

REAL RAINY DRY;
2.14 INCHES FELL
Almost a Continuous Downpour for 18 Hours—Frost Now Predicted.

What might be called "the" rain of the fall season fell yesterday, ceasing about 6 o'clock in the evening, after some 18 hours of more or less steady downpour, which filled the streams fuller than they have been for some weeks. According to reports the rain has been pretty general, not only in this section, but in other parts of the country.

The reports of the local weather bureau show that the rain began about 12 o'clock last night and continued almost without intermission until yesterday evening. When the rain stopped the weather began to get cooler and Mr. Lindley stated this morning that there will probably be frost tonight.

During the 24 hours there was a precipitation of 2.14 inches and in the last 12 hours of the rain there were 1.85 inches. Reports from Charlotte for the 12 hours show 1.62 inches and from Raleigh about 1.75 inches. This morning French Broad river was two and nine-tenths feet above zero, which is a rise of three feet, for it was one and one-half below zero yesterday morning. Mr. Lindley stated that he thought the river stopped rising this morning.

From different parts of the county come reports of steady rains. Many small streams were filled out of their banks but it seems the larger ones were able to take care of the water and no damage was done. There were hard rains in the Alexander, Hominy, Swannanoa and north Buncombe sections.

THE MARKETS

New York, Oct. 15.—There were irregular changes at the opening of the market today. Movements of active stocks were mostly downward.

The market's tone was irregular and uncertain throughout the morning. Pressure against United States steel was again conspicuous. There was further liquidation of the speculative holdings of American Tobacco company securities. Weakness of American Tobacco bonds checked speculative operations in other bond issues, but prices were fairly well sustained.

Cotton Breaks Again.
New York, Oct. 15.—The cotton market opened steadily at a decline of 1 to 10 points, opening very active with the south again selling freely. New low records were made throughout the list.

Prices later fully regained the early loss and passed yesterday's closing levels. Prices at midday were 1 to 10 points higher than last night.

STOCKS.

Atchafalaya	1074	1062
Am. Locomotive	343	343
Am. Smelting	654	642
Atlantic Coast Line	1264	1236
Brooklyn Rapid Transit	745	745
Chesapeake & Ohio	362	362
Amal. Copper	521	512
Canadian Pacific	2384	2384
N. Y. Central	1054	1054
Colorado Fuel & Iron	28	28
Chesapeake & Ohio	362	362
Erie	394	394
Great Northern	1244	1244
Mo., Kans. & Texas	304	304
Louisville & Nashville	147	147
Missouri Pacific	39	39
Norfolk & Western	1064	1064
Northern Pacific	1162	1162
Pennsylvania	1214	1214
People's Gas	107	107
Rock Island	244	244
Rock Island pfd.	47	47
Reading	1371	1371
Am. Sugar Refining	1174	1174
Southern Pacific	109	109
St. Paul	1084	1074
Southern Railway	292	292
Southern Railway pfd.	704	704
Tennessee Copper	35	35
Union Pacific	1624	1624
U. S. Steel	591	591
U. S. Steel pfd.	1094	1094
Wabash pfd.	284	284

NEW YORK COTTON.

October	8.82	8.93
December	9.08	9.20
January	8.95	9.04
March	8.98	9.18
May	9.20	9.31

Spot 9.35.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Reported and corrected daily by Henry F. Claudius.

Ashville Water	\$ 97.00
Beaumont Fur.	109.00
Citizens Bank	144.00
Universal Security	10.00
Universal Security	11.50
Wachovia B. & T. Co.	148.00
Wm. Brownell Mill.	10.00

Battery Park Greenhouse Chrysanthemums for sale at Raynor's Drug Store.

Harlan Wanted Drink Too.
New York World.

Of Supreme Court Justice John Marshall Harlan, who was a rare Kentucky gentleman in every sense of the word, a legal friend told this story at the Manhattan club last night.

"The justice was traveling to the west. He enjoyed the smoking compartment of the Pullman to get a drink of water. As he lifted the glass he sniffed suspiciously. Turning to the three men in the room he said: 'It seems to me that some one has been drinking liquor out of this glass.'"

"Yes—er—sir," stammered a little man in the corner. "I used the glass for that purpose."

"Holding his voice, the justice asked: 'What time did you take the bottle?'

