

# AN OLD FAVORITE

## THE ALBATROSS

From "The Ancient Mariner"  
By Samuel Taylor Coleridge



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, poet, philosopher, critic, was born in Devonshire in 1792 and died in London in 1834. He was one of the greatest literary geniuses of his time, but marred his life by his habit of using opium. Wordsworth called Coleridge "the most wonderful man that I ever met." The stanzas given here from his best known poem, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

At length from cross an albatross,  
Through the fog it came;  
As if that bird had been a Christian  
Soul,  
We greeted it; and soon it sang,  
That blessed bird which the mid-winter's sun  
Doth bring the fog and mist away,  
That bring the fog and mist away,  
The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.  
Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,  
— 'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea.  
All in a hot and copper sky  
The bloody sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the moon.  
Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.  
Water, water everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.  
The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs,  
Upon the slimy sea!  
About, about, in reel and rout,  
The death-fires danced at night;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

## THE WEEBITLES IN FLORENCE.



FIND THE WATCHMAN.

### Mecklenburg's Big Fair.

What promises to be the biggest and most successful Agricultural Fair and Race Meet in the history of North Carolina, will be held in Charlotte on September 30th and October 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Everything will be on a big scale, in keeping with the reputation of the progressive city of Charlotte. The fair grounds, buildings and race track are well arranged and elegantly appointed and can be easily reached by a double electric car line which will land visitors at the gates. All the railroads will offer greatly reduced rates.

The fair will be kept open at night, the grounds and buildings being lighted by a system of electric arc lights. The exercises will close about 11 o'clock each night with a magnificent display of fireworks, following a band concert.

### Negro to be Sold to Highest Bidder.

SPRINGFIELD, Ky., Sept. 18.—Fisher Millon, a negro, who was indicted in 1901 for vagrancy, and who had been at large since, has been captured in Lawrenceburg and tried before Judge Davis in the County Court. The Judge returned a verdict of guilty and fixed his punishment at being sold into servitude for a period of twelve months, the highest penalty. He will be put on the block and sold into servitude by the sheriff if a purchaser can be found. The officials hardly know what to do in the event of no sale.

### The Oldest Presbyterian Church

Grassy Creek Presbyterian Church, in Sasfras Fork township, Granville county, is the oldest Presbyterian Church in the State. The record shows that in 1750 the first celebration of the Lord's Supper in North Carolina was celebrated in this church. Efforts are now being made by the earnest Christian ladies of this church to raise funds with which to repair and preserve this old historic building.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it.—Washington Irving.

### Price of Coal Advancing.

Charlotte Observer.

Consumers of steam coal in Charlotte have been notified of an advance in price of 20 cents per ton. The Birmingham, Ala., Age-Herald remarks that "as winter approaches coal is going up in Atlanta, in Knoxville and even in Birmingham," and its comment is that "this must be a sympathetic advance, for there is nothing else to base a rise in prices upon." And yet, as it continues, it is difficult to trace the bond of sympathy, for the soft coal of the South and the hard coal of the North, where the strike prevails, are not rivals. Indeed, there seems no more reason why the price of bituminous coal should go up because the miners of anthracite coal are on strike than that the price of oranges should go up because lemons are high, for one quality of coal cannot be generally substituted for another. The hard coal is not adopted to steam purposes and the use of soft coal for fuel is not allowed in the great cities, the principal coal-consuming centers. But is hardly worth while to discuss theories in the presence of a condition. Consumers of steam coal, in Charlotte and elsewhere, are to pay higher prices, but they are comforted by no such situation as is before the people, especially the poor people, of the cities, who see the prices of fuel coal going sky high, with the strike still in progress and a coal famine not impossible, and all this in the immediate presence of a long winter.

### Eighty-five Pounds Cotton on Five Acres.

Charlotte Observer.

Mr. Pat Mungo, the president of Clear Creek province, was in Charlotte yesterday. He says that the people out his way have not been doing much of anything since that terrible hail storm, except raking up corn stalks and picking up cotton off the ground. As an evidence of the havoc wrought by the storm, Mr. Mungo says that one of his neighbors picked a field of five acres and got 85 pounds of the staple. "But if crops fail," said Mr. Mungo, "we have plenty of gold to fall back on. All we have to do is to dig for it."

## SAM JONES LETTER.

Atlanta Journal.

