Part Three
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Charlotte Daily Observer.

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A PENITENTIARY ROMANCE

CAPTIVE DAMSEL FAITHLESS.

Released Prisoner Sought Work in Raleigh That He Might be Near the Object of His Affections, but Disappointment is Said to Await Him—Sunday School Work Among Criminals—A Sad Case of Groundless Jealousy—Book Thieves in Raleigh—A Republican Campaign Canard—Interest in State Poultry Show.

Correspondence of The Observer.

Raleigh, Nov. 25.—We all know the dear old story of how long the good man in the Bible waited for a wife, seven years, and how long they must have seemed to one so fond. But there are latter-day waitings as well, and romance with them, and one of these has come before my observation. The romance started in the penitentiary, where two convicts, a man and a woman, fell in love—the old, old story, but under rather trying conditions even for dear little Cupid to overcome. The man served a sentence of several years and came out nearly four years ago. His lady-love has but a little time left of her term, which began not a great while before his ended. This faithful fellow, when his term ended, did not leave Raleigh, but remained here, sought work, found it, and has applied himself steadily, waiting all the time for the day of her freedom and his happiness. But will it ever come? It is said that while his love is as great as his faithfulness, she has proved faithless, and that instead of a wedding on the day of deliverance, as he had planned, she will at once take the train and go to her far-off home. Now what will the man do? Will he take his life, or will he be a man, pluck up fresh courage, look the future in the face and say that he is in luck because he does not win her?

The penitentiary is a place much frequented by visitors from other points, but very little visited by Raleigh people, most of whom find it a sad sight. In the 31 years since it was opened to the criminal world, think of the crime beneath its roofs. Think of that thickly-sown graveyard in the wilderness, on that lonely and wind-swept hill, where the little wooden crosses that mark the graves, decay and fall, just as did those who lie beneath them, and whose graves they mark. Think of the last day, and of that great crowd rising from that place, who in life committed every crime on the calendar, but some of whom found peace at last, within the prison walls. And this brings to mind a great work done year after year by the teachers in the penitentiary Sunday school. One of them at least has been going there, very seldom missing a Sunday, for fully 20 years. When he began, he used to look into the faces of perhaps a thousand men and women at once; but now, owing to the fact that so few convicts are kept within the prison proper, he faces barely a hundred. But think of all those years of his patient and persevering work; think of its reward. And of his co-workers, some have been going there regularly for 25 years. The work fascinates them, they put their hearts in it, and the convicts know them. The latter really love these people. I have heard them say so, hardened fellows, a tear dimming the eye.

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There are romances, if one may call them such, so sad are they, outside the prison walls. Right here in town, a woman, of what in England would be termed the lower classes, is literally dying of jealousy. She is jealous of her husband, and the object of her jealousy is a woman whose life is a hot-bed of sorrow and tribulation; whose husband is a drunkard and a criminal, and who herself is a pitiful specimen of humanity; bearing much, hard-working, neat always; but never for one second the sort of woman to inspire the passion of love in any breast, or that of jealousy in any mind save one wrought to the utmost degree. And yet this goes on day after day and week after week—the mind-sick and heart-sick wife jealous of this poor creature, who knows all about it, who can say nothing, but can only feel the implication against her honor which such jealousy makes. It is a hard world, this, and no doubt there are many such cases, where women see ghosts, so to speak, and only ghosts, and yet make real things of them. Shakespeare has told better than anybody else about the jealousy of women and the length to which it will go; but surely this case shows the seamy-side of life in a most practical and yet romantic way.

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This week a member of the Legislature was here and told me a very funny story. He found, only a few days before election day, that the Republican leader in his county, who was certainly a hustler, had sent the news far and wide, by word of mouth and by little leaflets, that this particular candidate, a sterling Democrat, intended to introduce a bill in the Legislature to reduce the prices of farm produce, and had stated that he thought the present prices were far too high. It seems astonishing that such a story as this should gain any credence whatever; but the Democrats had to get out and hustle themselves in order to counteract it. The Republicans sent out in North Carolina many thousands of circulars setting forth the fact that Roosevelt was responsible for ten-cent cotton, and that if the Democrats got in the price was apt to drop at least 2 cents, and very probably 3 cents. What a lot of jays some politicians must think North Carolinians are. This sort of rot does not seem to be sent out in other States than this. It was an article designed for home consumption.

