

"BOB" TAYLOR'S TRIBUTE TO "LOST CAUSE" HEROES.

The following is a speech of ex-Governor Bob Taylor, delivered at a Confederate veterans' reunion at Brownville, Tenn.:

"Time in its tireless flight has brought us again to the full leaf and flower of another summer. The grass grows green about the dust of heroes; the roses twine once more about their tomb, and the morning glories point their purple bugles toward the sky as if to sound a reveille to our immortal dead. Another year with its sunshine and shadows, its laughter and its tears, its sowing and its reaping, its cradle songs and funeral hymns, now lies between us and the dark day at Appomattox when the star of southern hope went down and the flag of southern chivalry was furled forever.

"Another year has added whiter locks to the temples of these old veterans who wore the gray, and deeper furrows to their brows, and they now stand among us like solitary oaks in the middle of a fallen forest, hoary with age, covered with scars and glorious as the living monuments of southern manhood and southern courage.

"But we are not far enough away from that awful struggle to forget the bloody hills of Shiloh, where Albert Sidney Johnson died, and the fatal field of Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson fell.

"We are not yet far enough away to forget the frowning heights of Gettysburg, where Pickett's charging lines rushed to glory and the grave. We are not yet far enough away to forget Murfreesboro, Missionary Ridge and Chickamauga and the hundred other fields of death and courage, where the flower of the South, the bravest of the brave and the truest of the true, fought for the cause they thought was right and died for the land they loved.

"We are not yet far enough away to forget the agony and the tears of a nation that was crushed when the shattered armies of Lee and Johnston, worn and weary, half starved, barefooted and in rags, stacked their arms in the gloom of defeat and left the field of valor overwhelmed and overpowered, yet undaunted and unconquered. When time has measured off a thousand years the world will not forget the sufferings and the sacrifices of the brave men who so freely gave their fortunes and shed their blood to preserve the most brilliant civilization that ever flourished in any land or in any age, for literature loves a lost cause.

"Historians will some day sit down on our battlefields and write true history—history which will read like the wildest dreams of fancy that were ever woven into fiction, and poets will linger among our graves and sing sweeter songs than were ever sung before. For each moment is a volume within itself of wild and thrilling adventure, and every tombstone tells a story touching as the soldier's last tear on the white bosom of his manhood's bride, tender as his last farewell.

"I would not utter a word of bitterness against the men who wore the blue. They fought and died under the old flag to perpetuate the union, and they were men worthy of southern prowess and southern valor.

"I would not if I could rob Grant, the great and noble chieftain, of his fame and glory. Every Southern soldier ought to stand with uncovered head when his name is spoken. For when all was lost, in the darkest and saddest moment of southern history, he was magnanimous to Lee and kind to his battered and famished army. Along the blue lines of the triumphant foe, when the unhappy Confederates marched between them and laid down their guns, there was no shout of victory nor flourish of trumpets, but only silence, and tears.

"When the conflict had ended the Confederate soldier proudly stood among the blackened walls of his ruined country, magnificent in the gloom of defeat and still a hero. His sword was broken, his home was in ashes, the earth was red beneath him, the sky was black above him, he had placed all in the scales of war and lost all save honor. But he did not sit down in despair to weep away the passing years.

"His slaves were gone, but he was still a master. Too proud to pine, too strong to yield to adversity, he threw down his musket and lay his willing but unskilled hands upon the waiting plow. He put away the knapsack of war and turned his face toward the morning of peace. He abandoned the rebel yell to enter the forum and courtroom and the hustings. He gave up the sword to enter the battles of industry and commerce, and now in a little more than a third of a century the land of desolation and of death, the land of monuments and memories, has reached the springtime of a grander destiny and the sun shines bright on the domes and towers of new cities built upon the ashes of the old, and the cotton fields wave their white banners of peace and the fields of wheat wave their banners of gold.

"Who can portray the possibilities of a country which has produced the Lees and Jacksons and the brilliant Gordon and the dashing Joe Wheeler, who is as gallant in the blue as he was glorious in the gray, and the impetuous and immortal Bedford Forrest, the Marshal Ney of the Confederacy?