As a Georgian, like all other Georgians, I feel interested in whatever interests the people of the Capital City of our State. Atlanta pitches the time for what little there is of Georgia, outside of Atlanta. I have read, with some interest the pro and con arguments on the eligibility of your respective candidates for the mayoralty, the whole question, of course, hinging upon the legality or eligibility of the candidates. I am not a lawyer, and it is none of my business to discuss the legal phases of any question that is before the people, but there are other questions broader and deeper than any legal question involved. I come up to what I say by asserting that the Methodist church is not to blame when one of its members commits a crime, great or small. A Masonic lodge is not to be held responsible if one of its members violates the sacred oath of a Mason. If one or a dozen people get drunk in Atlanta today, Atlanta may not be responsible for that, but there is a point where responsibility attaches and inevitably settles down. I repeat, the Methodist church is not responsible when one of its members gets drunk or steals something, but the Methodist church is responsible to God and man for who they put at the head of the church. A Masonic lodge may not be responsible for the bad conduct of one of its members, but that lodge is responsible, world without end, for who they make worshipful master of the lodge. Atlanta may or may not be to blame for the crowd that files into Judge Briles' court every morning, and from the court to the stockade, but Atlanta is everlastingly responsible to God and man for who she puts as her supreme executive.

There ought to be three distinct phases of eligibility of a candidate. First, mental fitness; secondly, moral fitness, and thirdly, legal fitness; and they ought to come in that order—intelligence, uprightness first, and lastly, qualified legal fitness. A man who will get drunk is no more fit to be mayor of a city like Atlanta than a pig is fit to preside at a feast of angels in heaven. A dissolute character has no more place at the executive head of a great city than he has in a pulpit preaching the gospel. A tree is known by its fruits. Senator Ben Hill once said: "A man who is politically corrupt cannot be privately pure."

Atlanta will go to the devil fast enough with her best citizens in authority, but God has said "when the wicked rule the people mourn," and while Atlanta is submitting the question of eligibility of candidates to the finest legal talent, it is well enough for them to submit some questions to God's old book, called the Bible, and let the light of its truth shine upon candidates. Every man to his taste, but I won't vote for a man who is not as pure as his wife; and I won't vote for a man who will stand on the streets and curse. I don't care what else he is or ain't, if he does either one of these three things I will not stultify my manhood and sense of right by giving him my endorsement at the polls. I am not championing any candidate or fighting any candidate. I am stating some great principles of right. I know I am stating principles that the voters of Atlanta in the interest of home and their children had better hear and heed. I am not saying anybody's drunk or been drinking; that anybody's dissolute or been dissolute. I am talking facts about candidates, fitness for office in this country where we profess to be Christian and decent. Atlanta had better never have another mayor than to have a man as chief executive who would dishonor the homes and the morals of the town. Atlanta has been kicked and cuffed and bought and bossed at the polls by contending corporation interests and some dirty politicians, until almost anything is respectable at the polls there, but she is paying for it and she will still pay dear for all the influences which have corrupted her municipal life, or bull-dozed bought, or debauched her officials. If we got a drunkard or a blasphemer or a dissolute character, in the name of God let's put him behind Atlanta's barroom screens, whiskey barrels and beer kegs, and hide him from the gaze of man, and not elevate him to a position where he is constantly on the exhibit not only of his own deformities, but also of the choice of the people who placed him there.

But run who you please, gentlemen, and elect who you please as mayor, I can stand it if you can. I am 50 miles away. The only objection outsiders can have is the big head lines and awful revelations that your Atlanta papers make when you get your monkey at the top of the pole.

I see Americus has gone back from prohibition to saloons. "The dog to his vomit and the sow to her wallow in the mire." I have some little respect for a town that is year after year, striving to vote it out and fails, but I have lost all power to respect any community that will put it out and then deliberately vote the dirty saloons back in, their community to debauch their negroes and wreck the homes of the white people. A thousand-dollar license and close up every night at 10:30 is the saloon law for Americus. Atlanta has the same, and Atlanta boasts of the best regulated saloons in the United States, and if the world knew like God knows, the debauchery, wreck and ruin of the saloons of Atlanta, and knew at the same time that they are the best regulated saloons in the world, then it would not take humanity long to vote every cursed saloon out of the world. We only know a little of the effects of the well-regulated saloons of Atlanta by—the unfortunate gang brought up before Judge Broyles, and that's just a drop in the bucket.

