

SONG FOR THE UNSUCCESSFUL

He worked and he hustled from morning till night,
 But somehow he couldn't succeed;
 He used his best efforts, he tried with his might,
 But somehow he couldn't succeed.

He bore up with fortitude under the strain,
 Whenever he failed he tried over again;
 His character stood without ever a stain—
 But somehow he couldn't succeed.

He bent to his task in the world with a will,
 But somehow he couldn't succeed;
 The sweets that we covet to him were but nil,
 But somehow he couldn't succeed.

He plodded along in the very same way
 Day in and day out, with but little to say;
 He bent to his labors, gave little to play—
 But somehow he couldn't succeed.

He answered a jibe or a jest with a smile,
 But somehow he couldn't succeed;
 His heart always generous, though heavy the while,
 But somehow he couldn't succeed.

Whenever a thorn pierced his flesh on the road,
 He shut his teeth tight and shifted the load;
 He plucked not nor repined from the seeds
 That he sowed—
 And somehow he couldn't succeed.

He was not only one, from the millions hurled,
 Who somehow could never succeed;
 He traveled his way through a cold, dreary world,
 And never could never succeed.

But he used his best efforts in playing his part,
 The burden he carried off made the tears start—
 And yet through it all a song welled from
 His heart:
 This man who could never succeed.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

IN THE OVEN.

BY R. W. CHILD.

I AM inclined to think that a girl's wit is quicker than a man's in a tight place, if the place is tight enough."

Mr. Colchester had spoken after we had been silently sitting for several minutes watching the mist that was creeping over the moonlit water and listening to the chirp of the crickets in the grass. He always began a story by stating the moral. His way was to present some conclusion and then prove it by a personal experience.

"I was thinking of my sister," he explained. "She once saved us both from a fearful death. If it had not been for her ready wit I should have been a biscuit!"

At this every one straightened up perceptibly. Mr. Colchester's stories were always interesting.

"Perhaps all of you do not know that my father was a cracker manufacturer," he continued, "and that he had a shop with machinery and three ovens in it. Of course that would be considered nothing to-day, when there are bakeries that supply thousands of people in every part of the country, but when I was a boy I remember I used to wonder that there were enough mouths to consume all that my father's workmen made.

"I often went down to the shop, for it was really fascinating to watch the mixers turning the great rolls of dough over and over, and see the cutting machines chopping a long strap of it into little sticky lumps. Then old Carberry, the baker, would toss the pieces which had been patted and molded by hand on the tiled floor of the oven. Sometimes my sister Margaret used to go with me, for we were great chums, and it was on one of those occasions that we got into trouble.

"The day, I remember, had been rainy, and after a discouraging attempt to amuse ourselves in the house, Margaret said, 'Let's take umbrellas and go down to the bakery.'

"I was so glad of the suggestion that I forgot it was the noon hour, when the men would be gone and the machinery shut down. It wasn't until we saw the deserted room that we remembered it.

"Well," said I, "we are bright, aren't we? But let's look round—I'll tell you, let's look at the cool oven."

"Cool oven!" exclaimed Margaret, in surprise.

"I explained to her that in the ordinary course of business only two ovens were used, and that unless there were extra orders there was always one oven which was out of commission, being shut off from the furnaces below by the big sheet-iron dampers.

"I raised the latch of the heavy door and bent down to look across the flat, tiled surface inside.

"It's just like a cave, isn't it, Bob?" cried my sister; and I laughed at the idea and asked her whether she expected to see a bear or a robber walk out.

"Of course I don't!" she said, for she always was on her guard against my making fun of her. "Let's crawl in."

"All right," said I, touching the brick walls to make sure I hadn't made a mistake; and then I followed her inside through the gloomy opening.

"Will it get my dress dirty?" Margaret asked, out of the darkness.

"No, indeed," said I. "They have to keep these ovens clean as can be. They're fussy about every speck of dust."

"I had hardly finished when the iron door behind us shut with a resounding clang. One of the workmen who had come back to work had closed it!

"O Bob," cried my sister, with a little scream of fright, "we're shut in!"

"Like two biscuits," I laughed. "All we have to do is to shout and some one will come."

