

# The Anglo-Saxon.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1902.

## HILL'S HARMONY PLATFORM.

There was a notable gathering of Democrats at the Tilden Club dinner in New York last week. Prominent features of the occasion were speeches by Cleveland and Hill and the absence of Bryan. Mr. Cleveland referred to Bryan as "the body of death and defeat" to which the party has been chained, and has himself been referred to, in return, as the "death's head at the feast."

There are just two facts which deserve recognition by the party at large.

Cleveland, with all his boast of winning victories, busted the party wide open, and left it, in 1896, hopelessly stranded upon the shores of disaster.

Bryan, with all his eloquence, his patriotism and his Populism, failed to reclaim it.

Cleveland and Bryan are more interested in vindication than victory.

Neither can serve the purpose of the immediate future.

Hill is the harmonizer.

While Cleveland and Bryan chew the rag of retirement Hill offers the olive branch of peace to each and gets him up a platform of harmony and practical Democracy. He's as able a man as either in the problems of statecraft, with the additional strength of a mastery of the arts of practical politics, which neither of them have, and he's a better representative of average Democracy. He offers the following platform upon which to unite the Democracy:

"There is substantial accord among Democrats of the country upon all the timely issues which are now engrossing public attention.

"We are all united in favor of the preservation of constitutional liberty wherever our flag floats. We are opposed to the permanent policy of this Government for the maintenance of dependent colonies to be governed out of the pale of the constitution.

"We are all agreed that the civil should always be superior to the military power.

"We all concur in the principle that public taxation should be imposed for public purposes only.

"We all favor freedom of commerce and therefore favor genuine reciprocity with foreign nations but are all opposed to sham Republican reciprocity, which is only another name for Republican hypocrisy.

"There is no division of sentiment in our opposition to dangerous corporate combinations of capital which create monopolies, stifle competition and unreasonably enhance prices of the necessities of life.

"We all stand for free trade in all articles controlled by trusts.

"We all desire justice for Cuba and justice to the consumers of the United States also.

"We all stand where Jackson, Blanton and Tilden stood, in favor of hard money, and opposed to irredeemable paper currency.

"We all recognize the dignity of labor and it is right to demand just and adequate compensation.

"We are all opposed to an immense standing army in times of peace.

"We are all in favor of the constitutional reform involved in the election of United States Senators by the people of the several States rather than by State Legislatures.

"We all adhere to that doctrine declared by Jefferson as follows:

"Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations; entangling alliances with none."

"With this substantial unity which exists upon these and other fundamental principles of Democratic faith to which I need not refer, we may safely appeal to the people; and in view of that satisfactory situation it would be folly to longer divide upon abstract or unreasonable questions."

## CORONATION POSTPONED.

King Edward Seriously Ill and Undergoes an Operation—Appalachian Park Bill Passed. Senate—Other Late News Items.

There has been quite general apprehension at the condition of England's new King, and on Monday his condition became so serious that an operation became absolutely necessary, and notice was at once issued that the coronation ceremonies, which were to occur to-day, were indefinitely postponed. Preparations for this event were more elaborate than any other in modern history, and there is corresponding disappointment, aside from the genuine anxiety for the King himself. It is thought the coronation will be postponed for at least three months, and that a more simple ceremony will then be made, if the King's health permits. There is an old prophecy that Edward would rule but never be crowned.

The Appalachian park bill, which North Carolina is largely interested in, passed the Senate Tuesday, with some amendments, it having previously passed the House. It provides for the purchase of a large mountain territory, mostly in Western North Carolina, for the establishment of a national park and forest reserve, and will add to the attractiveness and fame of our mountain country, besides the practical benefits of forest preservation.

The Judicial convention of the tenth district, which met at Salisbury last Thursday, nominated B. F. Long, of Statesville, for Judge, and renominated Solicitor Hammar. The nomination for Judge was made on the 412th ballot.

The cherry tree swindlers are required by Judge Boyd to pay \$12,000 into the hands of the court for distribution among their victims.

