozen addresses this fall? I have a reputation as a public man, haven't I?"

"You—you have been in the papers often enough," replied Mrs. Bowser as she shut her teeth hard to keep from smiling.

"Well, then, I am a public man with a fine address, and what more can they ask for?"

"But about the address? I don't remember that you have ever composed and delivered an agricultural address."

"I can do it as easy as rolling off a log," said Mr. Bowser as his face began to clear. "All I want is your encouragement and here and there a suggestion. I had a little time this afternoon and started things off. I will read what I have written, and you can tell me what you think. We will say that I have taken my place in the grand stand. That's where I will speak from, I suppose. I have been introduced and received an ovation. As the applause dies away I step forward and begin:

"Fellow patriots, it is needless to say that this is one of the happiest moments of my life. Surrounded by"

"Please don't get mad," interrupted Mrs. Bowser, "but I don't think you ought to begin that way. That is more of a Fourth of July address. I should put it, 'Mr. President and ladies and gentlemen.'"

"I knew you'd find fault the first thing," growled Mr. Bowser.

"But I'm not finding fault. Leave the beginning as it is and go ahead. There isn't such a great difference, after all, between a Fourth of July address and a county fair oration."

"Of course there isn't. That's what I figured on when I began. I now go on and say:

"Surrounded by this large and cultivated audience and standing here under the most prolific sun in the world I would not be the man I am if I did not feel my heart swelling with pride. The clash of arms no longer reaches our ears. The battlefields won by our forefathers"

"There you seem to run off the track

again," said Mrs. Bowser. "The clash of arms and battlefields have nothing to do with agricultural matters."

"Oh, they haven't, eh? You just wait a minute and don't be so ready to find fault."

"The battlefields won by our forefathers with their valor and blood are shimmering in the sunshine of peace, and from them you have reaped the corn and pumpkins and squashes I see on every hand. From the field where George Washington drew his sword in defense of liberty come these fat hogs. From the field where Paul Jones laid down his life that America might be free you have driven this Durham bull. From the field where Daniel Webster shouted for freedom as he pressed on at the head of his troops you have gathered the Early Rose potatoes—these mammoth carrots—these"

"Stop, Mr. Bowser! Stop!"

"Well, what is it?"

"You must certainly change that. I don't want to find fault, but you can't have Paul Jones fighting on land."

"And why the devil can't I?"

"Because he was a sailor—a sea fighter. You have Daniel Webster at the head of his troops, but he was never even a soldier. You'd be picked up in a minute on those things."

"By the Lord Harry, woman," said Mr. Bowser as he flushed red and white, "but are you telling me that I don't know as much as the average boy ten years old?"

"No, I'm not. I'm simply telling you that you have got things mixed up. You know better, of course, but you are sometimes absentminded."

"Never in this world do I get things mixed up. Never in this world am I absentminded. Mrs. Bowser, you have insulted me."

There was a bit of doubt in his tones as he picked up his manuscript notes again, flourished his arm and went on: "When Robert Fulton arose in his place in congress and declared that agriculture was the bulwark of liberty men smiled at him, but you have only to look around you today to see what a truism he gave us. Look at those thrashing machines, those steam boilers, those windmills, those reapers and mowers and then turn—"

"Mr. Bowser, will you let me say a word?" interrupted Mrs. Bowser.

"What is it now?"

"You are not quite right about two things in that paragraph. Robert Fulton never arose in his seat in congress."

"But I say he did."

"I don't see how he could, as he was never a member of that body. You probably meant to say Calhoun or Clay."

"I probably didn't mean to say anything of the kind. This is the third or fourth time you have flung insults into my face, and I am done."

"But you must not make such mistakes. You speak of agriculture being the bulwark of liberty, and then you go on to mention nothing but manufactures. If you make such slips as these before a crowd you will be almost hooted at. Now go on. We will fill in new names later on."

"Madam, there will be no going on and no filling," said Mr. Bowser with great dignity as he came out of the grand stand.

"But why?"

"Because I am no fool. I may be baldheaded, but I know when I am insulted."

"You are a strange man. I was merely telling you where you were wrong about names and things."

"You telling me where I was wrong! Now listen to me. In half an hour I will prove that you don't know your A B C's. I'll show you that I am right and you are wrong in every criticism you have made."

"Well, let it go that I am wrong. Can't we go riding on the car this evening?"

"Don't attempt to dodge the issue, madam. You have made certain statements. I go to disprove them. When they have been disproved, which they certainly will be, I shall suggest that our respective lawyers have a little talk."

With that he made her a stiff bow and walked down the hall and out doors. He had been very decided in his talk, but at the same time he doubted himself. He didn't like to go to his family druggist, but when he failed to find the butcher or the plumber in he sauntered into the drug store with a remark about the weather and finally got around to say:

"Say, doc, just who and what was Daniel Webster? I may have got him mixed up with some one else."

