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THE CONCORD TIMES.

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VOLUME XX. CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1902. NUMBER 6.

THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES
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AN OLD FAVORITE

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

By Julia Ward Howe

JULIA WARD HOWE was born in New York city May 27, 1819. At the age of seventeen she was an anonymous contributor to the New York Magazine. She married Dr. Samuel G. Howe of Boston in 1843. Her first book of poems, "Passion Flowers," was published without signature in 1854 and was followed in 1857 by a second volume. Her third volume of poetry, published in 1860, contained the poem printed below, which was written in beleaguered Washington in November, 1861, and first given to the public in the pages of the Atlantic Monthly for February, 1862.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible, swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps—
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal.
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat.
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me.
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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June 19—tf.

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A Triumphal Arch for Schley.

Baltimore Sun.

The incorporation of an association to erect a memorial in this city to Admiral Schley is a very proper movement, and the people of Maryland should see to it that the association does not lack funds to put their design into execution. It is the purpose of the association, as announced in The Sun today, to erect a triumphal arch commemorative of the achievements of Admiral Schley and his officers and men at the battle of Santiago. This arch is to be of artistic design and placed in some conspicuous position in this city among the people by whom the hero of Santiago is known and beloved. A place is to be provided on the arch upon which at some future day a statue of the Admiral may be erected. Many of the leading citizens of Baltimore are identified with the association, which assures the success of the movement.

As soon as the news of the remakable victory of our navy over the Spanish off Santiago reached the United States the people, knowing that Schley was there in command and that he was in the thick of the fight, hailed him as the successful commander and the hero of the most signal victories in history. Notwithstanding the machinations of a clique of bureau chiefs and clerks, the people of the whole United States, with that unerring instinct upon which popular government largely rests, have continued to honor Schley down to the present time. And in all the trying times since the conclusion of the war, amid all the provocations and all the vituperation and malignity of which he has been the object, in all this time the Admiral has never uttered one word or done one deed which tended in any degree to diminish the love and confidence of the people. Admiral Schley is a son of Maryland and a member of an honored Maryland family which has for many generations been identified with the State. He entered the navy half a century ago and has given all these years of his life to the service of his country. The record that he has made in that half a century, independent of his great achievement at Santiago, carried him to the highest rank in the service, and now furnishes a complete answer to the charges and inuendoes of his enemies. It is entirely fitting that Maryland—Schley's native State—should see that the memory of his service to the country should be kept alive in imperishable stone.

Made Easy.

The diffident young man had wanted to propose to the girl, but for the life of him he did not know how to go about it. He read books on the subject and sought information from men who had had experience but while the theories were admirable in every instance, he found, to his sorrow, that the practice thereof was quite a different thing.

He was walking with her one evening, thinking over these things, when her shoe became untied. She stuck out her pretty little foot with a smile, looked down at it, and he fell on his knees and tied the lace. Then he walked on with her, and the shoe became untied again. The third time it happened he was as ready as before.

"See if you can't tie a knot that will stick," she said, as he worked away at it.

He looked up at her tenderly. His chance had come. "If I can't I know a man who can," he at once said.

"Do you want him to tie it?" she asked, coquettishly.

"Yes," he replied.

She jerked her foot away.

"It's the minister," he said, and he smiled to himself as he finished the work.

It was easy after that, and the banns were proclaimed on three following Sundays.

Stole King Edward's Rabbits.

LONDON, Aug. 7.—A man of the name of Wooton was arranged before a Magistrate yesterday on the charge of poaching in Windsor Park, taking rabbits belonging to the King. He pleaded in defence that he went into the park to sleep and the rabits ran into his pocket and were suffocated.

Despite this defence he was sentenced to two month's imprisonment.

"No man has a right to wealth who has not a sense of the responsibility that goes with it."

Smith Says Hill Will Get It.

Goldsboro Cor. Charlotte Observer.