"Who can portray the possibilities of a country which has produced the stalwart and sinewy men of the rank and file, who followed the Stars and Bars through the smoke and flame of every desperate battle and stepped proudly into history as the greatest fighters the world has known? A country so richly blessed, not only with brave men and beautiful women, but whose blossoming hills and fertile valleys are so generous and kind, and whose mountains are burdened with coal and iron and copper and zinc and lead enough to supply the world for a thousand years; whose

virgin forests yet stand awaiting and sighing for the woodman's ax, and whose rivers flow clear and cool and make music as they go. It is the beautiful land of love and liberty, of sunshine and sentiment, of fruits and flowers, where the grapevine staggers from tree to tree as if drunk with the wine of its own purple clusters; where the peach and plum and blood red cherries and every kind of berry bend bough and bush and glow like showered drops of rubies and of pearls. It is the land of the magnolia and the melon, the paradise of cotton and the cane.

"They tell us now that it is the new south, but the same old blood runs in the veins of these old veterans and the same old spirit heaves their bosoms and flashes in their eyes; the same old soldiers who wielded the musket long ago are nursing their grandchildren on their knees and teaching them the same old lessons of honor and truth, and the same old love of liberty. The mocking-bird sings the same old songs in the same old tree and the brooks leap and laugh down the same old hollows. We till the same old fields and drink in the same old springs and climb among the same old rocks and fish in the same old streams. It is the same old south, and we are the same old southern people.

"There may be skies as blue, but none bluer; There may be hearts as true, but none truer."

"It is the same old land of the free and the same old home of the brave. It is the same old south resurrected from the dead with the prints of the nails still in its hands and the scars of the spear still in its side—

"I'm glad I am in Dixie, Look away! Look away! In Dixie's land I'll take my stand And live and die for Dixie. Look away! Look away! Look away down south in Dixie."

"Within the borders of this fair land of Dixie the finest opportunities for investment and the richest fields for enterprise and industry ever known in the western hemisphere are now open to all who wish to come and help us make it blossom like the rose. A new development has already begun. Thirty years ago there was not a factory in South Carolina. Today she is spinning and weaving more cotton than she raises and is second only to Massachusetts in the manufacture of cotton goods, and North Carolina and Georgia have made equal progress with South Carolina in this new idea of making the south not only the leader in agriculture, but also in conversing our raw material into finished articles of commerce and trade, and thus saving to our section countless millions of wealth. In the mountains of southwestern Virginia, southeastern Kentucky, east Tennessee, north Alabama, where the sunshine plays hide and seek with the shadows and where many rivers are born, there is a beautiful valley 600 miles in length and from 1 to 30 miles wide. Until a quarter of a century ago the principal product of that country was children. The people did not realize that the north rim of the valley was an almost unbroken vein of coal and that the south rim was an exhaustless bed of pig iron, and they placed but little value on the vast parks of timber, where the eye had never gleamed; but now the dynamite has just begun to jar the silent hills and the forests have just begun to fall. Birmingham is making the sky of night red with the glare of her furnaces, and all the way up the valley (to the new city of Roanoke new furnaces are being lighted and new industries are developing, and Huntsville and Decatur and Chattanooga and Knoxville and Johnson City and Bristol, on the line, will soon be great manufacturing centers, where the pig iron and the logs of hardwood which are now being shipped away to be converted into finished articles will pass through our own mills and we will cease to be the fools we have been in the past, buying furniture made in foreign cities out of our own timber and all the implements of agriculture made out of our own iron.

"Until 20 years ago the sons of Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas were contented to sit on their verandas and watch the 'nigger' and his lazy mule in the cotton field and listen to the melodies of the old plantation. But now the mills of Mississippi are beginning to mingle their music with these melodies, and the marshes of Louisiana are being converted into rice fields and she is making enough sugar today to sweeten the tooth of the world.

"Arkansas is building factories and opening her mines and mineral wealth and sawing down her great forests of pine. At the close of the civil war Texas was a wilderness, but now the howl of the wolf has given place to the whistle of the engine, and the whoop of the Indian has been hushed by the music of machinery. From Texarkana to El Paso prosperous cities and towns have sprung up like prairie flowers, where the wild horse once galloped and the buffalo grazed and great geysers of coal oil have solved the fuel problem.

"In the full development of this new idea of transforming our raw material into finished goods lies our hope of regaining our prestige and power in the management of national affairs and of winning back billions of wealth which were wiped out by the destroying angel of war.

"God grant that our beloved old south may be as happy in reaping the golden harvest of prosperity in the years to come as she has been brave and true through the suffering and woes of adversity in the sorrowful years of the past.