"But Margaret was really scared, and groped her way near me to put her hand on my shoulder. I confess the darkness and the close, stuffy air were far from cheerful.

"I began to call as loud as I could,

and not getting any answer, I crept over to the solid iron door and began kicking it with my heels. After a moment I stopped, breathing hard from my exercise, and then I heard Margaret's voice behind me, saying:

"Wait a minute, Bob! Listen!"

"I strained my ears, and from the outside I could hear a rumbling that seemed to come from far, far away.

"It's the machinery!" I cried. "It's after 1 o'clock, and they have begun to work again. No wonder they couldn't hear us!"

"By that time I had become really frightened, and I suppose I must have temporarily lost my head. I shouted wildly until my throat was sore, but it seemed only to fill our oven trap with noise. There was no hope whatever that it would penetrate the thick brick walls. Suddenly I was startled into silence by a sound of scraping iron underneath us—a familiar noise to my ears. Some one had pulled open the great damper that shut us off from the fires in the cellar below! They were going to heat our oven!"

"What was that?" exclaimed my sister, touching my hand with her cold fingers. "What did that noise mean, Bob?" She seemed to know our danger by instinct. I did not answer, for with a sinking heart I felt on my face the first breath of warm air!

"Tell me, Bob!" demanded Margaret. "They are heating this oven, aren't they?" She had caught my wrist and pressed it as hard as a girl could squeeze.

"Yes!" I gasped, trying to speak bravely. I remember I felt that if I were alone I should not care nearly so much, but the idea that my little sister would have to die, too, put me into another panic.

"A second breath of air a good deal hotter than the first fanned my cheek. I jumped up with a scream, and beat and kicked upon the rough brick walls and on the iron door in blind terror. Then, exhausted, I crawled along the floor to the place where Margaret sat. She was crying quietly—I could tell because when I put my arm about her I could feel that she was shaking.

"They will never, never hear us!" she sobbed.

"Don't cry, Margy," said I, patting her wet cheek while I tried to arouse my own courage. "Perhaps there is another way."

"I tried to think, but the heat had then become almost unbearable; it stung my nose and seemed to suffocate me. Once when I touched a place on one of the tiles I drew my hand back in real pain. There was no hope of breaking the latch of the iron door, and no one could hear us, though we put our mouths to a little crack at the top of the door and screamed. I was sure we would be baked. My arm was still round my sister, and her hand was still in mine, as if she were seeking the comfort of the touch.

"It was becoming hotter and hotter, but neither of us spoke for several seconds. Then suddenly Margaret started up and cried out, eagerly, 'Tell me, Bob, quick! Have you got a piece of paper?'"

"I felt in my pockets. 'Yes, I have an old postal card!' I exclaimed. 'What are you going to do with it?'"

"They can't hear us, but we can make them see!" she cried. "Hurry! Give it to me—and your jack-knife!"

"I handed them to her, and she began to pick at the hem of her skirt with the point of the knife.

"We need thread," she explained, excitedly, "and if this is a chain-stitch on this hem we can get it!" I lighted a match. "And it is, Bob, it is!" she cried. I realized that she had caught an end of thread and was carefully ripping it out.

"Now, Bob," she commanded, handing me the card, "punch a hole in the card and tie it through." Her voice was weak. From my own struggle to keep my senses in the awful heat, I knew that she was nearly at the collapsing point.

"What are you going to do with it?" I gasped.

"The door!" she answered, faintly. "Dangle the card through the crack in the door!" Then I understood her plan at last, and crawling painfully over on my knees I thrust the postal card down the little crack between the door and the iron jamb.

"Pull it up and let it down!" cried Margaret, with a final effort, and I jiggled the string so that the paper would dangle upon the wall outside. My head swam with the effect of the terrible heat, and it seemed ages before any one came.

"Then suddenly the latch was lifted, the door swung open, and in spite of the blinding daylight which poured in I could see the astonished face of old Carberry, the baker, peering in at us!

"I caught my sister's dress, pulling her toward the opening with all the strength that was left in me, and fell out after her into the old man's arms.

