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TENNYSON'S DEATH BED POEM

A GREAT LYRIC WRITTEN AT 84.

"Crossing The Bar," the Poet's Last Work, Worthy of His Prime—The Lines Sung at His Funeral to Music Composed by His Wife—Other Lyrics Written Near His End—Lord Ashley's Exposure of Conditions in English Coal Mines in 1850—History as Philosophy Teaching by Examples.

Written for The Observer.

I know of nothing better for its length than Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." His "Eagle" is another very nearly perfect poem. His lines on the poet's death, "The rain had fallen," are indeed beautiful and radiant with genius. The first poem mentioned was written very near the end of his life, in October, 1892, when he had passed his 83rd year. Is there in any literature, ancient or modern, so good, so original, so perfect a poem by one so old? I do not believe it. That fine English critic, Edmond Gosse, in his "Short History of Modern English Literature," says that Tennyson on his deathbed, in his 84th year, composed a lyric as perfect in its technical delicacy of form as any which he had written in his prime; the poem referred to was written but a few days before the great poet passed away. It was sung at his funeral in Westminster Abbey on October 12, 1892, and to music composed by his faithful and loving wife, who survived him but a few years, dying in December, 1896. The New York Saturday Review, referring to this, says: "The present Lord Tennyson says that 'Love Flew in at the Window,' in 'The Foresters,' was the last song written by his father, but 'The Silent Voices' is not a song, but, as Gosse wrote, in an organic sense, a poet's last utterance, and an excellent example of the poet's lyrical art."

entitled, "Pioneering in Central Africa" is published in Richmond, Va., by the Presbyterian Committee of Publication. It is a volume of 500 pages, and contains maps. He is a South Carolinian, was the son of slave owners, and was educated in the cradle of secession. It was in 1855, he went to Africa as a missionary. He says that Christianity and civilization go hand in hand. He mentions that the ship he sailed in from England contained a large quantity of arms, "principally from Boston." He found railroads and steamboats largely in use in the Congo Free State, and says they are "tremendous forces for civilization, and add greatly to the efficiency of moral, religious and educational efforts." One railway is so flourishing that \$100 of stock is worth \$1,000 on the Bourse in Brussels.

Say what you will, the modern nations have made but slow progress in humanizing man, in relieving the distressed, in providing for the destitute, in protecting women and children. If you think otherwise you are seriously mistaken. I recently read how advanced were the Chinese in works of mercy beyond our own people or the Europeans. England, great in so many things, has made but slow advance in ameliorating bad conditions among her people. Her laws in many particulars are shameful and barbaric until within a few years. In social legislation her defects were great and disgraceful. It was only after 1840 that she began to arouse herself to duty and sympathy in the matter of the employment of women and girls in mines and collieries. The exposures made during Sir Robert Peel's administration were indeed most shocking, most disgraceful. A commission was appointed to make a thorough investigation, and the results were terrific, disgusting. Lord Ashley—better known now as Earl of Shaftesbury—a most humane, benignant and useful statesman, moved for this commission, and it was like him to endeavor to lighten their burdens, and brighten the lives of the obscure and heavily burdened. The commission did its work well and reported many hideous evils existing, and all by reason of working women and girls under ground. It is stated by McCarthy that "Lord Ashley made such effective use of their disclosures that he encountered but very little opposition when he came to propose restrictive legislation." The story is indeed shocking, almost incredible. I must edify my readers in 1904, by copying from McCarthy's very entertaining history, what was actually practiced in England after more than a thousand years of boasted civilization. Read what follows: "In some of the coal mines were women literally employed as beasts of burden. Where the seam of coal was too narrow to allow them to stand upright, they had to crawl back and forward on all fours for 14 or 16 hours a day, dragging the trucks laden with coal. The trucks were generally fastened to a chain which passed between the legs of the unfortunate women, and was then connected with a belt which was strapped around their naked waists. Their only clothing often consisted of an old pair of trousers made of sack, and they were uncovered from the waist up—uncovered that is to say, except for a ragged and filthy, that collected and clogged around them. All manner of hideous diseases were generated in these unsex-

