

A STRONG LETTER.

Mr. Biting Declares Butler's Arguments Against the Amendment

AN INSULT TO THE WHITE MEN

Of the State.—Mr. Biting Studies the Amendment, and Wants No More "Anti" Literature.

The following is a genuine letter sent to Chairman Simmons from Forsyth county. The writer of it, Mr. Z. B. Biting, was uncertain at one time as to how he would vote, and so expressed himself to a revenue officer who gave him the name of Butler, and the (Butler) sent him the letter he refers to. Mr. Biting thereupon got the amendment and convinced himself that it had been misrepresented to him by the doolies, and writes this letter:

MR. BITTING TO SENATOR BUTLER.

Rural Hall, Forsyth Co., N. C., March 14th.

Senator Butler, Dear Sir:—You letter came some days ago, and with it the papers you got up to defeat, as you say, the amendment to the constitution of this State, but really the letter you send has so much more to do with the destruction of the peaceable condition of our people now, that I think it nothing but right for me to tell you that you do not send me any more such. When I read the following in your letter sent to me: "We must band ourselves together and fight until this red shirt mob is driven from power," I think you insult me and every other man who voted in 1898 to get rid of the awful state of things negro rule had brought us to. You may not have intended it to insult me, but it is wrong for you, way yonder safe in Washington, to try to bring on a fight among us down here, who are peaceable people.

I would have wondered why this matter was sent to me, a life long Democrat, if you had not enclosed two large blanks for me to fill up and return to you. One marked Form No. 1, and the other "List of Democrats who do not approve of the amendment." Now I've got the amendment. I know it, and I've got the amendment. Now I know, like a great many white men, before I read this amendment, I spoke my doubts about voting for it. I spoke from the lights I then had as to its meaning, and I am satisfied that a certain revenue officer of my neighborhood or somebody who heard me talk, sent my name to you, and that's how I come to get your letter, and that's why I replied for over a month the Asheville Gazette, which came to me as a Democratic paper, but is very bitter on the amendment. I read in that paper:

"That the amendment 'would disfranchise whites and negroes both, if they could not read and write. I was troubled, and I sent for a copy of the amendment to Secretary of State Thompson, at Raleigh, and looked this matter up for myself. In section 4 I found this: 'Every person presenting himself for registration shall be able to read and write any section of the constitution in the English language;' that looked sketchy to me, but I read on and in section 5 I read this: 'No male person who was entitled to vote on January 1, 1867, or prior thereto, and no lineal descendant, (their) of any such person shall be denied the right to vote by reason of his failure to possess the educational qualification mentioned in paragraph 4.' Now I've got sense enough to know that before 1867 negroes couldn't vote and white people could, and this certainly means, that ALL white men will be let in, and all negroes, who can't read and write will be ruled out, and I am free to say, that's exactly what I would like to have done.

Second: But my mind was disturbed the second time by reading in the Gazette afterwards in explaining my asking if this wasn't so, by its saying that if the law could stand like this, yes, though it had said the opposite at first, but it was in two sections and the Supreme Court would knock out the grandfather, or section 5, part of the bill and let the reading and writing section 4, stand, therefore cutting out everybody, white and black who were ignorant of black learning from voting anywhere. I had lost some faith in the Gazette for catching it in the first mistake, so I went to studying again.

And this is the way I studied it out. The Democratic party is made up of white men entirely and it must stand up for its own people. It certainly has had to do it ever since the war, and it is the party of the laboring people who really dislike a negro's manliness more than you high-class office-holders, and I don't mean offense to you, if so I beg your pardon. Now a heap of white people can't read and write, but they have been killing nigger votes for the Democratic party ever since niggers begun voting against honest white men, and they begun it early and have kept it up late. Would that party, I thought to myself, be fool enough to cut its own throat by handing one of these honest white friends who had no book-learning a ticket and say: "Here you uneducated fool, vote this ticket for the amendment and I guarantee it will destroy your privilege of ever voting for me any more, because you can't vote no more for anything," and to a nigger that's voted against it all his life say, "Here, you educated nigger, you are better than that white man, take this ticket and you and him together will kill his chance to vote any more."

