U. C. T. Column

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

Oh, be humble, my brother, in your prosperity! Be gentle with those who are less lucky, if not more deserving. Think, what right have you to be scornful, whose virtue is a deficiency of temptation, whose success may be a chance, whose rank may be an ancestor's accident, whose prosperity is very likely a satire."—Vanity Fair.

U. C. T. Briefs.

Where shall we look for the beginning of grafting? That is easy. Tipping the waiter to get an extra dish—tipping the porters for services he is paid for, and the same motive runs all the way up to the top.

Things to wear, eat, and drink have advanced in price; but "happiness" is going at the same old figure.

Beware of the profits you make; a slight overcharge may cause you to lose a good customer.

The "traveling man" in my opinion is the most courteous, and one of the most genial persons on this earth.

You are not a salesman if you sell only what you have calls for. Salesmanship is selling a man a thing he doesn't need that minute.

Salesmen, make it one of your rules to always have a clean line of samples to display.

U. C. T. "Hotel News."

Mr. H. S. Michael has purchased the Central Hotel cigar stand. He is an old U. C. T. man, and will be glad to have his friends drop in and see him at his new place of business.

Mr. Charlie Hooper, the popular proprietor of the Buford Hotel, who has been confined to his room for some time, is able to be out again.

All the "boys" are delighted to see him smiling and giving the glad hand to all once more.

Drop in when passing, and take a peep at the Central Hotel's new office. It is a dandy.

Through a misunderstanding a statement was made by the Charlotte U. C. T.s that the Selwyn's rates were $2.50 and $3 on up. This hotel's rates are $3 and $3.50 on up. After December 10th this hotel will be run on both the American and European plan.

This space next Monday will give you all the information that we will be able to obtain concerning Charlotte's hotels, all of which we are very proud of.

On reliable information Mr. C. Gresham will soon take charge of "Carolina" Hotel at Rock Hotel, S. C.

The rates of the Falls House, of Gastonia, are now $2.50 per day. Single meals seventy-five cents, and, by the way, you get a good meal.

U. C. T. Personals.

Little Miss Josephine Kuhn, daughter of Brother L. Kuhn, is gradually improving and we hope will soon be out again with her little friends.

Mr. Jimmie Eaves, of New Orleans, who has made Charlotte his headquarters for the past four weeks at the Buford Hotel, leaves this morning for Greensboro. Mr. Eaves is selling the popular brand, Evangeline syrup, and he has a winner.

Mr. D. A. Vosburgh is back from a successful trip through South Carolina.

Mr. "Billie" Rosenthal returned Saturday to the city after a very profitable trip in eastern Carolina. "Billie" lands the orders, when the other fellow fails.

Grand Counselor E. E. Trogdon and Grand Secretary Louis N. Schiff left on Friday for Charleston, S. C., at which place they instituted a new council on Saturday night. Up until the present time we have not heard from this meeting, but you can rest assured they have done their part in making that meeting a great success.

A STORY OF THE U. C. T. BADGE.

How a Man Who Wore the Button Helped a Worthy Young Woman n Distress, and What Came of It.

W. T. DuBose in The Sample Case.

"My sensitive soul is stricken with pain when I think of giving you this the most important incident of my life. When you first made your request my womanly reserve rebelled, then a soft voice from within whispered: 'Is it not a debt that you owe to the noble order of travelers who wear the U. C. T. badge?' Besides he approves it, saying it is good for the order, so if you will conceal my identity by changing names and using no dates you have my consent to use the story. Many perhaps will regard it as a piece of fiction; if so, they are at liberty to thus construe it."