HYSLIP TELLS OF TALKS WITH DEAD SPIRITUALIST
Psychical Research Society Secretary Claims Communication with Late Prof. James

Boston, Oct. 15.—Professor James H. Hyslop of New York, secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research, has been in communication with the spirit of the late Professor William James, of Harvard he declared here. Professor Hyslop says he has conversed with the soul of the Harvard professor and spiritualist several times during the last year. He declared that he is to make his proof public in a short time in the form of a careful report, which he now is preparing, and that he is absolutely positive as to the facts.

Many persons have attempted to establish communication with the late Harvard professor, who was himself a believer in the ability of the "spirits" to converse with their friends. Professor James died after making the deliberate statement that he would communicate with his friends, and although several mediums and spiritualists have declared that messages have been received from the spirit of the professor, their statements were not taken as authentic.

"There is nothing more I can say now except that I have talked with the spirit of Professor James," said Professor Hyslop.

"I have talked with it several times during the last year, but what the spirit said I will not yet divulge. They have been trying over in England since Professor James died to get in touch with his spirit, but from what I have heard have had no success."

"It would require volumes to tell just how I communicated with the dead to prove my contention," said Dr. Hyslop, "yet the fact remains that I have proved beyond a doubt that the souls of men and women, little children in fact, who have gone before, are capable of coming to us as they please. In greater or less degree they are capable of making us know their presence. This is not spiritualism. It is spiritism."

To illustrate how the souls establish their earthly identity in a manner similar to our way, I might go to London and wire you, a year after, that I wanted to borrow \$50. But you might say that I was dead and I would have to establish my identity. I could easily do this by telling you what we had done the last time we met.

"Souls or spirits of the departed take a similar course. They may turn somersaults. So do we. We are surrounded all the time by millions and billions of souls, freed from their earthly casings. Not all of them are always present, yet any of them can come to us at will and make known their presence, some of them in a manner that seems laughable. It is true, to those who cannot or will not understand."

But it required years of research for me to prove conclusively that the soul is material, that it lives after the body has returned to dust. That the soul has material weight, as some say, has no claim in reason."

Professor Hyslop says he is making experiments in Boston and expects to return to New York with some very important material in his possession.

Wives' Plot Jails Him.
Tacoma, Wash., Oct. 15.—William Henry Cameron, twenty-eight years old, according to the prosecutor, Mr. Nolte, has two wives in New York, one in the Philippines and one in California, and Cameron admits having two here. When put in jail he said he once had taken the trouble to divorce one wife, who lived in Ohio. Cameron's downfall came when his first Washington wife, Miss Florence McMurray, of Vancouver, accidentally discovered that her husband had married a friend, Miss Jeanette Hughes of Tacoma. It was through a plan made by both that Cameron was lured from California to Tacoma with the promise of money when he was arrested.

He denies that he has wives in New York.

Ado Gives \$20,000 Home.
Lafayette, Ind., Oct. 15.—Announcement was made at Purdue university that George Ade, author and playwright, would build a chapter house for the Purdue chapter of the Sigma Chi fraternity, of which he is a member. Mr. Ade's offer was the cause of much rejoicing. "The new house will cost between \$25,000 and \$30,000 and will be the finest at Purdue."

Swallows Pail Handle.
Albany, Oct. 15.—When five years old John Guynes was playing near his home he swallowed the seven-inch wire handle of a tin pail. An ambulance surgeon managed to remove the wire while the boy was on the way to the hospital.

E. M. Duncan is trying to make a contract with the street committee of the board of aldermen to furnish the city a number of patent street sweepers and this morning members of the committee watched the trial given the machine, which is manufactured by the Sanitary Street Sweeping company of Baltimore, of which Mr. Duncan is a representative. The machine looks a little like a giant carpet sweeper and is operated by one man. It picked up the refuse all right where it was not stuck to the street. Mr. Duncan wishes to sell 25 of the machines to the city.

Between Girls.
"Do you think of going availing?"

"Yes. What's the proper costume?"

"I really don't know. However, I should wear my best stockings."

—Pack.

ONE OF WAR'S HEROES
A Story in Support of Peace
By F. A. MITCHEL
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Dignity is a valuable quality, at least one that commands respect. It is impossible to think of great men in an undignified position. There are also lesser lights.