Mr. Butler, anybody knows that's all rot, ridiculous, and so I found that the best men in this State and other States and in the United States Senate all said that the hullabaloo over the constitutionality of the amendment because it was in two sections, and that the bad section was good law, and the good section was bad law, was just dust kicked up to save the nigger from being disfranchised, by scaring just such men as me.

I have found out that a law just like

this has been working in Louisiana for three years, and is working all right, white men voting right along and niggers have quit voting and fooling and gone to raising cotton, and I thought to myself, "That's just what I want them to go to doing here, and I believe I will help to push it along and take the risk," when I heard, that to satisfy everybody's doubts, the members of the Legislature had put this law before the people, have given it out that it will meet again in June, and the very first thing it does will be to put both section 4 and 5 in one section, and give the white man a chance to rule this country. That's right. Then for CERTAIN every white man who was born and raised in this country, no matter whether he ever looked in a book, can evermore vote, but a nigger who couldn't vote in 1867 and none of his heirs who can't read and write now, could ever vote, and that is honestly about like I want it, for I do not believe that God Almighty ever intended for niggers to have equality over white people, and I know I don't intend to if I can help it, without hurting any of my own race and blood.

Third: The Gazette, instead of being satisfied at this prospect of having the amendments married in June and everybody happy, so it could not be decided by the court to be unlawful in the good part and lawful in the bad part, but lawful all over, then jumped another rabbit and it was this: white men, after 1908 who can't read and write can't vote. I got my law and read it again and I found that it says, in section 5: "All persons who register and vote before 1908, shall have their names enrolled and kept forever," so you see their names are kept in this record in the court house, so that there can never be any dispute over their not always voting. 1908 only means persons who get to be 21 after then and I explained this to one of my revenue officer friends who seems to take a great interest in me somehow, and he said that would be all right, but the trouble is, that after then there might be more educated niggers than white men, and I couldn't help from telling him that if he thought that much better of a nigger than a white man's capacity, I don't, and if I did, why I am that more bent and determined now to vote for the amendment so as to evermore cut out a nigger's prospect to overgeneral his children. And I couldn't help from asking him if he was so much concerned about a nigger's voting after 1908, how in the name of common sense he was so anxious to keep him voting now he had a chance to stop it right away. He left about then to cut up somebody's still and I never heard his reply.

The last report I have heard was one sent out from revenue headquarters at Winston. They say that it is that all who failed to pay their taxes by the first of March, just gone, will not be allowed to vote under the amendment. I picked up the law and went to study it again and I found this: "And be it enacted that any person who shall have failed to pay his poll tax on or before the 1st day of March for the previous year."

Now that did phase me a little, until common sense and a little thought told me that as it could not be a law until we voted on it, and we did not vote on it until August, 1900, how the dickens could anything in March, 1900, affect my rights, but I kept on reading and when I got down to sub-section 2, I read this: "The provisions of this constitution, etc., shall go into effect on the first day of July, 1902, etc." So that looked like a sockdologer to false report No. 7.

Now Mr. Butler, I have honestly told you the trouble of my mind, and how I came to experience perfect satisfaction about the amendment, and the more I understand it the better I like it, but I can feel for them who are yet honestly trying to get out of the darkness, for I was honestly in the dark myself. The more I am informed on this amendment the better I like it. I am stronger than ever for it since I have found out that that same Asheville Gazette, pretending to be Democratic, had been bought up by office-holding Republicans for the purpose of deceiving, and I hate a traitor and spy, deceiving, and I think you could have read the amendment carefully. If you will send to Mr. F. M. Simmons, Raleigh, N. C., for a copy, he will send you one, or if you prefer not asking him, write to our new county chairman, at Winston, N. C., Mr. Andrew Joyner, and he will send you or anybody else one, with Lieutenant Governor Charlie Reynolds' name to it, to show that it is the genuine article, just like it passed. Excuse this long letter, I suppose you meant well by writing to me, and I certainly mean well by writing to you.