"And now, my grizzly old friends, who once wore the gray, in the name of our young men, I congratulate you upon having lived to see the dawn of a brighter day for your battle-scarred and war-swept country. You must soon answer to the roll call of eternity and join your comrades on the other side. I give you the pledge of our sons that they will ever defend the record you

have made and themselves live up to the traditions of their fathers.

"In the name of our women, both young and old, I implore the blessing of the Lord upon you and that as the dew of life's evening are condensing on your brow and the shadows of the long, long night are gathering about you, you may linger long in the twilight with loving hands to lead you and loving hearts to bless."

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

Birthdays are very common things in this sublunary world. There are sixty millions of them every year and that means about one hundred and fifty thousand every day or six thousand every hour. Just think of it—every minute one hundred mortal souls come into this world—to live and die, for good or for evil—for happiness or misery. As far back as we have any history, sacred or profane, kings and princes have celebrated their birthdays with feasts and wine and song and even the humble and the poor take note of their annual return. Pharaoh celebrated his in Joseph's day and it was on Herod's birthday that the daughter of Herodias danced before him and asked him for the head of John the Baptist.

I was ruminating about this because to-day is a notable birthday in my family. The maternal ancestor has at last reached her three-score years and ten—the allotted age of man and woman kind, and from now on every day she lives will be one of grace. David says that the days of our years are three score years and ten, but if by reason of strength they be four score years yet is their strength labor and sorrow. Poor old man, he did have a troubled life. He sinned and he repented in great anguish, as he exclaimed, "My sin is ever before me." Solomon saith, "The day of one's death is better than the day of his birth." And Job said, "Cursed is the night when I was born." Jeremiah's life was one of lamentation. The maxims and precepts of these old prophets and preachers are wonderfully beautiful and have never been equalled, but great men are not always wise, and even Solomon fell from grace and died accursed. The man who said, "Rejoice in the wife of thy youth and be thou always ravished with her love," forsook his own and consorted with a thousand others of all nations, creeds and colors. He reigned eighty years and died a disappointed, dishonored, degraded and miserable old man. But old age is not necessarily unhappy. The poet speaks of

"An old age serene and bright, As lovely as a Lapland night."

and another poet says: "The world is very lovely. Oh, my God, I thank Thee that I live." Our old age is very much what we choose to make it. It is a sad thing to be weary and tired with the weight of years. It is pitiful to look upon an old man who never smiles, who has outlived all social pleasures and whose company is neither sought nor desired. For the sake of our neighbors and friends it is our duty to be cheerful in their company. We should sometimes smile even if we have to force it. Let us grow old gracefully. I have now in mind just such an one—a hale, healthy old time gentleman of four score years, whose presence is always welcome and whose children, grandchildren and neighbors, and friends give him glad greeting when he comes. He will be missed when he dies, for the world is better that he lives in it. His Christian faith, his moral conduct, his good example and his cheerful disposition are a benediction to the community.

But I was thinking about my wife's birthday. There are thirty-seven birthdays in our family, and she knows them all and never forgets them. They average about three a month, but this one of hers is a very notable one, for she is the maternal ancestor, and this day fulfills her years and crosses the line. Seventy years ago she was born, and not long after that the stars fell. Of course they did. Seventy is a numerical of sacred significance. There were seventy elders of Israel and seventy wise men compiled the Old Testament. The Jews were kept in captivity seventy years. The Lord sent out seventy of his disciples to preach and teach the people, and seventy years is the allotted age of mankind.

But my wife is not old. Time has not written any wrinkles on her brow nor furrows on her cheek nor silvered her raven hair. If the long war had not intervened she would not look more than 60 years now. But the wear and tear of the war and anxiety while fleeing from the foul invader, with six little hungry children tagging after her, made years of months and weeks of days. But women, especially mothers, can endure more distress and suffering than men. The maternal instinct keeps them up. They can suffer and be strong. It looks like the motherhood of ten children would wear a woman out, but they seem to thrive on it, and late in life they take on flesh and round up all the corners. But they never stop work. My wife has made over five thousand little garments and is still making them, for the little grandchildren keep coming on. Her reputation for nice needlework and making but-tonholes has been long established, and she is proud of it. She never stops sewing until she loses her spectacles, and then she borrows mine. No, she is not old. James Russel Lowell said of Julia Ward Howe, on her seventieth birthday, that it was better to be 70 years young than 40 years old. It is this endurance, this cheerfulness in adversity, that makes the woman outlive the man. There are three times as many widows in this community as widowers. There are seventeen in our little Presbyterian church and only four widowers, and the war was not the cause of it. Maternal love is a preserv-

