

...but the detailed expression of some of his already familiar views does not lack interest. His time was divided between two subjects correlated to each other except that each forms an important national problem. One was the question of inheritance and income taxes and the other was the question of utilizing and conserving the country's natural resources.

"All who have thoughtfully studied the subject," said the President, "have come to see that the solution of the public lands question lies with the home maker, with the settler who lives on his land, and that government control of the mineral fuels and the public grazing lands is necessary and inevitable." He expressed the belief that since the United States Forest Service was created, in 1905, the forests belonging to government are being conserved and made useful. We regret to note that he did not take occasion to speak a good word for the Appalachian and White Mountain park projects. Of the mineral fuels he remarks that their conservation is even more necessary, for the reason that coal does not grow and trees do. In this connection he recalls his action in withdrawing most of the coal-bearing public lands from disposal pending congressional permission to keep title in the government and lease mineral rights under proper regulation.

But it was upon the subject of taxation that the President spoke to most purpose. Confessedly, he is diffident about the income tax, both because of the difficulty of administering it without placing a premium upon dishonesty and because of demonstrated difficulty in framing a measure which the Supreme Court will declare constitutional, but he nevertheless hopes to see such a feature added to Federal taxation. To the inheritance tax he notes no such objections and frankly advocates it chiefly as a means of having the swollen fortunes of the country pay heavily for their existence as "a constant source of care and anxiety to the public." The progressive principle meets with his full acceptance. "Whatever any individual receives," he declares, "whether by gift, bequest or devise, in life or in death, should, after a certain amount is reached, be increasingly burdened; and the rate of taxation should be increased in proportion to the remoteness of blood of the man receiving from the man giving or devising. The principle of this progressive taxation of inheritances has not only been authoritatively recognized by the legislation of Congress, but it is now unequivocally adopted in the leading civilized nations of the world. . . . In the United States the national government has more than once imposed inheritance taxes in addition to those imposed by the States." The French law, which so applies the progressive principle that each higher rate is imposed only on the excess above the amount subject to the next lower rate, commends itself to the President as peculiarly adapted to his avowed purpose of limiting the size of inheritable fortunes.

The Observer is pleased to find itself in substantial agreement with the President's expressed views upon both his subjects. Trusts and other undue beneficiaries of the tariff can be counted upon to lead a strong fight against inheritance and income taxes as measures calculated to place more of the tax burden upon wealth and less upon consumption, but they are bound to lose in the end. But for an adverse Supreme Court decision the country would long since have become indebted to Grover Cleveland and the Democratic party for an income tax. We only wish that prospects for the enactment of such measures were as near as they are certain.

AT CHARLOTTE NOR JAMESTOWN.

The Observer recently called the descendants of the Mecklenburg convene in Charlotte next to form a permanent organization immediately at the Macon Telegraph and The News. The Telegraph, which is infallible where history is concerned, hastened to object that "as a matter of fact, there is no paper in North Carolina with the original signatures of the Mecklenburg Declaration attached to it." The objection was considered, but was not heeded, and the convention proceeded on May 20, 1775, enjoying an opportunity to silence any doubters. Between the opinions of two friendly advisers the convention stood much perplexed. The Observer seemed to have supplied a satisfactory answer to its objection, and The News seemed to be laboring under the mistaken impression that the Mecklenburg claim is still open to fair question. The aspect was for a schism among the good cause, with the Observer, almost called the convention off.

The News with a rather reluctant attempt to induce reconciliation by pretending that the avowed object of the Mecklenburg Declaration is such a test as it proposes. The Observer frankly confesses that we have no special consideration, but we think we are mistaken in saying that the Mecklenburg claim is still a live issue. The New Intelligencer's latest work of reference of its own, after relating the traditional story of the Mecklenburg Declaration at a convention at Charlotte on May 20, 1775, goes on to say that the weight of authority at present overwhelmingly against the claim of the Declaration. The fact that the Legislature of North Carolina, in 1838, after an investigation of the subject, declared May 20 a "day" and that this action may be an conclusive in North Carolina, and that the legislative authority did not so high that judgment from a quarter on a historical question regarded as decisive.