ed bodies. Unsexed almost literally some of them became, for their chests were hard and flat, as those of men, and not a few of them lost all reproductive power; a happy condition truly under the circumstances, where women who bore children only went up to higher air for a week during their confinement, and were then back at their work again." This condition brought forth prostitution, immorality and vast suffering. Lord Ashley succeeded in his benevolent and pathetic task of relief. After a short while the abominable iniquity and persecution ended. He tried then or soon after to secure a ten hours' law for the daily labor of women and youth in factories, but he failed. England was not then up to such a noble and pious. To complete the sad picture, I must mention that Lord Ashley escaped to limit the labor in factories to ten hours, with a plan for compulsory education. He only partially succeeded as to limitation of time, and failed altogether in the educational feature. That was before 1850, and England was not yet ready for such progress and humane legislation. Some writer said that "it is only when blinded by self-love, that we think proudly of our nature." Dick Steele, in one of the papers he published, said that a "wealthy doctor who can help a poor man and will not without a fee, has less sense of humanity than a poor ruffian, who kills a rich man to satisfy his own necessities."

It is true that, "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart." Let it never be truthfully affirmed of this great old state North Carolina, that in 1904 and after barbarous, unmanly, un-Christian treatment is visited upon the trusting women, the young girls and the small factory children.

A superb set of Thackeray's works in 32 volumes is to be published in London, limited to 1,000 sets. Special introductions to each novel have been prepared by writers selected. There will be 1,500 illustrations.

The Harpers have undertaken to publish a huge history of the United States, to be in 26 volumes, and to be completed in several years. It is stated that the editor is Albert Bushnell Hart, professor of history of Harvard University, and the separate volumes are assigned to separate historical specialists, chiefly professors in American universities. Dr. Hart, as editor, is to be assisted by advisory committees appointed by the historical societies of Virginia, Massachusetts, Texas, and Wisconsin.

A knowledge of the great historic nations helps to interpret the movements of present-day nations. Some one wrote that "history is philosophy teaching by examples." It was the Greek historian Thucydides, who first wrote it. It was not in the precise form as given, for Dionysius of Halicarnassus, gave it, citing it from the Greek, as "history is philosophy learned from examples." Viscount Bolingbroke gave it as first stated. It occurs in his second letter, "On the Study and Use of History." He it was, in another letter, who referred to "the dignity of history." This saying has been used by Fielding, Horace Walpole and Lord Bunsbury in his most inexpressibly entertaining "History of England." The illustrious Sir

Walter Raleigh, whose name and life are precious to North Carolinians, wrote in his preface to his celebrated "History of the World": "History hath triumphed over time, which besides if nothing but sterility hath triumphed over." So by studying history—particularly of the Greeks and Romans, and of the nations that flourished from about the sixth century up to the middle of the nineteenth century, we are able to comprehend better the movements in the world. History interprets for us the examples and movements of the leading nations now dominating the world. By a knowledge of the Africans in their original homes in Africa, and by an extensive and knowledge of their descendants in the South prior to the great war, the Southern whites have been able to thoroughly comprehend their characters, necessities and propensities for the future. The North assumed to know, but was sadly, blindly ignorant and did infinite harm. Men of statesmanship and enlightenment in the North are at last beginning to know some things of the negro, and now see how reckless and unfortunate was the course of the North.

I was much edified and pleased with a brief summary of a sermon preached in St. Peter's Episcopal church, at Charlotte, by Rev. Horris Mallinckrodt, on Sunday night, 4th inst. I wish to cite a part of it, that appeared in The Observer of Monday, 5th inst., as it is refreshing, pointed, truly religious because Scriptural. Such direct preaching is so in need among reflecting, earnest people. The extract is as follows: "Mr. Mallinckrodt plead against mere formalism, the merely external form of worship, and said that wisdom in saving systematically the soul for God was necessary. Let not your light shine dimly, said he. Let the light shine in the darkness, when trial and sorrow assail. 'So many Christians have such a dim light burning that no one can detect it,' said he, and 'so many burn spasmodically. Some are so feeble that the slightest puff of temptation will blow it out. Some Christians have religion just for the now, not enough to carry them to heaven.' The Bible is full of warning as of hope. The way to eternal life is plain, but it is narrow and straight. Hear God speaking once more: 'Repent and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin. Cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby you have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit.' Again: 'For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast.' Paul to the Ephesians, 2:8-9. THODORE BRYANT KINGSBURY, Wilmington, Sept. 23.

