## AS IT SEEMS TO ME

BY A PRISONER OF HOPE

overlooked. It seems to me hardly whoopng cough, or measles. All of us the rule of slavery rather than the true that all the world loves a lover, but certainly, what ever the sentiment the inspires, the lover is rarely left to the inspires and the inspires are lover. he inspires, the lover is rarely left to tions and remote consequences."

It had been such a long time since had seen a lover-the genuine article, the young man ridiculously, hopelessly in love, that when one appeared upon the stage that is always we don't know. You remember the epread before me, I was distinctly guaint old fable with the homely more and at night, on the far-off battlefield, searching among the caring thing to accept our small corner porcupine. It's the best way. Passion nage for his young master, that he of the world as a stage and to watch cools, beauty fades, conditions change. might lift the dying head to his heart the people who appear before us as But natures remain the same. In a and bend to catch the last words to actors. I felt that way long before year or so your pretty field flower will the old folks at home, so wrestling I knew that the writer of the greatest plays had put the idea into words. So when the lover appeared I watched him with interest. He had the Romeo manner all right. I waited for the other characters. My heart failed me at sight of Juliet, for short belonged in another play. A simple, flower-faced Ophella, with quiet, childish ways and a smfle that went straight to one's heart-a country girl used to homely ways.

It seemed to me a very pitiful thing and most unfitting that Romeo should fix his heart upon Ophelia, for he was of other sort and "to the manuer born." He was used to roses, sweet patrician hand stretched longingly toward a field flower, a simple dalsy.

And then upon the scene of action appeared another character, a man of and wisdom. He had right to Romeo's ear, and into it he straightway swing poured a stream of words. Listening I wondered if the words were true.

"You think that you love Opholia, Romeo," said the man of the world dew, butwith a carefully measured but distinctly superior smile.

chair and let his eyelids down a trifle. throb of time for the settling of himself in a new position. Then he smiled

"It is not a matter of sentiment that very lovely, very fascinating. I am not surprised that you love her madly." The boy caught his breath, flushed and smiled into the cool eyes that

watched him. But he was silent. "Great thing this that we call love, reflected the man of the world. "Nothing like ii. The question is, does

of the world went on: "You see it belongs to youth and-youth is such a very little time. There is such a little bit of it falling to each of us. It is flower that fills it with fragrance. But youth drifts away and love goes with it. Ophelia's beauty is gone. She is no Romance fades, fascination vanishes,

me. And it comes early." emperior wonder in his eyes, and the know all about the loving. You know that as well as I do, But there your knowledge stops. You haven't been any farther, I have, I know the sequel. Romeo, it doesn't pay. It is the mess of nottage, the transient lov, the flower that leaves you a handful of with-

ered stems. "Here you are in love, madly in love with this fair Ophelia, and she, poor child, is as madly in love with you. You have made up your mind to ask her hand in marriage. You have been brought up to one manner of life, she to another. You love ease and fashion and all that society means. Women of culture, men of refinement. crowded drawing rooms, social functions position, wealth these have filled your life and are necessary to your happiness. But for one fair woman a girl who has been very simply reared. untaught in the things that the women of your circle know, you are willing to sacrifice all that you have held dear, to forego your bright prospects as your uncle's heir, to take your place among the men upon whom rest the curse of Adam."

"Yes," said the bdy slowly, "I told The man of the world looked at

him pitingly. "It'is nothing new," he said slowly, "and yet he are never guite reconciled to it. We are impatient because each man insists upon finding out for himself. From your position you cannot understand transitory nature of love and love's the day. As I said, it is a question of comparison. The other division of life is a larger one. We are old longer than we are young. The time comes very quickly when the comforts of life mean much. The quality of a man's dinner, ease of body and mind, power among other men, gratified tastes and ambitions, success that other men recegnize, these are the things that last If you went in for these now and left Ophella over for ten years, do you think you would sacrifice them for the faded beauty that would be your sweetheart's only dowry?