In recently reproaching Elder Hemphill, of The Charleston News and Courier, with using in debate tactics unbeseeming his high station The Observer so far forgot itself as to say "under holds" for "under holds." Of course, the elder comes back with a fling aimed at our bad Anglo-Saxon and so escapes the humiliating necessity of publicly confessing his misdemeanor. But in thus taking advantage of a technicality he is not again guilty? Elder Hemphill has certainly made a noise like a backslider.

The Washington Herald thinks that because The Observer, white standing by the absolutely conclusive evidence that A. J. was born in North Carolina, suggests that he may have been only a North Carolina myth and that there was no such President, The Observer "dies hard." Our contemporary will never be more mistaken. It needs to get its mortuary information straighter.

It was an unpleasant episode in the course of North Carolina's educational advance that Assistant Superintendent of Public Instruction R. D. W. Connor, Jr., a strong young worker in the public service and a high-minded gentleman, should have been forced into an affair by a notorious character at a school tax speaking Saturday.

It Will Have Music Wherever It Goes.
Durham Herald.

At any rate the party will not be without music as long as it sticks to Mr. Bryan.

Bigger and Bigger Ones There.
Norfolk Landmark.

"By contrast with last night's high-toned, dignified, gentlemanly, but he didn't know how to spit. So close by my ear did he elect the brown face that a spittle struck my nose every time, and when I got to the hotel and glanced at a mirror I saw that my collar was spotted."

"It's a form of selfishness," said the other guest. "For it is only selfish to be thoughtless. When I lived in the country and went to distant places, I many a time jogged along behind some belle and her beau. I observed that it is not the rule but the unusual thing for the lover to hold the umbrella over the girl. He reaches out gallantly and takes her parasol, only to tilt it across the right shoulder and smack himself, while she blathers in the sun. He made me think of the courtly rooster, who, having found a worm, calls the hens up just in time to see him eat it. Such a man is merely selfish and such a maid, who does not upbraid him, is too meek. Yes, sir. Chewing tobacco is a vulgar practice, but it does give a man opportunity to show his instinct for manners by not annoying others with his habit; and holding a girl's parasol is a truly gallant thing—if it is held for her benefit."

Mr. George W. Huntley, of Wadesboro, smiled and edged a little forward in his chair.

"Talking about the sandy roads," said he, apropos of the topic of talk, "recalls to my memory a day when a friend and I were at Cheraw. We finished our business early in the afternoon and went for a walk. We had not plodded far out of town when we saw ourselves overtaking a wagon and team. Coming nearer, we found that the team comprised a yoke of scrubby oxen, barked in the sand-bed. The wagon was pretty heavily loaded with merchandise. The driver, a farmer, was standing, plying the whip and swearing furiously. He had evidently lapped up some fire-water.

But with all the lashings of his tongue and his rawhide, the steers simply braced themselves outward and stood still.

"What's the matter my friend?" I asked him. "Why are you swearing so?"

"I wish I was on the way to hell right now," the farmer replied.

"Because," he explained, "I never would git thar!"

An old friend of the boys dropped into the Mule Pen—which might be included among the lobbies—threw his heels over a table, and began drawing pictures on scratch paper. Nobody looked up to see who he was, knowing from his manners that he was a familiar of the place, and he spoke to nobody.

He had been there perhaps five minutes when he tossed the scrap of paper to the table, and declared:

"There are many men of many minds!"

"A-mitted," said the man opposite him. "But don't you think that is pretty abstract, irrelevant information to bring into a newspaper office? Or did you just want to hear your voice?"

"No," I was sure enough thinking about that adage. Men, no count and lazy, have made fortunes by inventing things we couldn't have invented if an angel had told us that that would be all heaven would ever require us to do. Some men can write poetry, but if they had me on the gallows to hang me and told me to write four lines of the stuff, metre, i-t and make it rhyme, I'd have to say, 'Gentlemen, break my neck.' People are born with all sorts of brains."