ative of health. It is a tonic, a promoter of digestion, a panacea, whereas a man will pursue money until he loses digestion. St. Paul said that "The love of money is the root of all evil," but he had no thought of applying it to women, for she has no love for money. If she gets any she is not happy until she spends it. The girls said their mother wanted a new bonnet so they got one for her birthday, and all I had to do was to pay for it. She always lets me do that. She is a free trader and will keep me in decent clothes whether I want them or not. She always was a free trader. I was a merchant before we were married and she was my best customer. She never asked the price of anything, but just bought what she wanted and trusted me to tote fair and deal justly.

Good gracious! What a long time ago that was, and how trim and beautiful she was to me. She wore No. 2 shoes and stepped like a fawn and flashed her Pocahontas eyes bewitchingly when she said goodby. She can flash them yet. Seventy years old and gwine on 71—trying to catch up. Maybe she will when I am dead, but not till then. I remember when I was twice as old as she was, for I was 12 and she was 6, but she keeps gaining on me. I remember when she was in her early teens and wore short dresses and pantalets and rode a fast pacing horse while her long black Indian hair hung in tresses down her back. She was a daisy then and she is a daisy yet sometimes. But she can't climb 'simmon trees any more. She is 70—the mother of ten children and twenty grandchildren, and they are scattered from New York to the halls of the Montezumas. She is troubled now about her baby boy, who lives under the dark shadows of Popocatepetl, in Mexico, which means the smoking mountain and is smoking now and maybe will burst forth in these volcanic times and destroy the people as at Martinique. Two weeks from to-day will be my birthday and she will give me something, I know—not a bonnet, but perhaps a summer hat from Porto Rico. A bird in the air whispered that to me.

Tale of Two Petrified Ships.

Indians have brought to editor Lischke, of the Northern Light, published at Koyukuk, a story of the finding of two wonderful petrified ships near the highest ridge in the Alaska Rocky Mountains beyond the Arctic circle. Lischke believes the story, and is taking steps to investigate it as soon as the snow melts.

The petrified ships are said to be located 1,500 miles up the Porcupine River from Fort Yukon, and thence north 100 miles. The Indians say they are 200 yards apart. One lies on its side protruding from the gravel, while the other is nearly upright and unco- vered. The Indians made a hole in the upright vessel and entered the hull, where they found stone utensils which they brought away and displayed to Lischke.

The Indians say that in the same region is a petrified forest, and ten miles distant a glacier of vast size. Lischke believes that the region was once a tropical country washed by a tropical sea. The ships now petrified may have been stranded during disturbances like those of Martinique and subsequently covered by glaciers which have melted away in recent years, leaving the vessels exposed.

Roosevelt's Warnings.

Baltimore Sun.

The speech of President Roosevelt at Arlington recently was fraught with weighty utterances, some of which are here appended:

"The men who fail to condemn lynchings and yet clamor about what has been done in the Philippines are indeed guilty of neglecting the beam in their own eye while taunting their brother about the mote in his."

"But bear in mind that these cruelties in the Philippines have been wholly exceptional and have been shamelessly exaggerated."

"The rules of warfare which have been promulgated by the War Department and accepted as a basis of conduct by our troops in the field are the rules laid down by Abraham Lincoln when you, my hearers, were fighting for the Union."

"We conquer to bring just and responsible civil government to the conquered."

"When they [the Filipinos] have thus shown their capacity for real freedom by their power of self-government, then, and not until then, will it be possible to decide whether they are to exist independently of us or be knit to us by ties of common friendship and interest."

"The shadow of our destiny has already reached to the shores of Asia."

History of Wachovia in North Carolina.

The Outlook.

This is a valuable contribution to American history, as well as to the history of the Moravian Church. The twin towns of Salem and Winston in North Carolina, divided only by a street, date their history from the Moravian settlements in Wachovia—the name originally given to the district, from the name of Count Zinzendorf's estate in Austria. Hither the emigrants came in 1753 by a six weeks' journey through the forests from the Moravian settlement at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. The history of their enterprise in its perils, its preservation from hostile whites and Indians, its institutions, and its success, is fully told by Dr. Clewell from records hitherto unpublished. It is a timely publication for this centennial year of the Salem Female Academy, the third in point of age of American school for the high educated of women.

SAM JONES AT WILKESBORO.