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One of the most daring of all thieves is a book-thief, and about this there is quite a little story. There several suspects here, and one of them, it seems, missed indictment only by the flight from Raleigh of a young white criminal. Several years ago, before the present administration came in, it was whispered that books were being stolen from the State Library, and the boy was reported to have said that a ladder was used in getting into the library from the outside. An investigation was started, and it was found that in order for such a thing to be possible the librarian and the night watchman would have to be parties to the thefts. The trail was getting warm, when the boy in question suddenly disappeared. A relative of the boy, however, appeared before the present State librarian and informed him that the thefts had not been made from the library, but from a rented building in which the copies of the North Carolina Supreme Court reports and the laws enacted by the Legislature were then stored. It was further admitted that hundreds of copies had been stolen. Of course, these were not marked with the name of the State, and so identification was very difficult; but it was stated at the time that if search were made in an upper room of a building here, not only a number of these stolen books, but of others which had been purloined, would be found. A search-warrant was never obtained, nor the search made. Years ago the Supreme Court library was plundered of numbers of its costly books. That was a long ago. Under the present system, the books are stamped, every few pages, in such a way that they can be identified. Book thieves go to great length. Some of these days there may be a sensation in Raleigh growing out of this business. There came very near being one after the big book robbery at the home of Bishop Joseph Blount Cheshire.

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Some persons are asking whether any further steps will be taken regarding the matter of liability for the deaths of the two enlisted men of the Third Regiment of the National Guard of this State, who, while drunk and disobeying orders, were killed while on top of a train, going home from camp. The question arises, what sort of orders were issued to the troops when camp was broken? The finding and report of the board of inquiry is construed to be a censure of several officers of the regiment, who are, so to speak, under fire. The colonel has said he does not at all relish the report of the court of inquiry. What would he do, is the question. There were surgeons on the train, but surgeons under military regulations are not regimental officers. The matter may assume some new phase.

* * *

The bulletins of the State Agricultural Department are coming more and more into favor and request. Their improvement is really remarkable. The only trouble is that so small a proportion of all the farmers in the State read them. The one puzzle is first how to get information before the farmers and, secondly, to induce them to believe what is told them. This year institutes for farmers were held in 89 counties, probably twice the number held in any other year. In the counties where institutes were held last year the attendance and interest this year was most encouraging. Mecklenburg, Cabarrus, Cleveland, Stanly and Union counties were the ones making the best showing, the average attendance at the institutes held being 379 actual farmers, who showed a lively interest by taking part in the discussions. In eleven other counties the attendance was satisfactory, being 217 farmers at each; but in 21 counties the lack of interest was only too apparent, and in some was very unsatisfactory. The great problem is how to reach the farmers. They are great unbelievers, the mass of them, hard to reach and to teach. They doubt what they are told about the fatal nature of the Texas cattle tick, and heavy are their losses by reason of ignorance and doubt. Some of them are ashamed to show their doubt, but conceal it.

* * *

The subject which will be before the North Carolina public schools, and indeed many of the private schools on North Carolina Day this year, will be the "Pamlico Country," and the pamphlet will mark a new departure; for it will be illustrated and will contain the autographs of a number of colonial North Carolinians of the greatest note. Luckily, your correspondent was able to furnish the Secretary of State with a number of autographs for the Hall of History, these coming from the Thomas Pollock documents, lent by Mrs. Devereux, of Raleigh, this collection being very rich and valuable, and in it being the letter book of Governor Pollock, extremely interesting extracts from which have been published in this special correspondence in The Observer, the publication being really the first, in nearly all cases.

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The State Poultry Show, to be held here this winter in the Agricultural building, will be by far the largest and best ever seen in North Carolina, and a number of choice birds from Virginia are to be shown. How many North Carolinians know the value of poultry and eggs? It is greater than that of the entire cotton crop. It brings into this State great sums, and yet the income from it is but a tithe of what it might be easily made. It will pay people to come to the show to get the best ideas about birds, the best way to raise them and to market them; for State Poultryman Jeffreys is a "mine" of useful information in this respect. To most people, a poultry show is a sort of fancy affair, but it is really one of the most practical things in the world. When the mass of North Carolina farmers ascertain what good poultry and really choice eggs bring, their eyes will be opened. They do not now know what opportunities they are throwing away.

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The special article about the last flag in line of the battle at Appomattox, which your correspondent prepared, is attracting much attention. Capt. W. T. Jenkins, of Aurelian Springs, writes an interesting letter about it and says that Brigadier General William R. Cox will bear him out in regard to what he has said as to the claims of North Carolina. He says that the flag referred to, that of the Fourth North Carolina Troops, and the flag of the Fourteenth North Carolina Troops, were the last in line of battle at Appomattox, and that they were waving over their regiments after all the other troops had retired from the field.

FRED A. OLDS.

WE LOVE THEE, CAROLINA.

America we love, yes, every State,
By our country's laws united;
But we love best of all, our own fair State,
To her our hearts are plighted.
(Chorus.)
No land on earth is loved—no none—
With a love that is diviner,
We love thee, O our fair Southland home;
We love thee, Carolina.