"I've heard all the poetle monsense about eternal devotion and love in a coltage. It you really want to believe in it, don't put it to the test; you need a wife, to be sure, but your uncle's choice is wiser than your own.

Mind you, I am not doubting nor helittling your passionate love for But I know as you cannot know the shortlived nature of this de-

"Do you need to have pointed out ta you the men who are carrying weight, the men who gave all for love? Some of them, with a chery 'it was worth it' fight bravely to the end, and some forget that the fields of

ploasure ever were green. "Your uncle's choice is a woman of our own world. You are used to her is dead. In millions of homes toind. She would be companionable, a comrade A man needs that to the stricken hearts ache with bereavejourney's end. She would be the motheir father, and sire would bring with the dreamy wise old face—no them up as you have been brought up. "Tar Baby" tale—no "Miss Sally" to There would be no embarassment, no confusion, no unfitness. This passion, real as it seems, is a sort of madness. It is a disease. A man in love should be treated as a lunatic. It is a delution, a mania. It is a story of the distance of which he'd heard or thought, there was but one from which he'd have us read.

Joel Chandler Harris—dead, ob dear children!—is America's greatest genius. When the President west to Atlanta, his first inquiry was to Atlanta, his first inquiry was to a second to be dear children.

A love affair always attracts aten-on. Even when they were quite mmon and usual they were never We should treat the attack as we do tricoked. It seems to me hardly whoopng cough, or measles. All of us Uncle

"I guess you don't know what you

are talking about," said Romeo.
"That is what we always have to contend with," smiled the man of the world, patiently. "They always think be a shabby, humble weed and you the meantime in agony and love that will miss the accomplishments of the will miss the accomplishments of the women to whom you have always humble and kindly, the bodyguard been accustomed. You are not think-ing of this now, but experience of want enhances the value of riches. If the slient sentry in his lowly cabin. you are a porcupine you will find, as the shrewd counselor; and when the you grow older, that the characteris- dead came home, a mourner at the tics of the porcupine are more and open grave."

Then, referring to the fact that the more pronounced in your nature. You will care more and more for your kind. You will admire the porcupine more and more. Your sympathies will attach themselves to quils of your own pattern, and this will seperate voluptuous roses and here was his there you will be gnawed greedily by a ravenous remorse that knows no

And then, timidly, across the piazza of the summer hotel came Opheliathe world, rich in years, experience Ophelia in a badly hung, home-made gown. Ophelia with a little tell-tale to her arms and a pitiful squeak to her shoes. Her face was as fair as the disk of a dalsy and her eyes were pure as wells of summer

The man of the world said the correct thing, bowed in the correct way. "I know that I do," was Romeo's and took himself correctly off the quiet response. His voice had a thrill stage. But from somewhere came the low cadence of a flute-like voice, a The man of the world tilted his voice that rounded each word perfectly, and trailed off in a generous ripple "Ah," he said as if he needed a of soft laughter, and lo, there was before us an exquisite creature whose clothes fit her as the feathers fit a humming bird, a girl who knew what to do and say, gracious, perfectly at we are going to discuss. Ophelia is ease. And I knew intuitively that this

was the uncle's choice. overlooking her r's lisped out a word or two ending with a childish giggle, and the other girl, the exquisite "silk-lined" girl with a sweet, cool charity added a softening word or two. When I looked again Romeo and Ophelia were crossing the lawn to the Romeo laughed softly, but the man boat house and the-silk-lined girl was amiling into the eyes of the man of

It was then that I fell a-wondering.