Some years since (no matter how many) there was a party on a train going a long distance, consisting of two little boys, 6 and 9 nine years old, and a girl 17, who may be called Ethel. She had big brown eyes, long lashes, regular features and a mature face for one of her years. She was called pretty, though there was, on closer inspection, an underlying sadness in her attractive face. The fourth member of the party was a gentleman 55 years old. The man seemed to other passengers to be ill or under influence of some drug, which the girl was using her best efforts to conceal. If he moved she was up at once arranging his pillows, but in fact screening him from view, and if he groaned she attempted to drown the sound by some remark. In the same coach a few seats distant was a young man who had become interested in the group. In spite of his best efforts to the contrary, his eyes several times met those of Ethel.

A girl will sometimes acknowledge to herself, but no one else, that an admiring glance has been cast toward her, but even to herself she will not confess that a responsive chord has been touched. This is very strange; perhaps it is the affinity of souls; hearts speaking to hearts in their own mysterious tongue. But it was still more strange to this girl that at this time there should have been manifested any feeling save that of abject pity for her distressed condition. But somehow these glances had gone deeper than the surface and seemed to contain a message of sympathy and maybe something else, not nameable at this time. Perhaps it is true that joy or distress lends activity to the soul. But this is psychology and need not be discussed in this simple little story.

After the gentleman had gone to sleep the girl moved to a vacant seat near by and for some time seemed to be scanning the different passengers as if trying to decide to whom she might appeal. Of this, the young man felt very certain and secretly hoped that her choice might fall on him. Yet when their eyes again met and a slight nod and motion of her hand indicated that she desired to attract his attention he was dazed for the instant, but came to her, and, as it happened, at a very opportune time.

Her little brother had fallen in the aisle, bruising his head slightly, but was soon relieved, and the young man took the seat at the side of the girl as she had requested. For a moment, which seemed an age to the two, profound silence reigned. That a struggle was going on in that maiden's heart was plain to the young man, but at last with suppressed emotion and a desperate attempt to control her feelings the girl said:

"Will you pardon me, sir, and assist a helpless girl in distress?"

"Most assuredly, and with the last drop of my blood, if necessary. Command me, please."

"It is not of a nature requiring anything of blood," she replied, "but I am in trouble and need a friend."

"Trust me, then, as you would a brother."

A tear stole softly down the flushed cheek of the girl, but was quickly brushed away as she replied: "I felt that I could call on you," and pointing to a U. C. T. button on the lapel of his coat, she continued: "That is why I called on you. My brother Ned is an enthusiastic member. He is junior counselor and will soon be advanced. He has often told me that if I was thrown among strangers and needed a friend, to call on a U. C. T.—that he could always be trusted."

"Your brother is right," said the young man. The solemn vow of the initiatory service flashed through his mind, and with impassioned feeling he continued: "If I were a scoundrel I dare not fail to respond to a call in the name of this emblem, especially if from the lips of an innocent maiden. Accept my card." Upon which the girl read, "Robert M. Brooks," and replied:

"You may call me Miss Ethel, as that is all you need to know at this time." This reply brought a shade of suspicion to the mind of the man, but a glance into that innocent, open face reassured him that there could be no evil there. She had read his thoughts. Sometimes, under certain conditions not yet fully understood even by scientists, the thoughts are as easily read as the open page. She added: "You will approve when you know all." Then, in a subdued, modest way, the refined girl repeated her sad story, which is given as nearly as possible in her own language.