Our Carolina's fame of long ago,
Has been sung in "song and story"—
Since then she has won many a laurel more,
And covered her name in glory
All honor to thee, our fair Southland home,
Our hearts exultingly sing,
And to her crown anew thy old renown,
Fresh laurels we gladly bring.

Oh, beauteous Carolina! Nature's hand divine
Hath made for her fair queen
Such mountain thrones, that proudly, grandly climb
Heavenward. Oh, glorious scene!
Oh lovely Carolina! So fair, so serene—
All queenly robed—with crown of flowers!
Thy jewels—thy sparkling, silvery streams,
That flow through fragrant bowers.

Of thy rivers we'll sing; no fairer streams
E'er bathed the brow of Mother Earth
Than our picturesque French Broad, that winds and gleams,
Like a shining silvern girth,
Round shores where grandest mountains skyward loom;
And our lovely Chowan that flows
By banks whereon the arbutus and laurel bloom,
Dorning the gentle bluffs o'er.

A paradise her forests seem in summer-time,
From a home in a far-away clime;
And all cares depart, and sweet rest comes in the "music of the pines."
And we welcome all who come to our Southland home.
No hearts more true or kinder,
On earth are found, no lands so fair 'neath heaven's dome
As our own fair Carolina.

Carolina's daughters, so true, so good,
As fair as the flowers 'round them.
Oh lovely type of sweet Southern womanhood!
Our hearts' own queens we crown them.
All honor to the noble sons of our brave State—
Where e'er we chance to find them;
The highest honors that for man await,
Their own true merits assign them.

All honor to the glorious schools of our State—
An honor to our American land!
And no mightier force within Carolina's gates
Than her teachers— a noble band!
Oh, we love our sunny Southland home
This Carolina of ours.
We love her cities fair of lovely homes and tall church domes,
And skies and breezes and flowers.

Oh, may hte banner of purity, peace and love
O'er Carolina ever wave,
And far up to bountiful heaven above,
We send one rhapsody of praise
For Carolina—brightest star in our nation's crown—
With a halo of love we 'nshrine her.
We love thee, O fair Southland home,
We love thee, Carolina.

LOUISE CRADY CHEARS.
Elm City, N. C.

FASHION, FAD AND FANCY.

"LOUD" EFFECTS STILL A FAD.

Old Portraits Furnish Inspiration for New Styles in Picture Hats—Leg-o'-Mutton Sleeves Surely Here, Though Not Yet Full Grown—The One-Piece Skirt Little More Than the Old Circular Skirt—Merchants Already Beginning to Talk Spring Styles.

Written for The Observer.

Another Thanksgiving is gone, hordes of turkeys, alive and supposedly happy, have gobbled their last gobble, and their songs have hushed—thus, no doubt, the past week has found more people busy with Thanksgiving menus than with clothes, yet I am sure there is never a time when some one somewhere, is not busy getting some sort of wearing apparel. I suspect, too, there are still numbers of people, even here at these last November days, who find themselves yet without their winter wardrobe complete. In some places, at least, the problem of getting sewing done is as great as the servant question. Prices seem to be constantly on the increase, so that it requires a nice little sum of money to get one's clothes for a season in good shape—then to get them from the hands of the seamstress at the promised time, really is a most serious matter. Of course there are those upon whom we may depend at ways, to do as they promise, while others seem to think it a very small affair to let you have your garment anywhere from a week to two or three months after the gown was actually promised. So it goes, there are ups and downs in all lines of business, and no doubt the modistes could tell much on their side of trying to please womankind in regard to the various frocks. It surely is a nice thing to be able to do all these things for one's self, but when you can't and can't get your gowns made either things take on a serious aspect.

Well, the mutton-leg sleeves are surely being seen in coats and shirt-waists, sooner than I expected on our streets. At present, these sleeves are not large, but no doubt they are just beginning to grow. When spring time comes, when everything is blooming and growing, I fear me the sleeves will go out of all proportion, but just now we shall make the best of our moderate ones and not worry about the future. I have just seen a diagram of one of the "very latest" blouses, and it is pretty. Really, in the waist there is little change. The garment has three backward-turning tucks on either side in front; one that stitches entirely to the waist line, the other two only to yoke length. The sleeves are modest leg-o-mutton, with a shirt-cuff fastening in the back, just as a man's shirt-sleeve. In the back of this waist there are two groups of narrow tucks on each side, and the waist is just an old friend at last. There is less blouse in front, but a small amount entirely around. This pattern is used for all wash materials, flannels and silks, and for a simple, pretty, shirt-waist either intended to be worn with separate skirt or skirt of the same—a regular shirt-waist suit—you can hardly find a prettier design, in spite of the fact that it is one we have had for some time past.