LONELY SEA SPOTS.
Solitudes of the Ocean That are seldom Traversed.
Chicago Chronicle.
There are deserts on the ocean as well as on the dry land—vast wastes upon which the eye of man has never rested and which have seldom, if ever, been crossed by the ships of commerce. The waves on these wastes have never been parted by the prow of a sailing vessel or lashed by the propeller of a steamer; immense solitudes where the flap of a

will never heard nor the strident cry of a storm venting its deserts, whose silence is broken only by the howling of the wind and the roar of the waves, which have been daily pursuing one another since the day of creation. These deserts lie untraveled between the narrow ocean and the highways traveled by vessels. In such waste places of the sea, a disabled ship, driven out of its course by a hurricane, may drift for months, tossed by the ceaseless ground swell, without being able to get assistance. Her only chance of escape is the possibility that some ocean current may drag her into a more frequented region.

It is generally supposed that by reason of the universal increase of maritime traffic the sea is everywhere frequented by vessels. This is a mistake. Ocean commerce has grown enormously during the last half century, but that development is due to the substitution of steam navigation for the old-fashioned employment of sailing vessels. When the first steamer began to churn the water with its paddle wheels the sailing fleets ceased to increase. With the advent of the screw propeller they began to decrease. The gradual but constant disappearance of sailing ships made the ocean more of a desert than before. Sailing vessels had their established routes in accordance with the winds, currents and seasons. The gaps between the routes taken by the outward-bound and homeward-bound ships were often miles of a desert that before the advent of steam had not infrequently played the mischief with nautical instruments, and, as a result, the field of operation for ocean shipping was vastly expanded.

This is no longer true to-day. The liner goes straight ahead, in defiance of wind and waves, the ports between which she plies are great industrial or commercial centres, whither come numberless railways, serving as prolongations of the lines of navigation. Freight cars carry their loads of merchandise to the lesser ports and cities of the interior. The railway has killed coastwise navigation.

The ocean highways are, therefore, anything but numerous. The most frequented of oceans is the Atlantic. Apart from the polar seas, we see that in its northern part there is only one desert zone—a dreary waste of waters between the routes from Europe to the United States or Canada, and those from Europe to the Antilles. In the South, between the routes from South America or the western American coast and the routes from South Africa, extends a desert occasionally traversed by the steamers of the lines from Cape Town and Moambique, which, when the coffee season is at its height in Brazil, cross the Atlantic for cargoes at Rio Janeiro and Santos.

The Indian ocean is frequented only in the north by lines out of India and Indo-China, and a little in the west by liners from Oceania, which call at Colombo, and then make straight for Australia. Two lines, each with a steamer a month, follow a slender lane from Australia to Cape Town. The Pacific is the Sahara of the great seas. Saving only the great steamships from the far East to California and Brazil, Columbia, a line from Sidney to San Francisco, and a one-horse line (with sailings four or five times a year) be-

tween Tahiti and the United States—save for the more ribbon-like streaks of the Pacific—a desert. Only a few native canoes ply daintily from island to island in archipelagoes skirt round with coral reefs—veritable ocean graveyards, the terror of seafaring men.

How many ships of which we have received no tidings, and of which not so much as a drifting spar has ever been picked up, have been dragged by irresistible winds into those solitudes of the South Pacific that not one will ever know. For the ocean guards it prey full well.

TROUBLES OF SECESSION.
One of Them Thinks Charlotte May Have to Go to the U. S. for a Preacher.
Washington Post.