"That is why I say," concluded Mr. Colchester, as he looked round upon us with a smile, "that it was a girl's wit that kept me from being baked like a biscuit. And that is the reason why I say that a girl's wit is the best in a tight place—providing the place is tight enough."—Youth's Companion.

Encouraging.

A good story is told of the early efforts to start a paper made by ex-Governor Furnas, who died at Lincoln, Neb., on June 1.

"One enthusiastic pioneer," said Governor Furnas, "subscribed for twenty-five copies of my paper. After a proper length of time I presented my bill, fifty dollars. 'Why, you don't expect me to pay that, do you?' gasped the man.

"Certainly I do!" said I. "You subscribed for that many papers, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I didn't think you would want any pay for them. I only subscribed to encourage you."

NORTH CAROLINA CROP BULLETIN

Weather Conditions Given Out by the Department Observer.

The North Carolina section of the climate and crop service of the Department of Agriculture issues the following official bulletin of weather and crop conditions for the past week:

The weather for the past week was characterized by warm days and cool nights; but the mean temperature for the week has been about normal. The only rain of any consequence fell on the 13th and 17th and was very beneficial to all crops. The weather in general has been very favorable for picking cotton, saving fodder, meadow and pea vine hay. Farmers in all parts of the State have been ready to plow land for fall planting but the ground has been too dry in most places; in some few places, however, some wheat, rye and oats have been sown.

There has been no improvement in the cotton crop during the past week. The warm, dry weather caused it to open rapidly, and in some places prematurely. The crop will nowhere be more than fair, and in places it will be very light. It is generally reported that there will be no top crop owing to shedding; many correspondents state that the bolls are small and the lint short; in south-central counties and in the extreme north-eastern portion the bolls are opening prematurely, owing to rust; army worms are doing considerable damage to late cotton in Beaufort, Craven, Jones and Duplin counties.

Tobacco curing is completed in the eastern portion of the State. In the central district the crop is reported improved and in good condition, except in Rockingham county where some tobacco is badly burnt and specked; cutting and curing is in progress and the tobacco is curing well; the color and texture are good, but the leaf light weight. In the western portion some slight damage by worms is reported.

Corn improved during the past week, but late corn in some places suffered from drought, and some correspondents report that it will not mature; a poor crop is expected in the eastern, while the prospects are for good crops in the western and central portions. Fodder has been about all secured in the eastern and central districts; in the west cutting is in progress. The saving of pea vine hay is under way and good yields are being secured. Clover was benefitted by the rains and is looking good.

White potatoes have improved and digging is in progress in the west; sweet potatoes are doing well and a good crop is promised. Peanuts, turnips and beans are generally reported good; cabbages are poor; the sorghum crop is in good condition and in places molasses making is under way. The buckwheat crop will be good.

Apples are reported good in some of the western counties, but there is complaint of dropping and of dry rot. Pastures are fair.

The following rains have been reported: Raleigh, 0.10; Goldsboro, 1.12; Greensboro, 0.22; Lumberton, 0.56; Newbern, 3.88; Weldon, 1.18.—A. H. Thiessen, Section Director.

Books For State Library.

A circular letter, signed by a committee composed of Chief Justice Walter Clark, Supt. J. Y. Joyner, State Librarian M. O. Sherrill, City Supt. E. P. Moses and Prof. D. H. Hill, has been issued. It reads:

"The trustees of the state library have appointed the undersigned a committee to recommend books for that library. In addition to what has already been done, we desire to make the North Carolina section of the library entirely complete by securing for it a copy of every book and pamphlet bearing upon North Carolina, and also a copy of every book or pamphlet ever written by a North Carolinian. If these can be added, our commonwealth will have an invaluable reference library for state and national history. As we feel sure of your sympathy and aid in this important work, we make the following requests: First, that you send to the state library, Raleigh, N. C., the names and publisher's prices of any books that you have written. Second, that you send copies of any pamphlet or essays that you have written; also copies of any printed address, lecture or oration that you have delivered. We desire to index and bind these. If you have no copies will you indicate where they may be found. Third, that you send the names of any valuable books, pamphlets, or documents of any kind written by authors now dead."

Tar Heel Notes.

