

AN OLD FAVORITE

INVICTUS

By William E. Henley



WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, born in Gloucester, England, on Aug. 23, 1849, long prominent in English letters as a poet, essayist, novelist and dramatist, now resides in London. His poems are full of depth and beauty, and "now and again one comes on a perfect song," says a recent reviewer.

OUT of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

THE WEE-LITTLES IN SWITZERLAND.



FIND THE CARETAKER.

PROHIBITION IN CUMBERLAND.

News and Observer.

Six years ago every saloon in Cumberland county was closed and a dispensary was established in Fayetteville. Four years ago there was a big fight in the Legislature over a bill to abolish the dispensary and restore license. It was defeated. Two years ago, under the leadership of Senator James D. McNeill, a determined effort was made to abolish the dispensary. The House defeated the bill. Later Mr. McKeithan introduced a bill to establish prohibition in Cumberland, coupled with a proposition that in November, 1902, the voters of Cumberland should vote "Prohibition" or "License." Most of the Prohibitionists and advocates of the dispensary fought the bill, mainly because they thought it would result in restoring license at the election.

Prohibition went into effect in July, 1901. It has worked so well that at the election on Tuesday, the people, by an overwhelming majority, voted to continue Cumberland a dry county. The vote was: Prohibition 1,931; License 612, a majority of 1,319.

This is the most significant election held in North Carolina this year. The sentiment against the saloon has been steadily growing in North Carolina. Prohibition has been successful in Cumberland county, because it embraced the whole county, because public sentiment was behind it, and because the officers sought to enforce the law. There needs only an anti-jug amendment to the law in Cumberland to make its violation comparative infrequent.

Prohibition or a dispensary regulation prevail in most of the counties of North Carolina, and the number of counties abolishing the saloon will steadily increase. The result in Cumberland will give a great impetus to saloon restriction in other counties.

Drouth and Famine in India.

The population of the self-governed native states of India has decreased, it is stated, 3,500,000 in the last 10 years, owing to plague and famiae, while the population of the states under direct British rule has increased by 7,000,000. From this the British press draws the inference that the famines are not due to the Anglo-Indian Government, but to the failure of the customary rains. The Government's large extension of irrigation in the parched areas and its construction of railways have served to lessen the crop failures and to lessen their bad effect when they come. It is due to the railroads that food could be delivered wherever needed, and that nobody starved that asked help. Millions were fed for long periods. The recent good rains promise an end of the scarcity of grain.

Tommy sat way back in church with his mamma. It was his first experience. Everything was wonderful to him. By and by the collection was taken, but imagine the surprise of Tommy's mother when the usher passed the plate to hear Tommy say: "No, thank you, I've got some money of my own!"

The poker player often realizes that a dollar in the hand is worth two in the pot.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

Lord Bacon said, "Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age and old men's nurses." There is truth in that and my wife is nursing me now. Our girls have gone off, one to a wedding and the other to Atlanta on a visit. I told them to go, for they had been penned up here with me for four long months and their mother said she would take care of me until they returned. I get along pretty well during the day, but at night my cough is distressing and my wife has to dose me with various remedies until I get to sleep. The rain has come at last and purified the air and I feel better. Yes, we two are alone in a great big house. She sits in her accustomed corner and sews most all day long, while I sit opposite in mine and write or read aloud to her and when meal time comes she sits at one end of the table and I at the other, and that's all.