## THE TRAINED NURSE.

Statesville Landmark.

A few days ago Miss Margaret B. Boyd, a young woman who was formerly a nurse in Watts Hospital, Durham, died in Baltimore from the effects of a blow which she received from a delirious patient whom she nursed in the Durham hospital. The death of this young woman calls attention to a profession—a noble, self-sacrificing one—to which so many young women have dedicated their lives in recent years. It is doubtful if the work of the trained nurse is appreciated as it should be. These women who devote their lives to sick rooms are ministering angels. No matter what their motive for engaging in the work it they faithfully perform its duties they deserve the honor of men and the everlasting reward reserved for those who spent their lives in relieving suffering.

Saved From an Awful Fate.

Everybody said I had consumption, writes Mrs. A. M. Shields, of Chambersburg Pa., "I was so low after six months of severe sickness, caused by Hay Fever and Asthma, that few thought I could get well, but I learned of the marvelous merit of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, used it, and was completely cured. For desperate Throat and Lung Diseases it is the safest cure in the world, and is infallible for Coughs, Colds and Bronchial Affections. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at All Druggists."

## The Ten Commandments for Married Folk.

A cherry, handsome Baltimore wife says that every married pair may be as happy as herself and her "Frank" by observing the following which she calls "The Matrimonial Ten Commandments." Let each allow the other to know something. Let the husband frequent his home after business hours, allowing his latch key to gather rust through disuse. Let them be courteous to each other as they were before marriage. Let the husband appreciate the wife as his best partner and therefore confide in her. Let each assist in beautifying the home. Let her not worry him with petty domestic troubles. Let her not fret because Mrs. Neilor has a sealskin or hires a servant. Let her make home more pleasant than the club. Let her dress as tastefully for him as for strangers. Let her sympathize with him in business and be as wisely saving of his earnings as possible. To this add the good old rhymed advice and let it apply to both:

"Be to his fault a little blind,  
Be to his virtues ever kind"

Leads Them All.

One Minute Cough Cure beats all other medicines I ever tried for coughs, colds and throat and lung troubles," says D. Scott Curran of Loganton, Pa. One Minute Cough Cure is the only absolutely safe remedy which acts immediately. Mothers everywhere testify to the good it has done their little ones. Croup is so sudden in its attacks that the doctor often arrives too late. It yields at once to one Minute Cough Cure Pleasant to take children like it. Sure cure for grip, bronchitis, coughs. Richmond County Drug Company.

Hoping, as far as possible, to do away with private examinations, I earnestly request that all who desire to teach in the public schools, and whose certificates have expired by limitation, or will expire before July 1st, 1903, to attend these examinations, or those to be held on the second Thursday or Friday in October.

J. H. Walsh, C. S. S.

## "HARP OF A THOU-SAND STRINGS."

Bill Arp Revives This Humorous Sermon of Long Ago.

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

I have had an occasional request to reproduce and save from oblivion a sermon that went the round of the southern press some fifty years ago and was known as the "Harp of a Thousand Strings."

Not long ago I quoted a paragraph from it and a friend writes me from East Feliciana, La., and says that the author of that quaint old sermon lived and died in that parish and his daughters and grandchildren live there now and are his near neighbors. Strange to say the author was a minister of the gospel, sober, serious, solemn and devoted to his calling, and for a long time it was not known that the humorous writings over the signature of "Zedekiah the Scribe" came from his gifted pen.

This sermon was said to have been preached at Port Hudson, where the amateur divine had "tied up" for the double purpose of observing the Sabbath and telling whiskey.

I may say to you, my brethering, that I am not an educated man, an' I am not one of them as believe that education is necessary for a gospel minister, for I believe the Lord edicates His preachers just as He wants 'em to be edicated; an' yet in the state of Indiana, where I live there's no man as gets bigger congregations nor what I gets.