The young have their heroes, whom they look upon as something above themselves, whom they surround with an illumined atmosphere.

Osmond Edwards was one of these. When the Spanish war broke out, on account of his prominence among his fellows, no one thought of his going to Cuba as a mere private. He set about raising a company which he was to command. The young men all wished to be members of Edwards' company, and it was soon filled up and made a part of a crack regiment. From the first the captain acted on the principle that a leader must be unapproachable. He did not associate on equal terms with his men, even those who had been his intimate friends since boyhood. While other company officers were approached familiarly and addressed as captain or lieutenant, it was always Captain Edwards, the speaker standing at attention and saluting respectfully.

Furthermore, when the regiment entered upon its first engagement Edwards fulfilled what was expected of him. While some other officers blundered or gave way, he kept his men up to their work, and at a critical moment, when some of the field officers proved incompetent and others were disabled, he seized a flag, sprang to the front and saved the regiment from panic. A newspaper in the United States published a picture of him waving the flag over his head and shouting to the men to "come on." This fixed him as a hero in the minds of every young person who had ever known him.

During the fighting about Santiago Edwards, who commanded his regiment as lieutenant colonel, lost a leg. When a warrior goes out to fight the battles of his country and comes home on a stretcher he is at the summit of his career. A burst of admiration, of sympathy, greets him, after which those about him begin to think of other matters. The war in which one distinguishes himself recedes. After a while when asked in what battle he was maimed and he names it he is asked during which of several preceding wars that battle occurred. If he lives long enough he belongs to a past period with which the new generation has little or no real sympathy.

Edwards on his return occupied the pinnacle of heroism. The young men spoke of him with envy; the girls lavished favors upon him. That dignity which had always been natural to him added to his glory. Several romantic girls who were infatuated with the idea of being a hero's wife were ready to marry him. He chose Genevieve Emory, and she was very proud to be singled out from all the rest, with the expectation of being Mrs. Colonel Osmond Edwards.

But, as has been said, Edwards was at the top of the hill of fame. He could get no higher—at least in the profession of glory, for he was disabled. War has no use for men into whose carcasses she has bitten. They are to her like a joint that has been cut. The young colonel walked with his accustomed dignity, but he limped. In other words, he hobbled. Those who upon his return had looked upon him with admiration, which was really curiosity, now saw in him nothing but a hobble. Those who revered him made no special demonstration of their reverence. It had become an old story. In short, the hero's heroism, so far as concentrating the gaze of his fellow beings was concerned, was fading away.

His fiancée noticed this, and it troubled her. She had engaged herself to him as a hero and was now beginning to realize that she was tied to a hobble. One day she overheard a man say to another, referring to her fiancée, "That hobble wears a cork leg." "How did he lose his own?" "Don't know for certain. I've heard it got caught in a belt trap."

Miss Emory's heart sank within her. She began to see that the paths of glory that don't lead to the grave lead to misfortune.

But the real pang came later. She and her lover were in the country. Edwards was a canoeist and begged her to go out with him in his canoe. While he was paddling he attempted to change position. To change position in a canoe with a cork leg is dangerous. The canoe was upset. Miss Emory was a splendid swimmer and, knowing that her lover could also swim, paid no attention to him till she had caught hold of the canoe. Then on looking about for him she saw only his leg floating. He was unable to sink it, and it sank him. Miss Emory swam for him, but was unable to reach him. The shore was near, and, holding him by his cork leg, she towed him to safety.

The spell that had been thrown around him as a hero was dissolved, and he was now nothing but one of war's victims. She departed from him and in a few months wrote him that she had been mistaken in thinking she loved him.

A year later she married an army contractor who had got rich furnishing rotten supplies to the American army in Cuba.

Battery Park Greenhouse Chrysanthemums for sale at Raynor's Drug Store.

Matinee 2:30 p. m. Night 8 and 9 o'clock. Opera House, 10c, and 15c. Vaudeville and Pictures.

A Long Face.
The pessimist is never gay;
His face is long and grave;
He really ought to have to pay
A quarter for a shave.
—Washington Herald.

A Popular Combination.
"Going away?"
"Yes," replied Mrs. Filmgilt.
"Business or pleasure?"
"Both. I'm on my way to Reno."
—Washington Star.