Old Father Gibbons came 9 miles yesterday to see me and to invite me and my wife to his birthday dinner. Next week he will be 89 years old and still gets about lively and takes a comfort in meeting his friends and abusing the yankees. It is hard to reconstruct these old veterans, especially when they come from Virginia. He and his brother moved to Georgia just after the close of the war. He settled in this county on a good farm and his brother located in Rome. I never was at the old gentleman's house but once and that was in 1866. His brother was a game man and had been a colonel in the confederate army. When the carpet-baggers and mean niggers overrun their section and plundered every rebel's home the colonel organized a band of avengers and played kuklux among them and whipped them and ran them off and later they came back with federal officers and the colonel and his band had to leave to save their lives. Not long after the colonel had settled in Rome the Virginia carpet-baggers got a military order for his arrest and transportation to Virginia for trial. A deputy marshal and another fellow came secretly to Rome, but the colonel had already been advised of their coming and so, one dark night about 10 o'clock he came to my house and told me his peril and said he could go to his brothers place in this county and hide out until the pursuit had blown over. So I hitched my horse to our rockaway and we left in haste. I knew the road to Kingston and he knew the rest of the way. It was about 3 o'clock when we reached the place and saw the gin house out in the field. There we stopped and he took refuge in it and told me to tie my horse out in the bushes and then go down and rouse up his brother. This is the old man that asked us to come and dine with him. When I knocked at the door he came in his night clothes and said, "Who is that and what do you want?" I whispered my business and told him to talk low, for we didn't want the family or the negroes to know anything. He put on his clothes and went to his brother and I got in my conveyance and made for Rome, where I arrived about sunrise. The colonel kept hid in the gin house under the cotton for nearly a month and then dared to return for the officers had departed. I never see this fine old Virginia gentleman but what I think of that ride and the narrow escape his brother made. Verily reconstruction was worse than war. But it is all over now, thank the good Lord, and we can hold our reunions and carry our battle-torn banners and build our monuments and lay the corner stone for Winnie Davis and lynch the brutes that assault our wives and daughters and as Governor Oates said to our defamers in congress, "What are you going to do about it?" And as for lynching, I repeat what I have said before, "Let the good work go on. Lynch 'em! Hang 'em! Shoot 'em! Burn 'em." Israel Putnam went into a cave with a torch to shoot the wolf that had devoured the lambs of his flock, and just so I would lynch the brutes who outrage our women. He is not a human. He is a brute, a beast and all these demonstrations by governors and judges and sheriffs are hypocritical and perfunctory. In their breasts they rejoice in the lynching.

And there is another set of hypocrites who infest our southern land. I mean those who for the sake of filthy lucre and nothing else invite Roosevelt to visit their city and they promise him an ovation. He comes nearer being a figure-head of a president than any we have ever had. He is a confirmed slanderer of a great and good man and he knew he slandered him and will not retract or apologize. Our women have just laid a corner stone for a monument to his lamented daughter and our veterans and members of the legislature approved it by their presence, and yet some of the same creatures would invite Roosevelt to Savannah and Macon and Augusta. I wouldn't invite any man to my town whom I wouldn't invite to my house and no man who fought for the lost cause or respects Mr. Davis would do that. There is more patriotism to-day among our women than among our men. A friend wrote me from Atlanta that he was going to have 5,000 copies of General Jackson's great speech on the "Wanderer" printed in pamphlet for distribution at a small cost among our people. I have promised to help him advertise it, but I had no idea that he could sell or hardly give away a thousand copies, for our old men and cultured men and patriots were nearly all dead and this generation does not care whether General Jackson made a speech or not. I asked a college man if he had ever read it and he seemed surprised and asked who was General Jackson. Our people who have grown up since the war have fallen into northern lines and are for money. Money is their ambition, their idol. Morgan and Rockefeller

have done more to corrupt the young men of this country than all other causes combined. Those who are smart are looking for some short cut to fortune—some scheme, some tricky way to shear the lambs and get somebody's money for nothing. This is sad, but it is the truth.

Well, the election is over and we are just where we were. We didn't expect anything else. Senator Morgan can take comfort, for he said long ago that it was best to let the republicans have the house as long as they had the senate. Give them rope, all the rope, and let the country see where they will run to and by the next presidential election the people will be alarmed and turn the rascals out. So mote it be.

BILL ARP.

"Sleeping Beauty" in Illinois Awakes North American.

Miss Dora Meek quarreled with her sweetheart on Sunday, September 23, and then went to sleep. She slumbered until Saturday, October 18, and then regained consciousness. Every remedy known to science was tried in an effort to awaken her and failed.