Yours truly,

ZEBULON BAIRD BITTING.

ANOTHER REPUBLICAN LIE.

A Ridiculous One This Time.

The 3rd section of the amendment provides: Section 3. "Every person offering to vote shall be at the time a legally registered voter as herein prescribed and in the way herein provided by law, and the General Assembly of North Carolina shall enact general registration laws to carry into effect the provisions of this article."

The Republicans, although they do not print it in their papers, because they know that then that is the soon be exposed, are having the revenue doolies and other bush-whackers to tell the people that under this section of the amendment the Legislature is given the power to set aside through the registration laws the 5th, or grandfather, section of the amendment, and that it can under this section pass registration laws which will require everybody to register under the 4th section.

the amendment, being misled by this statement of these bush-whackers. They are only making this statement to persons who they think have not read the amendment, or who will probably not read the amendment. It is simply another attempt of the Republicans in their desperation to fool and mislead the uneducated whites. This, like the other misrepresentations of the advocates of negro domination, will not avail them. They will learn before the election that it is always best to be frank and honest with the people.

FOOLHARDY COURAGE.

The Asheville Gazette, Republican Organ, Says it is Better to Steal Than to Belong to a Democratic Club

The Asheville Gazette, which is recognized as the Republican organ of the State and published under the auspices of Pritchard, Pearson and Holton, in a recent issue in commenting upon the publication by the Washington Post and certain North Carolina journals of the fact that Downing, Dockery's star witness in his contest for the seat of the Hon. John D. Bellamy, had been caught by the police of Washington city in the act of robbing a drunken man and arrested and put in jail for larceny, used the following language:

"Downing was a leading light in the 'White Union' club and at the election was a Democratic registrar, which, in our opinion, were much worse offenses than robbing a drunken man." In commenting upon this declaration of Pritchard's organ, the Asheville Citizen editor writes to Norton, the editor of this disreputable and discredited sheet the following just rebuke: "Robbing a drunken man is larceny, and under some circumstances is highway robbery; but according to Norton either larceny or highway robbery is a less crime, less degrading, less heinous and less felonious than to be a member of a 'white union' or to be a Democratic registrar. It might be said that Norton has overstepped the bounds of decency—but for the fact that it is a long time since he was on this side the bounds of decency."

Butler's threat to 'whip' the white men out of the State seems to have infused a sort of drunken or idiotic courage into a few curs. When curs of low degree insist on making themselves obnoxious it is not infrequently the case that something of a disagreeable nature occurs to them. Nothing that Norton can say can injure the standing of any white man, much less attach a stain to the white men of North Carolina.

After all perhaps it is Pritchard, not Norton, who is responsible for the Gazette. Nevertheless, even if that be true, no decent man would hire himself to write what Norton writes."

Butler's Unpardonable Sin.

Senator Butler strenuously denied saying that "outrages were committed by negroes hired by Democrats for partisan purposes." It was proved that he said it by the best citizens of Edgecombe and Nash. But it was said in his own borders under stress of political excitement and some very ill-considered words spoken in an excitement. But when he gets up in Congress in the presence of the nation's assembled wisdom and reiterates the charge that there are white men in North Carolina who, for partisan purposes, will hire negroes to assault white women, the whip he was going to drive Democrats out of the State with ought to be used on him when he sets foot on our soil again. If such methods were encouraged by Democrats, the "whip" of just indignation and righteous wrath will be used by all self-respecting North Carolinians on this Senator who traduces his own people.

