

# The Chronicle,

WILKESBORO, N. C.

## VOES OF THE BOY.

What's the good of grown up people?  
Seems to me they're in the way.  
We'd have lots more fun without them.  
That's what all us fellows say.  
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,  
They're an awful rummy crew,  
And the chap as tries to please them  
Comes to grief before he's through.

Now, my dad, he told me lately  
Not to let him see me smoke,  
Said that if I did he'd teach me  
Not to copy grown up folk.  
Well, I thought he'd never see me  
If I smoked behind the shed;  
But he found me out, and awful  
Were the things he did and said.

Then the macker (though a grown-up,  
Very often she's a brick),  
Wanted me always to be honest,  
Told the truth and tell it quick.  
Uncle John dropped in one evening,  
Talked a lot of silly rot;  
Asked me was I glad to see him,  
Told the truth—but wished I'd not!

There's my sister, had a bracelet  
On her birthday from her bean,  
Twenty pearls to be honest,  
One for every year, you know.  
I said, "Better make it thirty!"  
Thought she'd like the extra pearls;  
Oh, my, but I caught it later!  
There's no gratitude in girls.

As for brothers and relations,  
They don't treat a fellow fair,  
Always sending one on errands,  
Or to wash or brush one's hair.  
Some folks say that boys are bothers—  
I think that's a great mistake,  
Seems to me, for causing trouble,  
Grown-up people take the cake!

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Chicago News.

Great thoughts seldom come in bunches.  
A man's best servants are his ten fingers.  
A man never poses as a hypocrite when he is alone.  
Every man is the architect of his own misfortune.  
Remember the kind acts of others, but forget your own.  
Wise is the man who speaks neither too soon nor too late.  
One thorn of experience is worth a dozen buds of advice.  
Self-made man would be all right if they didn't talk shop.  
Do what you can when you are unable to do what you would.  
Fame is a bubble that can't be secured by hitting the pipe.  
Misery loves company—and she usually has a houseful of it.  
Many an individual talks like a wise man and acts like a fool.  
In time of peace lots of men prepare application for pensions.  
A fool's modesty is never allowed to overshadow his inability.  
Filling a straight flush is equivalent to extending a helping hand.  
Gymnasts wear spring and fall clothing regardless of the season.  
Fortunate is the man who really deserves his own opinion of himself.  
If a man doesn't know when to be silent he doesn't know when to speak.  
Few people are envied because of their wisdom; many because of their wealth.  
It was an Irish philosopher who said: "Idleness clothes a man with nakedness."  
A successful man forms a plan and sticks to it, working like a gimetlet to a point.  
Nearly every woman on earth has lost a pocket book at some stage of her career.  
Many a man who attempts to wear the mantle of greatness is disappointed in the fit.  
A man's good deeds are limited, but there is no end to the mischief he can accomplish.  
Methuselah was fortunate enough to have lived before patent medicines were invented.  
What some men say should not be charged up against them, but credited to some one else.  
The candidate who gets the vote of the fair sex ought to receive quite a handsome majority.  
When it comes to struggling against the inevitable, the bald-headed man is in a class all by himself.  
Never have any dealings with undertakers if you can avoid it. They are a close lot—always wanting to screw a man down.  
If a man is inclined to lead a fast life he should lead it to the nearest hitching post and tie it.

**Extension of Free Delivery Service Beginning May 1.**  
New rural free delivery routes for North Carolina to commence May 1 next were announced by the Postoffice Department as follows:  
Charlotte (Mecklenburg county)—Four carriers. Length of routes, 91 1/2 miles; area covered, 79 square miles; population served, 2,192; number of houses on routes, 808. Carriers—William G. Ford, Peter Helton, Loy Dixon, McConnell and John M. Hatis. Postoffices at Bristow, Martindale, Holton, Nevin, Lovelady, Spurrier, Steel Creek, Nimrod, Dixie and Wriston to be discontinued. Postoffices at Shopton to be supplied by rural carrier.  
Huntersville (Mecklenburg county)—Two carriers. Length of routes, 48 1/2 miles; area covered, 49 square miles; population served, 1,845; number of houses on routes, 387. Carriers—John McW. Alexander and James Thomas Mayberry. Postoffices at Hopewell, Cowan's Ford, Minnie, Unity and Eastfield to be discontinued.  
Pineville (Mecklenburg county)—One carrier. Length of route, 24 1/2 miles; area covered, 18 square miles; population served, 636; number of houses on route, 166. Carrier—Lester L. Dowan. Postoffices at Observer, Ranaleburg and Wails to be discontinued.