"But I don't see that your expansion of the adage adds much force to it," mused the reporter.

"Let me alone, now, and I'll slap the local color on," said the loafer.

"I'm the local color myself. It is often said and is true that ability to spell is a gift. That's my gift. I am a natural born speller. When I was among the shavers at school, I spelled down grown men in the Friday evenings, and I never do misspell a word now."

A reporter who had been writing, suddenly stopped his machine and cast his eyes up to the ceiling.

"Lemme see lemme see," he muttered. "Does anybody know how to spell 'weird'?"

"There's the God-gifted speller, on the spot!" laughed his colleague. "How do you spell 'weird,' my genius?"

"W-a-i-r-d," was the reply.

Everybody had become interested. Though not one of them was sure in his heart whether the e or the i comes first, they roared laughing, as if they had a good joke on their visitor.

"What'll you bet? What'll you bet?" was the cry.

"That 'w-a-i-r-d' is right? One dollar," said the prodigy.

"But you didn't spell it so. You said, 'w-e-i-r-d.'"

"I protest I didn't," said the visitor, uncomfortably.

"Now, will you stick to it that it is e-i or e-e? Let's write it down, so we can't misunderstand!"

The phenomenal speller took his pencil in hand and wrote and erased several times. It was his ill luck to leave the thing wrong. The errand boy had already hunted up the word in the Standard.

The reporters were not cruel enough to press their advantage. They resumed their machines without further remark, and after a while the visitor stole out, doubtless with the reflection that the adage is a dangerous canvas for local color and that it is unwise to boast of extraordinary powers where the boast may be put to proof.

They were discussing the "New Theology" at the Selwyn; how that it is the learned opinion that, for the first time ever, a great religion is moving from a crumbling temple with no other temple to go to: that Jesus was no more than an ethical teacher.

"That all sounds rational and plausible when it's summered, and everybody is safe and well," spoke up a pale-faced man. "But I've just

EVERY MAN HIS OWN DOCTOR.
The average man cannot afford to employ a physician for every slight ailment or injury that may occur in his family, nor can he afford to neglect them, as so slight an injury as the scratch of a nail has been known to cause the loss of a limb. Hence every man must from necessity be his own doctor for this class of ailments. Success often depends upon prompt treatment, which can only be had when suitable medicines are kept at hand. Chamberlain's Remedies have been in the market for many years and enjoy a good reputation.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for bowel complaints.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm (an antiseptic liniment) for cuts, bruises, burns, sprains, swellings, lame back and rheumatic pains.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for constipation, biliousness and stomach troubles.

Chamberlain's Salve for diseases of the

YORKVILLE GREATLY SHOCKED.

Rev. Dr. Neville Was Always in the Forefront Working in the Interest of Religion and Morality—Crop Conditions Improved—The Work of Vandalism.

Special to The Observer.

Yorkville, S. C., June 11.—This entire community was profoundly shocked on Saturday afternoon by the announcement of the death of Rev. Dr. W. G. Neville at Clinton. As stated in the press dispatches, Dr. Neville was pastor of the Presbyterian church at this place for a period of about ten years and resigned, under strong pressure, brought to bear by the friends of Clinton College to accept the presidency of that institution in 1903. By reason of his ability, character, consecration, and social qualities Dr. Neville was held in high esteem here by all the people regardless of denominational ties. He was a man who had the courage of his convictions and was always found in the forefront in any fight waged in the interest of either religion or morality. The church here made wonderful strides along all lines during his pastorate and his influence in the community and county will live on and on. Several members of the church here left yesterday for Clinton for the purpose of attending the funeral services there to-day and paying a last tribute to their friend and former pastor.