Craven county has within her confines an astrologer of note in the person of Isaac Hughes Smith, familiarly known in legislative circles as "the colored gentleman from Craven." Smith is also a noted politician and in Newbern, his home town, runs a banking and loan establishent. Knowing of the accuracy of his previous forecasts, I dropped in on him in his private office the other day and sought knowledge. I had heard the occasion of a banquet given in his honor by Recorder Taylor, in 1892, at Washington, D. C., how Isaac told the assembled guests, who were all Reid men, that McKinley would be the Republican nominee and sweep the country. I had heard of his subsequent prediction of McKinley's election for the second term, also of his private notes of warning to the President to avoid crowds; that the planets foreboded to His Excellency impending danger and the like. So I concluded to have him set at rest this uncertainty as to who would be the next national standard-bearers and which of the parties would triumph in the next national election. I asked Smith who would be the Democratic nominee in 1898 and quickly came the answer:

"David B. Hill, of Albany."

"Who the Republican nominee?"

"Roosevelt, most assuredly."

"Now, Smith, which of these gentlemen will be elected?" I asked, and in no uncertain tone came the reply:

"David B. Hill."

"Do you really think so?"

"No, sir, I don't think so, I know it; fate has decreed it and no power on earth can prevent it."

Emboldened by such positiveness I asked, "Will Wm. Jennings Bryan ever be President?" To my surprise Smith replied: "Yes, in 1912, but all depends upon Bryan's attitude to the Democracy in 1908 and 1907. Fate has decreed that Bryan shall be President in 1912, but it is possible for Bryan's will power to defeat the decree of fate."

Wilcox is Jolly.

Elizabeth City Economist.

A reporter of the Economist called on James Wilcox recently at the county jail and held quite a lengthy conversation with him. He was looking well, with his hair nicely brushed and had just been shaven. He said that his health had been very good all the summer. When asked by the reporter if it was not very hot in jail he said some days it was, but when he got very warm he resorted to his bath tub and "covered up in water."

Wilcox conversed very freely on different subjects, and seems jolly and in good spirits. He said among other joking remarks, "I intended going down to Nags Head last Sunday on the excursion, but it was so hot I didn't want to dress." He was asked if he was annoyed by visitors, and said he didn't mind to have people call that he knew, but did not like for strangers to call just through curiosity. He said he had a card printed and put on the corner of his cell with the words, "the side show is closed," and kept it there about a month for the benefit of strangers. He eats and sleeps well, and says his digestion is very good, and he spends his time mostly reading. He said he had read over one hundred and fifty books besides newspapers, since he has been in jail. He still has that very indifferent appearance as to his pending fate.

Wilcox's case will be taken up by the Supreme court on the last Monday in this month when it will be decided whether he will get a new trial or not.

Death Caused by Hat Pins in Her Stomach.

Providence, R. I., Special.

Leona Jeodie, for two years a novice at a convent in Flushing, L. I., is dead after a long and mysterious illness which had baffled medical science. An autopsy was performed and in the region of the heart, and piercing the pericardium, was found a headless steel hat-pin four and a quarter inches long. In the stomach was found part of another hat-pin one and a quarter inches long, headless.

The young woman had complained of pains in the stomach since 1896, but she died without having mentioned the cause of her illness.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

Dog days. So many of the young people write to me about dog days that I will answer briefly that there are no dog days. It is nothing but a superstition that has come down to us from the ancients. The Dog star or Sirius has its time to appear in the heavens and rise and set like other stars, but it is a very irregular time and so what we call dog days may begin the first of July or many days later. The rising of Sirius in a line with the sun begins now on the 3d of July and will continue until the 11th of August. Those forty days were believed by the ancients to bring very hot and sultry weather and many malignant diseases, but this has been disproved by modern astronomy, for the appearance of Sirius is very uncertain and in the course of time it will rise in the winter. Now a little more about this wonderful star. You know that we have eight planets that belong to our solar system. They all revolve around the sun just as the earth does and the nearer the planet is to the sun the faster it travels. Neptune is 16,000,000 miles distant and it takes 165 years to get around.

But Sirius is away outside of our solar system and is 120,000,000,000 of miles from us and gives 400 times more light than our sun. It is the largest and brightest star in the heavens. It is called the Dog star because it appears to be in the tail of the constellation that the ancients named Major Canis or the Big Dog. They were a smart people and we still keep their map of the heavens and their names of the stars, but they had no telescopes and did not know that there were any stars or suns except those we see with the naked eye.

