

AN OLD FAVORITE

BUGLE SONG

By Lord Tennyson

"THE BUGLE SONG" is universally considered one of the finest, if not the very finest, of short English poems. In writing of Tennyson, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, the American preacher-poet, says, "He has the power of expressing the vague, delicate, yet potent emotions, the feelings that belong to the twilight of the heart, when the glow of love and the shadow of regret are mingled, in melodies of words as simple and as magical as the chime of faroff bells or the echoes of a bugle call dying among the hills."

His splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light snakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying, dying!

Oh hark, oh hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from dirt and fear,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple gings replying;
Blow, bugle; answer echoes—dying, dying, dying!

O love, they die in you rich sky;
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer—dying, dying, dying!

THE WEE LITTLES IN LUCERNE.



The Lion of Lucerne, Switzerland, comes in a share of admiration "Is it petrified?" the inquire.

FIND THE TWO GUIDES.

BLACK RUST OF COTTON.

N. C. Experiment Station Gives Remedies for This Blight.

The following Bulletin is issued by the North Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station on the subject of Anthracnose or "Black-rust" of cotton.

"Black-rust" of cotton bolls is each year becoming worse in the cotton fields of the eastern part of North Carolina. It frequently amounts to one-tenth of the crop.

"Black-rust" is a fungous disease, and the spores or germs of the fungus are usually transmitted from place to place with and in the cotton seeds. The fungus also attacks the leaves and stems of the cotton plant, but this form usually causes no appreciable damage. The spores of the fungus may however live over winter in the stems and diseased bolls of the preceding crop.

The simplest and most effectual remedy for this disease is the annual selection of seed from the fungus. This, in connection with rotation of crops by means of which cotton will not come upon the same field oftener than once in three years, will reduce damage by "Black-rust" to an inappreciable quantity. Cotton may be sprayed like other herbaceous crops. For this crop we must use a spray which will not stain the lint. The ammoniacal carbonate of copper is the best spray to use upon cotton. This is made by dissolving 6 ounces of copper carbonate in three pints of strong ammonia and adding the solution to 50 gallons of water. This may be sprayed on the plants by any of the garden or orchard sprayers in common use. The Bordeaux mixture may be used upon cotton while it is young, but is no better than the ammoniacal carbonate, and if used after the bolls attain full growth—and this is the time when it is most needed—the Bordeaux mixture is liable to stain the lint.

Paris green at rate of 4 ounces to the barrel may be used with the Bordeaux mixture to destroy caterpillars, but no arsenic can be safely used with the ammoniacal solution. But annual selection of healthy seed and rotation of crops is the best remedy for "Black-rust."

GERALD MCCARTHY, Botanist,
N. C. Department of Agriculture.

Nothing takes place in nature that does not have a cause. We are now living under the reign of facts, and in an age where facts are sought out for their utility.—H. Maxin.

Official notice has been received from the postoffice Department that free city delivery of mails will be put into operation in Statesville December 1st.

The woman capable of the great sacrifices are not the women who are suffering in mind because women haven't equal rights with men.

Boy's Head Weighs More Than His Body and Limbs.

ELLENBORO, Rutherford County, N. C., October 24.—This town can truthfully boast of one of the most wonderful freaks of nature in the personage of George Randall, a white boy 6 years old. He weighs 65 pounds. His body and legs weigh only 15 pounds. Ever since he arrived at the age of 12 months his head has been rapidly outgrowing his body, and his parents say that his body has not increased a particle in size and weight during the past four years. He is really nothing but skin and bones. He is very fond of meats and does not eat much of other foods. Now and then he drinks coffee and milk.

While he is in perfect health, to all appearances, and has been so, with the exception of one illness two years ago, he does not appear to grow or thrive, and his parents do not believe that he will live long. Often he cannot hold up his head, and most of the time he prefers lying in bed because his head is so heavy.

He is well educated for a boy of 5 years. He readily reads newspapers, and prefers them to books. He can neither write nor read writing. He says he has no desire to do so. His mind is very active and quickly catches on to anything that transpires in his presence. He is very sensitive, and refused for some time before he consented to allow his picture to be taken.

A theatrical manager of New York City, who spent a winter here, offered the parents \$75 per week for the boy three months, but before the parents could answer the boy replied that he would not leave home at any price.

George can be seen any day near this town, and all these facts are well known to the people living near the Randall family. He is a great curiosity to all who see him.

He Claims to Be 130 Years Old.

