

ARP LOVES ORPHANS

His Mother Fatherless and Motherless at Age of Seven Years.

THE SAD STORY OF AN EPILEMIC.

In Making an Appeal for Orphans' Home, Bill Relates His Mother's Sad Story.

Ninety-nine years ago today Robert Emmet was executed for high treason. I wonder how many of the old school boys have spoken his speech—his beautiful speech—in defense of himself and his companions for the Irish rebellion, and their attempt to seize the arsenal and the arms in Dublin and set Ireland free. I wonder how many of the modern school boys ever heard of Emmet, one the noblest, purest and most eloquent patriots in all history. It took a smart boy, a gifted boy, a good, kind-hearted boy, to speak that speech with feeling and pathos. Chan Holt could do it, and he was the only one of our set who could make the turkey bumps rise on our spines and our hearts go pity-pat as he stretched himself a little higher and exclaimed: "Let no man write my epitaph. Untel Ireland is free, let not my epitaph be written." He had been already tried and convicted, and when the stern old chief justice asked him if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced, he made this speech. The judge could not conceal his emotion, and all the court was in tears. Robert Emmet was a very great man. Although but 22 years old at his death, he was the peer and companion of Curran, Grattan and Phillips, and the friend and college mate of Thomas Moore, the poet. When executed he was engaged to Curran's daughter, the beautiful Sarah, and Tom Moore has written a charming poem about their sad and broken-hearted destiny. Had it not been for Sarah and his love, Emmet would not have been tried, for he and his fellow patriots, who were leaders of the rebellion of 1798, had already escaped, most of them to America, but Emmet lingered for Sarah's sake and was arrested and tried for treason.

Among those rebels who escaped to America was a young man named Maguire, who landed at Charleston and settled there. He had some means, and began business as a linen merchant, and prospered. Not long after this he married an orphan girl, the daughter of a sea captain, and they lived happily together. Two children were born to them, James and Caroline. No children ever had more loving parents, no parents ever had more loving and lovely children, and for years there was no foreboding of any calamity or affliction that could or would befall them.

But now, as next Saturday, the 28th, is Orphans' day, my ruminations that began with Robert Emmet have, without design, brought my thoughts along down to this Maguire, who was one of his friends and compatriots. I wish to tell the young people a little story about what happened to James and Caroline. It may read like a romance, but it is all fact. The story will fit the day that is to come, the 28th, and will fit the orphans at the home, near DeCATUR, and those at Clinton, in South Carolina, and those anywhere and everywhere, for it is a fact that 10 per cent of all the children under 12 years of age are either fatherless or motherless. Orphans are the wards of the nation, and are as much entitled to our care and maintenance as are the blind and the deaf. Charity to helpless, friendless children is one thing we can all agree upon. We may differ in politics or religion, but charity is a universal sentiment. The man who loves his fellow men and sympathizes with them in their distress is forgiven for his faults, for charity hideth a multitude of sins. A man may gamble or cheat or drink or lie, but if he is good to the poor and friendless it balances the scales. It is a Dutch story that Jacob Snyder kept a mill. When he died and knocked at St. Peter's gate for admission, the good saint said, "Jacob, you did keep a mill down in de lower world, and you did sometimes take too much toll—thee cannot come in." "Ah! goot saint, dot is true," said Jacob, "sometimes ven de water vas low and de stones vas dull, I did take a little too much toll, but I always gave it to de poor." The good saint pondered and ruminated long, but finally said, "Jacob, Jacob, I will let you in; but it do strain the gate."

In the summer of 1815 the yellow fever, that awful scourge, visited Charleston, and in a week's time had swept the people away by thousands. It was several days before the panic became universal, and then all who could go fled in terror; but in hundreds of families one or more were taken and could not leave. Maguire and his wife were taken the same day. They lived but twenty-four hours and were buried by night in the same grave. The little boy of 9 years was hurried away by a kind-hearted man, and the little girl of 7 by another. Just then the order came from the board of physicians to remove all the children immediately, and James was hurried on a schooner bound for Boston, and Caroline on another bound for Savannah. They did not meet nor kiss a sad farewell, nor knew of each other's fate nor where they were going. What grief was theirs! What briny tears! Bereft! Bereft! that is the word, for it

means snatched away. Yes, I knew something about those orphans, for this same Caroline was my mother, and many a time have I sat at her knee and listened and wept over the sad story of her orphanage. How in a day she lost her parents and her brother, and was left alone without a relative this side of the sea.