But now young people listen. It is now established and proven that there are millions of stars and solar systems afar off in space and that ours is the smallest and the most insignificant of them all. We are nothing and less than nothing in the scale of existence. It has always been a mystery to me why the Creator of the boundless universe, that has no limit, should have chosen this little world of ours for His greatest work, the Creation of man in His own image, a little lower than the angels, man who sinned and fell and was redeemed by the sacrifice of the Son of God. I don't understand it. I cannot comprehend it. This little world is not bigger than a cannon ball compared with some of the planets and stars afar out in space. It has but one little moon that does not condecend to show us but one side of its anatomy. The other night we went out to Mr. Granger's beautiful home to look at the full moon through his great telescope that cost $5,000—and is mounted in a high observatory with a dome that revolves as the earth revolves. It was a magnificent spectacle but the view of Jupiter with four moons and Saturn with his rainbow ring and seven moons was much more beautiful and impressive. Of course those planets must be inhabited, for the Creator would not have surrounded a dead world with such luminous and beautiful satellites. We don't know anything hardly and it fills me with disgust to see young men strutting around like peacocks—acting like they made themselves and knew everything and expected to live always—when the truth is they don't know where they came from nor where they are going and can't add an hour or a day to their existence. I have but little hope for a vain or a conceited man and a vain woman is no better. A conceited man is close kin to an idiot and a woman vain of her beauty should sometimes remember that she had no hand in creating it for it was God given or inherited. "Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" Of all the faults of which humanity is guilty that of self conceit is the last to be forgiven and the hardest to reform.

I ruminated on this yesterday when I read what Roosevelt said in his speech at West Point. The editor who publishes it speaks of him as our well meaning but impulsive president. He should have said our "conceited and erratic president." In speaking of the great men whom West Point had graduated, he said, "I claim to be a historian and I speak what I know to be true that West Point has turned out more great men and more statesmen than any other institution in the United States." It was self-conceit and ignorance that provoked such a monstrous absurdity, for Colonel Sprague, of Yale college, has recently challenged him to the proof and has shown beyond all cavil that Yale can number 10 times the great men that West Point can number. Among them 1,383 ministers of the gospel—78 justices of supreme courts, 17 chief justices, 546 doctors, 39 governors of states and 38 United States senators—besides these Yale has sent forth an army of educators, established 480 colleges, 160 for women and 8,000 high schools while West Point has sent out none but soldiers.

Teddy ought to be ashamed of himself, but he will not be. He is not yet ashamed that in his so-called history he called Mr. Davis an arch traitor and repudiator and told what he did when governor of Mississippi, etc. His attention has been called to these malignant calumnies against a great statesman and whose curriculum at West Point that he ordained when secretary of war is still in force and who never was a member of the legislature nor governor of Mississippi. No, he is too conceited to take back anything or to apologize for his mistakes. The man he slandered was dead when he published those lies, but his widow lives and there are thousands of veterans all over the south who cherish his memory and who now hold his slanderer in supreme contempt. Yet he claims to be a historian! When a gentleman finds that he has unwittingly wronged another he hastens to apologize, but a conceited idiot rolls the morsel under his tongue and chews it as a cow chews and swallows her cud. He feeds on his conceit. BILL ARP.

P. S.—All hail to Evan Howell—The soldier, the editor, the friend in need. I have known him intimately since his childhood. His good father was married in my town and I think I am the only living man who was at the wedding, though I was then but a child. All hail to my friend. He has the right to run for mayor and Atlanta will honor herself by electing him. B. A.

What Do You Know?

Washington Times.

Here are some questions about things you have seen every day and all your life. If you are a wonder you may possibly answer one or two of the queries offhand. Otherwise not.

What are the exact words on a 2-cent stamp, and in which direction is the face on it turned?

In what direction is the face turned on a cent? On a quarter? On a dime?

How many toes has a cat on each fore foot? On each hind foot?

Which way does the crescent moon turn? To the right or left?

What color are your employer's eyes? The eyes of the man at the next desk?

Write down, offhand, the figures on the face of your watch. The odds are that you will make at least two mistakes in doing this.

Your watch has some words written or printed on its face. You have seen these words a thousand times. Write them out corectly. Few can do this. Also what is the number in the case of your watch?

How high (in inches) is a silk hat?

How many teeth have you?

What are the words of a policeman's shield?

How many buttons has the vest or shirt waist you are wearing?

How many stairs are there in the first flight at your house?

How many steps lead from the street to the front door of your house or flat?

