

MRS. PUGH'S ANSWER TO FATHER RYAN'S "CONQUERED BANNER."

"Furl that banner," and we furl'd it,
As the poet-priest had said,
Furl'd it slowly, furl'd it sadly,
For our hopes, alas, were a' d!
"Furl that banner," and we furl'd it,
Through our hearts were bored with pain
As we thought upon the heroes
Who beneath its folds were slain.
"Furl that banner," and we furl'd it,
Banner of the sacred cross;
As we furl'd it many a woman
Kneel and wept some loved one's loss.
"Furl that banner," yes, we furl'd it,
Laid it softly down to rest;
But the place where we enshrined it
Was in each faithful breast.
Yes, we furl'd it, and we laid it
In our hearts, far out of sight;
But our Southern women taught their children
That their fathers' cause was right;
That 'tis right to fight for honor
'Gainst a foe, however great;
That the cause for which we fought
Was but the sovereign right of State
Taught them to revere that banner,
Love its cause and heroes brave;
That, to them, the South's escutcheon
Free from stain their fathers gave.
And they have revered that banner,
Kept its record ever bright;
And when of late the Union called them
They were eager for the fight.
Loving honor, loving duty,
To that record they were true,
And Southern women gave their blessing
To their soldier boys in blue.
—CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

FOOLED THE HORSE.

Appincoot's Magazine.
In a little Virginia city not a very great while ago there dwelt a young Englishman, tall, angular, and with feet that were a wonder to behold, particularly as to their length.

A pair of dancing-pumps, made to order for him and displayed in the window of a shoe store once, were thought to be an advertisement to catch the eye of the passer-by.

Wishing to go to a small hamlet near the city one summer afternoon, he stepped into a livery stable and asked for a riding horse. He was told that all were out, that he could be furnished with a buggy and horse, but riding horses there were none.

He preferred the riding horse and was about to go away when a negro hostler who had heard the conversation said to the proprietor,—

"Boss, 'dat Bill hoss'll ride all right."

"In't he inclined to be a little foolish under the saddle, Jim?"

"Yess, suh, he is, a little; but I jess know this gen'man can ride him." The Englishman expressed his ability to ride anything, and only asked that the horse be fairly well gaited.

So the "Bill hoss" was saddled, and, upon being mounted, moved out of the stable and down the street as if he had always been used for a saddle nag, and never for harness.

The proprietor, observing this, remarked to the hostler,—

"Jim, I thought you told me he was skittish under the saddle."

"Well, boss, he is. But 'fo' Gawd, look at dat white man's feet. Dat hoss thinks he's in shafts!"

Sensational Developments in the Investigation of Postoffice Frauds.

WASHINGTON, April 23.—A most sensational development of the investigation of the Postoffice Department affairs occurred just before the Department closed to-day, when Postmaster General Payne announced the summary dismissal of James Tyner, Assistant Attorney General for the Postoffice Department, coupling with it the announcement of the startling charge that all the papers and records in the safe of the latter's office had been abstracted by Mrs. Tyner, wife of the discharged official, with the assistance of others. The Postmaster General states that Mrs. Tyner has refused the demand of the government for the return of the papers taken, and said the case would be submitted by him to the Department of Justice to-morrow morning. Other sensational developments are expected to follow. The question of arrests is now under consideration and will be passed on immediately by Attorney General Knox.

The Judge's Wit.

An old judge traveling along a Tennessee road on a sultry summer day halted near a preacher's house to rest himself, driver and team. Whilst reclining under the shade of a tree the preacher came out for a chat and soon caught sight of a pair of very large feet, for which the judge was noted as having. The preacher jocularly referring to the judge's feet, said: "I notice, judge, that you have a good foundation to stand on," at the same time displaying his own feet, clad in a dainty No. 6 boot. "Yes," remarked the judge, "whilst on my way here from Nashville my driver remarked that it was a notable fact that fine blooded horses always had big feet whilst jackasses had very small ones." The preacher immediately alluded to the conversion to the prospects for the next season.

SAM JONES ON THE GOOD WORKS OF GOOD WOMEN.

