

# AN OLD FAVORITE

## Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?

By William Knox

THE following poem was a particular favorite with Abraham Lincoln, who cut it from a newspaper and learned it by heart. He said to a friend, "I would give a great deal to know who wrote it, but have never been able to ascertain." He did afterward learn the name of the author, William Knox was a Scottish poet who was born in 1788 at Firth and died in 1825 at Edinburgh. His "Lonesome Heart and Other Poems" was published in 1818, and "The Songs of Israel," from which "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" is taken, in 1824.



Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a swift-footing meteor, a fast-flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scattered around and together be laid;  
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,  
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,  
The mother that infant's affection proved,  
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,  
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,  
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;  
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,  
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,  
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,  
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,  
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep,  
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,  
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,  
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,  
That wither away to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;  
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,  
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,  
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think:  
From the death we are shrinking from, they would shrink;  
To the life we are clinging to, they would cling;  
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;  
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;  
They grieved, but no wall from their slumbers will come;  
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

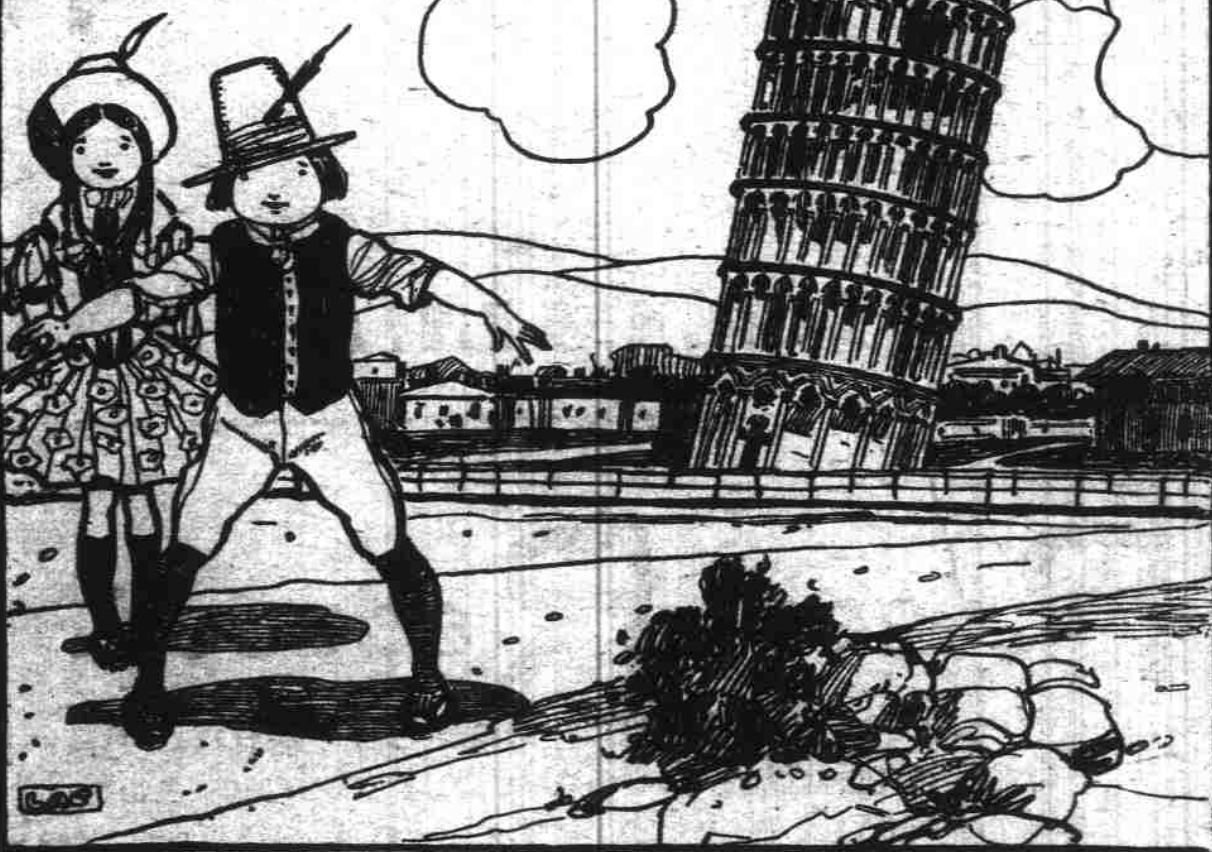
They died—ay! they died: and we things that are now,  
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,  
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;  
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,  
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draft of a breath,  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—  
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

## THE WEE-LITTLES IN PISA.

Although it is in perfect condition, they are astonished to find the Tower of Pisa, so lean.