What is the name, signed in facsimile, on any $1, $2, $5 or $10 bill you ever saw? You've read dozens of those names. Can you remember one?

Whisky Restores a Dying Horse.

Atlanta Constitution.

Once more it has been proven that whisky, administered in the right cause, is a good thing. A horse belonging to John Joyce, driver of a city garbage wagon, lay down in an alley in the rear of Rhodes avenue, near Thirty-fifth street, to die. In a few moments the faithful animal was to all intents and purposes, dead. While the bereaved owner was seeking a telephone to summon the horse ambulance to carry away his departed steed, a saloonkeeper at the rear of whose place the dead horse lay, thought he would try an experiment. He believed the horse still alive, but in a comatose condition, so he poured a pint of whisky down the animal's throat, thereby producing startling results. The whisky seemed to galvanize the corpse, and with all the agility and spirit of a colt it got to its feet and ran away. The ambulance men, instead of carting off a dead horse, were kept busy for half an hour rounding up and capturing a horse that was very much alive and which made matters lively throughout the Hyde park.

Too Much For Belief In Tennessee.

Sweetwater Telephone.

One of the brethren went to Knoxville last August and fell by the wayside—he got down there. After several months the news of his fall reached his rural home, and he was brought up before the church.

"Brethren," he said, "I admit I got drunk in Knoxville last August, but I didn't mean to do it. How I have suffered in my conscience and in my pride, God alone knows, and I trust He has forgiven me. Brethern, I want you to forgive me. I didn't go to get drunk. I took a glass or two of light wine with a friend, and later took a bottle of beer on ice, and then"—

"Brethren," interrupted a good old brother in the amen corner, "I would be willing to forgive the brother for his fall if he would make a clean breast of it and tell the truth. But I move we turn him out for lying. He has lied to us. Who ever heard of ice in August?"

And they turned him out because he dared to say that he had seen ice in August.

Brother Dickey on "Insomnia."

"So many rich mens is kilin' deyse'f dese days kaze dey can't sleep," said Brother Dickey, "en des how come, hit's hard ter tell. Yit, atter all, de po' mens ain't better off in dat respect dan what de rich mens is. De rich man can't sleep kaze he 'fraid dat endurin' de night stocks is wine ter take a tumble en fall on him; en de po' man can't sleep, kaze de bailiff is on his do'step, en snorin' so loud dat he keeps de whole house awake! De fac' is, hit's worry what's de ruination er all er us. Some folks even worry 'bout gwine ter heaven,—dey so 'fraid dey won't be enough milk en honey ter go roun'; en some worry 'bout gwine de yuther way, kaze dey ain't no good at shovelin' coal, en ain't had no experience in de fire department. Ez fer me, I don't worry 'bout nothin'; en nothin' kin wake me out er my sleep 'cept thunder en a call ter preach. But come ter think er it, dey's too much sleep in dis worl', anyhow. Hit's pull Dick en pull devil, en keep wide awake, ef you wants ter make a livin'!"

Has Never Kissed Wife or Children.

Washington Messenger.

We venture the assertion that Beaufort county has a citizen whose counterpart cannot be found in the State. He is past seventy years of age, has an interesting family of children and says he never kissed one of his children or his wife in his life, and that kissing is more productive of meanness than any one thing. He is a model father and husband, and one of the most successful all-round farmers in the county. If any of our contemporaries can beat this record let them trot their man out.

Just Look at Her.

Whence came that sprightly step, faultless skin, rich, rosy complexion, smiling face. She looks good, feels good. Here's her secret. She uses Dr. King's New Life Pills. Result—all organs active, digestion good, no headaches, no chance for "blues." Try them yourself. Only 25c at Fetzer's Drug Store.

THE CABARRUS BLACK BOYS.

The Successful Plot to Blow Up the British Powder Train Near Concord.

Charlotte Observer.