Have you noticed how many of the skirts are being cut in one piece? It is true they are just an improved old circular skirt is all it is. Instead of the old-fashioned darts to make it fit over the hips, tucks are now stitched down a short way, or if the skirt is intended to hang full from the waist, then, of course, only gathers are used. Sometimes the material is shirred—the manner of confining the fullness being a matter of taste or judgment, using the style best suited to the figure. The circular skirts are tucked round-ways, which gives a pretty effect, though I should think it would be a hard matter to make these tucks accurately.

The sets of white linen collars and cuffs now upon the market, and which are being worn not only with the white wash waists, but even with the silk and flannel ones, are really prettier than those worn during the summer months. Hand-made ones embroidered in some dainty pattern are especially in demand, and bring quite fancy prices. There are also the medium shade of blue linen ones, embroidered in white, which are both pretty and serviceable. It is a fad also to have the regular linen colored ones, embroidered in a darker shade of brown, and wear them with a four-in-hand tie matching the shade of the embroidery. These are extremely neat, especially when worn with the cuffs to match, tied with the brown ribbon. These are all "neat by" little accessories, which add a touch of daintiness every woman loves. A paragraph in a well-known fashion weekly says in reference to the wearing of these collars just now: "Even at this season of the year, the sets of collar and cuffs in linens and lawns are much used, and not kept exclusively for spring or summer as they were formerly. With blouses of fleece-lined washable material or novelty suitings, they are appropriate and always good style, though not less so in those of taffeta or fancy silks."

Speaking of these little spring-time sets of collars and cuffs brings to my memory the statement a merchant made to me the other day, to the effect that spring goods were even now bought and placed—that is, merchants can tell pretty well what they will have at that time, for the drummers have been around with their samples and orders have been given. This is surely enough to make one's head swim, for here we are without our winter's wardrobe anything like complete with even the necessaries, when lo! and behold! they tell us of the "stuffs" already bought for spring wear. Well, at any rate there are four months in which to wear this winter apparel, so we need not consider the other for a time. It is really remarkable to me, however, the way in which these orders are given months ahead, and the rapidity with which an up-to-date merchant clears his stock and talks new things. He is truly "off with the old and on with the new" before we—the wearers—have gotten accustomed to our styles or realized that our garments, from the merchant's standpoint, belong to a past season, although maybe the said garments have not been in our possession but a very few weeks.

For really dressy dresses, velvets combined with laces continue to be par excellence. Such garments are rich beyond compare and many of them cost, at least to "modest-pursed" persons, small fortunes. I suppose laces, of course, the kind, quality, designs, etc., vary from time to time. A fad of the season is the combining of fur and laces which, indeed, is often a very happy combination. Hats so trimmed are much liked, and some of the so-considered handsomest models are made of such combinations.

As for the shoes most in style, we read that for full dress occasions "all the famous portrait canvases," come into use, "including Rembrandt, Watteau, Gainsborough and Sir Joshua, as well as those of the French Restoration." Perhaps the handsomest decorations for these picture hats are the long, graceful plumes, which are now draped across the brim and in some manner around and underneath it, with still a portion of fall down across the hair, in a most graceful and artistic manner. In regard to another style of hat we read that "the three-cornered Marquis stands foremost among those long familiar, but never before capable of such a fascinatingly becoming variety of lines. At the left side lies its single ornament, whether it be roses in a cluster, or one very large specimen, or rosettes of ribbon." The crowns of hats—especially the really dressy hats—continue to be high, some of them looking ridiculously steep and pointed after the broad, flat ones to which we have been used now for some time. Besides the use of the long plumes and heavy bunches of tips, flowers are quite extensively used. "Hats are covered with large dahlies, roses, and gardenias, with quantities of tulle and feather pompous of huge dimensions, having spears of aigrettes rising from the centre."

The great trouble this season, so it seems to me, is the "largeness," so to speak with which everything is gotten up. Things in all lines of fashion seem to be running toward a note of "loudness," both in color and cut—but these extremes or tendencies, are indeed fads, which catch the fancy, almost always, only for a very short while. There are modest little hats and modest big ones, which are stylish and pretty enough satisfy the most fastidious taste. After all the best dressed persons are those who do not go off after the extreme fads, but who spend their money for the best materials and combine them with simplicity, seeing to it that the fit is perfect and the combinations do not clash.

DOROTHY.

ITALIAN LABORERS.

Experiment in Vicinity of Wilmington Highly Satisfactory.

Wilmington Star.