The seceders of the South, universally esteemed by their neighbors, are distinctly as a class by a high degree of educational and moral culture, but a good deal of pleasant talk is pointed at them because they cling to the primitive and austere ways of their progenitors more tenaciously than the members of any other branch of the churches. Many of them over 100 years old, are in country districts, and it was about twenty-five years ago that they began to build houses of worship, some of them gems of of church architecture, in the larger towns and cities. The First A. B. church (seceder) of Charlotte, N. C.—a town, by the way, which places itself on being the banner city of the Old North State—called to its pastorate a year or two ago, the Rev. Knox Montgomery, of Chicago. Mr. Montgomery has just been elected to the presidency of a college in Ohio, and a good seceder in one of the Southern States, writing to a friend in this city, says: "The Charlotte people are without a pastor again. They were anxious to get —, but he has declined. It seems they have difficulty in getting a man. They made three or four attempts before, and finally got Montgomery, of the U. P. church. I suspect our fellows are afraid of the city. We have some pretty good preachers scattered about through the bushes down here, but they are a little hard to groom up and be made to feel easy where there are autos, theatres, marble floors, and such like vanities. The urbanite may not sympathize with him fully, but these things are very awful to the seceder. The seceder about the city don't seem to give a fig what the 'weather' is going to do, nor do they seem to know that there is such a thing as 'crisis.' Cut the ordinary seceder off from those fruitful topics of approach to conversation and he stands gasping. Charlotte may have to go to the U. P.'s again."

IT NEVER FAILS.
Harris & Buquo, Erin, Tenn., manufacturers of the celebrated Erin Line, have in their employ, in various departments of their business, several hundred men. The firm writes to the Drummond Medicine Co., New York, in great praise of Dr. Drummond's Lightning Remedy for rheumatism, and says that they have cured four cases with it, and that it has not failed in a single instance. Send \$5 to the Drummond Medicine Co., and they will ship to your address two large bottles—a six month's treatment—by return express. Agents wanted.

AMERICAN TASTE FOR ART.

MISSION OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Many Barbarians Among the Crowds in the Palace of Fine Arts—The Lady Who Wanted to Know Who Painted the Rembrandt and Others Like Her—Pleasure in their direction. That Tells a Story the First Step Toward an Appreciation of Art for its Own Sake.

Correspondence of The Observer.

St. Louis, Sept. 23.—"Well, where you talkin' us to now, Marthy?" the old man asked as the trio passed through the shrine of Rembrandt at the east side of Festival Hall. Before them stretched three spacious buildings.

"That is the Palace of Fine Arts, father."

"Fine arts. Well, I reckon that is the place we want to steer clear of. What a parcel of fools them directors was to spend so much of the people's good money to put up a 'bulldin' that nobody cares about."

"But they do care about it, father. You may not, but even you and mother could learn to love pictures if you would try. I didn't know anything about art before I went away to school, either. Now it is the greatest pleasure I find in life. Look at the crowd pouring in. There must be a few people who love art. You must at least see the building."

With a daughter's loving tact, the girl led her father down the sculpture hall of the American section, to where he could obtain a commanding view of Borglum's splendid equestrian statue. For a moment, the old man stood still with amazement. Then he ejaculated: "Well, if there ain't old U. S. Grant. Say, Marthy, here is something in art that I love art. You must at least see the building."

This incident, trivial as it seems, affords a clue to the solution of the great problem of culture, especially artistic culture. The vital purpose of the true artist is to awaken an emotion in the soul of him who contemplates the finished work of art, whether it be statue or painting. The farmer knew nothing about sculptural art; but he did know and love his old general. The soul, once awakened, can easily be led from the crude to the finer emotions, from the mere pleasure in recognizing in pain or stone something familiar, to the deep and almost indescribable joy of contemplating a perfect harmony, a masterpiece of sentiment, a symphony in color.

It is more than evident that the enormous crowds in the galleries are composed of a few artistic "snobs" and a great many artistic "goats." Let the very fact that people visit the galleries, that they go again and again, be the most hopeful sign. This influence of real art is subtle and almost imperceptible in its effect. The man who first finds pleasure only in the picture that "tells a story" is unmistakably a language, discovers after a time that the too matter-of-fact painting has lost its charm, and that the broader, the more emotional, the more sympathetic, the more he thought could be produced only by love, patriotism or grief. He may not know why the picture appeals to him, but he has not learned to analyze his feelings; but he is a better man, for it.

The Palace of Fine Arts is a magnificent missionary tract-house for