Human life is no longer anxious to do better than well he is done for.—B. E. Hayden.

Human life is more governed by fortune than by reason.—Hume.

Enjoy an hour at Thaters.

SCHOOLS IN CHINA
They Have Curious and Strenuous Methods of Teaching.

AMAZING FEATS OF MEMORY.
For Years the Pupils Are Kept "Getting by Heart" Books of Which They Have No Understanding, After Which Comes the Explanation.

A Chinese schoolboy sets off one fine morning when seven or eight years old to enter on his instructional course. He makes the most profound obeisance to his teacher. His parents provide the table at which and the stool on which he sits. They also supply the "four precious articles," the ink slab, the ink cake, the pen or brush for writing and the paper.

He will have no need at first of the writing materials, all his time being employed in memorizing the books given him. Perhaps a dozen boys, each a class by himself, are busy on his entry. Each is shouting his task at the top of his voice, the teacher sitting at his table in all the somnolent wakefulness of a judge. No wrong pronunciation or intonation escapes his practiced ear, and correction is frequent.

It is a simple country house, with its earthen floor, its unglazed windows and its air of utter poverty. Our young hopeful, says the National Review, in due time is introduced to the "Trimerical Classic" and the questionable statement, which forms his very threshold, that "men at birth are radically good," so set in classical form that he has no more idea of its meaning than if it were in Greek. It is not meaning, however, that is the object just now, but sound and memorizing.

Then he will be introduced to the book of surnames, 400 in number, as another exercise in "getting by heart," after which in parts of the land the "Thousand Character Classic" is set. This is a book consisting of the number of characters named, no one of which is ever used twice. Still no explanation is vouchsafed. For all the learning our youth is gaining he might with equal profit memorize a number of auction catalogues. He is given in varying order, according to the custom followed by his teacher, the four sacred books—the "Great Learning," also known as "The Door of Virtue;" the "Analects" of Confucius, the "Doctrine of the Mean" and the "Book of Mencius."

As early as thirteen, it may be, he will have done the memory work of the four books and be capable of reciting off "yards, rods, furlongs or miles" of learning. Then enlightenment in the form of explanation begins. Darkness is made visible, and education may be said to have begun. There is wearisome work in sight now.

As if the books themselves were not of sufficient difficulty, there are endless commentaries after the fashion of our own on the Bible or Shakespeare. The "Great Learning" provides illustrations of virtue, aims at the constant renewal of good and so at the attainment of the highest excellence. Its ideal is a righteous government over a tranquil and happy people. The "Doctrine of the Mean" is more strictly individualistic. Correct conduct in every stage of life is its subject.

The chief competitive examinations are three in number. The first, for the Situat, or B. A. degree, is held at the prefectural city; the second, the Kujien, or M. A., at the provincial capital, and the third, the Tsin-shih, or L. D., at Peking. In one or other of these the clever youth whose career we are following may possibly find himself in a peculiar position as competitor with his own father or even his grandfather, who, with more perseverance than luck or brains, keeps "pegging away" year after year till success arrives—or death.

Many are the attempts at trickery, bribing, bribery or whatever may bring the candidate sufficiently near the top to be one of the favored few who "pass," the percentage of those being fractionally small at times. To guard against fraud there are precautions such as could never have been suggested in the west.

Every candidate has his own little cell in which he works during the days of the examination. Not a few die under the ordeal. "Any essay is good which gives a man his M. A.," says the proverb, and "if one comes out first on the dragon list there is a chance within ten years of being in the Phoenix pool," which being interpreted means that he who heads the M. A. list is likely by and by to become a Hanlin. So, indeed, it happens to our young hopeful now arrived at years of much discretion. He even becomes the Shuang Yuan of his year, the laureate or senior classic, as he might be named in the west.

Whereupon on his return to his native province he is received with the highest honors from the highest people, the vicerey leading, and then a curious thing happens. Many of the people of the province having the same surname apply for the honor of being permitted to worship at the ancestral hall of the successful genius and accompany their appeals with valuable persuasives. They thus establish a claim to relationship with the amiable desire of having a friend at court. —New York Sun.