## Tifton, Ga., instead of voting saloons

back, has taken the wise step of visiting the blind tigers in the town and giving them three days to git—clear the county. It is debauched sentiment that will vote saloons back into a town; it is a pusillanimous sentiment that permits blind tigers to run an hour. The difference between sentiment that licenses saloons and the sentiment that permits blind tigers—one is mean and the other is cowardly. My private opinion, publicly expressed, is about that. I consider any horse thief in the United States a better citizen in the community where he lives than I do any man that will vote for or favor a saloon. The best way to look at anything is to bring it home and look at it. Suppose I have got two near neighbors, the one on my right is a horse thief, and the one on my left is a man who votes for and fosters saloons. If you ask me which I regard the best neighbor and citizen I will say the horse thief every pop. You say why? I reply, because if the horse thief breaks down my barn door and steals my horse tonight and runs away with him, I can get another horse tomorrow for a hundred dollars; but if the other neighbor votes the saloon upon my town and debauches my boy and breaks the heart of my wife and damns my poor boy in hell forever, let's see you fix that up for a hundred dollars. I am a peculiar American citizen. I think more of my boy than I do of my horse, and that's what makes me think more of a horse thief, as a citizen, than I do of any man who votes for or would foster the infernal saloon. I am going to fight them and say just what I gentlemanly please on this subject. First, I am sure I am right, and secondly, I am going to say it and take the consequences. I'd rather go around with my mouth in a poultice all the time, and pull the poultice down and shoot them again, than to go around with a well mouth like many a preacher in this country is doing, afraid to condemn the wrong and speak his honest sentiments. Yours,  
SAM P. JONES.

## McKinley Was Shot a Year Ago.

So fresh in mind of the public are the shooting and death of President William McKinley that few persons probably realize that the fatal bullet was fired the first Friday in September, a year ago.

Much has happened in the affairs of the nation since the news of the shocking tragedy was flashed over the wires to the uttermost parts of the world, though a year in itself is a small thing in the history of a nation.

On that Friday—it was September 6—the President of the United States, in the best of health and enjoying the confidence and respect not only of his countrymen, but of all other countries, was shown in the Temple of Music of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo.

The details of the brave fight he made for life, of the tireless efforts of the surgeons, and of how he died early on the morning of September 14, after having murmured to his wife, "God's will not ours, be done," will linger in the minds of all until this generation has passed away.

Kings and Emperors hastened to send messages of sympathy to the stricken widow, who now lives in the quiet of her country home at Canton, O., and the whole nation mourned with a feeling of personal loss.

For five minutes every team, every vehicle in this city and throughout the length and breadth of the land came to a stop and the busy hum of a great nation's industry was stilled. All was a silent, never to be forgotten tribute to the memory of the nation's chief as his body was lowered into its last resting place in Canton.

This new President, Theodore Roosevelt, by a strange coincidence, almost on the anniversary of his predecessor's assassination, narrowly escaped death in the trolley accident near Pittsfield Mass.

## Relatives of Daniel Boone.

Salisbury Cor. Charlotte Observer.

Appropos the article on the adventures of Daniel Boone and his friend, Kenton, in to-day's Observer, it may be of interest to state what is generally unknown, that the noted pioneer and frontiersman left descendants who are now living near his old home in this State. He spent his early manhood, before his first journey into Kentucky in Davie county, then a part of Rowan, where his father had moved from the eastern part of the State. The ruins of the cabin in which the family lived are still shown. This spot is on the Yadkin river a short distance above the junction of the South Yadkin at what is still called Boone's Ford. Here young Boone was married and became the father of several children. When he was ready to move his family to Kentucky after his first prolonged and perilous stay he left behind a daughter, Hannah, who was married to James Penry. Penry dying, Hannah Boone then married Martin Kerfis, by whom she had a daughter, Eliza, who married Jno. M. Summers, and is now living four miles north of Mocksville on the Farmington road. She is 50 years of age and is the mother of several grown children. This line of descent is authentic beyond dispute, as there are old people still living who remember Hannah Boone and her parentage as told to them.

Chairman Simmons says he has no idea that the Republicans will carry a single congressional district. All the statement or hints that they will carry the ninth he characterizes as absurd. He is also confident that there will be even fewer Republican members of the Legislature than there were at the last term.

No man fails of success who conquers himself.

## BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

What a commotion. The public schools have opened the winter session. Hundreds of children are going to and fro and every family is excited for their own. The books have been hunted up, the faces washed and the hair brushed. The boys have a new suit and the girls new school dresses, and it looks like everything and everybody is working for the children. Merchants, mechanics, doctors, lawyers, preachers and farmers seem to be busy in their trades and professions, and behind them all is the welfare and happiness of their children. We have but one scholar now—a sweet grandchild, who has risen to a higher grade and has to strain her young mind to solve the mazes and mysteries of Latin and algebra, but she will do it. Our schools have good teachers, and with help at home the willing pupil will keep up with the foremost. Yes, help at home. I wish that every child had it. In a grade of thirty or forty pupils it is impossible for the teacher to give more than a few minutes to each one, but I sometimes give an hour to our little girl at night. That is what an old grandpa is good for. But it is hard for even me to fall into line with new books and master them. The first Latin book I read was a simple little one called "Historiae Sacrae," and the first line was "Deus creavit caelum et terram intra sex dies," "God created the heavens and the earth in six days." I know the whole chapter now, but that book is out of print and I don't know the new ones. Just so with algebra. Old Jeremiah Day is dead and now there is a new book and new rules, and they are harder to me. How we old men do love to talk over the good old ways of fifty and sixty years ago.

Captain Calhoun was telling yesterday how old Beman mauled knowledge into the brain through the shanks and posterior of rebellious boys. I haven't forgotten some of the lickings that good old John Norton gave me, for I was full of mischief. Professor Ronald Johnston is here now on a visit. He taught here many years, and most all these young married men carry his marks, for he is a Scotchman and has a Scotchman's faith in Solomon and the rod. In 1861 he joined the confederate army, and when the war was over resumed his school and has now been teaching over fifty years. He is a fit successor to Beman and Isham and Touchie, but has gentled down a good deal and loves to pet his grandchildren.

I was ruminating about these school books and their cost. It took \$4 to buy four little books for the new grade and I know it is too much, and I rejoice to see that a company has been formed to publish southern school books in a southern city and keep our money at home. I rejoice that Dr. I. William Jones has published a school history of the United States that is acceptable to our people. He is a grand old gentleman without fear and without reproach, and has done more to preserve our good name and our record than any other man. His biography of Jefferson Davis and of Robert E. Lee should be in every household. Even Teddy, who claims to be a historian, ought to read that of Mr. Davis and repent and retract and apologize before he is set down as an arch calumniator of a true patriot and a noble man. This reminds me of that brave girl, Laura Talbert Galt, who refused to sing "Marching Through Georgia" in the Louisville public school. Blessing on her; she ought to be adopted as the successor to Winnie Davis, the Daughter of the Confederacy. My good friend, Joe Brown, has written a parody on that song, and the last line to every verse is:

"As we went thieving through Georgia."

I have lost some of my respect for the city of Louisville as a southern city since that infamous song is allowed to be sung in their public schools.

But I am comforted every day with letters of inquiry about the roster that Georgia is going to make and about Judge Walter Clark's books and how to get them. Here is a beautiful letter from Hon. P. T. Turnley, mayor of the city of Highland Park, Ill. He is 81 years old, but does not look it in his handsome photograph. He was born and reared in Tennessee and graduated at West Point in 1845. Stonewall Jackson was his roommate; Generals D. R. Jones and William Montgomery Gardner his classmates. That is getting pretty close to us, for D. R. Jones was our brigadier for a while, and Gardner was our colonel. Mr. Turnley wants those books and I wish to say here that the books must be ordered from M. O. Sherrill, state librarian, Raleigh, N. C. Send \$5 and they will be sent by express, but not prepaid. And here is a letter from G. W. Nichols, of Jessup, Ga., who also sends his interesting book, "A Soldier's Story of the Lawton Gordon Evans Brigade." That's right. If we can find one man in every regiment who will write its history we will soon get our roster started on a North Carolina basis.

But I am not well and must forbear for this time.

BILL ARP.

## To North Carolina's Credit.

Yorkville, S. C., Yeoman.

The last Legislature of the State of North Carolina appropriated \$250,000 or a quarter of a million dollars, for the better care of the insane of the State—those poor unfortunate waifs, derelicts upon the tide of time, mariners without chart or compass, or rudder, upon the rough sea of mortality, who cannot help themselves. How striking is the comparison with the rather miserly conduct of our own State! It is a notorious fact that South Carolina's lunatic asylum is crowded, its means limited, and those who have it in charge have a serious responsibility in devising ways and means that the dignity and honor of the State might not be brought low.