FIND THE HINDOO AND ITALIAN.

### He Swallowed Two Dolls.

A man went to a New York hospital Sunday suffering from a strange complaint, to wit, two little china babies which he had swallowed. The presence of the little dolls in his midst frightened him so that he went to the hospital for treatment. He swallowed the babies in eating a pie which a young woman made for him. After noticing that he had swallowed some thing hard, he examined the pie and discovered that it was loaded with a lot of tiny porcelain dolls. He at once imagined that some of the dolls were roving about inside him, and the more he thought about them the more he worried. The dolls were safely removed and the man left the hospital happy in the knowledge that he had escaped the cutting which was talked of as a last resort.

Mrs. Style—"I want a hat, but it must be in the latest style."  
Shopman—"Kindly take a chair, madam, and wait a few minutes: the fashion is just changing."

### Blackburn Despondent.

A correspondent says Congressman Blackburn is despondent and irritable. No wonder. A man who has been in Congress two years and cut a swarth in high society couldn't be expected to contemplate a return to the simple life of a law practice before Wilkes county 'squires with any degree of complacency. Our correspondent would possibly expect a man to be hilarious at a funeral.

The Literary Editor.—"That fellow Scribner sent in a poem this morning entitled 'Why Do I Live?'"  
The Editor.—"What did you do with it?"

The Literary Editor.—"Returned it with an inclosed slip, saying: 'Because you mailed this instead of bringing it personally.'"

The belief is growing among the democrats that President Roosevelt inspired the action of the republicans of North Carolina in dropping the negro.

## BESIDE QUEEN'S BIER SCANDAL IS REVIVED

### Quarrel Between King Leopold and Daughter.

#### HAS AGITATED ALL CIRCLES.

#### King Refused to Receive the Princess Even Upon So Solemn an Occasion as the Death of Her Mother—Regards Her Marriage a Misalliance.

Brussels, Sept. 22.—The scandal arising from the revival of the family quarrel between King Leopold and his daughter, the Princess Stephanie, the Countess of Lonyay, beside the bier of the late Queen Marie Henriette at Spa yesterday, is agitating all classes. Popular sympathy on all sides is expressed for the princess, who, although deeply affected by the incident, makes no complaint. The princess herself has given out a simple statement of the facts as follows:

"The precise facts are these: I was praying at the bier of the queen when some one came about 4 o'clock to tell me the king would not receive me. I immediately left the death chamber. I had no interview with his majesty. It was hoped by the public, who applauded Princess Stephanie with the Count Lonyay, that the death of the queen would lead to healing the rupture, but the incident at Spa is taken to demonstrate that the king is irremediably to what has been openly designated as a misalliance, even after the approval of the Austrian emperor, Francis Joseph.

The princess will probably leave Brussels today to join her husband in England. Therefore, she will not be present at her mother's funeral. During the whole railroad journey from Spa to this city, the princess was shaken with sobs and arrived here greatly prostrated. This morning she attended a special requiem mass ordered by herself. On leaving the church she was sympathetically greeted by the assembled crowd.

### Funeral of Belgian Queen.

Spa, Belgium, Sept. 23.—The funeral services preparatory to the removal of the remains of the queen, Marie Henriette, to Brussels, were held this morning in a church here. The coffin later was placed in a car and was completely hidden by flowers. King Leopold, leaning on the arm of Prince Albert of Flanders, the heir presumptive to the throne, followed on foot, the ministers, generals and other distinguished persons bringing up the rear. The route of the funeral procession was lined with troops and crowded with people.

### SHOW TRAIN TELESCOPED.

#### Three Persons Were Killed and Twenty-Six Injured.

Oklahoma City, O. T., Sept. 20.—At Choctaw, 16 miles east of here, early today an eastbound freight train ran into the rear of the Sells-Downs' show train, killing three persons and wounding 26 others, several severely.

All of the killed and wounded belong to the show except the conductor of the show train, who was fatally crushed. The show train was standing on the main track when the accident occurred. Two sleeping cars of the show train were completely demolished and many occupants were pinned beneath the wreckage. The uninjured went quickly to the relief and soon extricated the dead and wounded. The freight engine was not damaged. The engineer cannot be found, and it is presumed he fled. The cause of the wreck cannot be ascertained until the freight engineer is found.

### MADE WHITES KISS BLACKS.

#### Ohio Teacher Loses Place Because of Outrage on Caucasian Pupils.

Bellaire, O., Sept. 20.—The board of education today demanded and received the resignation of J. F. Defenbach, principal of one of the schools, because he compelled several white girls in the school to kiss the colored girls, with whom the former had quarreled. The action of the principal caused great indignation among the parents of the white pupils.