The piers for the Raleigh and Southport Railroad bridge across the Cape Fear River at Lillington have been finished and four car loads of steel have arrived. President Jno. A. Mills thinks that, barring any accident or unforeseen delay, trains will be running into Lillington within the next sixty days.

VESSELS SHOT INTO

American Fishermen Trespassing in Canadian Territory

HIT THIRTEEN TIMES IN FLEEING

American Fishing Steamer Has Exciting Experience With Canadian Cruiser Vigilant.

Erie, Pa., Special.—The fourth of the fish tug incidents of the past week took place in mid-Lake Erie when the Canadian cruiser Vigilant riddled the big steam tug Harry G. Barnhart with small shells from the rifle on the patrol boat. Captain Nick Fassel, of the tug, admitted after he escaped that the Vigilant could have sent her to the bottom if Captain Dunn had so desired.

They ran more than eight miles under full head before they crossed the boundary line and escaped from the Canadians. More than thirty shots struck the vessel, and of those 15 of the small shells landed with telling effect on the upper parts, so that the boat careened to one side with the mass of wreckage when she came into port. Having been used formerly for a pleasure steamer, the Barnhart is of a large size and well fitted with steam equipment. The fireman, Magnus Johnson, fainted in the hold from over-exertion in keeping the steamer going ahead. He was reported killed, but revived after reaching shore. The fishermen were cut in the fact by splinters shot away by the bullets.

The Barnhart, according to Captain Fassel, was about five miles over the line drawing nets when the Vigilant appeared. The other Erie tugs, the Alma, Vallant and the Boyd, were closer to the line and ran away when the chase started. Captain Dunn ordered the Barnhart to stop, but instead of doing so, Captain Fassel put on full steam and started for the line. He took a southwesterly direction and could not be headed off by the Vigilant.

It has become quite the custom for the Erie fishermen to cross the line regardless of strict orders from the companies employing them, and having exciting brushes with the Vigilance. They never think of surrender when there is a chance to run away. The Barnhart lost a large quantity of nets.

Tar Leaves For Home.

Yokohama, By Cable.—Secretary of War Taft and party sailed at 3:00 o'clock Sunday afternoon for San Francisco on the steamer Korea, amid Japanese enthusiasm. A reception was given at the American consulate by Japanese merchants. Before sailing Secretary Taft said he thought the reports of the Japanese anti-peace demonstrations had been greatly exaggerated in America. He and his party had traveled all through Japan and had found no trace of any anti-foreign feeling. While prominent Americans had been involved in a Tokio mob, he thought it was because the American party was caught in the mob, and not because they were Americans. Other churches besides American churches had been burned. There was several special reasons in each case, but no general anti-foreign feeling was responsible.

Secretary Taft said that he had examined the Chinese boycott closely. The Chinese, he said, wanted American goods, and having already lost \$15,000,000 by the boycott, were finding out that they were cutting off their noses to spite their faces.

Miss Alice Roosevelt will return home on the steamer Siberia.

The local situation continues quiet.

Record Entry Closed.

Lexington, Ky., Special.—The entry list, which has closed, was received by the Kentucky Breeders' Association for the big Lexington meeting of October 3 to 14, includes 374 horses for 20 purses. These added to those kept in the stakes, brings the total entry up to 628 horses and breaks the record for entries on American trotting tracks, established by the Lexington Association in 1898 by nearly 700 animals.

All Now Quiet.

Christiana, By Cable.—Peace between Sweden and Norway being assured, a quiet feeling prevails here. News from Karlstad, however, is still awaited with the keenest interest, and there is anxiety to learn the details of the compromise. The press is unanimous in hoping for a speedy settlement of the questions. There is some misgivings entertained that peace may have been bought too early, but all the newspapers express relief that peace has been secured, providing it is on an enduring basis.

Fatal Boiler Explosion.

Pionning, Mich., Special.—By the explosion of an alleged defective boiler in the stove mill of Edward Jennings here five men were killed and 8 or 10 injured.

Thirty men were at work in the mill when the explosion occurred. The concussion was so terrible that windows were broken a mile from the mill. The bodies of the five men killed were badly mangled. None of the injured are thought to be dangerously injured.

FEMININE FANCIES.

