

A Morning Scene.

Thanks to the men of enterprise who invest their thought, energy, time and money in the various industrial plants of our country, all of which contribute to increase its wealth, whether converting the products of the forest into material for building comfortable homes, or staple cotton into fabrics for clothing our bodies, or bringing up hid treasures buried beneath the earth's surface. They give employment to many men, worthy women, and dependent children, and help them to earn a comfortable living.

Thanks to the brawny arms that place the fuel and heat the furnaces to turn the ponderous wheels that set in motion a multitude of machinery, the hum of which is heard through all the living day, and at the early appointed hour sounds the whistle call, though often an unwelcome sound, for a sleeping community to awake from slumber.

There is a life and an inspiration in the early morning hours that are not to be found in any other part of the day, and those who cry for "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep," lose that freshness and cheer of day's dawn not to be found at any other hour of the day.

The stars give their brightest light just before the aurora of day. The birds, and all nature catch the inspiration of the first rays of light as they speed across the firmament ushering in the new day.

It is easy to imagine that, under the inspiration of seeing the starlit canopy covering Judea's hills some early morning as the shepherd-king kept watch over his flocks, he was enabled to write the beautiful 19th Psalm: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

Again, it is in the twilight of the morning that some of the most beautiful celestial appearances are seen. It was a recent morning phenomenon observed that moved the writer to try to pen those thoughts. The sky was thickly flecked with cloud from horizon to zenith, and as the rays of the rising sun fell upon the ethereal dome spotted thick with cloud, it was painted in blended colors, gold and crimson, blue and purple, etc., making a scene beautiful to behold and fit to engage the attention, admiration and adoration of all intelligent creatures.

And as we contemplate this scene painted by the divine artist with skill and power superhuman, we think of the clouds being black vapor, having inherently the elements of fire and air and water, which, in aggregated fury at times move violently, and spread death and devastation in their track. And yet these elements under the sun's rays are beautifully painted and present a scene glorious and sublime.

Now we turn from this scene of the natural sky to the moral sky of our race. And as we see it all spotted with the dark clouds of our depraved natures—ignorance, prejudice, hatred, base appetites and vile passions—causing sorrow and death to so many of the human family, may we not cherish the hope at the time of this Christmas tide, that there is a "Sun of Righteousness" to arise and shine, driving away the misty black of our depravity, and painting our moral skies in heavenly colors, and enabling every individual life, and every home, and every nation, and every enterprise of men to write, "Holiness to the Lord," and redeemed humanity to "sing with the spirit and the understanding" the chorus of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men."

O. E. CUNNINGHAM.

South Can't Afford to be Whipped.

The secretary of the mass meeting of farmers held here on the 17th has received the following letter:

Monticello, Ga., Dec. 20, 1904.

Dear Sir:—I have your favor of the 17th inst. notifying me of the mass meeting held in your county. Similar mass meetings have been held all over the South. I trust that all the farmers will hold determinedly and reduce their acreage next year 25 per cent., and curtail their use of commercial fertilizer in the same proportion. I thank you for the information contained in your letter and hope the good work will go on as the South cannot afford to be whipped in this heroic fight she is making. Her very future existence depends upon success in this instance.

Yours truly,  
HARVEY JORDON,  
Pres. Southern Cotton Growers Association.

Grip Quickly Knocked Out.

"Some weeks ago during the severe winter weather both my wife and myself contracted severe colds which speedily developed into the worst kind of a grippe with all its miserable symptoms," says Mr. J. S. Egleson of Maple Landing, Iowa. "Knees and joints aching, muscles sore, head stopped up, eyes and nose running, with alternate spells of chills and fever. We began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, aiding the same with a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and by its liberal use soon completely knocked out the grip." These tablets promote a healthy action of the bowels, liver and kidneys which is always beneficial when the system is congested by a cold or attack of the grip. For sale by C. O. Simpson, Jr., and S. J. Welsh.

Take Life Pleasant With Your Smiles, Laughter, and Love.

There is a prevailing opinion in the world that those who have the power to make others laugh, and who dare light temples of thought with windows of fun, are weak and shallow and ought not to wield the sceptre of the ruler or sit in the councils of a nation.

But I have never been able to fathom the wisdom of such a philosophy. I do not believe that a heart of ice is always the badge of a mighty brain. I do not believe that a frowning brow is always the token of wisdom. It is true that some great men frown, but all who frown are not great. It is equally true that a few great men laugh, but it must be confessed that all who laugh are not great. But I would rather trust my life and liberty in the hands of a laughing fool than in the hands of a frowning tyrant.

Nations do not suffer when their rulers sincerely smile and govern with mercy. But God pity the land whose ruler frowns and rules with an iron rod, and God pity the ruler himself, for the harvest of his frowns is death.

The frowns of Caesar made nations quake, but the harvest of his frowns was daggers, concealed under the cloaks of shuddering Romans, until the blood of Caesar dripped from the blade of treason in the corridor of the Roman capitol. Napoleon frowned and the world trembled, but his frowns were only the prophecies of Waterloo, which left the flower of France lying dead in pools of blood, while the uncrowned and untalented Napoleon wandered aimlessly on the battlefield, the somnambulist of a vast shattered dream.