Correspondence Charlotte Observer.

WILKESBORO, June 4.—Ever since last fall when Sam Jones lectured here and promised to come back and hold a week's meeting the people have been preparing for the meeting. A large tent fitted with electric lights has been prepared and thousands of people anxiously awaited his arrival Monday, but he did not reach here until Tuesday. The meeting has been going on since Sunday, conducted by Revs. Walter Holcomb and George Stuart. Sam Jones preached his first sermon last night to about 2,000 people.

He made a few remarks before reading his text. They were sarcastic, pathetic, ridiculous and otherwise. He said that, owing to his health, being constantly under the care of physicians for six weeks, he would not attempt to hold a meeting anywhere else than at Wadesboro. He said he was much concerned about the people of Wilkes, and that there was as much mental capacity in Wilkes as in any county in the world. He said that Western North Carolina and East Tennessee had produced some of the greatest men of the country.

He said that the worst enemy to the people of Wilkes is themselves. "You are just like your daddies. Your daddies were old whiskey-soaks and distillers and their kids are the same things. You needn't talk to me about your daddy. I care nothing about him, because I've seen his kid; and the more I see of the kids the less I think of your daddies. Why, bless you, your old daddy is in hell a frying and unless you quit this whiskey business you'll go there, too." He paid his respects to the preachers of the county and said that they were nothing but little jackasses running about over these hills.

He said that there were many people who would get mad at what he said. "But," said he, "I don't care. I'm going to shoot into the hole you're in, and you'll come out a-humpin' and swearing you wern't in there." The "hardshells" received a punch. He said that "you hardshells will get mad; why, bless you, you are so narrow between the eyes that I could jab both your eyes out with one finger."

His text was Proverbs 11:19: "As righteousness tends to the light, so that he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death." Upon the whole his sermon was logical and to the text, interspersed by his wit and ridicule. The worst evil he found in Wilkes was the liquor business. "The worst crime you can commit is to tank up on liquor. Then you are ready for any crime; ready to murder your fellow-man, your wife or anybody else. Then tell me what your daddy done. I've got no use for you nor your daddy neither. A man who makes whiskey has no conscience. I had as soon hunt for conscience in an alligator as to hunt for it in a distiller."

Speaking of those who would get offended at what he said, Jones remarked: "You can take me to a hole in that river twenty feet deep and tie a rock that will weigh a hundred pounds to my neck and plunge me in and drown me, but every babbling wave that passes over my dead body will say that you drowned an honest man who had the courage to stand up and speak his convictions. I intend to do it and you can't help it, you lousy devil, you. If what I say is the truth there has got to be something done. If what I say is a lie then you ought to come up here and knock me down and stamp me in this sawdust. Some of you little devils have got a pistol in your pocket, you little cowards, you. Say, bud, let me tell you what you do. You go home and kill a dog—I mean commit suicide. Now, what are you going to do about it? Do you know?"

Sam J. then bounced on the swearers and said that "a man who will curse before his wife and children is not fit to be the daddy of a litter of pups."

In closing his sermon he said: "You'll never make the State of Wilkes what it ought to be until you get the still houses out. What you need is more churches and fewer jugs, more prayer-meetings and fewer drinkers; more school houses and fewer distilleries."

Won His Bet After 22 Years.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Zack Snyder has just won a wager made 20 years ago. In 1880 Snyder and G. A. Mix decided that the spire of the Methodist Church in Byron, Ill., was insecure and would soon blow over. Mix bet Snyder that it would fall to the north, while Snyder held out that it was going over to the east. The result was a bet of a box of cigars, and they cleverly planned to get the weeds in advance. They went to the store of T. A. Jewett and told him of the bet, and that the loser would pay when it was decided. Jewett, not suspecting the terms of the wager, turned over a box of cigars to the pair, and he has been waiting for his money all these years.

Last Tuesday the steeple succumbed to the fury of the storm that prevailed in that region, the structure tumbling over to the east, and Mix, remembering his wager, called on Jewett and planked down the maney.

Up to the Dog.

Hotlick.—"Your dog bit me last night in the leg, I want to know what you are going to do about it."

Lambley.—"O, I shan't do anything, unless the dog should come down with some disease. In that case, of course, I shall hold you responsible."

"I wonder why children are so quick to pick up slang," said the small boy's mother, disconsolately.

"Probably," answered the serious person, "it is because the constant repetition of such words as 'goo goo' and 'tetchy kitchy' in infancy gives them a deep-rooted contempt for words that are in the dictionary."