It seems to me that there is someimmense while it lasts and love is the thing of truth in the cruel cynicism of the skeptical man of the world. The ignorance of the young is pitiful beyond the power of words to be telllonger sweet and fresh and fair to see, ing. For how shall the young man know a passionate infatuation from the end of the period of loving is the grand passion. Even the wise man of the world had never learned as A little hour I fain would linger yet. The young man listened, a sort of much as that. And though a middleaged woman should testify to the exman of the world went on: "You istence of a love that lasts past the fire of passion, the charm of beauty, the freshness of youth, how yet should he know? The power of belief was gone. He had formed his opinion. The most hopeless people are those who have afflicted themselves with formed opinions. They are deaf and blind. You can't reach them. The pity is that they are not also dumb. But they never are. Well, the man of the world had formed an opinion. His case was hopeless. He will have to get along with his burden the best way he can. The only use we can make of him is to keep him for a sort of warning 40 others who are in danger of forming

opinions. But Romeo? It seems to me that he may be making a mistake. There is a world of homely wisdom in the little fable about the porcupine who won the race because his wife was so entirely like himself. No other sort of wife could have helped him. And so I thought of Ophelia's lack of culture, her ignorance of things that to Romeo were mere matters of course and I wished he could make his uncle's choice his own. For we who are older know that prettiness does vanish. We my uncle to-day that/my choice is must acknowledge in spite of sentimade. Ophelia and poverty, love and ment and romance that there must be a good deal in a girl if she is to be weighed in the balance against man's prospects in life. I wondered if Romeo, stripped of wealth, robbed of position. Romeo working humbly in a lowly place would seem the hero that Ophelia was finding him now. She has pretty shallow blue eyes and a small tip-tilted nose. Remembering these, I Joys. The morning is a short part of found myself shaking my head. She really is not worth it. If we are going to be perfectly honest, there is no getting round as much as that.

It seems to me that the question is: Will love blind him to this? Is he in danger of finding it out? My expewith love explodes, for me, the theory of its blindness. Nothing is so clear of vision as love, nothing so keen sighted. Its eyes are positively microscopic. For love finds virtues that no other sight discovers. It is not that love is blind to fault, but that it is so exquisitely sensitive to virtue.

if this of Romeo's should not be the real love, is he going to be brave enough to be-a man? He has a full, piewsure-loving mouth, a dimpled chin and eyes with long, heavily fringed lids. And so I don't know. It seems to me that mistakes are easily made just here, and-well, if you are a porcupine, marry a porcu-

## AMERICA'S GREATEST GENIUS.

Joel Chandler Harris Gave Through "Uncle Remus" a Gospel of En-lightenment and a Gospel of Grati-Rutherfordton\_Sun.

The wires are flashing the sad news all over the world that "Uncle Remus" of your children, the equal of to the old man's cabin-no old man

## for "Uncle Remus;" nor would be be satisfied until he found him! There's not a man or woman, young or old, in all the South who was not drawn closer to Mr. Roosevelt because of the incident, for the tribute was true. "No period of human history has been more misjudged and less under-

stood," said Henry Grady, "than the slaveholding era in the South. It is doubtful if the world has seen a

peasantry so happy and so well-to-do as the negro slaves in America. If 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' had portrayed is the debt of Great Britain? and pillage that would have started with the first gun of the civil war. Instead of that, witness the miracle of the slave in loyalty to his master maintaining and defending the famliles of those who fought against his freedom-and at night, on the far-off charge for it?

Northern man, dealing with casual servants querulous and sensitive cannot understand this sympathy and friend-liness that existed between master and "that friendliness," Grady says, "was the rule of the regime" you from Ophelia who is not a por- he truthfully adds, "It has survived cupine and direct you toward your war and strife, and political cam-uncle's choice who is a porcupine, and paigns in which the drum-beat inspired and Federal bayonets fortified. It will never die until the last slaveholder and slave has been gathered to rest. . It is the glory of our past in the South. It is the answer to abuse and slander. It is the hope of

our future. Chandler Harris, through "Uncle Remus," has interpreted to the world, and implanted in the loving hearts of men were killed in the Russo-Japaand implanted in the loving hearts of little children. He has made it not only manifest, but immortal. No sent around the world, and what is sophistry can evade it, no subsequent bitterness destroy it, because, with the bitterness destroy it, because, with the value of a quarter-dollar stamped in hand of a master, he has pictured it 1875? (8) What is the horoscope imperishably and given it to children -into the kesping of those whom the Savior blessed. A gospel of enlight-Savior blessed. A gospel of enlight-enment for the little boy of the North -a gospel of gratitude and love for the little white child of the South!