In his speech on Feb. 6, on the Pritchard resolution, page 1783, Congressional Record, Butler uses these words: "Now what class of negroes would be left to vote? There would be many thousands who would still vote, and this number would include all that element who have been active and offensive in politics, and who, either from innate perversity or for a consideration, have furnished the capital necessary to enable the machine politician to raise the negro cry and appeal to race prejudice.

Here is the man who misrepresents us at Washington. "Let's whip him out" of the State's list of office-holders next August. We can do it, and the people are getting ready in every county in North Carolina. The unpardonable sin in Southern politics is to exalt the political power of the negro and the crime for which there is no forgiveness—here or hereafter—is for a Southern man to slander the people of his State.—News and Observer.

Dr. Meserve's parting remarks to the graduates were brief, but to the point. He pointed out the serious nature of the battle of life upon which the graduates are entering; the thorns and pitfalls that encompass the traveler, and counseled them as to their conduct through the journey. He strongly advised the young men to keep out of politics; to exercise their right of suffrage, but carefully avoid further connection with party or partisan. The only things gained by the colored race in North Carolina, through politics, said the speaker, are the "Jim Crow" car law and disfranchisement. Politics, as a vocation or profession, he argued, is bound to result ruinously.

Not long after the negro editor, Messer, left Wilmington and the other obnoxious whites and blacks were expelled from that place, a negro preacher named Scott, of Henderson, went to New York and at a "Manly meeting" unhooked the vials of his wrath. He was notified by Henderson people that his return to that place would not be permitted. A Henderson man says that notwithstanding this Scott appeared there a day or two ago. He was waited on and told he must depart in 24 hours He departed.

PUT A RED SHIRT ON HIM.

Richmond County's Sheriff Received a New Wig.

Rockingham, N. C., Saturday night was a rousing time in the bright little Democratic hall of the Pee Dee Factory. Eloquent and convincing speeches were made by Messrs. D. M. Whitlock, A. S. Dockery and Paul C. Morrison. The commodious hall was crowded and yet a large portion of the audience failed to get inside. It was the occasion of the election of officers for the Pee Dee Factory White Supremacy Club, which election resulted President, Charles Wesley; Vice president, J. O. Gibbs; secretary, James Meacham.

Mr. Wesley will make a bold, able and intelligent presiding officer. In fact we cannot too highly commend the entire result of the election.

The most interesting and significant incident of the occasion was the presentation of a magnificent red shirt to Sheriff T. S. Wright, our sheriff. The cloth from which this beautiful famous red shirt was made, was worn and made at the Pee Dee Factory, by the young ladies of the factory, all or nearly all of the young ladies weaving a few threads and sewing a few stitches until the beautiful garment was complete in every particular.

The presentation address was made by that eloquent Englishman, Mr. Geo. Warburton, long since an adopted son of the old Tar Heel State, whose reputation as an eloquent speaker, himself the superintendent of the "weave room" was fully sustained on this occasion. He alluded with pride and fervid patriotism to the achievements of Democracy, with its motto, "the lovers of white supremacy"; to the valiant fight made by Sheriff Wright in the great campaign of 1898, and to the grand battle to perpetuate white government in 1900. His eloquence and pathos were sublime in his allusion to the sad misfortune which befell a respectable young lady, one of their operatives, more than a year ago, at the hands of a negro brute. He said "spent sleepless nights, searching for the villain, and who wasn't that the Republican party?"

Are your friends, who hunted the brute or friendless? No, ladies and fellow citizens—it was the same party and same people who now propose to plant the flag of white government upon the dome of the State capitol; on every court house, school, and on the gables of every home inhabited by white people, who are white. It is this party that will rob our women, fight for them, and do for them? It is a quite fitting thing, young ladies, that you should honor those who honor you, and swear by the eternal God, to protect you now and forever, etc.