Twenty-two Italian laborers who were imported here about a month ago to work at the factory of the Cape Fear Fisheries Company, at Old Brunswick, down the river, replacing the inefficient and unreliable supply of negro labor in the community, came up to the city yesterday afternoon on the steamer "Wilmington" and left last night on the Seaboard Air Line, returning to New York. Only one member of the party could speak English and the group, as they passed up and down the streets in the early evening, before the departure of their train, attracted considerable attention by their jabbering. One wag remarked that the confusion of tongues would indicate that they had knocked off work from the tower of Babel instead of from the fish factory. The return of the Italians North is because of the close of the fishing season in these waters.

It is learned that the experiment of working the Italian laborers here was highly satisfactory; that they are more reliable and more energetic in the discharge of their duties than the negroes, many of whom were inclined to work a day or two and "knock off" until necessity forced them to return, regardless of what were the demands upon their efforts at the factory. It is furthermore stated that it is entirely within the range of probability that an even larger colony will be brought next season and that some effort may be made to colonize many of them here, so that their services will be not only available during the fishing season but that they may supply other local industries all the year round. After a few years residence in a community, it is said they make good citizens and as unskilled laborers they are reliable and energetic.

A gentleman from the country, while in the city about ten days ago, took occasion to inquire into the result of the experiment with the Italians at the fish factory at Old Brunswick with a view of introducing the same class of laborers in the cotton fields during the fall and winter, growers having suffered considerably during the past season, owing to the inadequacy of the supply of negro labor and the utter unreliability of a large percentage of it.

An experiment with Italian and Portuguese labor at several lumber mills near Newbern is also said to have resulted very satisfactorily recently.

REVISION OF REVENUE LAWS.

Favored by President Roosevelt and Republican Leaders.

Washington Correspondence.

Revision of the internal revenue laws in important particulars is being considered by the President and the congressional leaders who are discussing with him the text of his forthcoming message. The imperative need of revision, especially with reference to the rebate of the tax on alcohol for use in the arts and manufactures is acknowledged by many of the leaders of the party in Congress.

At the request of members of the House Ways and Means Committee, the draft of a bill has been made by the government bureau and this proposed legislation is now in the hands of Sereno E. Payne.

Revision of the internal revenue, if undertaken and accomplished, means a revision of customs duties. The revenue of the government is derived from these two sources, and in the past they have nearly balanced each other. There is a sympathetic relation which has shown itself in past changes, and there is no doubt that both will be changed if one is.

The revision of the tariff is a question of such great importance that its consideration will surely be postponed until the new Congress, and on account of the inter-relations of the two propositions, it is probable that the internal revenue changes will not be brought up at the short session of the Fifty-eighth Congress which will last but three months.

The administration will undertake a revision of the internal revenue laws, however, at some time in the near future.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

New York Press.

A joke is always a joke when it is on the other fellow.

A man gets nervous over proposing and a girl over his not proposing.

Twenty years after a girl wouldn't marry a man he feels like apologizing to his grandmother about it.

DOESN'T RESPECT OLD AGE.

It's shameful when youth fails to show proper respect for old age, but just the contrary in the case of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They cut off maladies no matter how severe and irrespective of old age. Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Fever, Constipation all yield to this perfect Pill. 25c., at Burwell & Dunn's, Druggists.

IN BALTIMORE THEATRES.

MELBA AS GREAT AS EVER.

The Australian Prima Donna's Voice the Most Delightful in the World, Notwithstanding Eminent and Peculiar Excellencies of Others—Guilmant Christens a New Organ—Zangwill's New Play a Messy Affair—George Ade's Latest Comedy Welcomed—Belasco's Plan to Fight the Theatrical Trust—Gillette's Residence at Tryon, N. C., Bears Fruit in a New Play.

Correspondence of The Observer.

Baltimore, Nov. 25.—There have been singers of higher range, singers like Patti, with more flexible voices, and singers like Calve, with more of the dramatic instinct, but for the pure enjoyment of melody and harmony, commit me to Melba.

Emma Eames and Sybil Sanderson have held the palm for beauty, and Calve for the fire and force of action, but the Australian prima donna, I believe, has the most delightful voice in all the world.

Somehow, when you have heard a great singer years before, the center of the superb spectacle that grand opera presents, you fear that when she comes in concert her voice must have deteriorated, or else she would never have left the fairyland of opera. But when Madame Nellie Melba sang here at the Lyric last Monday night, we found that it was the same wonderful voice as sweet and perfect as it was in "Faust," when Melba was the greatest of Marguerites.

The very first number was the mad scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor," which is one of the most severe tests in all Italian music. She sang Donizetti's score brilliantly, exhibiting the coloratura quality in perfection. All the other things she sang were simpler things that appeal even to the man who despises "classic music." The first encore was too light and frothy for anything an absurd, inane little English song.