Victor Hugo said of Napoleon the Great: "The frontiers of kingdoms oscillated on the map."

The sound of a super-human sword being drawn from its scabbard could be heard, and he was seen opening in the thunder his two wings, the Grand Army and the Old Guard; he was the arch angel of war. And when I read it I thought of the death and terror that followed wherever the shadow of the open wings fell. I thought of the blood that flowed, and of the many tears that were shed wherever the sword gleamed in his hand. I thought of the human skulls that paved Napoleon's way to St. Helena's barren rock, and I said: "I would rather dwell in a little log cabin, in this beautiful Southland where I was born and reared, and sit at its humble hearthstone at night in the firelight with my good father and bask in the smiles of my sweet mother and dear sisters, than be the arch angel of war, with my hands stained with human blood, or to make frontiers of kingdoms oscillate on the map of the world, and then away from home and kindred and country, die at last in exile and in solitude."

The life of Washington eclipses the glory of Caesar, and the beautiful reign of Victoria outlines the romantic record of Napoleon's rise and fall.

Rismarck was called the Iron Prince, but it cost broken hearts and billions of blood to build the throne and cement the empire of Germany. Glory may encircle the brow of Rismarck, and yet the humblest German peasant who scatters sunshine with his songs, and dries the tear of sorrow with his smiles, will sleep sweeter tonight in his humble cot, than the Iron Prince in his castle. I have come to believe that happiness does not often dwell in palaces, for the bubbling soul of laughter does not sit upon the throne of the kings, and from the mirthless heart of a tyrant the milk of human kindness never flows. Where there is no laughter there is no genuine love. Where there is no love life is a desert of evil. Laughter and love and happiness are the companions of pleasure, the patrons and allies of civilization, the handmaids of religion, the evangelists of God. They are the guardian angels of every christian home, the guiding star of every nation's destiny. They fondle the child in its cradle, they linger with frolicsome youth, they minister to struggling manhood, and soothe the pillow of age.

I would rather be the humblest among those who have given hope to the hopeless, and happiness to the distressed of my race, than to live in history as a conqueror, with my hands stained with innocent blood.

I would rather have my name written among those who have loved their fellow man, than to wear the laurels that encircle the brow of the Iron Prince. I would rather sleep in some quiet church yard, unknown and unremembered save by those in whose hearts I have scattered seeds of kindness, and upon whose lips I have conjured smiles of joy, than to be named in a sarcophagus of gold, with desolate homes as my monument and widows and orphans as living witnesses of my glory.

Every tender word we speak, every blessing we bestow, is a thread of sunshine woven into somebody's life, and all the smiles and sympathies which come to us from other lips and other hearts are threads of light and love woven into our own. But let the loom of love for a moment stay; let its blissful shuttle cease to fly, and that moment happiness will be dead on the hearthstone; and laughter and song will perish among the roses at the door.

In this world we see want, and we and poverty and trouble, and distress, and suffering, and agony, and anguish march in solemn procession before us, and I pity and despise the man who has no sympathy in his soul for his fallen brother or for the down-trodden and distressed of this world. God pity the homeless and friendless and ruined of our race. I never see a bad boy or a bad man but what I think some one somewhere and at some time was to blame for his lost condition. So let us not be too quick to condemn or too harsh in our judgment, for some day these two columns shall meet the stream of happy humanity filled with all the good things that go to make living sweet rolls on like a gleaming river, and the stream of the suffering and distressed and ruined of this earth, both empty into the same great ocean of eternity and mingle like the waters, and there is a just God who shall judge the merciful and the unmerciful.

A great man has said: "Our brains are clocks and our hearts are the pendulums. If we live right in this world, when the resurrection day shall come the Lord God will polish the wheels, and jewel the bearings, and crown the casements with stars and with gold. And the pendulums shall be harp-energated with precious stones. They shall swing to and fro on angel wings, making music in the ear of God, and flashing his glory through all the blissful cycles of eternity." So, then, let me ask you if you have love to give, give it to the living; if you have blessings to bestow, bestow them upon the living; for who would not rather have one smile, one tender word today, than to know that a million roses would be heaped upon his coffin, if he should die tomorrow? Who would not rather rejoice among the flowers of love while he lives, than to sleep the dreamless sleep beneath a wilderness of flowers? So strange that people kiss their dead, who never stoop to kiss their living, they hover over open caskets with hysterical sobs, but fail to throw their arms about their loved ones who are fighting the stern battles of life. I believe that a word of cheer to the struggling soul in life is worth more than all the roses of christendom piled high on the casket cover. Then why not, as we journey on through this world where we see so much sorrow, suffering and distress, stay today a ray of sunshine there, and plant a ray of sunshine there, and thus cause old distress, sorrow and suffering to burst into smiles, and smiles into laughter, and laughter into love.