Her father was a prominent minister of the Gospel in one of the leading denominations, and after the death of her mother, which occurred some years before, he had been stricken with a severe case of inflammatory rheumatism. When the physicians found that he could not take an opiate in any form, he was given a great deal of whiskey to relieve his extreme suffering, and this was kept up for several months. It was believed by his doctors and friends that one of his strong will power could resist temptation should it appear after his restoration to health. This might have been possible but for the fact that as a young man the preacher had formed a taste for intoxicants, a fact with which his wife was well acquainted, and, though he had never gone to excesses, she was careful to encourage him in an abstemious life. For several years following the affliction the family lived in a terrible condition, with the constant dread before their mind that at any time the hidden life of this preacher of the Gospel would be exposed to public gaze and bring disgrace and ruin upon the family and especially so on the innocent head of this, his only daughter. In point of fact, much was known, but, on account of the universal popularity and strong personality of the man, his offense had been covered up and condoned time and again. At last the father did break away from the evil, and for several years the family had lived happily, save for the dreadful fear of a recurrence of the appetite. At the time of our story the minister accepted a call to a more important field in Texas, and was then journeying with his family to their new home. At the train a package was handed him from a lady of his former charge, in which was a bottle of some kind of fancy drink containing brandy. After the train started he drank all of it, and the old appetite instantly returned. At the last stop of the train he had gotten off and bought a pint of whiskey, from the effects of which he was then sleeping. The girl here said to the young man at her side: "When we reach Mobile he is almost sure to awake and get a larger supply, and you can imagine the disgrace which awaits us when we reach our new home. There father will have none of his old friends who understand his weaknesses and admire him for his true worth," and she concluded: "He is the tenderest and best father and the noblest man in the world."

As she finished her narrative the tears were coursing down her flushed cheeks. Unable to restrain herself in the presence of genuine sympathy, after a pause she said: "I felt that I must have help, or my poor heart would break; and after looking over all of the passengers, I called you when I saw those familiar letters 'U. C. T.,' which mean unity, charity and temperance, as well as United Commercial Travelers. Though I could not see how you can do anything to avert the terrible disaster ahead of us, I felt that I could not longer bear up alone." All of the tears were not then falling from the girl's eyes.

"Compose yourself, Miss Ethel, as well as you can, and let us talk about this matter a while. I'll see you through. Where is your brother?"

"He is now traveling in Texas. If I could only catch him, he would come any distance to us, and he has more influence with father than anyone since mother's death; but he wrote that he had an important engagement somewhere—I have forgotten exactly where—and I didn't bring his letter. He will meet us the last of the week, but that will be too late."

"Have you any idea as to where he is likely to be at this time?"

"All I can remember is that he was going to be in the neighborhood of ——."

"I am familiar with that territory," said Rob, "and I will see what can be done. In the meantime, Miss Ethel, quiet yourself, now, and leave the matter in my hands. I will go with you to the end of your journey."

"Mr. Brooks, isn't Mobile your destination?"

"A traveling man can often change his route, and it is just as well for me to begin my work at the other end of my territory."

Robert Brooks was a man of resources, but had never before been called on in this particular line. After several minutes spent in silent reflection, he said: "Miss Ethel, this trust and confidence you have placed in me is one of the highest compliments I ever received. I am a gentleman as well as a U. C. T. Trust me and believe that I will see you safely to the end of your journey, nor shall your father touch a drop of any intoxicants until your brother arrives."

"Oh, Mr. Brooks, how can you promise me so much? It overwhelms me. God bless you in your efforts."

"I cannot tell you how it will be done," said the young man, "but I shall prepare myself to meet any emergency." Robert then inquired into the characteristics of the man with whom he had to deal. That he was a high-toned gentleman was made very clear, one of the old school, and this, he thought, would make his task much easier. Young Brooks had fallen into a common error in supposing that, because he was in a righteous cause, it would not be difficult to make the path so plain that a man could not do otherwise, than accept and fallow his counsel. Older heads have learned that men are often led astray with every dictate of reason and self-interest pointing in the other direction.

When the train was within thirty miles of Mobile a restless movement of the father warned Ethel that her fears were about to be realized. Rob left her side and walked past a group of commercial travelers, who were enjoying themselves at the other end of the coach, and upon one of whom he saw a U. C. T. button. He gave a sign of danger or warning, which was readily recognized, and the C. T. followed him into the smoker, where the two men exchanged the grip and other signs of the order. Rob then explained that he had been called on by the sister of a member in distress, in the name of the order, and from motives of delicacy he would not give the particulars, but desired assistance. The man asked no questions, but readily promised to do anything in his power, and listened closely to the instructions given him. When the two men returned to the day coach, Rob went to the seat he had recently left.