Few incidents in history have given rise to wider differences of opinion and more heated debates among historians than the uprising of the North Carolina Regulators. No man can safely set himself up as a judge of other men's motives, whether he lives contemporaneously with them or whether he comes after. In the former case he is more than apt to be controlled and influenced by prejudice either in favor of or adverse to the motives he would judge, and hence impartiality is impossible; in the latter case he meets with nothing but cold facts and it is impossible to say which of these facts best illustrates the motives of the actor—which actions came spontaneously without outside influence; which were colored by foreign events over which the actor had no control. The judgement of history is therefore always a colored one. But one thing can be relied upon with certainty. Whenever the vast majority of the people of a community either actively or passively take their stand firmly for or against a certain movement we may be reasonably assured that were all the truth known, there would be found something back of their position which would vindicate their actions, it matters little whither they may lead; for the final outcome of such a movement may generally be laid at the door of those who oppose it, especially if this opposition be a stronger force than that controlling the movement itself.

That such was the case with the much-praised and overly-abused Regulators, we are not at liberty to doubt. The large number of the inhabitants who took part in the up-rising represents a still larger number who gave their sympathy and moral support passively. Even no small part of the men the government led against the Regulators after the latter had been guilty of many excessively improper acts—or rather should we not say driven to these acts?—showed their sympathy for the position taken by their rebellious countrymen by their refusal to fire upon them until compelled to do so in self-defence. After the Regulators were defeated, their enemies, determined to hunt them down, were unable to collect bands sufficient for the purpose which did not include many secret friends of the fugitives to whom they rarely failed to give timely warning by which they might escape. We have as a result of this condition many stories of daring deeds and fortitude thrilling with interest and having a certain historical value.

Not the least interesting of these stories is that of "The Black Boys of Cabarrus" as narrated by Wheeler. In making his preparations for marching against the Regulators, Governor Tryon had ordered from Charleston, S. C., several wagons loads of gunpowder, flints, blankets, etc. They were sent to Charlotte to be forwarded from that place to Hillsboro, the seat of government, It was with great difficulty that Col. Moses Alexander, one of Tryon's best officers who had charge of the transportation of these supplies, could obtain wagons sufficient to send them on, so much in sympathy with the Regulators were the inhabitants of that region. The friends of the Regulators were on the alert to prevent the supplies from reaching the Governor.

A small party from that part of Mecklenburg county which afterwards in 1792 went to form Cabarrus, consisting of three brothers, James, William and John White, together with Robert Caruthers, Robert Davis, Benj. Cochran, and two half brothers, James Ashmore and Joshua Hadley, undertook the task of stopping the wagons. Accordingly they bound themselves by a most solemn oath to remain true to each other, to see the business through to the end and never to divulge the secret on each other, followed by an invocation of the direst evil upon the head of him who should betray his comrades. This done they blacked their skins so as to conceal their identity and late in the afternoon set out on their expedition. Traveling with all possible speed they overtook the wagons about midway between Charlotte and Concord, encamped on the side of what was then called Phifer's Hill.

Immediately the attack was begun. They drove off with ease the few wagoners who had been left to guard the supplies and to give the alarm in case of attack, who were taken so completely by surprise that they thought only of their own safety. The wagons were overthrown; the kegs stove in; the powder, etc., thrown into a large pile; and the blankets, torn into strope, were used to make a train of powder to the pile, into which Major White fired his pistol. The explosion was of course tremendous and every article of the supplies destroyed.

Such an outrage against His Majesty's authority could not be passed over without the most searching investigation. Threats availing nothing, Governor Tryon offered a pardon to any one who would turn King's evidence against the rest. Unfotunately it is almost impossible to get together into any secret enterprise of danger a body of men without including at least one Judas. The Black Boys were peculiarly unfortunate in having two. Ashmore and Hadley, desirous of availing themselves of the pardon, set out unknown to each other, to betray their companions. Accidentally they met on the threshold of Col. Alexander's house. Each met the other shamefacedly. Not a word was spoken by either; a glance was enough. They understood each other. The cowardly spirit that found a lodging place in their hearts found each in the other a kindred spirit and drew them together with irresistible magnetism. Col. Alexander listened attentively to their narrative, and when it was finished rose to his feet, opened the door, and in a witheringly contemptuous tone said:

"Much against my feelings, I am compelled by the Governor's proclamation to grant you your pardons. If justice were done, hanging would be too good for such treacherous dogs. But rest assured there is a justice that punishes the traitor. Go; if you ever again cross my path I'll crush you as I would a serpent. The door is open."

The two wretches retired, crestfallen.