Then she gave a tuneful serenata of Tosti's. But, as the encore she sang "Comin' Through the Rye." Why on earth every prima donna insists upon forever singing this hackneyed thing, is not explained. It seems as inevitable as "The Last Rose of Summer" in "Martha." Whatever sweetness there was in the simple old Scotch song, it is all lost in the affectation and pronouncing that all these singers put into its rendition. Patti started it, and heaven only knows when we will cease to be afflicted by it.

If you have not heard Melba sing "Se Saran Rose," you can hardly appreciate the beauty of this Arditi waltz song.

While we must concede that Wagner and the German school have presented grander and more imposing music, have won a higher niche in the temple of fame the music most of us love and never tire of, is Italian. The words may be English or French, but pure, delightful melody is the possession of the Italian school. Most of us like songs and tunefulness, and Verdi, Arditi, Rossini and the present-day Tosti and Mascagni have a place in our hearts.

As an encore, Melba sang Tosti's "Good-bye, Summer." I've heard it a thousand times, by artist and beginner, and never have heard its beauties and emotions so well brought out as in her rendering.

Melba is not an actress and never was. But there was never a more delightful voice than hers.

* * *

The other day Alexandre Guilmant, the organist of the Notre Dame Cathedral, in Paris, came here and christened the large new pipe organ just installed in the chapel of the Peabody Institute. He has served so many years at the organ that music is his life, and has been famous so long that applause does not disturb his equanimity. He played his own symphony, and a great concerto of Handel's, as well as a dozen other selections, covering a wide range. Then he had Director Randolph to select a theme, and the maestro improvised a complete musical composition, and one of the most imposing that he rendered. He is able to almost breathe his thoughts into the organ.

Personally, I regretted that there were none of the more familiar organ selections on the programme so "Pilgrim's Chorus," no Gounod Twelfth Mass, no Te Deum. What a delight it would be to hear Guilmant play Handel's "Largo!"

* * *

So far this has been a creditable, but by no means notable, dramatic season. Why managers will risk their money and reputation on such unspeakable trash as "The Show Girl," in which Eva Tanguay appeared this season, or "A Girl From Dixie," in which Irene Bentley wasted a part of last season, is beyond comprehension.

Israel Zangwill last year won position as a playwright with "Merely Mary Ann," which in Eleanor Robson's hands was one of the finest things of the season. This year Zangwill assists Cecelia Loftus into stardom with the veriest hodge-podge of improbability, bearing the title, "The Serio-Comic Governess." The name is enough to kill it. Miss Loftus had won distinct favor by her excellent work as leading lady with Sothern. But she is in danger of losing her vogue in this scramble drama of Zangwill's.

Lulu Glaser, who is one of Charlotte's favorites, shines in "A Madcap Princess," a musicalization of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." It isn't a comic opera, and the adaptation might be better done, but Lulu Glaser is, as ever, a pure delight.

* * *

The new comic operas are following in the same old path as the "Florodoras" of yesteryear, and a good many years before. There are some amusing, catchy new songs, "How Can You Tell 'Till You Try," "Peggy Brady," "I Fell in Love With Polly" and "That Beautiful Isle of the Sea." But if you didn't hear the words and see some of the beautiful new scenic effects, you would think you were right back in the time of "A Runaway Girl," if not in days of "Erminie" or "The Mikado."

George Ade has injected some real fun into comic opera. But for the most part, the jokes were distinguished in the almanacs long before they were hauled before the footlights.

George Ade's "County Chairman" is a homely amusing comedy that is likely to run on like "The Old Homestead" or "The Private Secretary." It's a delight to come across such a play, after the John Drew "Mummies," and the Earl of Pawtucket.

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Shut out by the theatrical trust, deserted by James K. Hackett, no longer in partnership with Minnie Maddern Fiske, David Belasco ought to feel downcast and sad-hearted. But Belasco always acts as if he led the procession—and he does lead it. The most important purely American event in the theatrical year is the presentation of a new play by Belasco, and the most profitable plays of the time are his. In "DuBarry," he instituted a new era of magnificence in stage setting and presentation. Nothing more beautiful in its way than "The Darling of the Gods" was ever presented, and "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" was a wonderful spectacle, as well as a pleasing comedy.

About the first of the year Belasco is to present Mrs. Leslie Carter in a new play. He gives out no details—he never does—but says the play will be a fitting successor to "DuBarry."

The theatrical trust now controls all the theatres in some cities. It has been the custom of Mr. Belasco to rehearse his plays in Washington, giving two or three first performances there; then come to Baltimore for a week, where the final touches are given the play before it is carried into New York for a long run on Broadway. He did this with "The Heart of Maryland," "Zaza" and all the rest of them, and considers it bad luck to break his rule.