We have not yet realized the debt we owe him-but we shall realize it. He is the Old South's greatest vindicator-to the New South, the preacher and prophet.

And the negro race, too, is his debt-In a Southern town a year or so Ophelia, dropping her g's and ago, infuriated white men, maddened into a mob against all because of the unspeakable crime of one, were driv-ing black men before them. As a father came rushing into his terrified home a little boy met him at the door, and with tears streaming down his little cheeks said, "Oh. papa, don't let them hurt 'Uncle Remus!' Teh lession is obvious God bless the gentle spirit of Joel Chandler

### I FAIN WOULD LINGER.

little while (my sun is almost set)! I fain would pause along the downward way,

Musing an hour in this sad sunset ray, While, Sweet! our eyes with tender tears are wet;

A little while I fain would linger yet Though fervid youth be dead, with

youth's desire. And hope has faded to a vague regret, A little while I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger here; Behold! who knows what strange, mysterious bars Twixt souls that love may rise in other stars?

Nor can love deem the face of death is A little while I still would linger here

A little while I yearn to hold thee fast. Hand locked in hand, and loyal heart to heart; (O, pitying Christ! those woeful words,

We part)!" So ere the darkness fall, the light be past, A little while I fain would hold thee fast. A little while, when light and twillight

Behind our broken years; before, the Weird wonder of the last unfathomed

little while I still would clasp thee, Sweet. little while, when night and twilight

A little while I fain would linger here: Behold! who knows what soul-dividing Earth's faithful loves may part in other stars?

Nor can love deem the face of death while I still would linger her PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

#### A PERPETUAL ISSUE. Is the Question of Sound or Unsound Mohey.

New York Sun.

Sound money is always an issue. Proposals of repudiation in whole or in part, ingenious expedients for lightening the debtor's just burden at the expense of the creditor, new forms of financial heresy, new inflations or swindles or clippings of the coin, are return in the nation's experience.

While It is impossible to forecast the form which the next great popular movement for the impairment of the currency or the degradation of fi-Is there doubt in the mind of About 60,000. racy. any observer of his career, any business man who has had reason to view with apprehension in the past his active interest in financial discussion?

## WET WEATHER TALK.

It ain't no use to grumble and complain; It's jest as chesp and easy to rejoice; When God sorts out the weather and sends rain. W'y, rain's my choice

In this existence, dry and wet Will overtake the best of men-Some little skift o' clouds 'll shet The sun off now and then;

They ain't no sense, as I kin a In mortals sich as you and me, A-faultin' Nature's wise intents, And lockin' horns with Providence

It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice: When God sorts out the weather and rain's my choice

-JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

## The Question Box

Ignoramus.-What is the amount of | will probably be able to get what you the public debt of the United States, and what method has been adopted for its gradual extinction? (2) What

A.—At the close of the last year the interest bearing debt was \$858,-685,510, and a further sum of \$6,930,-955 on which interest had ceased. This does not include some four hun-dred millions of currency and notes outstanding, which is partly offset by gold and sliver. The debt is not being reduced at present, and is very small as compared with those of the nations of the world. (2) Great Britain's debt is \$3,839,829,745, and she has guaranteed a part of the \$612,516,084 debt of her colonies.

J. E. How is silver separated from ore? (2) Where can I send ore to have it analyzed? Will there be a

A .- By the process of refining. is rendered pure by dissolving it in nitric acid, filtering the solution, and then precipitating the metal with common salt as a chloride of silver This is afterwards mixed with sulphuric acid and then, by introducing bars of sinc, a chloride of zinc is formed while the silver is reduced to a metallic state. (2) Minerals are assayed at the New Orleans mint. The assayer will advise you as to charges.