WASHINGTON, N. C., Oct. 24.—A negro man, who claims to be the oldest person in the United States, celebrated his 130th birthday to-day in Clay county, Kentucky. He is named Elijah Bledsoe, and for many years, in olden times, he lived at Fayetteville. He remembers the war of 1812 distinctly and knew Aaron Burr. He says that he tried to buy him from his master, and take him away. The negro has in his possession a piece of money that was given him by Gen. Lafayette when he visited Fayetteville. It was given in the form of a tip for service in 1890.

Bledsoe made himself famous by the greatest running feat in history. He ran 30 miles in two hours. His opponent dropped dead by the wayside.

Eye hadn't been in the Garden of Eden fifteen minutes until she had discovered that the smooth surface of a pool is a mirror.

WALKED OFF HIS CONSUMPTION.

Between San Francisco and New York He Gained 55 Pounds and Got Well.

Toronto Mail and Empire.
If the experiences of Alfred Y. Allen, an old Toronto boy, are any criterion, he has discovered a cure for consumption that leaves Koch and other lymph compounds in the "also started" list. His remedy is certainly an heroic one, and efficacious as he found it, is secretly to become popular. This is his story:

"On being told by a doctor at San Francisco that his lungs were almost used up, and he had better go home to die, Mr. Allen retired to his room to consider what he would do. Many would have done nothing, or committed suicide, while idly pondering over how to spend his few remaining days, however, a sudden inspiration came to Mr. Allen. He decided to take a walk—back to his old Canadian home in Toronto.

He at once decided to try the experiment and the next day, August 8, 1901, he started out, with his best suit on, one lung out of business, \$3 in his pockets, and a gross tonnage over all of 81 pounds. He was very weak at first and found it hard work to cover a mile and a half a day. For two months he walked along, keeping his money—as long as he looked respectable no one would take it, but when he became more weather-worn and needy-looking it soon went. So weak was he that on one occasion he got permission to cut wood for a meal, but was unable to handle the axe.

Slowly and painfully he tramped on, following the ties north through California and Oregon. Then he left the tracks to take a short cut, and lost himself two days and a night in the dense forests, but in spite of it all he started to gain strength and was soon able to average 35 miles a day, one day actually walking 51 miles. In Oregon he earned \$17 cooking for some hungry sheep herders, strangers to dyspepsia, and started off again, rich one more, until he reached Idaho. There he had a terrible experience tramping across 173 miles of blazing, hot desert, without food or water, until he reached an oasis, where some adventurous spirit had by irrigation reclaimed enough land to produce a scanty living.

By this time Allen's tongue was parched and swollen; his lips cracked, and he was completely exhausted by his privations, so much so that it took several days of water and food to put him in shape to continue his walk. With the aid of a big water bottle he managed to cross the rest of the arid, sun-parched plain, and crossed into Utah, through which State he strolled, hospitably received everywhere by the lonely railroad section men, to whom the sight of a face from the outside world was a real godsend. In fact, at one place, where he had to face a fearful cold snap, with snow waist deep, a family took him in and kept him three weeks. When finally he did start off the lady of the house gave him a kiss and a five dollar bill to cheer his lonely pilgrimage. The money has gone, but the memory of that kiss is still fresh.

Through storm and snow, wind and rain, he plodded along, traversing Iowa into Illinois, through Illinois to Michigan, and at Detroit he crossed to Windsor, once more in Canada. From Windsor he walked across to Buffalo, from Buffalo to Lewiston, where he crossed the old Suspension Bridge and once again landed on Canadian soil. There he took the Grand Trunk line and landed in Toronto last Wednesday, weather-worn and weary, but a well man, weighing 136 pounds of hard, healthy manhood, and without a trace of his old foe, consumption.

During his long tramp Mr. Allen walked through thirty-five pairs of boots and used up more clothes than he could keep track of. He was much impressed with the unflinching kindness he met with everywhere, having always plenty of food and clothes. On only one occasion did he lack a house to sleep in, when he was lost in Oregon's wilds.

Mr. Allen has been examined by physicians, who have been amazed to find him perfectly free from the white plague, and still more astounded at the extraordinary method by which he cured himself.

How to Manage a Girl.

Some one who has tried it gives the following rules to manage a daughter:

1. You can't do it.
2. Give her her own way; it will save her the trouble of taking it.
3. Pay for her dresses; if you can afford to. Her dress-maker will sue you if you don't.
4. If she takes a fancy to any one man you do not want her to marry, tell her you have set your heart on her marrying him and swear she shall never marry any one else. You can give her a free hand and she wouldn't have him if he was the only man left.
5. If there is any man you want her to marry kick him out of your house; order the servants never to admit him; distribute man traps and spring guns and bull dogs all around your grounds; lock her up in her room, and vow if she marries him you won't leave her a penny. You will not have to wait long after that for the elopement.
6. If she has no voice encourage her to sing whenever you give a party. It will attract attention to her and give your guests an excuse for complimenting her. Never mind the neighbors.
7. If you are a poor man teach your daughter how to dance and play the piano. She can learn cooking and dress making and those things after she is married.