But this time the trust determined to shut him out. They closed every regular theatre in Washington against him. But they overlooked Convention Hall. Mr. Belasco promptly seized the hall, and is putting in a large portable stage, which can be carried from city to city, and will turn most any kind of an old barn into an opera house. He has also secured the Lyric Theatre in Baltimore, and is prepared to bid defiance to the trust.

"DuBarry" has the record of a run of over two years, and the first year in New York every seat was sold every single night—a record breaker.

Mr. Belasco will not even tell the nature of his new play. It will be seen in New York, January 9th. But he says it will present Mrs. Carter in a new phase and he believes it will be as great a success as "DuBarry."

* * *

William Gillette's residence in North Carolina has borne fruit in a new play that he has written for himself, to take the place next spring of "The Admiral Crichton." The new play is called "Clarisse," and will be presented first in London next April, at one of Mr. Frohman's theatres.

Gillette himself will, of course, take the principal male role. The interest of the play is said, however, to center around an old Southern negress. The actress for this part has not been selected.

The play is a romance, a love story and the scene is laid in the mountains of North Carolina.

In this connection it is interesting to recall that twenty years ago Mr. Gillette scored his first success in a play in which the action took place in the North Carolina mountains—"Esmeralda." Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who has since become famous, is said to have written the drama while she stayed at the house of the Logans, at Hickory Nut Gap, in the shadow of Old Bald and Chimney Rock mountains. Esmeralda's cabin used to be pointed out there when I knew the spot, ten years ago.

Mr. Gillette (you can hardly resist calling him "Sherlock Holmes")—has a home at Tryon, N. C., where he spends all the time he can spare from the stage. He smokes continually, is tall and lean, the kind of a hill-climber who can enjoy mountains.

JOHN WILBER JENKINS.

DUG THEIR OWN GRAVES.

How Lord Kitchener Discovered and Executed Two Spies.

Lord Kitchener, who is now commanding the British army in India, has a remarkable knack of picking up foreign languages and native dialects. In Egypt he proved himself able to learn the local dialects of the fellaheen within a few months. He was fond of disguising himself in native costume and mixing with the people, much as Kipling's Strickland Sahib did in India.

Veterans of the Suakim campaign tell of an incident which illustrates this rare gift of Kitchener's and also his unrelenting discipline.

The British were throwing up earth works, on which many of the natives were employed. One day two strange fellaheen came into camp and offered their services. This was considered suspicious, but in answer to all inquiries they protested their loyalty to the British cause. They were set to work with shovels. Presently they were joined by another native, with whom they became intimate during the day. Toward evening the third native disappeared.

Soon afterward the two strangers were summoned to headquarters, where General Kitchener received them.

"You are spies," he said briefly. They were about to deny the accusation, but they looked at him and gasped. The British general was the native trench digger with whom they had been plotting treason during the day.

"Take them out," said Kitchener to the guards, "and set them to work to dig a hole big enough for two."

This was done. When they had completed their work the two spies were shot and buried in the grave they had themselves dug.

IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A special from Asheville says: "A bill in equity was filed in the office of the clerk of the United States Court here this afternoon by an attorney for Mrs. Rosina Bradley Willis. Mrs. Willis seeks to secure a specific decree of adoption. It is alleged that she is the adopted daughter of the late W. L. Bradley, who lived at Hendersonville and who died in June 1902, and that the property of the said Bradley is held in wrongful possession by the officials of the Asheville Diocese of the Episcopal Church of North Carolina."

Mr. J. R. Whitaker, a former editor of The Winston Sentinel, has located in Concord to reside in the future.

Judge Boyd, of the United States Court, has named T. J. Murphy, a young Greensboro attorney, as temporary receiver of the jewelry firm of Rosenblatt & Co., of that city.

It is said that all of the 14 cotton mills in Randolph county are runing on full time and prospering.

T. H. McCargo is interested in promoting a knitting mill in Mt. Airy.

The city of Durham is to experiment with gas for street lighting purposes. The streets at present are lighted by electricity.

YOUR LAME BACK.

And the darting pains that catch you in the joints and muscles, is nothing but rheumatism. If you keep quiet the pain will not trouble much at first, but after a little time the joints begin to get stiff, and later will become solid. It is better to begin with the first symptoms by taking Dr. Drummond's Lightning Remedies. They will drive the disease from the blood, and restore the action of the joints. If your druggist has not got these remedies, describe your case in a letter to Dr. Drummond Medicine Co., New York.

FRANKLIN STATE PAPERS.

PARDON GRANTED GEN. SEVIER.

The North Carolina General Assembly, in View of the Act of Oblivion Previously Passed for the Benefit of the Franklin Secessionists, Whose Unwilling Leader Gen. Sevier Was, Grants Him a Special Pardon—He is Restored as Brigadier General of the District—His Memorial Regarding the Indian Treaties.