Empress Haruko of Japan is fifty-six years old.

Ex-Empress Eugenie is seventy-nine years old and quite active.

Mrs. Louisa Manning has just celebrated her ninety-eighth birthday.

The Empress Dowager of China is thoughtful of her subordinates.

Queen Alexandra of England is, like many women, ill at ease on the rostrum.

The widow of Jefferson Davis lives on the seventh floor of a quiet New York hotel.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood had an important part in settling the Cherokee claims case.

Queen Alexandra's laces, linens and silks are perfumed in a simple and delightful manner.

No one woman in American society is more talked of just now than Mrs. Clarence Mackay.

Miss Anna Morgan, daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, is a healthy, happy and hearty young American woman.

Mrs. Stossel, wife of General Stossel, of Port Arthur fame, recently paid \$120,000 for a house in St. Petersburg.

Frau Prielle, who at one time was the most popular of all the actresses attached to the Royal Opera House, Buda Pesth, has gone mad.

When Queen Wilhelmina made a recent visit to an Amsterdam church, the pastor admonished the congregation not to rise when the Queen entered.

Countess Lonyay's collection, which is to be sold soon in Paris, includes a veil presented her by the city of Brussels on her marriage to Rudolph of Austria.

Miss Ida Ryan, of the graduating class of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has won the prize given by the Boston Society of Architects for the best architectural design submitted by a graduate.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Secretary Hay detested all unnecessary and wanton falsehood.

King Edward is to review the Scottish Volunteers at Edinburgh.

Elihu Root has his sense of humor, which gleams out now and then.

It is said that Emperor William has a choice selection of American slang words.

Prince Peter Kropotkin, the famous social reformer, now resides at Bromley, England.

The Duke of Sutherland is perhaps the best locomotive engineer in the British peerage.

General Booth, head of the Salvation Army, has just returned to London after a 30,000 mile trip.

Contrary to the general opinion in Mexico and abroad, President Diaz is not a multi-millionaire.

Notwithstanding his seventy-five years, Emperor Francis Joseph is still greatly addicted to the chase.

Admiral Evans has been asked by the crew of the battleship Missouri to assign a mule to the ship as mascot.

The yearly allowance of the Mikado, which is at the same time that of the whole imperial family, is now \$1,500,000.

Alphonse Bertillon, the inventor of the finger-print system of identifying criminals, is described as a quiet, modest man.

By the retirement of Rear-Admiral Charles E. Clark, the United States Navy loses another of its veterans of two wars.

Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court, was mistaken for an itinerant German musician at the Savoy Hotel, London, recently.

King Edward VII. has made Count Kutsura, Prime Minister of Japan, a member of the Order of the Bath, and Baron Komura a member of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

New York Tunnel Accident.

New York, Special.—More than a dozen passengers in a parlor car on the Boston Express over the New York New Haven & Hartford and Boston & Albany tracks were injured Monday when the car jumped the track in the New York Central tunnel at Fifty-sixth street. The train, which left New York at noon, was going slowly when a defective switch threw the car off the tracks against the iron pillars, which tore away a portion of the front and side of the car.

Prominent Man Dead.

Lynchburg, Va., Special.—N. R. Bowman, president of the Lynchburg common council, and a prominent business man, died Sunday morning, after a long illness. He was a Confederate soldier and for some time was president of the Lynchburg tobacco trade. At his death he was interested in a real estate company. He was 69 years old and is survived by his widow and seven children, all of whom reside here, except the eldest, Walker Bowman, of New York City.

Gov. Glenn Entertained.

Boston, Special.—Gov. R. B. Glenn, of North Carolina, was entertained at dinner at the Algonquin Club. The dinner was given under the auspices of the American Invalid Aid Society, S. S. Pierce and General Charles H. Taylor.

Freight Depot Burns.

Bristol, Special.—The freight depot here, owned jointly by the Norfolk & Western and the Southern Railways, was destroyed by fire. The loss will probably reach \$50,000.

Father and Son Graduate Together. Gallagher & Gallagher is the name of a new law firm in Cleveland, the members being father and son. Both are graduates of the same law school, which they entered together three years ago, just after young Gallagher left high school. They graduated together, were admitted to the bar at the same time and side by side took the oath yesterday. The father is 43 years old and the son nearly 22.