W. Z. F.

Monroe, N. C., Dec. 2, 1904.

A Continual Strain.

Many men and women are constantly subjected to what they commonly term "a continual strain" because of some financial or family trouble, or some ailment, or because they are continually and physically affected, they serve badly and bring on liver and kidney ailments, with the attendant evils of constipation, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, low vitality and despondency. They cannot, as a rule, get rid of this "continual strain," but they can remedy its health-destroying effects by taking frequent doses of Green's August Flower. It tones up the liver, stimulates the kidneys, and causes healthy bodily functions, gives vim and spirit to one's whole being, and eventually dispels the physical or mental distress caused by that "continual strain." Trial bottle of August Flower, 25c; regular size, 75c. At all drugists.

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Approves Mr. Morrow's Suggestion

To the Editor of The Journal: I want to endorse the very excellent and sensible suggestion of Mr. Morrow, published in last week's Journal. If the farmers who have money would use it now in aiding their brother farmers, they would do both themselves and their neighbors a favor. This they can do in more ways than one. They can either lend directly to the farmers or indirectly through the banks. The latter course would benefit a greater number of farmers. The banks could not only lend directly to the farmers, but would lend to the merchants, thereby enabling the latter to indulge those who already owe them and also enable the merchants to give credit to farmers who are not now in debt, yet will need help in order to hold their cotton.

Furthermore, it enables the small farmer who owns no land and who could not borrow the cash from a money lender, to get indulgence and help from the merchants. There are thousands of dollars scattered among the people of Union county, lying idle and doing no one any good, not even the owners—more than enough to aid every farmer in the county in holding his cotton. Each farmer should not only hold his own cotton, but assist his neighbors to hold.

Our banks are doing all they can to help our people in this great cotton "bear" and robbers. But, in order to lend money, they must get money to lend. They must rely mainly upon our own people for deposits. Our banks are in splendid financial condition and the farmers and people generally who have idle money incur no risk in depositing in them. They have ample capital in them, have honest officers and carry fire and burglar insurance. They are great agencies for accommodating the people and should have the confidence and patronage of our own people. It is chiefly to the banks that our farmers, merchants and cotton buyers must look for help in this supreme struggle with the enemies of the Southern farmers. And, those farmers who need no help and have idle money can best aid their farming brethren by doing so through our excellent banking institutions. Our prosperous farmers must not only hold their own cotton, but should help their less fortunate brethren keep their cotton off of the market.

We think cotton is bound to go up, if it can be kept off the market. But when cotton is withheld, the merchants suffer, unless they can get help. Let us help them and thereby help ourselves. The situation is not what we would wish it to be, yet we have the means and good sense to cope with a much worse condition of affairs. There is no occasion for excitement or for the least alarm. Our people who owe debts could pay them easily at present prices if they were forced to put all their cotton on the market. Hence, there is no cause for any anxiety, because there can be no panic while the people are full handed. Let us have confidence in ourselves to master the situation, have confidence in each other and, above all, aid one another. The idle money in our county should be put in the channels of trade and commerce, and the present demand for ready cash could be easily met and the wheels of business would continue to revolve without a jar. If the people who hold idle money will help to furnish the ammunition, we can soon "kill the bear."

BUSINESS.

If you want a carpet of any kind, see our samples.

Monroe Furniture Co.

Dress your nice fat hogs, bring them to Parker's market and get the highest price for them.

The celebrated 4911 perfumes and soaps. M. E. McCauley.

Bring me your hides of every description.—J. D. Parker.

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Our banks are doing all they can to help our people in this great cotton "bear" and robbers. But, in order to lend money, they must get money to lend. They must rely mainly upon our own people for deposits. Our banks are in splendid financial condition and the farmers and people generally who have idle money incur no risk in depositing in them. They have ample capital in them, have honest officers and carry fire and burglar insurance. They are great agencies for accommodating the people and should have the confidence and patronage of our own people. It is chiefly to the banks that our farmers, merchants and cotton buyers must look for help in this supreme struggle with the enemies of the Southern farmers. And, those farmers who need no help and have idle money can best aid their farming brethren by doing so through our excellent banking institutions. Our prosperous farmers must not only hold their own cotton, but should help their less fortunate brethren keep their cotton off of the market.

We think cotton is bound to go up, if it can be kept off the market. But when cotton is withheld, the merchants suffer, unless they can get help. Let us help them and thereby help ourselves. The situation is not what we would wish it to be, yet we have the means and good sense to cope with a much worse condition of affairs. There is no occasion for excitement or for the least alarm. Our people who owe debts could pay them easily at present prices if they were forced to put all their cotton on the market. Hence, there is no cause for any anxiety, because there can be no panic while the people are full handed. Let us have confidence in ourselves to master the situation, have confidence in each other and, above all, aid one another. The idle money in our county should be put in the channels of trade and commerce, and the present demand for ready cash could be easily met and the wheels of business would continue to revolve without a jar. If the people who hold idle money will help to furnish the ammunition, we can soon "kill the bear."

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Approves Mr. Morrow's Suggestion

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