As he was in duty bound to do, Col. Alexander raised a guard and set out for the home of the Whites, which stood on the bank of Rocky river. Caruthers, who was a brother-in-law of the White boys, was there at the time. Before they were aware of their danger the house was surrounded. Fortunately among the guards were several men who were in sympathy with the Regulators, and so did not wish to see the Black Boys captured. One of them was ordered by Col. Alexander to stand guard at the door. He purposely moved slowly to obey the order, since he was under no military obligation to follow the commands of the officer.

"Take all day, will you," angrily exclaimed the colonel. "I'll have you lashed like a dog if the rascals escape."

A quarrel, with the consequent delay, was just what the guard wanted. He replied hotly, "Get somebody else to do your dirty work if my way don't suit you."

Seeing his chance another of the guards passing Mrs. White, whispered to her:

"Tell 'em to make a break—through the door—I' not see 'em—quick."

Mrs. White was not slow to execute the command. Caruthers, the first to receive the warning, sprang through the door and dashed for the river. He was pursued by the other guards but was in the river before they could catch up with him. In the meantime the White boys taking advantage of the confusion, left the other side of the house and was soon lost in the woods.

Chagrined and angered at his failure, Col. Alexander became all the more determined to capture the Black Boys. Soon after this some of the band were in the field harvesting their crop. The Royalists hearing of their whereabouts collected a band to capture them. As they rode into the field one of the supposed Royalists gave a secret signal to the fugitives to warn them of their danger. Springing on their horses they dashed away in flight. All succeeded easily in eluding their pursuers except Robert Davis. He was closely followed and was in imminent danger of being captured. Not paying as strict attention as he should have done to the route he was taking, he soon found himself in a dangerous situation. Close at his heels rode his enemies; before him was the river, its banks steep and high. To turn was to ride into the arms of his pursuers; to dash over the banks, 30 feet in height, seemed instant death. Davis looked to the right and to the left for an avenue of escape. Every way was closed. His foes were close upon him. Not a friend, who could render aid, was in sight. As his enemies closed nearer upon him, his imagination perhaps pictured a gallows. A glance down the the steep rugged bank and his mind was made up. Better death in an effort to escape than death on the gallows. Gathering his reins, without the trembling of a muscle, he gave the command to his horse. The animal leaped into the air, landed safely into the stream and bore his master in safety to the opposite bank where his foes dared not follow.

So by the assistance of neighbors and by their own daring and vigilance, the Black Boys managed to keep clear of their enemies, who finally becoming weary of fruitless pursuits, gave them up as a vain task. With the exception of the two traitors, all of those engaged in the adventure of the Black Boys of Cabarrus afterwards served with bravery and credit in the army of the Revolution.

In the case of the traitors Providence clearly showed a hand by sending upon them the evils they had invoked upon their own heads by the betrayal of companions. Ashmore is said to have fled the country, lived a wretched life, and died as miserably as he lived, without comforts and without friends. Wheeler says that he himself knew Hadley. He remained in the country a drunkard and a brute. For his brutal treatment of his family, his neighbors, attired in female dress, went to his house, dragged him out of bed, and on his bare back gave him a severe beating. "He continued through life the same miserable wretch, and died without any friendly hand to sustain him or eye to pity."

Well did Col. Alexander say, to them, "There is a justice which punishes the traitor." R. D. W. CONNER.

Wilson, N. C.

Beauty of Old Age.

Old age is a part of the schemes of life, which was designed to be beautiful from beginning to end. It is the close of a symphony, beautiful in its inception, rolling on grandly and terminating in a climax of sublimity. It is harmonious and admirable according to the scheme of nature. The charms of infancy, the hopes of the spring of youth, the vigor of manhood—and the serenity and tranquility, the wisdom and peace of old age—all these together constitute the true human life, with its beginning, middle and end a glorious epoch.—Henry Ward Beecher.

A magazine called Success has been engaged in the profitable diversion of finding out who are the fifty greatest living Americans. The list was made up through the medium of a prize contest. Theodore Roosevelt, Grover Cleveland, Willian J. Bryan and Chief Justice Melville Fuller compose the list of statesmen. The list of educators is made up of eight distinguished names. All but one belong north of Mason and Dixon's line, and the one selected from the South is Booker T. Washington. These yellow journal prize contests are invariably productive of wonderful, not to say freakish, results. Success' list of fifty of the greatest is a marvel. It has not attracted near as much attention as its merits deserve.—Charlotte Observer.

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