During the entire time of her sleep her pulse and respiration were normal. The pupils of her eyes retained their normal condition.

What puzzled the physicians was her wonderful power of resistance to the remedies that usually brought such cases to an end. Ammonia fumes, ice applied to her back, smart slappings, all were endured without flinching. Not once did she give signs of knowing what was being done, yet later developments show that she was largely unconscious of what went on about her.

As she tells it now, she was conscious much of the time, but when everything was quiet her mind would wander. All of the time she was helpless and unable to make a sign.

During her sleep she had many wonderful dreams.

The history of the case goes back several years. She had an aunt, according to reports, who was the victim of a long sleep and never fully recovered her mental strength. The girl's father had an attack of yellow fever in his soldier days, and his nerves had never recovered entirely.

Two years ago the girl quarreled with her sweetheart. The next morning she was found in a wood lying by a log, almost frozen and in a sleep similar to the recent one. Drs. Laswell, of Alma, and Murfin, of Patoka, treated her and brought her out after almost a week. This last time she quarreled with her sweetheart on the Saturday before she went to sleep.

The Renaissance of Clevelandism Progressive Farmer.

One of the features of the recent campaign has been the re-appearance of Grover Cleveland as a Democratic leader. For the first time since Bryan's nomination he made a campaign speech for his party. We shall not be surprised if a formidable effort is made to secure his nomination of President two years hence. On last Tuesday night we heard two Democratic lawyers of more than ordinary prominence declare for him. The great obstacle in the way of a Cleveland boom by the anti-Bryan element is the "no-third-term" precedent that not even Grant himself was unable to break. It is interesting, therefore, to see that in a recent New York special to the Richmond Dispatch, Mr. Cleveland (all the while protesting that he was not a candidate) was quoted as saying:

"Recognizing the fact that, through President twice, I did not have two successive terms, and that the precedent set by the Father of his Country related entirely to the holding, in a continued succession, three terms as President, I do not see that the precedent relates to me at all, or that if I were called upon by my fellow-citizens even twenty years from now, I could not serve yet another term as President of the United States without violating the precedent very properly set as a safeguard by our greatest American."

Deserted by Bride on Wedding Trip, North American.

Deserted by his bride of five days, Robert H. Larned, of Lansing, has returned to his home in that city. Mrs. Larned was Miss Fannie Ide. She is a niece of Governor Bliss, and has been a member of his household for several years.

After an engagement of six months they were married two weeks ago at Saginaw. It was announced at the time that the governor was building a handsome residence at Lansing as a bridal gift to the young couple.

The friends of Mr. Larned were somewhat surprised to see him back in Lansing last Thursday, as it had been announced that the bride had been to extend over a month. When it was learned that Mrs. Larned had not returned the surprise deepened. Then Larned told his story, and now it is the gossip of the capital.

The bride deserted her husband at the Wayne Hotel here, while on the wedding trip. He found a note from his wife on the dresser in their room saying, "We've made a mistake. Better now than later."

Setting the Matter Right.

"Are you a native of this town?" asked a traveler of a resident of a sleepy little Southern hamlet.

"Am I what?"

"Are you a native of the town?"

"Hey?"

"Are you a native of this place?"

At that moment his wife, tall and sallow and gaunt, appeared at the open door of the cabin, and, taking her pipe from between her teeth, said acridly:

"Ain't ye got no sense, Jim? He means wuz ye livin' here when you wuz born, or wuz ye born before you begun livin' here? Understan'? Now answer him."

SETTLERS FOR THE SOUTH.

Substantial Results of Many Years' Work for Immigration.

Manufacturers' Record.