At Rome, Georgia, Walter Allen, a negro, charged with assault on Blossom Adgerson, a white girl of 15 years, was lynched by a mob of 4,000 people on April 1st and was riddled with, probably, 1,000 shots after being hanged. He did not succeed in his purpose and claimed that he was innocent.

## CRIMES OF SLEEP.

Remarkable Homicides Committed by Men while Dreaming.

Much discussion has been occasioned among physicians, writes a Cleveland correspondent of the Boston Journal, by the statements made through the newspapers to the effect that the case of Henry C. Krause, who strangled his mother, was unique in the history of medical jurisprudence. The contrary is the case, however, for the medical books dealing with crimes and hallucinations and dreams are quite full of a similar character. A large number that are closely parallel to the Krause case are well known to the students of medical jurisprudence.

Dr. J. C. Aldrich, of Cleveland, said that the Krause case was fairly typical of a number of others cited in both medical and legal works. "One of the oldest cases of this kind on record," says Dr. Aldrich, "is that of an English gamekeeper and his son. They were guarding the preserves on which they were employed from poachers and the son had dropped asleep. The father called the son, awakening him suddenly. The son, half awake, seized a fowling piece and killed the father. The son was convicted, but pardoned on the ground that he did not know what he was doing when he killed his father, and that there was no criminal intent in the action."

"A friend of mine here in Cleveland told me of an instance in his own life that closely resembled the Krause case. We were talking about it when he told me. He is an aged man now, but years ago when a young man he was engaged in the Pennsylvania coal fields. There were many desperate men about the mines in those days, and there was always danger of attack. For this reason the gentleman always slept with a revolver under his pillow. One night he dreamed that he was being attacked by a band of desperadoes. He seized one of them and was about to kill him with his revolver when he awoke to find that he was choking his wife and pressing the muzzle of his revolver to her temple."

"Marc, the noted English alienist, cites a number of cases of this character. One of them is the famous case of a peddler, who was in the habit of sleeping beside the highway as he went about the country. To protect himself from robbers he carried a sword cane. A man passing him as he slept by the highway one night shook him by the shoulder to arouse him. The peddler, springing up, stabbed the man to death with his sword cane. He was tried for manslaughter and defended himself with the plea that he was but half awake and did not know what he was doing when he killed the man. He was convicted."

"Bernard Schedmaizeg's was another case reported by Marc. He saw a phantom that seemed to attack him in a dream and killed it with a hatchet, as he supposed. Instead he killed his wife. He was tried for murder and acquitted on the ground that he had not known what he was doing."

"Mr. J. H. Morley, one of the best known residents of Cleveland, told me of a case with which he was personally familiar. A man, hunting and camping out with a party of friends, was suddenly awakened and shot another member of the party in the back with a revolver, inflicting a wound that caused paralysis. He did not know, of course, what he was doing."

"In 1878 Simon Fraser was tried in Scotland for the murder of his child. He dreamed that he was attacked by a wild beast, which he killed in his vision. Instead he had killed his child by dashing the little one's head against the wall after taking him from bed. Judge J. L. Clark, before whom the case was tried, directed the jury to find that the prisoner had killed his child when unconscious of his act by reason of his condition as a somnambulist, and that he was not responsible for his act. The courts have held that a blow inflicted by a drunken man while struggling in his sleep was not punishable."

"There seems to be very commonly a peculiar unbalanced condition of the mind when a person is first awakened, and this is particularly true in childhood and in the cases of those whose mental balance is not perfect. Somnambulists are much excited when first awakened suddenly, and there seems to be some close relation between the dreams and the delusions of the insane. It seems to be a question whether murderous impulses in some cases are not the results of the influence of dreams. There are many questions involved in these cases of mental unbalance, but I believe that in all cases the courts have held that men are not responsible for deeds committed while they were asleep and were under the influence of dreams."

**Sharp Advance in Cotton.**  
NEW YORK, April 2.—I believe prices to be upon the eve of a very sharp advance which will shortly carry cotton considerably above nine cents in New York.

Receipts are falling off with an abruptness that indicates complete exhaustion. Exports of cotton to-day were forty-two thousand bales or about four times the receipts.