A passenger and a freight train on the Seaboard Air Line collided near Rockingham on the 19th. Herbert Holland, a flagman, whose home was at Sanford, was killed.

THE STORY TELLERS.

The Englishman Who Capped All Stories Save One.

New York Tribune.
"The Lord save me from an Englishman who has done things, or says he has," said a Western man at the Waldorf-Astoria recently. "Such a one will spoil any party and throw gloom on any gathering he happens to be in. An Englishman of this type was once a visitor in my town and at the club he became an unmitigated nuisance. No matter what story was told, the Britisher invariably went the narrator one better. For example, one man told of a big faro game he had seen at Theyarns in those never-to-be-forgotten days when cattle sold at \$75 a head and everyone in the cattle country simply reeked with wealth. It was a good story, but as soon as it was finished the Englishman rang in one of an experience he had at Monte Carlo that made the Cheyenne tale seem like a bottle of flat champagne.

Then an ex-army officer told of a company of infantry at Gettysburg that had been sent to capture a certain hill. They didn't secure it, but 75 per cent. of the company lay dead or wounded on that bloody hillside before the boys in blue could be driven back.

The Englishman capped that with an experience of his in India. Out of a company of 76 Sikhs that he commanded only two escaped—himself and another—the other shot so full of holes that he looked like a nutmeg grater.

When the refreshments made necessary by this last anecdote had been imbibed another man so forgot himself as to relate an experience he had while hunting bears. The Englishman chimed in, at once, with a legend of a bear hunt of his own. He had only six shots in his magazine rifle and was attacked by four adult and two cub bears. After an exhibition of fancy shooting that must have made the performances of 'Wild Bill' or 'Billy the Kid' look amateurish, the last bear fell, shot through the heart, only six feet from where the doughty Englishman stood.

The silence that followed the relation of this Munchausen positively hurt, but when it was at length broken the fate that Englishman had so long been tempting was upon him.

"That experience," said the soft voice of a six-foot mining man, who had been silent, "reminds me of a similar one I myself once had. I was after antelope and had chased a pair of them all the afternoon. They finally came to a canyon and made for it. Just as they got to its entrance I shot twice at them, missing both times. I didn't fire again for the reason that those two shots were all I had in my magazine rifle. Nothing daunted, I spurred my weary mount forward and soon found myself within the shadows of the canyon, which rose precipitously. With the idea of resting my horse I dismounted and that wretched bronco took prompt advantage of my kindness by jerking the reins from my hand and making a bolt of it. Looking around for the cause I saw a grizzly at least nine feet high rushing toward me with open mouth. I can tell you I legged it up that canyon, and a busy brain accompanied me. I couldn't shoot the grizzly, for my last shot had been fired at the antelope. Just then a rock came into view, and, uttering a cry, I cast myself upon it.

"Here the miner came to a full stop, and the deeply interested Englishman leaned breathlessly forward. 'What,' he queried, 'what did the bear do, my dear fellow?' 'Why,' returned the other, without batting an eyelash, 'he ate me up, of course.'"

A Big Event at Big Lick.

Charlotte Observer.
It is the flying machine were perfected we might all have gone to Big Lick, Stanley county, last Sunday, and heard the joint discussion between Rev. Singleton Little, Primitive Baptist, and Rev. Cul. Davis, missionary Baptist, which was told of in our Albemarle special yesterday. It was doubtless worth flying miles to hear. The Primitive or Hardsell Baptists believe in predestination and oppose foreign missions, and around these points the debate seems to have raged. Our correspondent tells us that "Rev. Mr. Little is an old man, but of handsome appearance, and reminds one more of a Roman Senator of old than a Primitive preacher. Standing in the pulpit in his shirt sleeves, with a red bandana handkerchief in his hand to mop his brow occasionally, he spoke for something over two hours of his belief and giving reasons for the faith that was in him." Of the Rev. Cul. Davis we are told that "he is a tall, gaunt, raw-boned man, a typical country preacher, having a voice on him that penetrated to the farthest corners of the village. He began at Genesis and wound up at Revelation, proving all he said by the Bible. It seemed that every argument made was a direct blow at his aged opponent, who sat on the platform with him and would shake his head when some particularly strong point was made against him." Our correspondent says that the debate was a failure in so far as changing any one from his belief was concerned, but that is the way with all joint debates. The gaiety of this occasion must have been great and it is not surprising to learn that there was an "immense gathering." The handsome and dignified old Hardsell, in his shirt sleeves and with his red bandana, protesting for two hours the faith once delivered to the saints, and Brother Cul. Davis, "tall, gaunt, raw-boned," with a voice like a frog horn, must each have been a study in his way, and those of us who missed this event have something to regret all the remainder of our days.