### SHIP RACED TO PORT AFIRE.

#### For Twelve Hours Flames Were Fought on the Liner.

New York, Sept. 20.—The American liner St. Paul, which arrived today, reported that a special fight had been made against a fire which raged for 12 hours in the clothes room.

The fact that the ship was afloat was kept from the women passengers, although the men of the first cabin were aware of the possible danger.

### Cruiser Des Moines Launched.

Quincy, Mass., Sept. 22.—The cruiser Des Moines was launched from the yards of the Fore River Ship and Engine company shortly after noon today. Hundreds of people saw the ship plunge into the water. Miss Elsie Macomber, of Des Moines, with Governor Cummings, of Iowa, and Mayor Breston, of Des Moines, standing by her side, smashed the traditional bottle of champagne against the steel prow of the cruiser.

Knoxville Bank Clearings. Knoxville, Sept. 20.—The bank clearings in Knoxville for the past week aggregated \$857,970.28, an increase of \$421,491.69 over the corresponding week of last year.

## BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

Good health is the best of earthly blessings, but if we were not sick some times we would not appreciate it. And there is a good side to almost every misfortune. Old age has its privileges and sickness its compensations. I know that my family loved me, but I did not realize how much until this lingering attack required nursing and night watching and they had to sit up with me and comfort me as I sat in a chair and struggled for breath. Breath, more breath, was what I wanted and I could not get it lying down. I thought of the last verse that David ever wrote: "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

All during my long illness I have had three trained nurses—my wife and two daughters, and two married daughters and a granddaughter besides on the relief corps, and they have been so watchful, so willing and so good. The oldest of the nurses has been in training for fifty years and has spent all her married life in nursing and training others and knows just what to do and when to do it. What would a large family do without a good old mother? But at last the girls had to force her to go up stairs where she could sleep without hearing my cough that was wearing out the bronchial tubes and the larynx and the epiglottis and the Scylla and Charybdis and other mysterious organs. And I had good doctors, too, who diagnosed me twice a day and sounded my heart with their telephone tubes and thumped my chest and beat my stomach and looked at my tongue and ran the handle of a spoon down my throat and gagged me and prized open my eyelids and timed my pulse and then wrote a long list of prescriptions that broke a drug store and made up a menu of what I should eat and what I should drink, and then confided me to the trained nurses to carry out the programme.

I was as humble, as a wet dog, for the truth is I was alarmed and so was my wife and children. I didn't see how they could get along without me, but I am better now, and for three nights have slept in my bed and recovered my breath and only lack strength, and am gaining that. It is worth being sick to have such nursing and find so many friends who sympathize and wish me to get well. It pleases me to have them call and cheer me with their presence, but my doctors say, "Don't you talk much. Let them do the talking. You have no breath to spare." And every mail brings such good, kind, loving letters from all over the Sunny South and some from Ohio and Illinois and Iowa. They humble me and cause me to wonder what I have done to my people all these years that brings me such benedictions. Yes, I call them my people, for now I am a patriarch, and even children write to me and call me grandpa. I have been too sick to answer all these letters and could only reply by proxy, but I will answer them when I get well. I am writing this to thank them all and to say that I believe my heavenly Father has given me another lease and I shall continue for a while longer to make a weekly visit to the homes and hearts of our people.

There is another good thing about a protracted illness. It gives a man such a good opportunity to look back, to ponder and ruminate. His helplessness makes him humble and humility makes him kind. Right now I love everybody except some. I believe I could love Teddy if he would retract and apologize. He ought to do that if he expects any peace of mind. A letter from Blue Mountain College, Mississippi, begs me to write him and ask him not to visit that state until he does retract, and says the bears have had a convention and resolved to keep in their dens when he comes. I thought he was a pretty fair speaker, but a friend of mine heard him at Asheville the other day and says he acts like a bull in breeches and cavorts all round and thrashes his arms and shakes his legs and twists up his nose and mouth and slobbers out his words, but he don't retract.

But this is enough about Teddy. Let us turn him over to the tender mercy of Dr. Wharton, who told us why he was shy of his mother's state and people.

## Sassy Talk to Negroes.

George W. Ward, the democratic nominee for solicitor in the first district, said in the course of a campaign speech last week:

"I want to say to you negroes here to-day, in passing, that I have not come here to talk to you. You let politics alone. You are not yet fitted for governing. You have not got sense enough to vote and you shall not vote. If you ever dare to give us any more trouble the white people who protect your lives and property and are educating you as fully as they educate themselves will also write into the organic law of the State a provision that the white man's money shall educate white people and black man's money shall educate black people. So much to you colored people. You go home and behave yourselves and I promise you as long as the possession of the state docket is confined in my hands, your lives, your liberty and your property shall be protected."