J. K .- Please recommend me good book to learn French from. A .- Buy a French grammar at any

W. M. S .- When will the Panama canal be completed? Has this govit? (2) How many soldiers and how many ships has the United States to use in war? (3) Is there any present It is this "miracle" which Joel danger of war, and with whom? (4)

of one born October 11th
A.—Probably in 1915. miles either side. (2) About 70,000 soldiers and 275 vessels of all kinds. Of course either can be increased if (8) I know of none. (4) Three, and two Senators. (5) The casualties are estimated at 420,000 Russians and 170,000 Japanese. (6) The time is inappreciable except where the message has to be re-peated. (7) Twenty-five cents. (8) inventive, great foresight.

M. D .- Is there any extra value 50-cent piece coined in 1836? so where can I dispose of it? A .- The milled edge without lettering is worth \$1 to \$2. Look in a

city directory: Addresses are not permitted in this column. L. R. F .- Both gentlemen reside in

F. S .- Put your questions to the contractor, who will employ you.

E. N .- What is the salary of a good electrical engineer, what is the cost of tuition, how long does it take to complete the course, and how is the demand for such men?
A.—One question is answerable:

Experts are always in demand. The All for love's sake, for love that cannot tire:

Other things depend upon the man waiter, and of course he does.

and his opportunities. Experts in "And now I stick to that rul any profession are not made with a variably. Any bundle or money that rule and saw, like a soap box. is worth coming for is worth sending

U. E. B.-Where can I get the book "My Lost Self," and what is the any more price? (2) Is the tomb where Christ was laid in a good state of preserva-tion and yet to be seen? (3) What interval of time elapsed between the time Christ said (Mark 13:30) "Verily Here is the coaxing inglenook. unto you that this generation shall not pass till all these things be done," and the fulfiliment of the

prophecy.

A.—I do not know the book. bookseller will get it for you if it is in print. (2) The tomb of 1900 years is not in evidence, nor is its locality a matter of certainty. Herod, aided by Romans, conquered Jerusalem seven years after the death of bloody riots and was finally destroyed by Titus 70 A. D., forty years after Christ's death.

N. J. P.-Please inform me as to the Be this your sanctuary, then. conditions upon which teachers are pensioned by the Carnegie fund, and

A.—The provisions are that any person 65 years of age or over, who has had not less than fifteen years' service as a professor and who is at the time a professor in a non-denominational college, shall be entitled to receive for an active pay of \$1,600 or less an allowance of \$1,000, provided that no allowance exceed 90 per cent. of the active may. For active pay Of Time within my heart and above \$1,600 the allowance is \$50 for Saving from ruin and decay each \$100 of the active pay. Retir- What I hold dearest, I should pray; ing professors whose age is under 65 That I may never cease to be have a slightly smaller allowance. Wooed daily by Expectancy; and widows of professors who die in That evening shadows in mine eyes service share in the benevolence. The Dim not the light of new surprise; offices of the Carnegie Foundation for That I may feel, till life be spent, the Advancement of Teaching are at Each day the sweet bewilderment 542 Fifth avenue, New York.

V. C.-Name the State officers Kentucky. (2) How many Senators in Congress? (3) How many solin Congress? (3) How many sol-diers, including officers, in the United (4) How many post-States army? offices in the United States who is Speaker of the House of Representatives? (6) Who are the Senas certain to occur as the general ators from Kentucky? (7) Kentucky causes and conditions of unrest or dis- is part of what district of the United tress which produce them are sure to Circuit Court? (8) How many States return in the nation's experience. were needed to ratify the constitu-

tion of the United States?

A.—Governor, E. W. Hoch; Lieutenant Governor, W. J. Pitzgerald; Secretary, C. E. Denton; Treasurer, Mark the currency or the degradation of fi-nancial standards will take, the course of William J. Bryan in such an event may be predicted with scientific accu-no vacancies. (2) Ninety-two if there are no vacancies. (2) About 70,000. (4) The number is constantly decreasing by reason of con-solidations and rural delivery routes. (5) Joseph G. Cannon. (6) McCreary and T. H. Paynter. The sixth. (8) Nine.