At the conclusion of Mr. Warburton's most excellent and altogether appropriate address, he called on Sheriff Wright who was met by these beautiful little ten year old factory girls, handsomely arrayed in white dresses, trimmed with red. These bore the red shirt, and after commanding the sheriff to kneel, each one of the trio, in fatherly style, repeated beautiful, heroic, pathetic poetry, selected for and adapted to the scene. Then they advanced and placed the shirt on the sheriff. On his front, on one side, were inscribed those magic words: "White Supremacy" on the other, "Our Sincerity." The scene electrified the audience and tears flowed freely.

There was too much to say for a sheriff, but T. S. Wright, a kind-hearted, whole-souled Christian gentleman, and a faithful minister of the gospel, who would not conceal his emotion, but when it had been subdued, he made a first rate, Tom Wright speech, one that captivated his audience and moved everybody to feel that they could brave any and every danger which lay in the pathway to general deliverance from negro domination. The sheriff said he was proud of his red shirt; that he was the first man who ever raised a white supremacy flag in North Carolina, and that when the campaign was over he would send the battered flag and start to the State Museum to be preserved as relics of the memorable victories of 1898 and 1900.

The opposition to the amendment is fast vanishing and you can put old Richmond down for a majority of at least 800 for the amendment. Give us C. B. Aycock or Governor, and W. I. Everette, of Richmond for treasurer, and other counties can file out the ticket.

The Pee Dee country is clamorous to have Capt. Myers on the ticket.

Western Republicans especially are showing independence. This week's Shelby Atlanta contains this card from a life-long Republican:

Editor Aurore.—I have been a Republican for twenty years and want to understand that I am in favor of the amendment. I believe if we drop the negro our party will be strengthened in the South. I believe in white supremacy, and the leading principles of the Republican party. I am a subscriber of the Aurore.

WALTER R. LANKFORD.

The Wilkesboro Chronicle editorially says:

"A Republican who has been prominent in Wilkes politics and has held office in the county, told us last week that he was not opposed to the amendment and would support it. He said that some of the revenues had tried to get him to join an anti-amendment club, but he told them that he would not do so, that there was enough of the hired revenue to run their clubs without him. This is the way to talk it. Let the revenues run their negro supremacy clubs and the white men will run theirs."

BUTLER TRIES TO WRIGGLE OUT.

Senator Aldrich Says He Was Correctly Reported.

Washington, March 13.—At the conclusion of the morning business of the Senate Mr. Allen of Nebraska rising to a question of privilege, said he had been misrepresented as to his position on the free coinage of silver.

"Nothing that I have ever said could by any kind of torture be construed as a lack of faith in my party platform, which declares for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1."

Mr. Allen read the colloquy between himself and Mr. Aldrich, which he said was the basis of the report concerning him. "I want to repeat," he said, "and I want the public printed to put this statement in black-face type, that I am a firm believer and always have been in the doctrine of free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, and I don't believe in waiting for any other nation."

Mr. Allen was followed by Mr. Butler of North Carolina, who desired to make a personal statement concerning a similar matter.

Mr. Butler said that the report of the colloquy between himself and Mr. Aldrich had not correctly represented him. This report stated that Mr. Butler evaded a direct answer to Aldrich's question as to whether or not he (Butler) was in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. Mr. Butler then stated his position as given during the colloquy. In closing he said he was in favor of the free coinage of gold and silver at a ratio of 16 to 1 by the United States, independent of any other nation.

Mr. Aldrich replied briefly, saying that the press account of the colloquy was a fair and accurate statement of what occurred. He had asked the (North Carolina) Senator six or eight times if he was in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1 by the United States alone, and had not received a direct answer. Mr. Aldrich said he was glad to get that statement from Mr. Butler, that he was now in favor of such free coinage.

In its new-born zeal in a bid to cause the Asheville Gazette to publish the affidavit of one M. F. Dowling, recently filed in the contest of Col. O. H. Dockery against Hon. John D. Bellamy, the Asheville Gazette introduced the affidavit thus lugubriously:

"To those who are not familiar with the campaign methods of 1898 in some of the eastern counties of this State the facts set forth in the affidavit of M. F. Dowling, which appears in another column of to-day's Gazette, will be a shocking surprise."