That may be some here today, my brethering, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I must say to you, my brethering, that I'm a Hard Shell Baptist. That's some folks as don't like the Hard Shell Baptists, but I had rather have a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here today, my brethering, dressed up in good clothes, you must think I was proud, but I am not proud, my brethering, and although I have been a preacher of the gospel for twenty years, an' I'm captain of the flat boat that lies your landing, I'm not proud, my brethering, ah.

I am not gwine to tell edactly what my text may be found, suffice it to say it is in the lads of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhere, between the first chapter of Generations, and the last book of Revolutions, and ef you will go and search the scriptures, you'll not only find my text thar, but a grate many other tezes as well do you good to read, and my text, when you shall find it, you shall find it to read thus, ah:

"And he played on a harp of a thousand strings—sperits of jest men made perfect."

My text, my brethering, leads me to speak of sperits. Now, thar's a grate many kinds of sperits in the world—in the fust place, thar's a sperit as some folks call ghousts, and thar's a sperit of terpenline, and thar's the sperits as some folks call liquor, and I've got as good an

## Rev. Tommy Dixon's Home.

Philadelphia Times.

"Elmington," the home of the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., the author of "The Leopard's Spots," is one of the most beautiful estates in Virginia. It occupies a commanding position on North River, an arm of Mobjack Bay, in Gloucester county and though now comprising 500 acres, was originally a crown grant of 2,000 acres from the King of England to the Whiting family. The house is beautifully situated on a peninsula which is almost entirely surrounded by water. On the spacious lawn are thirty-seven varieties of trees, many of them being giant oaks and elms, holly, cedar, magnolia and pine. There is a water front of one and one-half miles, one-half mile being on the North river arm of the bay, and one mile on Elmington creek, which winds gracefully around the house. The house is a massive brick structure of Colonial style, with a noble white pillar porch from which can be seen, within a radius of two miles, twelve or fifteen interesting old homesteads. It was erected 57 years ago on the site of the original structure, which dated to 1600. It is three and one-half stories high and contains 36 rooms. The walls are three feet in thickness and covered with Portland cement. The workmanship is of the best. The windows and doorsills are of marble imported from Italy, and the winding stairs and its two galleries are of solid mahogany. Hunting and fishing are pleasant diversions at Elmington. There are 25 acres of oyster ground on the river front of the estate, and so abundant is shell that they may frequently be seen on the lawn with the chickens. Wild turkeys and woodcock are also numerous. Mr. Dixon does most of his writing in an old house on the other side of the creek. Gloucester county in which this lovely old home is situated is one of the most historic in Virginia. Here was the favorite seat of the mighty King Powhatan, and here it was, says tradition, that the Princess Pocahontas saved the life of brave Captain John Smith. There is not a railroad in the county.

"You can't fasten a five thousand dollar education upon a fifty cent boy."

"Let the GOLD DUST twins do your work."

And thar is the Methodist' ah! They may be likened to the squirrel runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodist believes in gwine on from one degree of grace to another and finally on to perfection, and the squirrel goes up, and up, and up, and he jumps from limb to limb, and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls, and down he comes kerfummix' and that's like the Methodist, for they is allers falling from grace' ah! And he played on a harp of a thousand strings, sperits uv jest men made perfect.

And thar is the Presbyterians, my bretheing, with their longe frock coats and high shirt collars and dismal swamp faces, but they never cleared no new ground nor burnt no bush nor deadened no timber, nor killed no bars, they always waits for us hard shells to do that and settle up the wilderness and then they will slip in and go to plantin' and put no heavenly airs and claim to be the only people that are elected and shored of eternal salvation—and they played on a harp of a thousand strings—sperits of jest men made perfect.

And then my brethering, thar's the Baptists, ah! And they have been likened to a possum on a simon tree, and the thunders may roll and the earth may quake, and the lions roar and the whangadoodle mourn, but the possum clings thar still, ah! And you may shake one foot loose, and the others thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he lags his tail around the limb, and clings and he clings forever! for "He played on a harp of a thousand strings; sperits uv jest men made perfect."