F. W. C .- How can I make sticky

fly paper?
A.—Oil your paper and coat with turpentine varnish. Or melt gosin, boiled linseed oil and add honey. Or take a pound of resin, three and a half ounces each of molasses and lin-seed oil and boil till thick enough.

M. C. A.—Ask a coin dealer. I have no information as to the value of Confederate coins.

J. N. A.—I would be glad to have information about how to make box kites; do you know of any books that treat of making and flying of

A.—Directions have no doubt beer printed in The American Boy, and if you will write that publication at De-

A. R. M. and B. O .-- Not rare.

J. J.—C.—Your communication should be addressed to the editor. This column is not for discussion.

R. H. M.—The name you write is that of a corporation. I know noth-ing about the personnel of its stock-holders.

F. A. B.—The new flag contains six rows of stars, the first, third, fourth and sixth having eight and the second and fifth rows seven.

G. F. E.—Finley Peter Dunne, au-thor of "Mr. Dooley," now writes exclusively for The American Magazine E. C.—The Chicago fire occurred October 8th and 9th, 1871.

### DUMBWAITER REFORM.

Platdweller No Longer Drops Things Down the Shaft. York Sun.

"We don't drop things down the dumbwalter shaft any more," said Mrs. Flatdweller, "not since we once pretty near lost a dollar bill that way that we had dropped down to faundry boy.

"We had a terrible time finding that dollar and I don't suppose we ever would have found it if we hadn't had a very obliging janitor. He tore up the floor and looked everywhere, and finally we found it off under a bundle of slats somewhere, feet away from the foot of the shaft. How it got there I don't know, but that's where it was

"We used to drop coin down sometimes wrapped up in paper, but we don't do that any more now either. We make anybody that comes to the dumbwaiter shaft in the cellar to collect money pull the dumbwaiter to our floor and then we put the money on that. This makes a little more work for the collector, but it's the

safest and best way for him and us. "The laundry boy wants us to drop the bundle down, but now we never do, though we used to do that to oblige him. If the dumbwaiter is at the bottom of the shaft he doesn't want to pull it up, and if it is up near our floor he will pull it up a higher above us so as to leave the shaft below clear for us to drop the bundle, so that he won't have trouble of pulling the dumbwaiter down. And once we did sometimes drop the bundle down to him.
"But I never liked to. I didn't

like to drop it on top of the dumbwalter, to bounce off and go flapping around on the cellar floor, and maybe burst open and scatter the clothes, and I never like to hear the bundle going down the shaft and maybe hitting the sides of the shaft, and with the danger of tearing the paper wrapping and maybe the clothes, too. never liked that way of doing things, but I used to drop the bundle down sometimes to oblige the box but since we pretty near lost that dol-

lar I drop nothing.
"Sometimes still when the boy comes and finds the shaft clear he sings up: 'Drop it,' but I sing down to him: 'No; you send up the dumb-"And now I stick to that rule

up the dumbwaiter for. I don't drop anything down the dumbwaiter shaft

Here is the coaxing inglenook With pipe, mayhap, incense to raise, Above the dream-inspiring brook, So, shut the door when night is come: Forget the world that lies without-The world of problems wearisome, Ot worries, of defeat and doubt.

Bar out the world, learn to forget The echo of its rasping calls; Lot polither care por fear por fret. Find footspace once within your walls It then became the scene Forget the babel of the street; Forget the roughness of the way. For here are blossoms fair and sweet, Outside are shadows dull and gray.

> What of to-morrow? It may wait, For here is hearth and home again, And here contentment holds its state These four walls shield us roundabout-What greater peace is there to win? Now all the darkness is shut out And all the light and love locked in. -W. D. NESBIT.

## SIMPLICITY.

If Power were mine to yield control For active pay Of Time within my heart and soul, Of fresh delight in simple things-And quicker heartheats at the thought Of all the good that man has wrought. But may I never face a dawn With all the awe and wonder gone, Charm in the stars' old sorcery -MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

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