Now will the esteemed Gazette add that within a week after filing his infamous slander and falsehood as above, and appearing before the committee in the interest of Colonel Dockery, that he was caught by the police in Washington city, with a pocket full of whiskey, then robbing him of all his money and a diamond ring? It is upon the testimony of the sort of a scoundrel that the Gazette indulges in its denunciation of the efforts of the best people of all parties to remove the pole as Cassabianca did to the mast.

Now will the Gazette really believe that the several hundred negro voters of Asheville are the equals of a like number of white citizens of that town in any of the essentials which go to make a reliable or a proper governing class, it will never succeed in convincing the white Republican of that mountain section of such, much less white Democrats. The Gazette is engaged in a business it will yet be ashamed of, and will have future for its efforts. But Dowling is a sweet-scented witness for such enterprises as our mountain contemporary has chosen to enter upon.

Brevities.

Word has been received at Tampa, Fla., that the schooner Augusta E. C. Cook, Captain W. A. Allen, owned by the Crowell-Savaries Co., says that that city was wrecked at Hog Island, off the coast of Honduras during a heavy storm. The crew was saved and are now on their way home, with the exception of Captain Alley, who remained on the island.

ARP SEES ADMIRAL.

Bill Comes by Savannah on Return from Florida.

GOT IN CRUSH ON THE STREETS

Arp and His Wife Saw Dewey and Heard the Cheering of the People.

On our return trip from Florida we ran into the Dewey reception at Savannah. It had not occurred to us that this was any of our business, but at Waycross and Jessup and all along the line men and women were boarding the car like there was a carnival on hand and by the time we arrived we could hardly get into the depot for the people. In the course of time we got the leaveings of a dinner and took a car for the quarters until 9 p. m. From there we radiated down toward the De Soto, following the crowds that were gravitating that way. Seeing how they were massing on the broad sidewalk just opposite the hotel my wife said: "Let us stop here by this telegraph pole." It was a fortunate selection for the big pole behind her and the curbstone before her she couldn't be crowded to any extent. In half an hour the crowd was immense, and would have moved her from her moorings but for the pole. I braced her on one side with two solid feet and a firm corpesity. Expansion was the word and I expanded. All sorts and sizes of colors swarmed around us, but my wife stood solid to her post.

Arp's half hour passed, but still there was Dewey sign, and I began to feel a little tired in my legs and to draw a long breath once or twice in a while. Sometimes I would bend one knee a little for a rest and then change to the other. She street was kept clear by the mounted police, so that the military could have distance to march in platoons, but the military did not appear. Another half hour passed and we heard the solemn beats of a drum far away, so I braced up my knees for another effort. In the meantime fine carriages adorned with flags and bunting and beautiful ladies and swell gentlemen passed and repassed but no soldiers. I was nearly ready to drop to the marble flagging on which we stood, but my wife stood as firm to the telegraph pole as Cassabianca did to the mast. About this time a little heathen Chinese appeared at the big plate glass bay window and the small boys cheered him, for he was Dewey's pet that he brought from Manilla—a lad about 12 years old and as good looking as a Chinese ever gets to be. My wife said that was a sign, a forerunner, and sure enough Mrs. Dewey soon appeared and parted the lace curtain and gazed upon the crowd and smiled. I was not looking that way and my wife nudged me with her elbow and said there she is, but she had disappeared and I saw another lady in another window drinking a cup of tea, and remarked she is older than I thought she was and more thirty, and was then informed that she was looking at the wrong window. Still there was no sign that the show was about to begin and I drew another long breath and sighed. "Can't you stand it a little longer?" said she. "I am almost dead," said I. "I would give 10 to be out of this and sit down somewhere." It was then 5 o'clock we had stood there three solid hours. My wife endeavored to detract from myself to the flags and to the small boys who had climbed to the copings of the windows and up in the trees, but I felt like I was at a funeral and I was the corpse in the coffin. As last, Colonel Mrs. Dewey came again to the window and removed the lace curtains, and the admiral came with her and waved his hand to the outside multitude, and everybody shouted. The important crisis which were to have arrived had arrived. There was the great admiral in full regalia and there was his wife, radiant and smiling, dressed in a silver satin waist that was modestly low cut in the breastworks, and my wife could see diamonds sparkling and jewels shingling from her hair to her waist, but I couldn't, for the window was not raised and all that we saw was through a glass darkly, and my eyes were never shined much by diamonds. The admiral was sick and the doctors said the air must not blow on him. About the time the thrilling notes of a brass band came over the east wind and cheered the multitude and my wife nudged me again and said, "Isent that beautiful?" Tolerable," said I, for my knees were in a tremble and I was considering how I could stand up any longer. I had not realized the difference in our ages until then, nor how it was possible for her to outstand me, but she never faltered for a moment, nor complained of anything. She came there to see and she saw.