"This is Mr. Brooks, father, the gentleman who just now picked up Ralph when he fell and bruised his head."

As the girl made room by her side for the young man, a frown passed over the face of the doctor, for, even in his inebriated condition he did not forget his ideas of propriety. He did not allow his daughter to make train acquaintances, but on hearing the name and learning that young Brooks was a member of a family he knew, and belonged to his denomination, he was satisfied and gave him a cordial greeting.

The train had scarcely come to a full stop at Mobile, when the doctor arose and said: "I will leave you young people to pass the time while I take a stroll to get some fresh air and stretch my limbs."

"That is just what I was going to say," replied Rob. "We will go together."

"As usual," said Ethel, "you lords of creation don't think that we ladies can become cramped by long riding."

"Then I will stay," replied Rob.

"I won't allow it after your speech just now," said the girl. The gentlemen left the coach, when the preacher tried every way to give his young friend the shake, even resorting to some brutally plain hints. Rob took him to a drug store, where they drank seltzer water and lighted cigars. Seeing that he could no longer hold his man, Brooks said: "Doctor, I will return to the train, and you had better follow very soon; the time is very nearly up." As the minister turned with a quick motion towards a saloon around the corner, Rob raised his handkerchief above his head, and there rang out near the train a loud voice, "All aboard!" The young man started in a run, closely followed by the doctor. The traveling man lingered a moment at the steps to whisper to a man standing near by wearing a U. C. T. button. "Good, now get those wires off." The reverend gentleman spent the remaining time of the stop in censuring the officers of the road for calling passengers to the train so long before the starting time.

Mobile safely passed, the next point for trouble was New Orleans, and while the three hours intervening served a good purpose, yet a lion, once awakened, cannot be put asleep in so short a time. Ethel, though a child, was experienced in the effect of intoxicants on her father. For days and nights she had been with him during these spells, and, while no one could control him, Ned had the most influence over his father, but even he could go so far and no farther. Oh, how she reproached herself for not remembering his route list, for had she done so Rob might have caught him by wire. But, as it was, the meagre information she could give her young benefactor would be of little avail in locating her brother in the big State of Texas. Brooks continued his best efforts in cultivating the minister, whom he found to be exceedingly pleasant. The young man had prepared himself for every emergency, and from his experience at Mobile it was evident he was likely to have all his resources called into active play.

At New Orleans a change of cars was to be made, and the three hours' stop would prove the most trying time of the trip. The party repaired to the sleeper, depositing their baggage, when Rob extended a pressing invitation for the family to join him at a nearby cafe for supper. The doctor politely declined the courtesy, as he stated they had a basket along, well filled with eatables, and he was annoyed at his daughter, who insisted that the invitation should be accepted. This was heartily seconded by the boys chiming in that they wanted a hot supper. Reluctantly the doctor consented.

"As it is your treat, Mr. Brooks, we will ask you to select the menu," said Ethel.

"Thank you; I will do so with your assistance," he replied. The father as well as the boys grew very impatient at the long wait. They had not noticed that the list as ordered consisted of things which required the longest time to prepare nor had they noticed the silver coin slipped in the hands of the waiter with a note which read: "Take plenty of time and bring me the best supper which you can get up." Even with the destruction of the extended time spent at supper there was still nearly two hours more to be disposed of. Returning to the Pullman with Ethel and the children, the two gentlemen again sallied out, and it was very plain to Brooks that the reverend gentleman had no notion of leaving that city without a liberal supply of "booze" with which to finish his journey.

"Doctor," said the young man, when they were out on the street, "I fear that I am about to lower myself in your esteem, but I trust you will pardon me and grant a slight request. I am terribly thirsty and must have something to drink, but I am under a solemn promise to my mother, which I have never broken, that I will never touch an intoxicant unless given to me by herself, a doctor or a minister of the Gospel. Now, as you are an ex-doctor and preacher, too, if you will just say the word, I am relieved of my obligation, and I feel as if I must have a drink."