NORTH STATE NEWS

Many Newsy Items Gathered From all Sections.

Charlotte Cotton Market.

These figures represent prices paid to wagons:

Good middling10.00
 Strict middling10.00
 Middling10.00
 Tinges9 to 10
 Stains7 to 9

General Cotton Market.

Galveston, firm10 3-16
 New Orleans, firm10 1/2
 Mobile, steady10
 Savannah, steady10
 Charleston, firm10
 Wilmington, steady10 1/4
 Norfolk, steady10 1/2
 Baltimore, nominal10 1/2
 New York, quiet10.90
 Boston, quiet10.00
 Philadelphia, steady11.15
 Houston, steady10 3-16
 Augusta, steady10 1/4
 Memphis, quiet10 1/2
 St. Louis, quiet10 1/4
 Louisville, firm10 1/2

Bank of Warren Organized.

Warrenton, Special.—The Bank of Warren was organized with a capital stock of thirty thousand dollars, to do a commercial and saving business. The officers are: Tasker Polk, President; M. J. Hawkins, Vice-President; C. N. Williams, Jr., Cashier. Directors: M. J. Hawkins, Thomas Gresham, J. M. Coleman, P. R. Perkinson, C. N. Williams, Jr., J. A. Dameron, Dr. P. J. Macon, W. S. Terrell, Tasker Polk and R. B. Davis. The bank will open for business November 1st.

Tar Heel Notes.

Thursday afternoon in the office of the Standard Chair Company, of Thomasville, was organized one of the strongest and most effectual chair association ever consummated in the State, or the entire South. Owing to the great increase of labor and all material required in the construction of chairs, practically all the factories in the State are making double cane-seat chairs and open cane-seat representatives to Thomasville yesterday and organized the North Carolina Chair Association, with Mr. E. S. Lambeth, of Thomasville, as president; Mr. O. E. Mendenhall, of Lexington, as first vice president; Mr. S. L. Davis, of High Point, as second vice president; Mr. S. H. Tomlinson, of High Point, as secretary and treasurer.

On Thursday a beautiful monument to the Confederate soldiers was unveiled at Lexington. The monument stands 22 feet high and was built by the Carolina Marble Company, of Lexington, at a cost of \$2,025. On top of the marble column is a bronze figure of a Confederate soldier six feet in height, in full uniform and with musket at ready arms. The base and shaft of the monument are of Vermont Barry Granite. On the shaft is carved a Confederate flag, and on the sides of the base appear carvings of drum-sticks, an anchor, cross-arms and swords. Besides these symbols, the monument is inscribed on one side: "Our Confederate Dead." "Erected by the Robert E. Lee Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, September, 1905."

A railroad track, about a quarter of a mile in length, has been laid from the depot at Moncure to Deep River, on which will be handled the heavy machinery that is to be used in the construction of the electric power at the Buckhorn dam. Some pieces of this machinery will weigh over 30,000 pounds.

The State pension board, in dividing the \$275,000, pension money, gives the same allowance to first, second and third class pensioners and \$18 to fourth class and widows, which is an increase of four dollars for them.

The annual convention of the A. M. E. Zion church was held in Charlotte last week, and was largely attended.

Charters were granted the Cox Lumber Company, of Ashboro, to manufacture sash, doors and blinds, capital \$25,000, incorporators, C. L. Cox, W. L. Ward, J. R. Ward; the Taylor Mattress Company, of Salisbury, capital \$25,000, incorporators, R. B. Thompson, B. H. Hamilton, and C. A. Taylor.

A charter is granted the Piedmont Telephone Company of Lexington, with \$10,000 capital.

There is talk of a \$100,000 cotton mill at Statesville.

Gov. Glenn and party have had a great time in the north.

The investigation into the death of the patient, Nall, formerly an inmate of the State hospital for the insane at Raleigh, which aroused a good deal of interest, developed the fact that he died from abnormal heart dilation. Thus the guards and attendants who had been under suspicion of foul play were exonerated.

Asheville will soon begin the erection of a ten million dollar tank to hold water for the city's supply.