Atlanta Journal.
It may be of simply passing interest to the city of Atlanta that there is now in session in your city the annual meeting of the Woman's Board of the Home Mission Society of the Methodist Church, South. The good women, coming from fifteen states, are now busy with the work of their convention. This meeting is made up of the very cream of our southern women in intellect, in moral worth, in social standing, in spirituality. They are in the very first rank. There is not a man, woman, or child in Atlanta but who would be benefited, instructed and blessed by attending their meeting. Public speakers of the male persuasion would get some dots on oratory; philosophers might learn to reason and preachers might learn better how to preach, by attending the session of this meeting.

I was once very much opposed to women speaking in public, but I was once very ignorant. I have heard some women talk in public that made me feel like I was not capable of saying grace at the table. I have heard some men talk in public when I thought that if they were a sample of male speakers that men ought to talk no more forever in public. It has fallen to my lot to deliver the address of welcome in behalf of Georgia Methodism to this assembly of Christian women. The very task puts me almost where the fellow was at the marriage without the wedding garment on. I have been with the good women of Georgia in their conference board meeting and however much of culture, intellect, character may have gathered in this convention, I am not afraid that the Georgia women will lose by association or comparison any of the lustre that adorns their noble, intellectual, splendid womanhood. We have women orators in Georgia that reach from "The Boy Who Stood on the Burning Deck" up to Demosthenes himself. Yea, verily they might reach to Cicero.

The work accomplished for the church and humanity through the various organizations and methods of this home mission society is wonderful to contemplate. The parsonages they have builded, the hungry they have fed, the naked they have clothed, the sick they have visited, the money they have contributed make up a record that angels might covet. What good women cannot do in rescuing the perishing, saving the fallen and building up the waste places need not be undertaken by mortal man. Women were not only the last at the Cross, and first at the Resurrection, but they have been in the forefront of every hard fought battle for Christ, and when the fight was over and men lay down to sleep they have been dressing the wounds and ministering to the suffering all along down the ages. It might be that angels unawares are now visiting Atlanta, No convention, association or convale ever assembled in that city with more moral worth and weight and more consecrated endeavor in the interest of humanity. I repeat it is worth your time "to steal away a while" and catch some of the droppings from the lips of these bright, consecrated women. You will leave the meeting with a higher opinion of consecrated womanhood and a less opinion of the sterner sex.

These good women will carry away from Atlanta memories of its throbbing life, its genial people, its sky-scraper buildings, its thronged busy streets, and they will leave with Atlanta some blessings that union depots, spacious office buildings, magnificent business houses and well-filled banks cannot impart. The good woman, God's best gift to man, the bad woman, the devil never put a worse thing off on the world. Women head the procession both ways, to heaven and to hell. A consecrated Christian woman, busy about her Lord's work, shines with a lustre a thousand times brighter than the sparkle of the diamond and the richness of the silks of the giddy, foolish, heartless society crowds. The one a steady, fixed star, shining forever; the other, a comet, a meteor, without orbit or purpose, dazzling as it flies through the heavens, the crowd looking on with admiration, not knowing where it comes from and caring less where it goes to. The one loves her Bible, the other loves her deck of cards. The one loves her closet of prayer, the other the comic opera. The one loves her home and children, the other turns her children over to a hired nurse and fondles a poodle dog. The one is real, the other a sham. The one makes the home happy, the other don't know she's got a home. The one will go to heaven, the other to where? Echo answers, where?

Yours truly,
SAM P. JONES.

Dr. Miller's Pain Pills, "One cent a dose."

HOW GEORGE WASHINGTON WON HIS WIFE.

When George Washington was 16 years of age he surveyed land for Lord Fairfax, and when he had been surveying nearly two years he had so trained his muscles in jumping ditches and branches and climbing mountains, etc., that he had gotten to be a fine jumper. At that time there were two boys in love with and visiting the same girl, each of them desiring to marry her, but she could not decide which of the two she would take; neither could the "old gentleman," her father, make the decision. Finally he (the father) decided upon a plan. He told the two boys that there was to be a big picnic in a few days, and that he would let the two rivals have a jumping match, and the boy that could jump the farthest could have his daughter for his wife.