"Your mother is a good woman," replied the doctor. "You had better follow her advice and let it entirely alone."

A struggle was going on in the heart of that man, whose life had been spent in leading souls to heaven. Could he by word or deed encourage that young man towards what he knew to be a downward course? Those who have not had this experience cannot realize the conflict in this man's heart, and most people will condemn him as a "devil incarnate," even to hesitate here, when his example was leading a young man to ruin.

We must remember that everyone has a weakness, and those who condemn this poor minister too severely may be equally intemperate in the use of their tongues or otherwise.

Finding it impossible to shake his young companion, at last the doctor consented for him to go to a saloon and buy a quart of whiskey to be drunk on the train. After this was done a walk of some little distance was leisurely taken, and a turn was made towards the station. Just as Rob was stepping on the train, holding the bottle in his hand, a man with a U. C. T. button on his coat, hurrying out of the coach, brushed past him and the bottle was knocked to the platform below, where its contents quickly disappeared. The stranger was profuse in his apologies. "Excuse me, please; I will replace the loss—just hold my grip."

"No, sir," replied Rob. "You will do nothing of the kind. Accidents will occur. I will replace it myself."

"Now, my friend," said the awkward man, "it will be a relief to me if you will at least allow me to replace the loss. I see from the label where it came from. Take care of my grip until my return, please."

With this the man departed, and the two gentlemen went into the coach to join the younger members of the party. Ethel, poor child, had seen and heard the incident at the car steps. She knew what it all meant, and she had to hide her face from her father to conceal the tears of gratitude for her kind benefactor. She knew the real owner of that grip which was sitting in full view of her father, but his eyes were dim; he could not read on it the initials "R. M. B." She knew, further, that the man with the U. C. T. button on the lapel of his coat, who caused the loss of the whiskey, would not be seen again before the train started. Sad as she had been, she could but feel amused to hear her father again and again allude to that "drummer" who had acted so queerly and left his samples. Rob said the man would probably wire him what to do with his baggage.

The balance of the story is soon told. A good night's sleep was the best thing possible for the doctor, and as the train stopped at their destination the first one to enter the coach was Ned. As soon as Ethel could get him apart, she whispered in his ear, "Oh, brother, Mr. Brooks has saved us, and it is due to that glorious order, the U. C. T." And here is Ethel's closing remark:

"Robert Brooks, Jr., is now ten years old, and it is a question whether father loves his son or son-in-law the best. There is not in this big State a more useful minister or popular man than my father. Nor has he ever, since that eventful trip, used intoxicants in any form whatever."

Saturday Night's Meeting.

As usual another great meeting was the one held Saturday night. A very large attendance and the boys all in the best of humor. Four candidates were put across the "hot sands" in proper order. They were: Messrs. E. E. Bales, J. N. Spilman, L. M. Hipp, N. W. Wallace, Jr., and judging from the attention given these gentlemen, they had it handed to them the best the 297 team knew how.

It was also announced at this meeting that Messrs. Shelor & Co., dealers in gentss' furnishing goods, had decided to give to the lucky U. C. T. man on December 24th a handsome traveling hand bag, the best in their house. The plan is as follows: Beginning with this morning all U. C. T. men can call at Messrs. Shelor & Co.'s and register their names and get their numbers. December 24 the drawing will take place. The U. C. T. holding the lucky number will receive the grip with Shelor & Co.'s compliments. They are not expected to buy one penny's worth or goods in order to register. They can register only once.

It was also decided that early in next month that we give a buffet supper and smoker at the Selwyn Hotel to all our traveling friends in the city who are not members of our order. It is the earnest request that all U. C. T.'s who know of a traveling man in the city who is not a member that they hand us his name at once. We want every man that lives in Charlotte who carries a grip to be at the smoker. Just as soon as arrangements can be made, the date will be announced.