"Why, Daniel was a statesman," was the reply.

"And who was Paul Jones?"

"One of the greatest sea fighters America ever had."

"And who—who?" continued Mr. Bowser, but the druggist interrupted him with:

"By thunder, Bowser, but what do you want to keep this up so long for? Your wife knows more in a minute than you do in a day, and why not realize it?"

"Sir, do you mean to insult me?"

"Oh, bosh!"

"Sir, I can lick you in two minutes!"

"Nonsense! Go home and be good."

The druggist refused to go out for a scrap, and Mr. Bowser left the place with rage boiling in his heart. He was looking around for something to destroy when a belated fakir yelled "Umbrellas to mend!" at him from across the street. With a blood curdling whoop Mr. Bowser took his trail, and as the two disappeared down the street in a whirl a policeman came along and mused to himself:

"Those looked like Bowser's coat tails, and I'll bet he's been having another row with his wife. Why can't he cuddle down and behave himself?"

M. QUAD.

AN ARREST IS MADE

J. E. Waddell is Committed—Took Frequent Drives Over Salisbury With J. C. Beard.

J. E. Waddell, of Centreville, Ga., was arrested yesterday afternoon on suspicion that, if not the principal, he at least has knowledge of circumstances surrounding the brutal murder of J. C. Beard, of Pennsylvania, whose body was discovered yesterday morning near Town Creek.

Jack Rary, a white cabman, stated that on Wednesday and Thursday he drove Beard and Waddell over Salisbury together and that Beard displayed a well filled purse several times. A hat which Waddell was known to have worn was found by the dead man's side yesterday morning. In the defendant's behalf Mr. Ben Simpson testified that Waddell was drunk on Thursday night, that he took him to a boarding house and remained with him from 8 o'clock in the evening until 6:30 yesterday morning.

Waddell was given a preliminary hearing before Esquire D. M. Miller this morning and sent to jail without bond, pending Mr. Miller's judgment.

CHIEF OF POLICE IN TROUBLE

Maxton's Chief Arrested on Charge of Assault and Battery.

The people of Maxton are much excited over the brutal treatment of Mr. M. A. Southerland at the hands of Policeman J. S. Smith. It seems that Southerland, who was under the influence of whiskey, but in no way violent or disorderly, was just being helped into his buggy to drive to his home, about three miles from town, when Smith appeared to take offense at something said to him personally and arrested Southerland, who made a feeble effort to resist, whereupon Smith struck him on the head several times, knocking him to the ground and striking him once after he fell, but was prevented from doing further injury by one of the bystanders, who caught the stick, which was not a regulation club, but a deadly weapon. Smith was immediately arrested by a state officer, and, in default of bond was taken to Lumberton and lodged in jail Saturday afternoon. Smith has made a very brutal officer, says a Maxton correspondent, several times before using his authority unreasonably and the people of the town, with one voice, say "let him suffer for it."—Fayetteville Observer.

Cold Storage for Yellow Fever Treatment.

The New Orleans doctors have at last taken cognizance of the cold storage remedy for yellow fever, proposed by Dr. Marshall, of The Gastonia Gazette. A New Orleans correspondent of The Asheville Citizen quotes Dr. Jeff Miller, a prominent New Orleans physician and sanitarian as saying that "The Gazette's plan is a decidedly effective one. It most undoubtedly would kill the germs, but it is also unfortunately true that it would have to kill the patient first. As a germ killer, the 'cold storage' treatment would be unexcelled, but for the slight inconvenience of annihilating the patient before it could accomplish its ultimate object." We will now leave the matter to be fought out by Dr. Miller and Dr. Marshall, that is, if there is any fight left in the Gastonia doctor.—Charlotte Chronicle.

STOLEN!

On the 4th of October a white man hired a horse and buggy from me. He said he was an agent for a picture house and was delivering pictures in Cumberland county. He engaged the horse and buggy for two days and a half. I have not heard from him since. The man was clean shaven, about 36 years old, weight about 150 pounds, medium height, dark complexion. The horse was heavy, dark mare, quick and easy traveler, with a white spot on forehead and scar on right forefoot between ankle and hoof. The buggy was old, open, with black body and red running gear, cloth back and leather cushion.

Reward for information that will lead to recovery of the property or apprehension of the man.

J. A. FAMELEH,
Fayetteville, N. C.

NOTICE.

Good Farm For Sale,

Any one wanting a good farm containing one hundred and sixty (160) or more acres of land, a good two horse farm under cultivation—also a good mill seat with all of the fixtures, with good Rock and Gin fixtures, good Orchard and Vineyard, situated just two miles from Raeford, N. C. This is one of the best places in the country and well situated. There are three churches at this place—Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist.

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