(Prepared for The Observer from newly discovered originals.)

The Honble the Genral Assembly Now Siting

The Memorial of John Sevier Humbly Shewith

Your Memorialist beg leave to inform your August and Honorable body, that in the Month of May in the year one thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty five; at the request of the people settled and inhabited on the West Side of the Appalachian Mountains, Did in fair & Open Treaty. Held With the king and a number of The Warriors and Chiefs of the Cherokee nation, Stipulated, agreed for, & obtained. all the lands lying Within the Chartered limits of this State, runing As far So. as the dividing ridge between Little River & the Great Tenesee, and South of the Great rivers Holeson and French Broad,

Your Memorialist Humbly Conceive, that He was not only authorized by the people of the Western Territory alone, but was vested with a full and ample power from the Executive of North Carolina, to negotiate The treaty aforesaid, which will more fully and at large Appear on the examination of the direction & instructions Received from his Excellency Alexander Martin esquire, then Governor of the State,

Your memorialist beg leave to Suggest, that, If the Treaty aforesaid be properly attended to by the legislature That the same may be of very Great importance and utility to the State.

Your Memorialist therefore humbly pray that the same may be taken under your Consideration and in duty bound Will pray &c, &c.

JOHN SEVIER.

(Endorsement)

Memorial of John Sevier

In Senate 20 Novem: 1789 read & referred to the Commtitee on Indian affairs.

By Order
J. Haywood C

In H Com. 24 Novr 1789 read and referred by the Senate

By order
J HUNT C H C

Carter

The Committee to whom was referred the Bill to repeal part of an act entitled an act, once more to extend an act entitled an act to pardon and consign to oblivion the offences and misconduct of certain persons in the counties of Washington, Sullivan, Greene and Hawkins:

Report

That on examining sundry papers and hearing oral testimony it appears that John Severe Esqr. together with sundry other persons in the said counties, did the years of 1785, 1786 & 1787, in a great measure . . . the peace and good order of the government of the state of North Carolina; That this conduct was in many particulars highly reprehensible. Your committee further report that at the time the people in those counties first attempted to subvert the Government of North Carolina the said John Sevier esquire did oppose them in such a manner as actually to prevent elections from being held under their new Government in two of the counties, and when he at last joined them it was in obedience to the entreaties of several of the most influential persons in that part of the country. That(?)

Your committee therefore conceive that as the offences of all the citizens of said counties have been pardoned and consigned to oblivion, that the said John Seveer esquire ought to be placed in the same situation; it appearing to your committee that he was not as highly reprihensible as many others—all of which is submtited.

JOHN RHEA; Chr.

In H Com 30th Novr 1789
read and concurred with
S. CABARRUS C. H. C.

By order J HUNT C H C

(Endorsement)

Report on the pardon granted John Sevier esq uire 1789.

North Carolina

In Senate 22 Decr 1789

Resolved that it is the sense of this Genl Assembly that Jno Savier is the Bridgadier Genl of the District of Washington and ought to be obeyed as Such according to the date of his Commission issued in the Month of Nov 1784 and that the Governor issue his proclamation requiring all the good People of that district to pay due regard thereto and govern themselves accordingly

CHAS. JOHNSON. Sp.

By order
J. HAYWOOD C

In the House of Commons 22 Decr 1789
Read & Concurred with
S. CABARRUS Sp H. C

By order
J HUNT C H C

(Endorsement)

Resolve John Sevier
Brig Genl

A Bill To Establish all Legal Claims to persons claiming Any property Under the Laws of North Carolina: In the Same Manner as if The State of Franklin had Never formed itself Into a Distinct and Separate State—

Read Three Times in Both Houses & Passed

A Bill To Enforce such parts of the Statutes & Common Laws and such Acts of the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina heretofore In force & Use here; Not Inconsistent or Repugnant to the Constitution & Independance of the State of Franklin—

Read & Passed the second time In both Houses

A Bill for the promotion of Learning In the County of Washington—

Read & Passed the second time In both Houses—

A Bill to Establish Malitia Laws in this State—

Read & Passed the first time In Both Houses—

A Bill To Ascertain the Powers of the Judges of the Superior Courts & Directing their Duty In Office—

Read & Passed the first time In Both Houses—

Extracts from the Minutes of the House of Commons
Tho Chapman C C

(Endorsement)
Caption of the Laws and Bills of Frankling
(End of Franklin State Papers.)

Works Like a Veteran.

Gastonia Gazette.

Solicitor Clarkson discharges the duties of his office in this his maiden court as if he were a veteran, and is making a good record in his work.