We also had the pleasure of having with us Brothers J. E. C. Cosby and A. A. Welbon, of Richmond Council, No. 159. Both these gentlemen were heard from and right here we wish to say the most welcome U. C. T. to our meeting is the stranger, who is away from home and people. Come, we will give you a warm welcome and make you feel as if you were at your own home.

MR. MOSES CONE PRESIDENT.

Stockholders Elect Officers of the Cone Export and Commission Company—Two Men Fined For Hunting on Land Without Permission—Normal Students Entertained.

Special to The Observer.

Greensboro, Nov. 17.—Mr. Bernard M. Cone, who has returned from Trenton, N. J., reports that at the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Cone Export and Commission Company, held in Trenton Wednesday, Mr. Moses H. Cone was elected president and secretary; Mr. Ceasar Cone, vice president; Mr. Bernard M. Cone, treasurer. These with Messrs. Julius W. Cone and K. K. McLauren constitute the board of directors. The treasurer will have offices in Greensboro instead of New York as formerly, when Mr. R. Lindheim was treasurer.

A special programme has been prepared for the meeting of the Baptist Young People's Union of the First Baptist church Monday night. Mr. C. W. Jennings will make an address on "The Greed of Gold."

Thomas Jessup, Jr., and Walter Campbell were fined $5 each and the costs in 'Squire D. H. Collins' court yesterday for hunting on land without permission and for killing turkeys before the game season opened.

A most delightful reception was given in the Smith Memorial Building Friday night by the Immanuel Bible class of the First Presbyterian Sunday school, complimentary to the Presbyterian young women attending the State Normal and Industrial College. Refreshments were served and a most interesting music and elocution programme was rendered.

The flower and music committee of the Epworth League of West Market Street Methodist church will have charge of a literary meeting Monday night. Prof. W. H. Swift will deliver an address and a musical programme will be rendered.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

THE DEATH RECORD.

Mrs. A. M. Hay, of Greensboro.

Special to The Observer.

Greensboro, Nov. 16.—The remains of Mrs. A. M. Hay, who died yesterday afternoon at 6:20 o'clock at her home on Fayetteville street, were taken to Winston-Salem to-day for interment there this afternoon. Mrs. Hay was 40 years of age and had been ill a long time. She is survived by a husband and one sister.

Mrs. . M. Ellison, of Liberty.

Special to The Observer.

Durham, Nov. 17.—Mr. R. P. Hackney has received information telling of the death in Liberty of Mrs. A. M. Ellison, mother of Mrs. Hackney. The funeral and burial took place to-day. Mrs. Ellison had been ill for several months and for weeks was in an extremely critical condition. She was 51 years of age. Among the relatives is a husband, one daughter and one son. Mrs. Ellison lived in Durham for many years and was postmistress at the East Durham office for several years.

Mrs. Sarah E. C. Livingston, of Mount Gilead.

Correspondence of The Observer.

Mount Gilead, Nov. 16.—Mrs. Sarah E. C. Livingston, widow of the late Edward Livingston, and a most estimable woman, died at the home of Mr. A. O. Haywood, of this place, Thursday afternoon. She was apparently in her usual health until a few days ago, when she contracted pneumonia, which, owing to her mature age, resulted in her death. Since the death of her husband, who was a man of considerable local prominence, the deceased had made her home with Mr. Haywood, with whose family a relationship existed, and during that period she had made innumerable friends. Her remains were interred at Bethel church, a short distance from this place.

Miss Stacy Lawrence, of Pilot Mountain.

Special to The Observer.