M. V. Richards, the land and industrial agent of the Southern Railway Co., is a worker rather than a talker. But a few days ago the writer, meeting Mr. Richards for an hour or two on the cars while passing through the Carolinas, turned naturally to a discussion of the progress of the South, and without attempting to quote his exact words, some of the points made by Mr. Richards may be summed up as follows:

"At last, after many years of seed-sowing, often under great discouragement, the South is beginning to reap the harvest. To get capital to come South was for a long time difficult proposition, but it was much more difficult to induce people to locate here. To the great mass of Northern and Western people the South was an unknown region. So deep were the prejudices against this section that the people were more inclined to accept every false or sensational statement against the South than to believe any good of it. The men who in the early days blazed their way through the forests, crossed the Alleghenies and opened up the West and the men who later pressed on from Ohio and Indiana and Illinois to Iowa and Minnesota and the Dakotas were not in one sense greater pioneers than were the men who twenty, fifteen or even ten years ago moved from the West and the North to the South. That the anticipated dangers were never encountered by the latter does not alter the case. They thought they were going into a far and dangerous land, and except for those who, driven by an inhospitable climate at home, sought health here the majority of the people who formerly came might, if you use the word in its better sense, be called adventurers. Pioneers they certainly were, and very generally in the same financial condition of the pioneers who made possible the creation of the mighty West. Some of them succeeded and some failed, but back in the North and West, whence they came, the failures were promptly widely heralded, while not so much was heard about the successes. But after a while the story of the men who had come South, often with no capital but brains and brawn, was told back at home, at first with some skepticism, since there was still a disinclination to believe that any good could come out of the South. Now, thought, these reports are being everywhere accepted. Men are saying if John Doe could go South and succeed, surely we can do so. And just about the time when this conviction was spreading over the country the great prosperity of the West caused such an enormous advance in the price of farm lands that every Western paper is filled with stories of farmers selling their high-priced land at \$50, \$75 and \$100 an acre and moving South, where they can buy cheap land and thus repeat the success made in the West. At least 100 Western farmers are today going over the country tributary to the Southern Railway between Washington and the Saluda river looking for farms, while we have just sold to a Western man for \$85,000 cash a noted Virginia farm. Along other parts of the road the same activity in hunting for good farms is going on. But it is not alone farmers who are moving this way in great numbers. Timber-buyers, lumber-operators, pleasure-seekers having a competence, and who want now to make a permanent home in a section having such a genial climate as much of the South, and many others are moving this way. The immigration and industrial development work of the Southern Railway has grown so rapidly that it is difficult to keep up with the enquiries from prospective settlers."

Thinking over Mr. Richards' enthusiastic talk about the great southward movement of population, the writer could not but recall the long and oftentimes weary fight of the pioneers in the endeavor to press upon the world's attention the claims of this section, the doubt which even Southern people had of these efforts ever being crowned with success, of the time when the Southern Railway managers determined to take an active part in this work, and called to this uphill fight Mr. Richards, a Western man, whose father, like so many others, had gone from Virginia to make a home in the then almost unknown West and whose son was destined to play such a prominent part in bringing to Virginia people from all the West, which he was so closely identified. This work of the Southern Railway Co., has been aggressively pushed for some years, the managers of this company realizing that immediate results could not be secured, but now the whole South is beginning to reap the benefits from the hundreds of thousands of dollars thus expended. The seed has been sown sometimes in unpromising soil, sometimes in good, but the seed-sowing has never ceased, and often the unpromising soil has yielded even a larger harvest than that what was supposed to be the most fertile. The Southern Railway Co., through its industrial and immigration bureau, has done a great work for the South.

"You are in my pew, sir," said Mr. Upjohn, stiffly.

"Then I am sitting in the seat of the scornful!" replied the stranger, getting out of it with alacrity, and taking a seat further back in the church.

A young lady attending college wrote to her parents that she had fallen in love with ping-pong. Immediately her father replied: "Give him up! No Chinaman marries into this family!"

In very truth, I can't decide just what's the charm of lovely Kitty. "She is an angel!" one man cried.

Another said: "She's devilish pretty!" the box.

RURAL FREE MAIL DELIVERY

Its Extension to be Completed in Three Years.