A rolling woman gathers no husband.

THE WRONG AND THE RIGHT WAY.

Charlotte Observer.

"Let the whitewashed, independent Democrats (so-called) be set by themselves, an forever branded as deserters who sold their birthright for a mess of pottage." This is the concluding sentence of an editorial in The Elizabeth City Economist, a paper which is old enough to know better. As sure as you are born a mistake is being made in the method of treatment of the North Carolina independents. Very few if any of them have sold their birthright for pottage or anything else; few of them are candidates for office or ever will be. They are among the most substantial men of the State—farmers, business men, men of all occupations, who are after nothing except suitable men-in-office and just laws equally administered. They are in large part the men who in past campaigns have furnished the money and done the work for the Democratic party. This year the party has put up some candidates which they are not going to vote for and—they are not going to do it. When it is proposed to brand them as "deserters" they laugh; every time the party whip cracks they snap their fingers. They have never yet bowed their heads to anybody except God Almighty and they are not to be bullied this year or swayed from their purpose to vote as they please. We are not talking of the mercenaries or sore heads among them, and there doubtless are such, but of the great mass of independents who are without ambition in politics, who are not moved by a spirit of vengeance, but whose course is dictated by principle and who have no design except the promotion of the best interests of North Carolina. Let the abuse then go on if this is thought to be wise party policy, but we say to The Elizabeth City Economist and their other maligners that it but strengthens them in their purposes—for they are men who cannot be driven—and mayhap will put some of them to work when they had calculated upon doing no more than vote.

In marked contrast with the spirit of intolerance manifested in some quarters, and with the efforts to lash back into line these men who have stepped aside for cause, was that manifested by Representative E. W. Pou, of the fourth district, in his recent speech in Charlotte, in which he said in substance that a man is not bound by any rule of party fealty or good citizenship to vote for a candidate whom he conscientiously believes to be unfit or unqualified for the office sought. That was the speech of a politician—we use the word in its best sense—and of a broad-minded man. A candidate holding these broad views, willing to concede to every man his rights as he claims his own, and representing the political policies that Mr. Pou does, deserves the vote of every independent in his district. And we may add that if his spirit were that of the Democratic party in the State there would be no reason for any Democrat to bolt which could not be met by a better reason why he should not.

But go on, gentlemen, with your hectoring.

Why He Quit Iowa.

Kansas City Journal.

Henry Clay Dean, who was a famous orator a generation ago, was referred to many years after he had moved to Missouri from Iowa, as "Henry Clay Dean, of Iowa." He used to explain his move from the Hawkeye State in this way: "You see, they passed a netarious prohibition law in Iowa, and there's your whisky gone. Then they abolished capital punishment, and there's your hanging gone. And now the whole population seems to be drifting toward Universalism, and there's your hell gone. I can't live in a State that has neither hell, hanging, nor whisky."

Gold in Montgomery.

Troy Examiner.

It seems that the gold fever has struck Montgomery county in earnest. Gold is being hunted now in places where it was never thought to be until recently. The section of the Iola mine is being thoroughly searched, and pits are being sunk in the Pekin section with the hope of unearthing some of the yellow metal. Montgomery county has always been noted for her gold, and she promises to keep up her reputation in this line. The Iola mine is said to be paying handsomely.

North Carolina Freaks.

Elizabeth City Tarheel.

Eastern North Carolina has some of the queerest freaks in the world. The biggest is Lewis Lewark the 17 year old boy who weighs 669 pounds. We all know Lewis. He lives right here in Currituck county, and then the smallest is Chas. Baker, of Hertford. Mr. Baker is 21 years old, weighs only 71 pounds and yet he is in the best of health and deserves much praise, from the fact though he is sadly hampered through lack of stature and avoirdupois, he is the main support of a sister and widowed mother.

Negro Burned Alive.

FOREST CITY, Ark., Oct. 21.—A mob of a thousand men stormed the jail here late last night and took Charles Young, a negro, bound him to a telegraph pole on the public square and prepared to burn him. Young begged piteously for his life but was taken a half mile from town, bound to a tree and roasted to death. Young was accused of murdering Mrs. Edward Lewis after having assaulted her.