WOMEN AND WORRY.

A Feminine Fling Contrasted to Man's Indifference.

Despite the fact that worry digs untold wrinkles in their faces and sprinkles gray among their tresses, they will go on worrying through all time or until time has solved some mooted questions. If women had the capacity with men of getting up and doing battle with things, worry would slip off their shoulders as easily as from off those of the average masculine. Man doesn't worry about debt, because he feels that he has it within him, since money-making is his business, to make sufficient money to pay his debts some time. Women look at it more practically and consider the now. Man doesn't usually worry about his health, because he really has not the time. Man doesn't worry about the future—he is so madly interested in the present; nor about his clothes, for the tailor stands between him and that; nor about home matters—they, from his point of view, are too trivial—until he comes home to a badly cooked dinner, and then in his broad outlook there is no excuse for this state of things; for in business circles if an employe does not do his work properly his employer gets some one who can; and this is a method that will yet come to be a powerful lever in the leveling of a woman's worries.

The armless artist Felu has just died at an advanced age abroad.

He could do a number of things without arms that many men with arms are unable to accomplish. He always shaved himself, for one thing; and, presumably, without cutting himself; he wrote a successful play, and he painted a large number of pictures. Sometimes when we see the things that people have accomplished under great difficulties we almost regret our own advantages, although the first thing we should do were we to lose them would be to try to replace them in some way. The obvious moral of Felu, of course, is that we, lacking his disabilities, should accomplish much more than he; but this is a moral that only the young will meekly accept, and they only because they have to do so. The rest of us merely wonder, and find a few minutes interest in the contemplation of the phenomenon.

No Waste in This Waist.

There is a certain woman known as "handy" by our ancestors, who nowadays is simply "clever." One of these is recently justified periodical praise by making an ornamental and useful article out of a silk blouse. Mrs. Neat fingers needed another soft pillow, and thus she secured it. The waist was yellow taffeta silk, with small sprigs of white verbena and green leaves. She ripped it all apart and pressed it; then excepting worn spaces under each arm, cut it into two inch squares. These were basted to a muslin lining and the seams covered with narrow black velvet ribbon, which can be bought very cheaply by the ten yard piece. At the corners of each square where the velvet crossed she sewed imitation jewels, topazes, rubies or emeralds, and along the intervening lines, gold sequins. The edges of the pillow were bound with a wider velvet ribbon and full rosettes of the narrow were at the four corners.

standing on this cold, hard pavement. I want get over it in a month." This world is all a fleeting show for man's illusion given. Vanity of vanities saith the preacher.

Altogether it was a great show and pleased my wife immensely. She says she would have missed it for anything. And so I am satisfied, for all's well that ends well. We are home again and found a glad welcome at the depot from children and grandchildren. I tell you that in our little circle my wife and I are of more consequence than Dewey and his wife and the heathen Chinese all combined.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

NEVER ATE FOREIGN MEAT.