Two Ways Hath Life.
Two ways hath life. One as a stream
With flowers enwreathed quits the source,
With even tenor of its course,
Hardly betrayed by transient gleam,
No echo marks the onward roll
Of waves that without plaint or sigh,
Winning scant glance from passerby,
Unhaunting reach the appointed goal.

One as a torrent unconfined
Bursts forth headlong with frenzied will,
No agency its rage can still,
Nor barriers curb, nor forces bind,
The first achieves, the second aims;
One limits hath, the other none,
With every day its task begun—
Patience, ambition, are their names.
—Alfred de Musset.

Jogged His Memory.
Here is the story of an actual experience in buying socks in London:
A wealthy but peppery American went into an expensive Bond street haberdasher's the other day, and when he stated his object the clerk carefully measured the visitor's right foot, and the purchase was made. On his way out the visitor's attention was caught by some hosiery near the door. To the clerk, who was obsequiously following him out, he said, "I'll take a pair of those too."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk. "What size do you wear, sir?"

"Why, you pinheaded ass," reminded the other, "do you think my foot has grown since you measured it?"

Then the clerk remembered.—New York Sun.

Bungled It, After All.
Here's one of Will Irwin's stories, told in that quiet, drawing-room fashion which scores every point. Two of his feminine friends, it appears, were walking down the street the other day, when they noticed an older woman just in front of them. "That lady's waist is unbuttoned in the back," said one to the other. "I believe I'll speak to her about it."

The other looked over the unbecoming subject of comment. Then she shook her head. "I don't believe that I would say anything to her," said she. "I doubt if she is the kind of person who would appreciate your kindness. She isn't very neaty get up, don't you see? Her shoes are horribly run down at the heel."

"I don't care," said Mr. Irwin's acquaintance. "Any woman would be glad of a warning that her waist is unbuttoned. I don't care if she doesn't seem to be a very nice person. I shall call her attention to it."

"And so," said Mr. Irwin, "she walked up to the stranger and tapped her on the shoulder. As the woman turned she said, just as sweetly as she knew how: 'Pardon me. But did you know that your shoes are run down at the heel?'"—Herbert Corey in Cincinnati Times-Star.

The Missing Bed.
The house dated from the fifteenth century, and visitors were permitted to go over it for sixpence a head. Of course Queen Elizabeth had slept there, and the boy in buttons who conducted the party mentioned this three times in the sacred bedchamber. Most of the furniture had a look of the period, though there were a few doubtful embroideries.

"And where," one of the visitors asked, "is the bed in which Queen Elizabeth slept?"

The boy in buttons hesitated a moment and then said, "That's being made, sir."

The Scrap Book

God Bless Our Wives.
One of the best known lawyers in Cleveland attended a banquet of his fraternity the other night and responded to the toast, "Our Wives." On this classic and congenial theme he expounded and fairly glowed. But even after his eloquence faded from the memories of those present one personal note will remain. He said in part:

"God bless our wives. They know us from alpha to omega, our secret faults and virtues. But they rise in arms against him who would expose the former or belittle the latter. How well I remember an occasion upon which my own dear wife had me pinned in a restaurant where I was eating. She said to the waiter, 'Is Mr. Dash blank here?' 'Mr. Dashblank?' asked the waiter. 'Is that that fat old man with a red nose and bald head?'"

"Yes, that's the man," answered my wife. 'But I want you to understand that he isn't fat and he isn't old. And he's not very bald, either. I shall report you for your insolence. His nose isn't a bit red. Get him for me at once. You evidently know him.'"

"God bless our wives."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Until a short time ago, scarcely one person in a thousand had ever tasted a really good soda cracker—as it came fresh and crisp from the oven.

Now every man, woman and child in these United States can know and enjoy the crisp goodness of fresh baked soda crackers without going to the baker's oven.

Uneda Biscuit bring the bakery to you.

Millions of people know these perfect Soda Crackers in their original goodness. More millions will enjoy them daily when once they know how good they are.

A food to live on. Stamina for workers. Strength for the delicate. Bone and flesh for little folks.

It will cost you just 5 cents to try Uneda Biscuit. Never sold in bulk, always in the moisture proof package.

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is by no means beneath our notice; we shall cheerfully execute repair jobs and give them our careful attention. We also ask you to bear us in mind when you install your bathroom. Let us quote you prices on the celebrated "Standard" baths and lavatories.

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