It is becoming more and more evident that the supply of cotton is absolutely insufficient for the world's requirements at present prices. Southern mills are making eager inquiry in New York for cotton to be shipped from here. The bears to-night seem to be really more concerned about the situation than at any time previously this season.

THEODORE H. PRICE.

Several farmers near Enfield, Ala., have cotton in bales which they kept stored since 1888 and 1890. Their farms are made self-sustaining, hence they hold their cotton for price suiting them.

## SMALLPOX AND THE BULL CALF.

Atlanta Constitution.

Some twenty years ago, the smallpox broke out in Lancaster, Ky., and a number of patients were confined in a house on the old Jackson place. The house was surrounded by a large pasture. In this pasture was a very fine bull calf, which escaped and was lost by reason of the gate having been left open. The premises and the calf as well belonged to two infant orphan children.

A suit was brought by a member of the Lancaster bar against the town trustees for damages done the building and also for the value of the bull calf. By agreement the mis-joinder of causes of action was waived. The attorney for the plaintiffs had taken copious notes of his anticipated argument and among other prominent headings was this: "Here speak of bull calf."

Another attorney noticing the notes wrote above the one referred to these words: "Here take a flight," and immediately below the words: "Here give the trustees thunder."

When the attorney for the plaintiffs observed the mangled condition of his notes he grew very furious and proceeded to denounce the world in general on that account, saying that an attempt had been made to make him take a flight from the back of a bull calf.

Finally, growing very pathetic, he concluded his speech as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury, my good old mother was a strong minded woman—peace to her ashes. She read two books, Shakespeare and the Bible. And when I think of these poor little children—not only infants but orphans—I am forcibly reminded of the beautiful extract that she read to me when I sat an infant upon her knee, from the play of 'Richard III,' where the Duke of Gloucester says, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

At this point the applause in the court room was deafening, and the attorney, little knowing what he had done, took his seat. He supposed that he had won the case.

**A Prisoner Shot on a Train.**

ELIZABETH CITY, April 3.—Thomas Early, the negro who attempted a criminal assault upon Miss Perry, at Ryland, on Tuesday, was shot while on the train in custody of officers, near Edenton to-day, and badly injured. The military company had been on guard during the day, while the negro was tried and sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment, and was conducted to the train by the soldiers. When the train had pulled out a short distance some one in the coach fired four shots at the negro, but it is thought he will recover. He was taken to Norfolk.

Early was captured at Cypress Chapel, just over the Virginia line, Tuesday, and turned over to the North Carolina authorities yesterday. He was taken through here last night en route for Edenton. On arriving at Edenton the news flew like such tidings generally do, and crowds gathered before 10 o'clock, with the avowed intention of lynching him. Sheriff Norman was forewarned of his coming and had secured permission to summons the military company to his assistance should this be necessary to protect the prisoner during the night.

The Superior Court was in session, and this morning the grand jury indicted him for an assault with criminal intent and before noon to-day he was placed on trial, convicted and sentenced to 15 years at hard labor in the penitentiary.

**Perplexities That Come With Triplets.**

Philadelphia Times.  
"I was called," said a physician, "to attend triplets. The three youngsters, a few weeks old, lay side by side in a crib, and it was a physical impossibility to tell one from the other. Each had a different ailment. The mother knew that one had a cough, but did not know which it was. Mother and doctor waited for a cough before deciding to which of the trio it belonged."

"A different medicine was prescribed for each, and the anxious mother was perplexed to know how she should avoid giving the wrong medicine to the wrong child. The doctor came to the rescue by placing a piece of red flannel around the neck of one bottle and a strip of similar material around the arm of the child to whom it was to be given. White linen and a piece of green cloth were used respectively for the other two."

**The Memorial of Jefferson Davis.**

New York Sun.  
The entire country must admire the dignity with which Mrs. Jefferson Davis disapproves the erection of a memorial arch to her husband in Richmond. The cause with which Mr. Davis was identified, was lost. An arch, the symbol of triumph, would, in Mrs. Davis's opinion, be inappropriate for his monument.

A far more splendid embodiment of Jefferson Davis's memory than any pile or form of stones is the South, prosperous, progressive and growing, with sentiment undiminished, but with energy multiplied a thousandfold. He dedicated his life to it, and there, in the minds and hearts of his fellow citizens and their descendants, his memory will live.