While crop conditions in this section are not ideal by any means, by reason of the fact that there was very little rain last week and the temperature averaged considerably higher than during the similar period of the past month or six weeks, there was a noticeable change for the better in the condition of cotton. There is almost universal complaint of poor stands in cotton, notwithstanding many farmers have re-planted as often as twice, and in view of the lateness of the season some of them are planting corn where they failed to get a stand of cotton.

The windows of the Yorkville Baptist church are of stained glass and consequently expensive. For some reason vandals have thrown stones through four of the larger windows within the past few weeks, the latest outrage having been perpetrated during the past week. The officers of the church have offered rewards for the name of the culprit or culprits, with evidence to convict, but as yet there have been no developments. Such conduct might reasonably be expected in a heathen country or in one where the powers of darkness were recognized as being in the ascendancy but in a community with the reputation that this has always enjoyed as a model in matters religious and moral the matter naturally occasions amazement to say the least. It is more than likely that the guilty party is some thoughtless boy possessed of a depraved, vicious nature.

AN INDICATION OF GROWTH.

A Great Demand for Residence Lots—Firemen's Share of the Recent Carnival—R. Baxter McRary, Returns From a Trip Abroad.

Special to The Observer.

Lexington, June 10.—What is known as the Hilliard lands, containing about 55 acres, were sold here to-day at public auction for \$3,850, Mr. J. G. Walker being the purchaser. The land is located in the Northern limits of the town, about one mile from the courthouse. On Saturday, 40 acres, about one mile south of the courthouse were sold by order of court for \$4,000. Real estate activity indicates that the town continues to grow, there being great demand for residence lots.

As a result of the carnival which ended last Saturday, the Lexington firemen cleared the sum of \$186.45, this being their share of the net proceeds. Lexington has had three carnivals lately, and each one is more successful than the last.

R. Baxter McRary, a leading colored resident of Lexington, has just returned from a three-months' tour of Europe and other foreign countries. He visited all the principal places of interest on the Continent, Egypt and other countries of Africa. On the return voyage to New York he experienced quite a rough sea, the steamer arriving two days late.

CHARGED WITH PEONAGE.

People of Asheville Feel a Deep Interest in the Case Against Mr. Harvey Dorne and Believe He is Innocent.

Special to The Observer.

Asheville, June 10.—The news conveyed in a press dispatch yesterday of the indictment on peonage charges in West Virginia of prominent lumbermen is of decided local interest and the result of the trial will be watched closely. Among those indicted is Harvey Dorne, well known in the city and a son-in-law of Dr. H. E. Weaver, of Asheville. Mr. Dorne has numbers of times spent a season in Asheville and has many friends here who will refuse to believe that he in any way has had to do with the alleged peonage practices in the lumber camps in West Virginia. Mr. Dorne is superintendent of the Ritter Lumber Company, also indicted by the Federal Grand Jury as a corporation for peonage, and is well known and highly respected in the lumber trade.

Two of The Best Neighbors.
Norfolk Landmark.

Evidence is now offered to show that Andrew Jackson was born in Virginia. The mother of presidents so anxious to have another son that she is ready to steal one from North Carolina!—Atlanta Journal.

Evidently, the feeling between Georgia and South Carolina is not so neighborly as the feeling between Virginia and North Carolina.

Get a sample of Dr. Shoop's "Health Coffee" at our store. If real coffee disturbs your stomach, your heart or kidneys, then try this clever coffee imitation. Dr. Shoop has closely matched Old Java and Mocha coffee in flavor and taste, yet it has not a single grain of real coffee in it. Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee imitation is made from pure toast.

REMAINING TO SURRENDER.

After an Absence of 42 Years, Mr. F. P. Whiteside Visits the Scenes of His Early Manhood—He Notes the Wonderful Change of Time.

Special to The Observer.