THE CROPS OF KANSAS.

Atlanta Journal.

In spite of the failure of the corn crop in Kansas last year that State is still prosperous. Kansas is a remarkable State. Its lands are very fertile and when one crop fails another is apt to succeed. The history of the State shows, says the Kansas City Star, that a large and harmonious yield of all crops is much more likely than a serious falling off in any of them. Last year there was a failure of the corn crop, but, as a compensation, the yield of wheat was enormous. This year, according to the Star, the wheat crop will be somewhat smaller, but there is promise of the largest corn crop in many years. The Secretary of Agriculture says that not only are the conditions exceptionally fine, owing to the penetrating rains of the past month, but the acreage is unusually large. More than one-half the wheat ground that has been abandoned has been put in corn, in addition to the normal corn area.

It is hardly to be expected that the present prices of corn will be kept up, but if Kansas can make an average crop and sell it at anything like two-thirds of the current price, her farmers will make enormous profits.

Our export trade continues to increase and so our factories are as busy as they can be. If we have good crops this year there is every promise that our prosperity will continue for a long time to come. Reports from Kansas and from other States of the West are most encouraging, and unless there shall be some setback hereafter we shall have a rich harvest.

Hissed at Their Marriage.

WORCESTER, Mass., June 4.—More than 1,000 women gathered in St. John's Catholic Church this morning and vented their disapproval of the marriage of Dr. Maurice W. Quinn, of Brockton, to Miss Mary E. Donaher of this city, by a storm of groans and hisses. The detail of police stationed at the church entrance had anticipated trouble, but their efforts to prevent the hissing were unavailing, and not until the bridal couple had left the church did the hostile demonstration cease.

The angry women crowded in the church were championing the cause of Bertha E. Condon, who figured in an alleged attempt to kill Dr. Quinn at Brockton on May 14. Miss Condon fired four shots from a revolver at Dr. Quinn, who she asserted had ruined her upon his promise of marriage. The young woman was arrested and is now held in \$1,000 bond for trial. It was feared that she would make an attempt to kill Dr. Quinn at the altar this morning, but she did not appear, to the evident disappointment of the large crowd of women who sympathized with her.

Dr. Quinn and his bride left on their wedding journey this afternoon and the couple were guarded by a squad of police until they went aboard the train.

Fitzhugh Lee's Only Scare.

When Fitzhugh Lee was Governor of Virginia he responded to an invitation to attend a reunion of veterans in one of the cities of Florida. He went to a fashionable hotel, expecting to have to pay a fancy price for accommodations, but not prepared for the staggering rates he found framed on the door of his apartments.

"I was not, at that time, in a position to incur extravagant expenses," he says, "and the only way that I could see out of my predicament was to go to the clerk and state that an unexpected matter of pressing importance demanded my immediate return to Richmond. This program I carried out, and then bracing myself, asked how much my bill was."

"Your bill?" said the hotel man. "Why you don't owe us anything. It's an honor for this hotel to have the Governor of Virginia as a guest, and we could not think of accepting pay from you."

Then Fitz Hugh was mad with himself.

A Desperate Struggle.

At least 100 persons were injured in Chicago on the 4th, during the riots caused by the strike of teamsters employed by the packing houses. Some of the injured are believed to be fatally hurt.

A caravan of wagons laden with meat to be delivered to provisions dealers left the stockyards at 9 a. m., under heavy police protection. It returned at night after an all-day fight between the police and mobs of strike sympathizers. The police fired many shots, mostly in the air.

A conference was held at night to take steps for settling the strike by arbitration. The strike of drivers for the Chicago department stores has been settled.

The soldiers of the First Illinois Regiment are held in readiness to be ordered out at any time.

It Makes a Difference.

Raleigh Post.

Judge Clark writes a friend in Greensboro that he is not "opposed" to (mill) corporations, owning stock in one himself and having sons who are managers of mills—and most excellent and useful citizens they are, too—but his complaint is against other corporations in which he does not own any stock, though he did once upon a time.

The Judge recently indulged his writing propensity in a letter to a friend, also in Greensboro, in which he stated without qualification that "The Wilson letter is a tissue of falsehood," and yet but a little while afterward, in his letter which he signed himself he substantially admitted the most serious charges and failed to deny or note others but little, if any, less serious.

A cynic is usually a man whose wife is a pessimist and whose best friend is an optimist.