She was placed in the orphan asylum in Savannah and was cared for by good people until she was 10 years old, when one day a good lady came in a fine carriage to choose and adopt a child. The orphans were all clad in their best garments and gathered in the great, big company room and after they were seated the grand lady went round and round talking kindly to one and another and after long inspection stopped at Caroline and said, "I will take this one." The poor girl was alarmed and cried with grief at being separated from those she had learned to love. The great lady was the mother of Rev. Dr. Goulding and the grandmother of Frank Goulding, who wrote the pretty story of "Young Marooners." In the meantime Caroline's brother had been placed in an orphan's asylum in Boston, and after two years he was taken home by a wealthy gentleman of Randolph, who had an only daughter and no son. This daughter James, married when he was 21 and they received the old man's blessing and a good estate. In vain, and in vain, had James visited Charleston to find some clue to his lost sister and sadly he returned and mourned her as dead.

Caroline was sent to school at old Midway, in Liberty county, where she made good progress in her studies. Her teacher took great interest in her and kindly visited Charleston and advertised in the city papers for her brother, but learned nothing. When Caroline was 15 her teacher became so deeply grieved over her sad and lonely fate that he married her and here I am. Again he advertised in several papers and at last in a Boston paper, and said in good, large type, "If James Maguire, whose parents died of yellow fever in Charleston, S. C., in 1815, is living he can find his sister, Caroline, by addressing the undersigned." He saw that. A friend handed it to him in church one Sunday and there was a scene. He came to Georgia by the first vessel that was bound for Savannah. From there he came to Lawrenceville, where my father was then living. I was then but 7 years old, but I remember the meeting and no pen can describe it. The young people must imagine the rest. When last in Savannah I visited the very ground and reverently looked upon the place that gave to my mother a welcome and a home. If I am anything that is worthy, I owe it chiefly to my mother and she owed all that she was to an orphanage. Friends, do not forget the day nor the deed that should be done. It will pay in the long run. Maybe it will open St. Peter's gate to some who have taken a leetle too much toll. Forty times are the fatherless mentioned in the Bible. The word motherless is not there, but the word fatherless includes all orphans in the translation. Let us not forget the day nor the deed. A dime or a dollar or more given will be like lending it to the Lord. Send to Rev. H. S. Crumley, No. 200 Oak street, Atlanta, Ga. I know him well and love him. His life work is for the orphans.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

Venezuela Declares War.

Willemstadt, Island of Curacao, Special.—It is again asserted in well-informed circles at Caracas that President Castro will declare war on Colombia at the end of the month. The Venezuelan government is without financial resources and will shortly use the method of South American dictatorships and proceed to raise funds by force. Lack of confidence in the government is manifested everywhere in Venezuela.

Ships Use Wireless Telegraphy.

Queenstown, Special.—The Cunard Line Steamer Luncheon, which sailed from New York September 21, for Liverpool, and arrived here today, reports having communicated for two hours with the steamer Campana of the same line, which left Liverpool September 21, by way of Queenstown, September 22, for New York, in mid-ocean, by means of the wireless telegraphy. The shortest distance in which communication was effected was 33 miles and the longest 65 miles. Many messages were exchanged.

Seth Low Will Accept.

New York, Special.—Seth Low has announced that he would accept the nomination for the mayor of the greater city by the Republicans and citizens' conventions. He will probably resign the presidency of Columbia College when he is formally notified of his nomination.

The county convention of the Citizens' Union to-night accepted the candidates of the general anti-Tammany conference.

No Receptions Till New Year.