Pilot Mountain, Nov. 17.—It was quite a shock, though not a surprise, to the town when it was announced yesterday that Miss Stacy Lawrence was dead. She was the daughter of Mr. P. W. Lawrence, a well-to-do farmer, who lives azout one mile south of this place. Miss Stacy was 24 years old and was a young lady of rare intelligence, and it is all the more to be regretted that she should be taken from her friends in the prime of life. She was well known here and will be greatly missed by her many associates. Typhoid fever was the cause of her death, of which she had been confined to her bed for six weeks. Her remains will be laid to rest at the Mountain View Cemetery to-morrow, at which time the funeral services will be conducted from the Baptist church.

STORIES ABOUT THE KAISER.

Showing Some of the Charming Features of an Attractive Character.

London Tit-Bits.

"The Kaiser," said a retired diplomatist to the writer, "is one of the most contradictory, as he is certainly one of the most remarkable and interesting, of living men. One moment he is the divinely appointed autocrat, declaring to the world, 'Those who oppose me I will dash to pieces,' or preening his feathers while his own brother addresses him as 'Most Serene and Mighty Beloved Emperor, King, and Master, and Lord for Ever and Ever,' at another he is slapping an old soldier on the back, linking arms with a former brother officer, or exchanging jokes and chaff at an officers' mess."

Some capital stories are told in illustration of this unconventional aspect of the Emperor's character. One day after several hours' hard exercise with his soldiers on the Tempelhofer Field, his majesty repaired, ravenously hungry, to the neighboring barracks, and on reaching the mess room, called out, "Come along with those sausages." After a hearty meal, in which several highly spiced ones quickly disappeared, washed down by many mugs of "Spaten" beer, the genial monarch rubbed his waistcoat and caused general laughter by shouting out, "There, boys, I feel much more comfortable inside."

On another occasion a sailor, when crossing the deck of the imperial yacht off Kiel with a mug of beer in his hand, found himself face to face with the Emperor. In his confusion the man made a clumsy attempt at a salute, in which he nearly dropped his beer. "Look here, Jorg," said the Kaiser, laughing, "you didn't do that right; let me show you how it ought to be done. Just you stand over there and fancy you are the Emperor, and I'll salute you." Jorg took up his position, and the Emperor, retreating lifted the quart jug to his lips and drained its contents; after which he advanced, drew himself up with military precision, and saluted his deputy. "There, Jorg," he said, "that's how you ought to have done it; and now go downstairs, tell them to fill the jug again, and to give you another for yourself—and say it was I who drank it."

The Kaiser never exhibits this attractive side of his character more than when he goes for his annual holiday cruise along the Norwegian coast. At these times he loves to forget that he is a great Emperor, and becomes, in consequence, one of the most delightful of comrades. He walks about the deck unattended, hobnobbing in the friendliest fashion with even the humblest members of the crew; he takes his meals informally with his guests and officers of the yacht, throwing ceremony overboard, and laughing, chatting, and joking—the gayest of the company; and when he goes on shore, he pats any dirty little urchin he meets on the head and makes friends of the farmers and peasants.

Another charming feature of the Kaiser is that he never forgets an old friend or fails to greet him in the kindliest manner. "I am so glad to see you, Willie," was his greeting not long ago, just before his train steamed out of Shorncliffe, to an ex-attache whom he had known in Berlin in his youthful days. On another occasion, seeing one of his old brother officers in a crowd at Cronberg, he made his way to him and shook him heartily by the hand, exclaiming, "Ah, my dear B——, this is indeed a pleasure." "I never dreamed," the officer said later, to a friend, "that his majesty would recognize me. It is many years since I saw him, and being in plain clothes and in the centre of a crowd, I was little prepared for the recognition."

No man living loves fine feathers more than his majesty, who is said to have a dozen valets and a wardrobe worth 100,000 pounds, and often to change his dress a dozen times a day. And yet, in spite of all the splendor, he has been known to dress so shabbily that on one occasion, when returning, dust-covered and weary, from a long tramp in the suburbs of Berlin, a farmer refused point-blank to give a lift in his cart to so disreputable a stranger. Although, too, some of the most splendid palaces in Europe are his, so simple are his tastes that he sleeps on a regulation camp bed such as is served out to junior officers in his army, in a room the furniture of which would be dear at a 10 pound note.