At a meeting held in Atlanta last week trustees of the Confederate Memorial Association definitely determined upon Richmond, Va., as the location upon which to build the Confederate museum. One hundred thousand dollars was donated by the late Charles Broadway Rouse toward the founding of a battle abbey in the South, provided a like sum could be raised by popular subscription. In the report submitted by the treasurer of the association it was shown that all of the additional amount had been obtained and pledged.

## COSTLY ADVICE.

When in a certain country district a month ago, says a business man, having an idle hour, I strolled into the country court-room, where I witnessed an amusing scene. The justice, a big, pompous official, with a voice like a trombone, took it upon himself to examine a witness, a little, withered old man, whose face was as red and wrinkled as a herring.

"What is your name?" asked the justice.

"Why, squire," said the astonished witness, "you know my name as well as I know yours."

"Never you mind what I know or what I don't know," was the caution given, with magisterial severity. "I ask the question in my official capacity, and you're bound to answer it."

With a contemptuous snort the witness gave his name and the questioning proceeded.

"Where do you live?"

"Wal, what next?" ejaculated the old man. "Why," he continued, appealing to the laughing listeners, "I've lived in this town all my life, and so's he," pointing to the justice, "and to hear him go on you'd think"

"Silence!" thundered the irate magistrate. "Answer my question or I'll fine you for contempt of court."

Alarmed by the threat, the witness named his place of residence and the examination went on.

"What is your occupation?"

"Eh?"

"What do you do for a living?"

"Oh, git out, squire! Just as if you don't know that I tend gardens in the summer season and saw wood in the winter?"

"As a private citizen I know it, but as the court I am not supposed to know anything about you," explained the perspiring justice.

"Wal, squire," remarked the puzzled witness, "if you know somethin' outside the courtroom and don't know nothin' in it, you'd better get out an' let somebody try this case that's got some sense."

The advice may have been good, but it cost the witness 40 shillings.

**Let Mullen Alone.**

Salsbury Sun.

We hope it is not true, as reported, that Senator Simmons will oppose the confirmation of Mr. J. W. Mullen as postmaster at Charlotte when his name goes before the Senate. Mr. Mullen has already paid a pretty steep penalty for the enjoyment of an unconventional jag in the shape of unpleasant notoriety. He has been assailed in the most brutal manner by extremists who seem to hold the idea that the only way to help a man when he falls is to kick him. Mullen is not a drunkard. He has erred, but never to the extent of neglecting his duty to the public in his capacity as postmaster at Charlotte. It is human to err and it is every man's just due to receive forgiveness. From all accounts Mr. Mullen is a capable and obliging official. The people of Charlotte want him re-appointed and their wishes should govern entirely in the matter.

**Only a Few Days Left.**

News and Observer.

There are not many days left for parties desiring to vote in the November election to pay their poll tax. Unless they pay by the first day of May, they cannot vote, but they will be compelled to pay their poll tax after that date.

In some counties the Democratic leaders are exerting themselves to bring this important matter to the attention of every white voter. In every county Republican politicians are assessing office-holders to raise the money to pay the poll tax for negroes. In some counties the Democratic leaders are idle when they ought to be hard at work. In Anson county the Democratic committee adopted this resolution:

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the chairman of each precinct committee call a meeting of his committee for Saturday, 5th day of April, for the purpose of putting such machinery in motion as they deem necessary to get Democratic voters to pay their poll tax before May 1st. These meetings to be held at the various voting precincts at 2 o'clock in the afternoon."

The Democratic committee in every county of the State ought to adopt that or some other method equally as effective for bringing this matter to the attention of all the white voters.

The time is short. They should act at once.

**Ventilation.**

London Science Sitings.

The amount of oxygen in the room is decreased alarmingly by our methods of illumination. A man may exist for an hour in a fair-sized room hermetically sealed if he has no light burning. Place a lighted candle in that room with him and his existence will be shortened by 15 minutes. If he had a lamp instead of a candle in order to make himself more comfortable with additional light, he would live only half an hour. If he had two good gas burners he would scarcely have time to make his will, for he would not live more than five minutes.

**Dr. Ered Peacock's New Business.**

GREENSBORO, N. C., April 2.—Dr. Ered Peacock, who has just resigned the presidency of Greensboro Female College, will turn his attention to the insurance field. He has purchased a half interest in the State agency of Mr. J. Sterling Jones, who has been the State manager for the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society, of New York, for the past sixteen years. The people of Greensboro are glad to know that Dr. Peacock will continue his business life in this city.