Washington, D. C., Special.—Secretary Cortelyou announced that President Roosevelt would not hold any official functions at the White House until the public reception on New Year's day. After that date they will take place as formerly. The flag on the Executive Mansion will fly at half-mast and mourning paper will be used by the heads of the Departments for a period of 30 days.

NORTH CAROLINA CROPS.

Season Fast Drawing to a Close—The Present Conditions.

The past week was generally unfavorable for agricultural interests, for, although rain was needed, the amounts received was altogether beyond the requirements of crops. Rain began lightly on Monday, September 16th, and became very heavy on Tuesday and Wednesday, during the passage of the tropical storm along the Atlantic coast. The average for the State was over 3.00 inches, or 1.99 inches above the normal. A sudden fall in temperature occurred Wednesday night, and the remainder of the week was very cool; the temperature for the week averaging 7 degrees below the normal daily. Light frost was reported in the extreme west without doing any damage.

The heavy rainfall interrupted farm work, damaged much cotton by beating it out of the bolls to the ground and soiling it, and injured some hay that was not housed. On the other hand it was beneficial to turnips, late peas and potatoes and to crimson clover; it will benefit immature cotton bolls provided the temperature does not remain too low. The land has been placed in excellent condition for plowing, and preparations for seeding winter wheat and oats may be expected to make rapid progress during the next few weeks. Picking cotton was interrupted for four days, and the crop will undoubtedly come in very late; the damage to open cotton by the recent rains must be estimated as very considerable. Cutting corn and pulling fodder are approaching completion. There is still some tobacco to be cut, and the damp weather during the week caused unfavorable results in curing. Digging peanuts has commenced with fair prospects. Turnips look well since the rains. There is considerable hay still to be cut. Winter apples are very poor, and the grape crop is apparently shorter than expected. The season was favorable for setting out strawberry plants.

Rains reported: Auburn, 5.52 inches; Charlotte, 5.10; Foster, 3.25; Greensboro, 2.76; Goldsboro, 4.80; Henrietta, 4.53; Hatteras, 2.40; Lumberton, 3.48; Mocksville, 2.30; Newbern, 2.66; Raleigh, 4.82; Saxon, 3.10; Wilmington, 2.20 and Weldon, 4.96.

NOTE: As most crops have now attained maturity and the influence of the weather is no longer a factor controlling the yield the Weekly Crop Bulletin will be discontinued with the issue of September 30th, 1901.

State News.

Commissioner S. L. Patterson, Dr. B. W. Kilgo, Professor W. F. Massey and others went to Tarboro, where they will conduct a farmers' institute. Mr. Patterson and Dr. Tait Butler, the State veterinarian, have just returned from Hyde and other eastern counties, where they have been to do what they could to check the epidemic that has caused the death of so many horses. Mr. Patterson estimates that at least three hundred horses have died from the disease in Hyde county, and a proportionate number in the sections of Pamlico, Beaufort and other counties where the disease prevailed. Dr. Butler says the disease was toxic poisoning, due to eating mouldy and rotten food and drinking impure water. In some cases where the horses were given good food they were allowed to drink surface water, which came from places where there was a large amount of decayed vegetable matter, and this caused them to contract the disease. He says the disease is abating and will soon be over.

Charles Rippey, a deaf mute, was sent by the telegraph operator at Shelby to deliver a message. He went to the home of J. M. Black, Mrs. Black was at home alone. The negro could not make her understand the mission on which he was sent, and she became frightened and shot him with a pistol. The bullet cut the negro's sleeve and the side of his coat, but did not wound him. Mrs. Black raised the alarm, and the negro was in danger of being roughly treated by the neighbors, when he explained his troubles to the Chief of Police and was allowed to return home in safety. But he intimates that it will be some time before he carries another telegram at night.

Judge Kirby, colored, has sued the Atlantic Coast Line for \$10,000 damages for the loss of an arm. His arm was caught between the bumpers of two freight cars and so badly crushed that it had to be amputated.

A quantity of new machinery is to be installed at the Coolidge mills, on the Yadkin river, in Davie county. This is now the largest single mill in the State. The company is building a department store.