Now as there are many kinds of sperits and many kinds of fire, ah! in the world, jes so there are many kinds of Christians, ah! In the fust place we have the Piscopalian's and they are a high-sailing, high-roosting, hifalutin set, ah! and they may be likened into a turkey bozzaro that flies up into the air, ah! and he goes up, and up, and up, till the fust thing you know, he comes down, and down, and down, and goes to filling his self on the carcass of a dead boss by the side of the road, ah! and "He played on a harp of a thousand strings; sperits of jest men made perfect."

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artikel of them kind of sperits on my flat boat as ever was foch down the Mississippi river, but thar's a grate many other kinds of sperits, for the tex says: "He played on a harp of a thousand strings; sperits of jest men made perfect." And thar's a grate many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place thar's the common sort of fire, and thar's the foxfire, and campfire, fire before you are ready fire and fall back and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex says, "He played on a harp of a thousand strings," sperits of jest men made perfect.

But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is spoken in the Bible, brethering, is Hell Fire! and thar's the kind of fire as a grate many of you'll come to ef you don't do better nor what you have been doin'—for, "He played on a harp of a thousand strings; sperits uv jest men made perfect." And thar's the kind of fire that won't be quenched. You m y fly to the mountains of Hepsidan, where the wodbine twineeth and the lion roareth and the whangadoodle mourneth for its first born, but you can't hide from the unquenchable fire, for it is the fire of hell and damnation, ah! And he played on a harp of a thousand strings—sperits of jest men made perfect.

Now as there are many kinds of sperits and many kinds of fire, ah! in the world, jes so there are many kinds of Christians, ah! In the fust place we have the Piscopalian's and they are a high-sailing, high-roosting, hifalutin set, ah! and they may be likened into a turkey bozzaro that flies up into the air, ah! and he goes up, and up, and up, till the fust thing you know, he comes down, and down, and down, and goes to filling his self on the carcass of a dead boss by the side of the road, ah! and "He played on a harp of a thousand strings; sperits of jest men made perfect."

And then thar's the Methodist' ah! They may be likened to the squirrel runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodist believes in gwine on from one degree of grace to another and finally on to perfection, and the squirrel goes up, and up, and up, and he jumps from limb to limb, and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls, and down he comes kerfummix' and that's like the Methodist, for they is allers falling from grace' ah! And he played on a harp of a thousand strings, sperits uv jest men made perfect.

And thar is the Presbyterians, my bretheing, with their longe frock coats and high shirt collars and dismal swamp faces, but they never cleared no new ground nor burnt no bush nor deadened no timber, nor killed no bars, they always waits for us hard shells to do that and settle up the wilderness and then they will slip in and go to plantin' and put no heavenly airs and claim to be the only people that are elected and shored of eternal salvation—and they played on a harp of a thousand strings—sperits of jest men made perfect.

And then my brethering, thar's the Baptists, ah! And they have been likened to a possum on a simon tree, and the thunders may roll and the earth may quake, and the lions roar and the whangadoodle mourn, but the possum clings thar still, ah! And you may shake one foot loose, and the others thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he lags his tail around the limb, and clings and he clings forever! for "He played on a harp of a thousand strings; sperits uv jest men made perfect."

Now as there are many kinds of sperits and many kinds of fire, ah! in the world, jes so there are many kinds of Christians, ah! In the fust place we have the Piscopalian's and they are a high-sailing, high-roosting, hifalutin set, ah! and they may be likened into a turkey bozzaro that flies up into the air, ah! and he goes up, and up, and up, till the fust thing you know, he comes down, and down, and down, and goes to filling his self on the carcass of a dead boss by the side of the road, ah! and "He played on a harp of a thousand strings; sperits of jest men made perfect."

And then thar's the Methodist' ah! They may be likened to the squirrel runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodist believes in gwine on from one degree of grace to another and finally on to perfection, and the squirrel goes up, and up, and up, and he jumps from limb to limb, and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls, and down he comes kerfummix' and that's like the Methodist, for they is allers falling from grace' ah! And he played on a harp of a thousand strings, sperits uv jest men made perfect.