A. W. Machen, General Superintendent of the Free Delivery system, in his report for the fiscal year 1902, estimates that within the next three years, when the extension of the rural free delivery service is completed, there will be 40,000 carriers employed, who will cover a territory of 700,000 square miles and make necessary an annual appropriation of about \$24,000,000. The territory of the United States available for rural free delivery embraces about 1,000,000 square miles, or one-third of the country's area, including Alaska, and the 11,650 routes now in operation cover a little more than 300,000 square miles, so that almost one-third of the available territory has been provided with service.

Mr. Machen says that while for the last five years the annual increase in the appropriations for the rural services has averaged over 200 per cent, in two or three years, when the complete extension shall have been effected, the rate of increase ought not to exceed 8 or 9 per cent, the rate maintained in the older branches of the service. The report says:

The sooner the service is completed, the more quickly will the full effect of its influence on the postal revenue be felt. Hereafter the extension of the service should be made at the rate of 12,000 routes a year until it becomes universal. To do this the Department will require such largely increased appropriations that the annual postal deficits for the ensuing two or three years will probably reach \$8,000,000 or \$10,000,000, if not more, but once the service is thoroughly organized, the patronage from 20,000,000 of our people who have thus far had little opportunity to enjoy the full benefits of the mail service will increase to such a marked degree that the additional revenue derived will soon reduce the present figures, if not entirely wipe them out. An additional appropriation of \$500,000 is asked for the current year to enable the Department to carry out its plans for the uninterrupted extension of the service.

On July 1, 1901, 4,301 rural routes were in operation, and during the year 4,165 routes were established, the service practically doubling itself in twelve months. On July 1, 1901, the number of petitions for routes received at the Department since the establishment of the first route in 1896 reached 10,243 while during the year 1902, 12,403 petitions were filed, exceeding by over 2,000 the total number filed during the preceding four years. Since July 1, 1902, about 2,400 petitions have been received—or about 600 a month—a large average for this season of the year.

The observations made by the Department of the working of the rural free delivery system in Carroll county, Maryland, where a complete and model system is in operation, shows that rural free delivery causes a healthy and steady increase in the gross receipts of the post offices in the locality in which free delivery is general, and is also responsible for a portion of the increased revenues of the larger offices accruing from the stimulated use of the mails by merchants and others who are now able to reach patrons of rural free delivery throughout the country.

Supt. Machen recommends that rural carriers be authorized to pay money orders to patrons as well as to issue them. In several localities postmasters have at their own risk permitted rural carriers to pay money orders. The innovation has proved most satisfactory and in no case has there been a wrong payment of money by the carrier or loss to the postmaster on account of the practice.

Mr. Machen recommends that fifteen days' annual leave be granted rural carriers and that substitute carriers be paid a fixed living salary in place of the \$1 a year they now receive from the Government.

The Bell Will Make Us Dance to the Statesville Landmark.

The Bell Telephone Company, one of the biggest monopolies of its kind in the country, is gradually absorbing all the independent phone lines in this section. It has obtained control of most of the independent lines in upper South Carolina, and the exchanges at Gastonia, King's Mountain, Bessemer City, Lincolnton, Cherryville and Shelby have been consolidated and are now practically controlled by the Bell. Time was when the Bell company controlled everything and the smaller towns and rural communities were deprived of the advantages of phone service because they could not pay the price. The independent concerns came in and have covered the rural communities with lines. Now when the Bell gets control of all these we'll all dance to the music.

An Election Joke.

A good story is being told in connection with the election in Anderson county, South Carolina. The managers at the country precincts were greatly distressed when they looked over the ballots that had been furnished them and found none bearing the name of the Hon. A. C. Latimer, for United States Senator. The managers began telephoning to the Commissioners of Elections at the court house asking what was the matter. "It's all a trick," said one excited manager over the phone. "It's a trick of them dern McLaurinites to cheat Latimer out of his seat." It took a good deal of time and talk to persuade the gentleman that United States Senators are not elected by the people direct, but by the General Assembly, and that Mr. Latimer was just as safe as if his name appeared on every ballot that went into the box.