A young man named Morris was recently murdered in Ashe county. He was found near White Top, his body partly covered with dirt, lying in an improvised grave. His clothing was still on him. He was known to have had a sum of money on his person, and robbery was evidently the motive for the crime. The robbers did not get the money, however, as \$150 in bills were found in his shoes, where he had hid his treasure. There is as yet no clue to the murderers.

A Savery, a Winston merchant, who was arrested for refusing to be vaccinated, lost his suit for false arrest, the jury deciding in a few minutes that the authorities had a right to arrest him for violating the law. He was kept in the station house for some days.



Talking and Making Good Roads.

THE Kentucky Good Roads Convention recently held in Louisville resulted in the formation of a permanent State Good Roads Association, which will hold annual conventions hereafter. Most conventions are devoted chiefly to speechmaking, and the Kentucky Good Roads Convention was no exception to this rule. How could 400 Kentuckians in convention assembled restrain themselves from indulging liberally in oratory?

The Kentucky roadmakers did not confine themselves to speechmaking, however. A "Good Roads" train loaded with samples of roadmaking machinery was sent to the meeting place of the convention by the National Good Roads Association. Those in charge of this train graded a mile of dirt road with the most effective machinery now in use for that purpose, and invited the convention to be present and see it done. The delegates to the convention have since scattered themselves to the four corners of Kentucky to teach their neighbors how to make the best possible dirt roads with the smallest outlay of the taxpayers' money. The "Good Roads" train, with its machinery, is traveling from convention to convention, furnishing practical object lessons in good road building.

This practical feature of the Kentucky Good Roads Convention marks a distinct and notable advance in the evolution of country highways. For more than half a century the American people have concerned themselves chiefly with the construction and extension of railways. While doing so they have neglected the local highways, evidently satisfied that any old road would do to drive over to the nearest railway station. They are getting rid of this idea, however, and are recognizing the necessity for better country highways. Good roads conventions serve an excellent educational purpose in this direction, and when those who participate in the public agitation of the subject are permitted to secure practical instruction in modern road building a double purpose is served. The Kentucky Good Roads Convention, with its mile of practical roadmaking, should become an example for all future Good Roads conventions to follow. When the advocates and makers of good roads shall travel hand in hand a marked improvement of the road system of the country will be speedily visible.—New York Herald.

Good and Bad Roads.

The recent automobile race from Paris to Berlin attracted international attention because of the keen interest which is just now taken in the mechanical vehicle. While Europeans were chiefly concerned in the performance of the distinctive types of machines, Americans could not avoid the thought that such a race is virtually impossible in this country under conditions promising any fair test of quality. There are no such roads here as those which in Europe permit inter-city automobiling and wheeling. Our highways, save for short distances outside of the larger cities, are disgracefully rough and unkept. Much has been done in the past few years to awaken the people to a sense of this condition, and the movement has been greatly accelerated by the wide popularity which the bicycle and the automobile have gained. It is to be hoped that the race of last week will so stimulate the pride of the American steam and electric machine owners that a dozen years hence it will be possible to organize a thousand-mile race out of any one of a score of scattered cities under ideal road conditions.

It is a noteworthy fact that until very recently nothing has been done in this country to collect and study road statistics. The good roads division of the Department of Agriculture, which has been doing excellent work for several seasons, has lately undertaken to remedy this defect and is now engaged in gathering data as to the character and number of vehicles which use certain roads. It is hoped that in this manner it may be possible to demonstrate by figures the extent to which the highways are used by various classes. This will permit the study of an accurate basis of the wearing qualities of different road materials under varying conditions. The institution of this inquiry leads to the hope that by thus systematically approaching the subject the Government's bureau may eventually arouse the interest of State legislatures to the point of the enactment of uniform highway laws. It is only by concerted action in this manner and by the adoption of even standards of excellence in all the States that roads will be produced which will compare favorably with those of Europe.—Washington Star.

Wide Tires and Well-Paved Streets.