One Knows All the Facts.

A certain Major Brownjohn, who made it, his boast that he never allowed American or colonial meat to be served at his table, recently visited an old comrade in Liverpool. One night at dinner a most delicious saddle of (apparently) Welsh mutton appeared, to which the major did ample justice. "Ah!" he observed, "I wish that my butcher in London would send me stuff like that; and yet he deals only in the best British meat." "Well," said his friend, "as a matter of fact, you have been eating New Zealand mutton; but it's only fair to say that I get it from a friend who is a large wholesale importer." "By Jove, you don't say so!" exclaimed the guest. "I wish he'd tell me where I can get the like in town." "We'll go, and see him tomorrow," said the host. The visit was duly paid to the meatmonger, who smiled when he heard the Londoner's eulogy and explanation. "Tell me," he returned after listening to the epicure's remarks, "in what part of London you reside, and I dare say I can give you the address of a retail butcher who will supply you with exactly the same sort of mutton as that which you like so much." The major handed him his card. "Ah!" observed the importer, "there's the very man within two streets of your house. We supply him with all his meat. Here's his address," he added, handing a slip of paper to the seeker after succulent joints. The major read, the major started, the major frowned—the major, truth to say, cried vengeance; and no wonder, for the address was that of his own butcher, who dealt only in home produce.—London Sketch.

WOMEN AND WORRY.

A Feminine Fling Contrasted to Man's Indifference.

Despite the fact that worry digs untold wrinkles in their faces and sprinkles gray among their tresses, they will go on worrying through all time or until time has solved some mooted questions. If women had the capacity with men of getting up and doing battle with things, worry would slip off their shoulders as easily as from off those of the average masculine. Man doesn't worry about debt, because he feels that he has it within him, since money-making is his business, to make sufficient money to pay his debts some time. Women look at it more practically and consider the now. Man doesn't usually worry about his health, because he really has not the time. Man doesn't worry about the future—he is so madly interested in the present; nor about his clothes, for the tailor stands between him and that; nor about home matters—they, from his point of view, are too trivial—until he comes home to a badly cooked dinner, and then in his broad outlook there is no excuse for this state of things; for in business circles if an employe does not do his work properly his employer gets some one who can; and this is a method that will yet come to be a powerful lever in the leveling of a woman's worries.

The armless artist Felu has just died at an advanced age abroad.

He could do a number of things without arms that many men with arms are unable to accomplish. He always shaved himself, for one thing; and, presumably, without cutting himself; he wrote a successful play, and he painted a large number of pictures. Sometimes when we see the things that people have accomplished under great difficulties we almost regret our own advantages, although the first thing we should do were we to lose them would be to try to replace them in some way. The obvious moral of Felu, of course, is that we, lacking his disabilities, should accomplish much more than he; but this is a moral that only the young will meekly accept, and they only because they have to do so. The rest of us merely wonder, and find a few minutes interest in the contemplation of the phenomenon.

No Waste in This Waist.

There is a certain woman known as "handy" by our ancestors, who nowadays is simply "clever." One of these is recently justified periodical praise by making an ornamental and useful article out of a silk blouse. Mrs. Neat fingers needed another soft pillow, and thus she secured it. The waist was yellow taffeta silk, with small sprigs of white verbena and green leaves. She ripped it all apart and pressed it; then excepting worn spaces under each arm, cut it into two inch squares. These were basted to a muslin lining and the seams covered with narrow black velvet ribbon, which can be bought very cheaply by the ten yard piece. At the corners of each square where the velvet crossed she sewed imitation jewels, topazes, rubies or emeralds, and along the intervening lines, gold sequins. The edges of the pillow were bound with a wider velvet ribbon and full rosettes of the narrow were at the four corners.

Conduct is one-fourth of life; the rest is the other three-fourths.