More than a score of lives have been lost in the immense forest fires which have been raging for the past week in Colorado, Wyoming and Washington, and farmers have lost all their buildings, implements and crops. The damage in western Washington is estimated at 2,000,000; and the Governors of Colorado and Wyoming have appealed to the Secretary of the Interior for help to check the fires in their States.

David B. Hill has no rep at all as a kisser among the girls, but as a buzzer among the boys he is all right.

## STORIES ABOUT PREACHERS.

Easton, Md., Or. Baltimore Sun.

A member of St. Joseph's Catholic Church tells this good story about Rev. Dr. Temple:

Before the recent rains, when the earth was parched, the roads dusty and rough and the crops failing Father Temple thought it became the church to pray for rain, and so one Sunday morning he gave notice that at the mass he would say a prayer for rain, and asked the people to respond in their silent devotions. Sitting well up in the congregation was a worthy farmer and his aged wife. When the announcement was made she nudged her husband, and in a whisper loud enough to be heard by those around, but not by the priest, asked: "Pap, do we want rain?" "No, no, Sally Ann," he replied; "I've got 5,000 pounds of blades down and we don't want rain until they are fit to haul in." The old lady refused to respond, and the rain did not come, despite Father Temple's intercession, until the farmer's blade fodder was out of the way!

Some years ago a local preacher of some celebrity preached in Broad Creek Neck. He essayed to quote some Scripture, but got the text wrong, and said: "If your right arm offend you pluck it out, and if your right eye offend you cut it off." Remy Larrimore, the wit of the neighborhood, exclaimed: "Darn it, the man must think we've got crab eyes down here!"

Rev. Henry R. Calloway, now dead, used to tell a story of a Methodist preacher in Chapel district, himself somewhat of a wag, who had an infant to baptize in the church. "Name this child," said the preacher, and the father replied: "John James Augustus Andrew Manship." "What?" "John James Augustus Andrew Manship." The preacher wrote the name down, word by word, and going to the baptismal font, a ten basin, he looked in it and, calling the sexton, said: "Bill Scott, go get some more water; there ain't no'n half enough here to baptize this baby in."

Rev. Dr. James F. Chaplain's story of his baptismal experience on the Eastern Shore of Virginia is a good one. One Sunday Dr. Chaplain, then presiding elder, preached in a little country school house. He was asked to go in the afternoon to the house of a farmer where there were about a dozen unbaptized children and christen them. He went. It was a little house surrounded by a big corn field. He saw no children, nobody but the farmer and his wife. "Where are the children to be baptized?" Dr. Chaplain asked. The father said they were scattered about somewhere, and sent a man servant out to look them up. After a long while the man returned, dragging with him by the hand one little weeping kid. "Where are the others?" demanded the father. "Please, sah," was the answer, "dis is de onliest one I could ketch!"

In the days when the brethren had more respect for a runseller than for a college-taught preacher the Philadelphia Conference sent into one of the rural districts of Talbot county as the junior preacher a finely educated and eloquent young man. He preached his first sermon in one of the neck churches and was entertained that night at the house of a gentleman of means and culture. After supper the conversation turned to the sermon. The host praised the sermon, but told the preacher he feared it was above the heads of his audience, that he used words the people did not know. "For instance," he said, "several times you made use of the word felicity. Had you said happiness you would have been understood. There were not a dozen in your congregation who ever heard the word felicity before." The preacher expressed his surprise and doubt. The host called in one of his hired men whom he had observed at the service. "John, do you know what felicity means?" he asked. "Sartinly I does, sir." "Well, what is it?" John scratched his head. "Well, I can't explain it perfectly, but it's something inside of a haw!"

## Consolidating Rural Schools.

Review of Reviews.

The new mandate that has gone forth is to the effect that neighboring district must consolidate in order to build a good central school building, with several rooms and several teachers, and a consequent opportunity for grading the scholars. It is further decreed that the children must be brought to this central school on a co-operative plan, in suitable conveyances for protection from cold and wet and fatigue. Further, it is in the air that the new consolidated country school must adapt its methods of instruction to the real condition of life. It must be a social and intellectual center for grown-up people as well as for the children of the region. It must have an ample piece of ground, and this must be kept in the most perfect order, as one of the primary interests and duties of the school. Nature-study must enter largely into school life and work, and a positive taste for rural pursuits and for the elements of the eternal sciences must be inculcated. The school grounds must furnish object lessons in the planting and maintenance of trees and flowers, and in so far as possible, may well be utilized to teach practical gardening. A certain amount of manual training for both girls and boys should enter into the work of the school, and every neighborhood should strive to surpass all others in its zeal to secure good teachers by offering proper inducements.