A very important element of difficulty which Chicago confronts in the

effort to secure adequately paved streets is the speedy destruction of the good pavements already laid. Only a few streets can be put in presentable condition at a time and the wear and tear goes on at such a rate that they are out of repair before the city has been able to carry out improvements elsewhere. While the life of the average pavement is so short the city, with the amount of funds at its disposal, simply cannot catch up with this work. The deterioration of street pavement is too rapid.

It is because of this fact and the well-known effect of the narrow-tire wheel on pavements that it is to be hoped the city council will make haste to pass the wide-tire ordinance lately introduced. The narrow tire is an enemy to good pavements and clean streets. With a comparatively trifling weight upon it, the narrow tire will cut a rut in a pavement where a wide tire, bearing a much heavier load, will leave hardly an impression. It has been the experience everywhere that the introduction of wide tires was followed by less rapid deterioration of the streets.—Chicago News.

HOW AGUINALDO WAS CAPTURED

The Filipino Leader Describes How He Was Taken Prisoner.

After talking with Tal Placido and Segovia for fifteen or twenty minutes, I gave orders that the newly arrived men be allowed to fall out and go to rest in the quarters which had been prepared for them, says Emili Aguinaldo in Everybody's Magazine. Captain Segovia immediately left the house and returned to the place where his men were drawn up waiting for him. As he came up to them Segovia shouted, in a loud voice, an order which we did not hear distinctly and did not understand. Instantly his men began to shoot at the soldiers of my guard, taking them completely by surprise.

When the firing began, not suspecting any plan against myself, I thought it was a salute with blank cartridges, and having this in mind, I ran to the window and cried out several times, "Cease firing." But seeing that the firing continued, and that the bullets from the rifles of the attacking party were directed against me as well as against the soldiers of my guard, I for the first time realized that the newcomers were enemies. I hurriedly left the window and ran into another room in the hope of finding some means of escape, but saw at once that the house was already surrounded. Then I seized a revolver, intending to defend myself, but Dr. Barcelona threw both arms around me, crying out, "Don't sacrifice yourself. The country needs your life." Thus I was prevented from carrying out my intention. Colonel Villa ran from the house in an attempt to break through the lines of the enemy and rally our men, but he was shot three times and finally taken prisoner.

When the firing commenced, Tal Placido threw himself down on the floor to avoid the bullets, but now he got up and told us that we were prisoners of the Americans, who, he said, were on the other side of the river with four hundred American soldiers, and would soon be here. Just at this time several of Tal Placido's soldiers came into the house shouting, "Hurrah for the Macabebes!" and surrounded Barcelona and myself. A little later five Americans, all armed with carbines, came into the room where we were. They came up to us, and one of them asked, "Which of you is Aguinaldo?" As soon as I had been identified by the Americans I was placed, with Dr. Barcelona and Colonel Villa, in one of the rooms of the house, and guards were posted at all the windows and doors, under command of one of the Americans. The other four Americans then began to search the house for whatever papers and documents might be there.

We were then informed that our captors were General Funston, Captains Newton and Hazzard, and Lieutenants Hazzard and Mitchell.

Most Delicate of Machines.

No instrument needs more careful handling than a ship's chronometer. Every chronometer is tested for three years before it is placed on sale. Every extreme of temperature is tried on it. The safety of every great ocean steamship depends upon the accuracy of these time-keepers. An error of four seconds may put a captain four miles out of his course, and a tiny speck of rust on the balance spring may be the cause of the error.

On all large ships there are three chronometers to guard against accidents. These are sent ashore for inspection the moment the vessel reaches port and kept until its departure.

A staff of skilled men are kept by every chronometer manufacturer, their work being to carry the delicate instruments back and forth between the ship and the workshop.

When on shipboard the chronometer is stowed in a dry place amidships, where there is least motion and variation of temperature. The case in which it is kept is lined with soft curled hair, and it is snugly tucked into the centre of a heavy woolen blanket.

It is not surprising, therefore, that a first-class chronometer costs as much as \$250.