KNICKERBOCKER TRUST CO.

Plans For Reopening Are Held in Abeyance—Receivers Will Pay All Preferred Claims on the Company—Better Prospects for Rockingham Power Company.

New York Dispatch.

It is admitted that plans for resumption of the Knickerbocker Trust Company are in abeyance for several days, due to prevailing money conditions.

A large amount of cash is required for reopening, but under present conditions it is quite impossible to persuade suitable interest to join the committee, as the possessors of money find more profitable use for it for the time being.

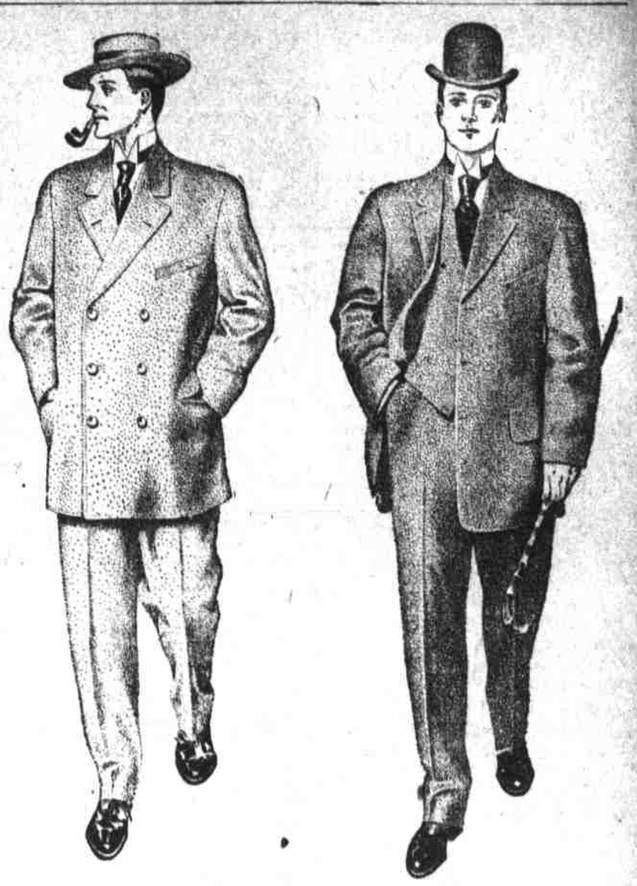
After the lapse of several days it is understood that strong backing will be forthcoming and then the Satterlee committee will be completed. The receivers will pay all preferred claims of the company, amounting to between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000, which money they have on hand.

The receivers of the Knickerbocker Trust Company are making application to the court for leave to make immediate payment in full of all preferred claims. There is no more than sufficient cash for that purpose, and the receivers are of the opinion that this class of claims should be paid at the earliest possible moment. The preferred claims include deposits due on saving banks, savings and loan associations; sums due as executor, administrator, substituted trustee, guardian, committee, or depositary, and committee or depositary under order of the court.

The Knickerbocker Trust Company it will be remembered is trustee for the Rockingham Power Company, and prospects seem to be that the work will be gotten up to full speed again very soon.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

Be as careful as you can you will occasionally take cold, and when you do, get a medicine of known reliability, one that has an established reputation and that is certain to effect a quick cure. Such a medicine is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It has gained a world-wide reputation by its remarkable cures of this most common ailment, and can always be depended upon. It acts on nature's plan, relieves the lungs, aids expectoration, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. During the many years in which it has been in general use we have yet to learn of a single case of cold or attack of the grip having resulted in pneumonia when this remedy was used, which shows conclusively that it is a certain preventive of that dangerous disease. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by W. L. Hand & Co.



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