Salisbury, June 11.—A visitor to Asheville this week is Mr. F. P. Whiteside—a Confederate veteran, Indian fighter, a former citizen of Buncombe county and for the past 42 years a resident of the far West. Mr. Whiteside is now located in Oklahoma and is here for the first time since he left his native State and county after the close of the civil war. He is what one might term an unreconstructed Confederate. Mr. Whiteside attended the annual reunion of Confederate veterans at Richmond last week and decided before returning to Oklahoma to again visit the scenes of his early manhood and city of his nativity. "Wonderful changes have taken place in Asheville since I left," said he in conversation with newspaper men. "I can scarce locate the old place. Everything is new and modernized. Asheville is an entirely different place from what I left 40 odd years ago. Then it was hardly a village; now it is a city."

Mr. Whiteside left Asheville during the early stages of the war and cast his fortunes with the Confederacy. He fought through the war and was within 50 yards of General Lee at the surrender. "But I never surrendered," said Mr. Whiteside. "I witnessed General Lee tender his sword to General Grant. I was sitting on my horse hardly 50 yards distant. When I saw the sword of our great commander tendered to General Grant I knew the truth that the cause for which we fought was dead and without further ado I wheeled my horse about, crossed the river under fire of the Federal pickets, rode back to Asheville, attended to a few small matters and then turned my face toward the great West. That was more than 40 years ago, and this is my first visit here since that time." After going to the West Mr. Whiteside first settled in Arkansas and later pushed on farther west. He was in the Indian campaign and saw active service on the frontier, visiting shortly after the Custer massacre the scene of that fearful carnage. Mr. Whiteside is pessimistic over the outcome of the statehood wrangle now going on in Oklahoma and does not believe that statehood will become a reality this year. He will remain here several days before returning to the West.

IN BOSOM OF EARTH.

Remains of the Late John A. Lindsay Laid to Rest in the Presence of 2,000 People as the Last Tribute of Respect to the Beloved Dead.

Special to The Observer.

High Point, June 10.—What old citizens say was one of the largest, if not the largest attended funeral in the history of High Point was that over the remains of the late John A. Lindsay, and held from Washington Street M. E. church, yesterday morning at 10 o'clock.

The church was packed, not even standing room being left, and on the outside hundreds of people lingered, all to show that manifestations of love and esteem for the dead man.

Dr. T. F. Marr of Washington Street M. E. church, was assisted in the funeral exercises by Dr. J. B. Richardson and Rev. S. H. Hilliard. Loving tribute was paid to the respected dead. A wagon load of flowers had been sent by dozens of friends and the grave was literally covered and surrounded by them. The mourners had the burial services in charge. At the cemetery even a greater crowd assembled to pay their last sad token of respect, numbering close to 3,000 people.

Throughout respect to the honored dead church and Sunday school services over the city were dispensed with so as to give all a chance to attend the funeral and burial.

The Little-Lona

COLD AND DIARRHOEA

This Morning

Interesting

Muslin Underwear

Sale Begins Promptly At 9 o'clock

These garments are as well made from as good material and as cheap as those we sold three years ago, withstanding the fact that all materials have greatly advanced. The goods alone, if bought by the will cost our price of the ready-made garment. 25c. Gowns and Skirts are as good as ever, but one each of these two garments to a customer. Seven special lots on sale to-day, from the 10c. ment to the daintily trimmed ones in lace, embroidery and insertion.

The Way Out

Is down through the China Department on the best. There you will see the biggest display of fine Dinner Sets in all the new shapes and decorations. Some of Haviland & Co.'s neatest designs, as well as a lot of other French and Austrian makes. An elegant array of new, highly decorated Toilet fancy Hand-painted China, Bric-a-Brac, etc.

Blown Glass

In nearly everything wanted for table use. That Tumbler with a heavy bottom is a good one; also Colonials.

10c. Salts and Peppers,

The China and Glass with Celluloid tops, all to-day 5c.

Kitchen Sets, 25c.

Three Knives, small, medium and large size, all for

The Blouse For The B

"MOTHER'S FRIEND"

You can't beat this, either in price, fit or quality, and good wash colors, in neat patterns, with detachable collars, ages 4 to 15 years, at 50 and 75c.

The Little-Lona

COLD AND DIARRHOEA