Commercial travelers say that business is extremely good, particularly in the tobacco region of eastern North Carolina, where there is more money, much more money, than ever before. Business men there say business was never so good.

TREED BY HOGS.

A Hunter's Terrible Experience In a South American Forest.

Scotoman.
In the canebrakes along one of the South American rivers wild hogs have appeared in great numbers this year, coming from no one knows where.

These hogs seem to have little in common with the domestic species. They are gaunt of form, long-legged and as ferocious as bears, many of them with enormous heads and savage-looking tusks. Several rather unpleasant adventures have occurred with these animals, among them one in which an Irish hunter, a Mr. McGee, played a part.

On his return from a successful bird hunt Mr. McGee saw a small pig rolling in the dirt. He had heard of the wild hogs, but up to this time had seen none. With the sportsman's instinct, he raised his gun, fired and wounded the pig. Its squeals were answered by grunts from all sides, and hundreds of hogs issued from the cane.

McGee knew that they meant mischief, and throwing down his gun, he hastily scrambled among the branches of a small tree. Still the hogs came, hundreds of them, and their grunting and squealing, added to their ferocious aspect, were appalling to the frightened man.

The hunter felt reasonably safe in the tree, for he knew the enraged animals could not reach him. But they squealed, snapped their ugly jaws and leaped up. McGee saw them chew up and destroy the stalks of his gun. And then they began to root at the tree wherein he sat.

A half dozen of the big boars kept at it, and he began to wonder if they meant to root the tree down. In the course of a half hour his wonder changed to alarm. The hogs had made a big hole around the roots of the tree, which was but small, and they were still rooting vigorously. Doubtless they had learned by experience how to get at a tree enemy.

Night came on, and in the moonlight the luckless hunter saw countless numbers moving about, and the rooting at the tree went on. Hoping to divert the savage brutes, he had thrown down to them the contents of his game bag, which had been eagerly devoured.

Time passed and the tree began to sway. McGee knew well that his chance for life was nothing if he fell among those hogs. More and more the tree swayed, then leaned to one side, and the hunter gave himself up for lost.

Suddenly there was a cessation of the rooting. Waiting barely long enough to make sure of the departure of his enemies, he dropped grunting and squealing down below, and then a rush of feet. The hogs had departed, for some mysterious cause. The hunter did not know then and does not know now why they fled. But go they did, and the hunter was safe.

He soon came down from the tree and made the best possible time to his home.

Times Have Changed.

Statesville Landmark.

A gentleman who is familiar with the local political situation thus sizes up the situation. The work the Democrats have to do is to get the people to register and vote. The people are indifferent, apathetic. They care nothing for campaign oratory. The appeals to passion, prejudice, or sentiment, so effective in bygone campaigns, count for little or nothing. The people want facts and most of them, by reading, are pretty well posted and know in advance what the campaign orator is going to talk about; and some of them know more about the subject than the orator. Therefore he fails to interest them. This does not mean that the day of oratory is passed or that the campaign speaker may not do some good, but for the reasons stated, the conditions are greatly changed and the campaign must accommodate himself to the new conditions. It doesn't mean, either, that the people are quitting the Democratic party or have lost interest in it, but it does mean that they think they can afford to be more independent and indifferent about matters political than heretofore. And this brings the situation back to the first proposition stated—that the thing the Democrats have to do is to get their people on the registration books and get them to the polls. That is the work to be done, through personal effort or otherwise.

Horses Fed With Molasses.

New York Special to New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Instead of oats, 100 horses owned by the Arbuckle Brothers, of Brooklyn, coffee and sugar refiners, are fed with molasses. The animals are sleek and fat and seem to thrive on the diet. Dr. George H. Berns, a veterinarian, first suggested the use of molasses, and after six weeks' experiment on two of the horses, it was decided to use it as a food for all.

Dr. Berns said he first got the idea from a veterinarian in the United States artillery service, who told him that from ten to fifteen pounds of the dark mixture was sufficient daily rations for a horse weighing 1000 pounds. The cost of feeding each animal on molasses is 15 cents a day.

"These are the days when people who are dabbling in cotton will agree with the saying of an old negro of my acquaintance," said Capt. Harrison Watts. "How's cotton, Uncle?" I asked. "Boss," he replied, "when I sell cotton she goes up and when I hold cotton she goes down. Boss, cotton is a blamed fool."

Mr. J. C. Deaton, of Mooresville, says he has been farming for 50 years and that his corn crop this year is the best he ever had on upland. He will make 30 bushels to the acre.