Troops were ordered to Lebanon, Pa., last week where striking steel workers terrified negroes who had been brought from the South to take their places.

## WHAT IS MAKING THE SOUTH GO AHEAD?

Baltimore Sun.

While a great deal is said all over the country of the marvelous growth of the manufacturing industry in the South, it cannot be doubted that the Southern people do not get the full amount of credit for this development that is due. There is a somewhat exaggerated estimate of the volume of capital which the North has invested in the South. The Sun today publishes a letter from Judge R. M. Douglas, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, to Mr. Charles C. Homer, of this city, which contradicts the theory that the North has built the factories of the South. At the close of the reconstruction period the South was crushed and bankrupt. But there was an inexhaustible quantity of raw material and every condition which invited the investment of capital. Judge Douglas says there was a general expectation that the North would send capital to the South to develop the great resources. The South had the bulk of the cotton of the world. Why should it be sent to Europe or the North to be manufactured into fabrics and brought back for the use of the Southern people, when it was perfectly feasible to manufacture it at home? In the States of the Confederacy stretching from the Potomac to the Rio Grande there is one-half of the standing timber of the United States. Why should it be sent North to be manufactured into furniture and brought back South? If all other conditions were equal there would be no good reason why the manufacturing should not be done in the South, if nothing were to be saved but the freight. But in the South the climate is more favorable for manufacturing, the necessities of life and all the expenses of living are cheaper than in the North, and this makes labor cheaper. The Southern people understood these advantages, and as soon as they began to recover from the war and reconstruction they applied their energies and their capital to developing the resources of the South.

One of the greatest needs of the South was skilled labor. The negroes had never learned that kind of work, and slave labor could not exist with free labor. Therefore, when the industrial South began, the movement was greatly impeded by the lack of the educated mechanics and operatives who have made the North so prosperous. Judge Douglas, in his letter, gives a striking illustration of the money value of education, including technical education. He shows that the South has turned its attention to this subject, and tells what has been accomplished by the technical schools which have grown up in recent years. This letter to Mr. Homer is worth a careful perusal, for it tells the story of the South's industrial beginning and progress.

## Predicts End of World

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 22.—Rev. Dr. C. H. Woolston, of the East Baptist Church, Kensington, has just preached a sermon predicting the end of the world. Dr. Woolston has, however, placed the arrival of chaos 20 years hence, which is certainly a good margin and gives sinners time to repent. The Doctor is a large man, with muttonchop whiskers, and the reverse of a sensation monger in appearance. In his sermon he took for his text a portion of the third verse of the sixteenth chapter of Matthew: "But can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

In part he said: "Let us note a few of the signs of the times which are signs of the coming end: First, the great internal demonstrations—earthquakes, tidal waves and the like. They are forerunners of the end. When Mount Pelee sent out its wave of death it was the beginning of the widespread seismic disturbances. Every country except Australia during the last few years has had volcanic disturbances and internal disorders. This has been more widespread than ever before. It is the sign of the end. Then, again, it is written that the Gospel shall be preached to all the earth. This work has been well-nigh completed. There are 300 missionary societies and 62,000 missionaries at work in foreign fields. Within five years every point in China will have been reached. Within seven years the remotest corner of Africa will hear the Gospel. In 20 years from now the Gospel will have been preached to every creature."

Dr. Woolston then launched in to a tirade against the Coal Trust, and said that 13 men fixed the price per ton, and we must pay for it or freeze. Other trusts come in for a share of his indignation, and he also denounced the Socialists and infidels. He said that all these things are declared by Scripture to be the beginning of the end.

## Saw Lincoln Shot.

HIGH POINT, Sept. 23.—Mrs. Folwell, wife of Mr. T. S. Folwell, died at her home in Archdale Saturday night, after a lingering illness. The funeral services were held yesterday, conducted by Rev. Thos. Anderson and Rev. Eli Reece. Mrs. Folwell was in Ford's Theatre in Washington when John Wilkes Booth assassinated Abraham Lincoln and saw the fatal attack upon the President. At the request of friends she often related the story of the tragedy, which was most interesting and tragic in every detail.

President Roosevelt says that the Republican bosses can settle the coal strike if they will. If they can and do not do so, what then? And if they can do so, why have they not done so before now?

The Seaboard Air Line Railway is to build a handsome modern depot at Monroe.