The sharper a man is the harder it is to make a fool of him.

## BILLVILLE LITERARY NOTES.

Atlanta Constitution.

While our leading novelist was dramatizing his latest novel the other night a lamp exploded and he was blown through the roof. We have read his book, but it is hoped now that we won't be compelled to see his play.

At a hot literary dinner Wednesday evening our poet laureate was choked by a leg of 'possum just as he was about to read an ode which he had chopped into proper lengths for the occasion. He has since been too full for utterance.

Having suffered financial embarrassments recently, our head poet offers to read his poems in public for a dollar a day. This is dirt cheap. They are worth a dollar and a quarter, at least.

"Is 'Possum Poetical?" was the subject of the literary debate Wednesday night. It was decided that 'possum is not poetical but mighty fillin'.

Our leading novelist had his leg cut off by a railroad, and unfortunately, received enough money from the road to enable him to publish another book.

Mr. Carnegie has been asked to please give Billville a free library. We already have a six-pound dictionary and a town lot.

Mayor Jones is hard at work on a History of Billville, from the first lynching up to the time when the rope gave out.

An indignation meeting was held in the rooms of the Literary Club last evening, to protest against the action of the Billville farmers, who recently ran down a dozen poets and put them to plowing.

The long-expected new magazine is out. So is the proprietor—about \$3,000.

The practical south plows her poets and the appreciative North pays them.

Two geniuses have located in our midst. That is, their business cards announce them as such.

In this cast iron age it is hard to appreciate an author sliding down a snow-bank with a spring poem in each hand.

A correspondent wants to know if literature pays. We can't answer that question, for we never let it owe us anything.

There was a literary jumping match at the picnic for the benefit of the new Dictionary. One of the competitors jumped thirteen feet and was declared poet laureate of Georgia.

**Stuffing Children's Minds.**

Mark Twain has issued a pamphlet entitled, "English As She Is Taught," which makes a needed protest against the attempt to cram the memories of school children with information far beyond their power of assimilation. The result often is that the poor little minds have a sort of indigestion which is to the true pedagogy more pathetic than it is amusing. Twain gives some of the answers in physiology by pupils in public schools:

Physiology is to study about your bones stumnick and vertebry.

Occupations which are injurious to health are carbolic acid gas which is impure blood.

We have an upper and a lower skin. The lower skin moves all the time, and the upper skin moves when we do.

The body is mostly composed of water and about one-half is avaricious tissue.

The stomach is a small pear-shaped bone situated in the body.

The gastric juice keeps the bones from cracking.

The Chyle flows up the middle of the backbone and reaches the heart where it meets the oxygen and is purified.

The salivary glands are used to salivate the body.

In the stomach starch is changed to cane sugar, and cane sugar to sugar cane.

The olfactory nerve enters the cavity of the orbit and is developed into the special sense of hearing.

The growth of a tooth begins in the back of the mouth and extends to the stomach.

If we were on a railroad track and a train was coming, the train would deafen our ears so that we couldn't see to get off the track.

John Bright is noted for an incurable disease.

**A Report Here as to the Cause of Capt. Ryder's Resignation.**

Salsbury Sun.

There has been much speculation here among railroad men as to the cause of Capt. W. B. Ryder's resignation as division superintendent of the Southern. A story is current today that last week Capt. Ryder received a letter from a superior notifying him that the passenger service on his division was not entirely satisfactory and inquiring as to the cause. Capt. Ryder's reply was a wire tendering his resignation.

"We do not want your resignation," was the wire sent back, "we merely want the trouble remedied."

"I don't care whether you want my resignation or not," Capt. Ryder is reported to have wired, "you've got it and had better have my successor here by April 1st."

**A Psalm of Life.**

Orange Va., Observer.

Tell us not in mournful numbers that town is full of gloom, for the man's a crack who slumbers in these bursting days of boom. Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal, for every dollar that thou turnest helps to make the old town roll. But enjoyment and not sorrow is our destined end of way; if you have no money earn it—work still harder every day. Lives of great men all remind us, we can win immortal fame; let us leave the chumps behind us and we'll get there all the same. In the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life, let us make for the dry bones rattle—buy a town lot for our wife. Let us then be up and doing with a heart for any fate; still achieving, still pursuing, booming early and booming late.

## WAITED FOR GROOM 60 YEARS

In the little town of Perth, in the Ottawa Valley, Canada, the death is announced of Miss Catharine Millar, known in the neighborhood around as "Kitty" Millar.