## THE OLD LADY IN THE WINDOW

Youth's Companion.

This is the story of a mother and a daughter who came under the shadow of a great sorrow. The mother had carried the spirit of youth well into old age, and the daughter who cared for her had found joy in their relations. But the mother lost the ability to walk and the infirmities of years grew more heavy upon her, so that the pendulum of her life swung daily between her bed and her chair in the window, and no farther.

Her daughter up to this time had enjoyed a large measure of freedom, consequent upon her mother's good health, but now there remained only the daily care of the home and the mother till the end should come. She was sad when she thought that the end might be near; but she looked forward with a sinking of the heart to the possibility of years of unvarying service, caring for hourly ministrations and with only one possible outcome.

Not without heartaches and misgivings, but with courage and filial affection the younger woman took up her duty. Nor was she content with that form of ministration which measures itself. It was her delight to give herself to her mother in every way that was possible. And in that unmeasured service there came an unexpected joy, an enthusiasm that lifted it above drudgery, and in response to which every beautiful trait in her mother's character displayed itself.

The mother loved flowers, and the daughter moved her flowers to the mother's room, and kept them blooming in the window. After a time the window became a floral bower, and in the center sat a queenly old lady in white, looking down upon the street.

It was beautiful to see her there, and to witness her interest in the activities which she could not share. She looked down with a smile on the clerks hurrying by to business, and the young men came to look up at the window and lift their hats. She always waved her fan to children, and these, even though they did not know her name, knew and loved the window.

Back in the house and out of sight, the daughter devoted herself to her daily cares, rejoicing in her mother's comfort of heart and body, and the years—for this continued for years—sped fast.

A little while ago the chair became empty, and since then the bell has often been rung by unknown people who say, "I beg your pardon, but where is the dear old lady who sat among the flowers?"

Each day the daughter is learning that to scores of people her mother's life, and her own, have been a daily benediction. "It has come to me to say to them," said she, "not to think of the vision of my mother as if it had gone, but as if she still looks down and smiles upon us from a higher window, and among flowers that do not wither. To me, at least, it seems so; and in the light of that smile I shall live henceforth."

The home seems empty now, for what might have been a burden had become an abiding joy. Are there not many homes that need just this lesson of unmeasured love, to perfect mutual sympathy, of enthusiastic self-giving, to make inspiration of drudgery; to save future regret, and to make the sorrow of the home a blessing?

## Democrats Will Sweep the State.

RALEIGH, Sept. 12.—Democratic State Chairman Simmons tells your correspondent he is particularly pleased at the political outlook and regards the party as now stronger than ever before. There is no independent movement, so far as he is aware, except in four counties, and in each case the dissatisfaction is due to local causes entirely. He says there is no general movement—no movement with a head. He regards ex-Congressman J. W. Atwater as an emissary, going about seeking to develop and foster any independent movement or meetings or demonstration. He is informed that in a western county a republican of high position went to one of the democrats who failed to get nominated and who he thought was dissatisfied, and assured him that if he would run as an independent candidate all his expenses would be paid. The senator says he has no idea the democrats will fail to carry all the congressional districts. All the statements or hints that they will not carry the ninth he characterizes as absurd. He is also confident that there will be even fewer republicans members of the legislature than there were at the last session.

It is asserted with much positiveness by some of the democrats who took part in the independent mass meeting or county convention here Saturday, that if republicans are going to figure in it they will drop out.

## Progressive Farmer.

In his contest with the lynching spirit, on the other hand, the Governor has not been successful. His heavy reward for the Salisbury lynchers has resulted in nothing. Down in his home county (Wayne) a week or two ago there was a lynching for the nameless crime. The coroner's jury not only reported nothing against the mob but declared that its members "would have been recreant to their duty" had they not lynched the negro. And the Duplin County grand jury went out of its way to endorse this report of a coroner's jury in another county. All this goes to show how firmly entrenched is the lynching spirit and how slow must be the work of bringing about that reverence for law that will make mob violence impossible. Every stumbling block that retards the progress of justice must be removed, and every good citizen must feel it his duty to preach obedience to law and order.