Sixty years ago she was a beautiful and accomplished girl in Scotland. She was engaged to be married to a young man who had a large interest in a Scottish thread factory. The day was fixed for the wedding and every preparation was made for the ceremony. The wedding day came and "Kitty," dressed in her bridal attire, awaited the bridegroom. Instead, there came a message that he had married another.

The shock affected her mind, and for several years she was confined in an asylum. The doctors finally decided that she could be given into the custody of her relatives, as they thought a change of scene and surroundings would prove the best cure. The Millar family removed from Scotland to Canada.

Nearly 50 years have passed since their settlement in Lanark county, Ont., yet never a month has elapsed in which "Kitty" did not don her wedding garments to await the coming of her lover. The dress was antique, of amber-colored silk, with a long front peaked waist, plaid and corded, with bell sleeves and skirt hanging oddly on account of the straight width.

The bonnet was also peculiar. It was made of white silk, trimmed with satin ribbon and a stiff lace matching the dress in color. Miss Millar was 80 years old when she died, and for nearly 60 years had preserved this wedding dress, expecting the arrival of her promised husband. All her immediate relatives had died before her and she was living with friends at the time of her death. She was buried in the bridal robes made in Scotland long ago.

**A Lawyer's Story.**

New York Times.

A lawyer of some distinction, who began practice in a small New England town, says his first client required a deed covering certain parcels of land sold to a neighbor. The deed was drawn in due form, and after its execution the client demanded his bill. It was \$2. The amount was objected to as a most exorbitant sum for the service rendered.

"I told him," says the lawyer, "that to enable me to draw the deed I studied two years in Lancaster academy, and this cost me \$200; then I spent four years in Dartmouth college which cost me \$250 a year more, and then I went to the Harvard law school for another year at a cost of \$500."

"So you see, Mr. Hines, that to get the necessary education to do this work I had to pay out \$1,700, and yet you think my charge of \$2 is a large one."

The man looked at me for a moment in amazement and then exclaimed: "Goeh! What a darned fool you must have been before they began on you."

From the same source comes the story of a lawyer who was said in his day to have drawn more wills than any one else in his county. Upon the death of a respected citizen there was much speculation as to the value of his property. The village gossip undertook to find out the facts. Calling upon Mr. Hayward, the lawyer referred to, he remarked:

"Well, I suppose you made Mr. Blank's will?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Well, then," continued the gossip, "you probably know about how much he left. Would you mind telling me?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Hayward, in his slow way. "He left every cent he had."

**Brother Dickey on Reformers.**

Atlanta Constitution.

"I notice," said Brother Dickey, "dat dey all time reform' meetin's in dis country ter hold de creeds what dey been livin' 'en dyin' by sence Adam wuz a boy climbin' apple trees in Eden. I kin on'er stan' holdin' a meeting ter reform sinners, but one ter reform de gosspil what is suppose ter save 'em beats my time! De Good Book say de way is so plain dat even de wayfarin' man, fool ez he is, needn't go roun' axin' fer de sign-post; en yit, dey goes stumblin, all roun', tryin' ter fin' somepin' wid a candle w'en de worl' is on fire wid de sun, blazin' so bright dat dey all gittin' 'climated ter de hereafter! De trouble is, de way is too plain fer 'em. Lak de readin' 'er a riddle, 'tain't wuth de trouble ef you kin on'erstan' it while de bell ringin' fer breakfas'. Things in dis worl' en out er it is go ter be confusin' ter give folks a chance ter rise in meedin' 'en explain what dey don't know. Hit's my opinion, up en down de country, dat de bes' thing fer de wise mens ter do is ter light in en reform de reformers. Dey sho' needs it!"

**Eighty-Four Millions Under the Eagle's Wings.**

Final results of the twelfth census give the total population of the United States on June 1, 1900, as 84,232,069, with a margin of error of possibly 1,000,000 accounted for by the uncertainty regarding the population of the Philippines.

Three countries only have a greater number of inhabitants under their flags—the Chinese, British and Russian empires.

The total area of the United States, the term "United States" including all insular and other possessions, is now 3,690,822 square miles, about one-fourteenth of the entire land surface of the earth. The same three countries exceeding the United States in population also surpass it in area.

The Mooresville Enterprise says that 98 per cent. of the citizens of Mooresville are church-going people, and 98 per cent. of her business men discount their bills.