George Washington knew that he was a fine jumper, and thought he would have some fun; so he went to the girl's father and asked permission to jump with the other two boys. George knew that he could beat the other boys. So after dinner they had the jumping match, and, sure enough, George did beat the other two. Then everybody began to cheer George, the mountain surveyor, for winning the prize, but he decided he was too young to marry, so he made the crowd a speech, and then told the girl's father that the boy who was next best jumper could take the girl. Again the crowd cheered. The then successful man was a Mr. Curtis. After the picnic George went home, not thinking anything more of the day's transactions, and then joined the army, and after the Revolutionary war was over he was going along one day and came to a country tavern. He told the driver to take out the team and stay all night, and for him to hitch up the horses next morning and be ready to go on the journey. The driver did so, and was ready as instructed. Before leaving George saw a lady at the inn whom he thought he knew. So "he looked at her and she looked at him." She said: "I think I know you," and George said: "I think I know you." She asked, "What is your name?" He answered, "George Washington." She said: "Do you remember on a certain day, at a certain picnic, there were three boys who had a jumping match for a girl to see who should get the girl for his wife?" "Yes," said George. "I am that girl."

"And I am the boy that won you and let the other fellow have you," says George. She said: "You knew then that my name was Martha, and the boy who married me was a Mr. Curtis, and my name is Martha Curtis. My husband is dead, leaving me a widow." George then fell in love with her, and told his driver to again put up the team and let it remain until further orders. George then got up a "courtship match," and about a week later he married the girl that he had won at the "jumping match" several years before.

Then George made them a speech at the tavern, and related the incident of "several years ago," and without further ceremonies they left for Mount Vernon, where he made her his housekeeper and mistress of affairs.

Why He Loves Cleveland.

Goldboro Argus.
All through the years of its entire existence The Argus has stood by Grover Cleveland—even when it cost something more than talk to be his friend in the political maelstrom engendered by office-seekers and augmented by time-servers. The Argus has ever been his friend because he has ever been the untrifled and unflinching friend of the Southern people, and The Argus is of the South and the Southern people as a whole are the greatest people on the earth.

When he was first elected President he not only took into his cabinet Southern men—and Confederate generals, at that, but he sent Southern men and Confederate soldiers as ministers and consuls abroad; and he did likewise in his second administration. But why recount these incidents now? They are familiar knowledge the world over. Mr. Cleveland was right. He knew he was right; he generally is right; and when he knows he is right he dares to do and take the consequences, and wait for time, the tomb-builder of sycophants, to bring the people round to right thinking again. Hence it is that the people may be trusted, for, "you may fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time; but you cannot fool all the people all the time."

There is a species of grass, Stipa vasyi, growing in the mountains of New Mexico and in some of the neighboring regions, that has the remarkable effect of putting to sleep every horse that eats.

HURTS LOCAL TRADE.

Complaints About the Rural Free Mail Delivery.

WASHINGTON, April 25.—According to statements contained in numerous letters of complaint and protest, received at the postoffice department of late, the days of the cross roads "general store" and the rural side emporium are numbered. The principal feature of the changed conditions which will destroy local industry is stated to be the rural free delivery service.

During Postmaster General Payne's absence from Washington, acting Postmaster General Wynne issued an order instructing postmasters throughout the country to prepare lists of rural delivery routes and post them in conspicuous places in their offices. Since the issuance of the order the complaints regarding the service as an enemy to local industry have been more numerous than ever, and signed petitions, addressed to the postmaster general, have been received at the department by the score. Mr. Wynne's order was intended primarily to obviate some of the confusion resultant upon the discontinuance of the star routes and the establishment of rural delivery with the consequent changes in the names of postoffices and addresses of patrons. But the complaints which have been coming in claim that this posting of rural delivery routes and the addresses of patrons along their lines have worked very serious harm to the trade of rural communities. It is stated that a large number of mail order firms which sell and ship everything from a package of pins to a bedstead, including live stock and steam engines, made a practice of sending representatives to post offices throughout the country to copy the lists of routes and patrons, which were later used in sending out catalogues and circulars descriptive of their wares.

It is admitted by officials of the post office department that as a result of the general establishment of rural free delivery routes the mail order business of the country has grown enormously. This is true as well of the subscription lists of newspapers, which were wonderfully affected as to growth by the extension of the rural free delivery service. The complaints received at the post office department contain the general admission that the country stores can not compete in prices with the big mail order concerns and a statement that a great deal of this local business has been won away by the more modern and enterprising competitors in the big city.

The Baby's Complaint.

May Smart Set.
I am a baby, 11 months old, and nearly worn out already. Please let me alone!

I am not a prodigy, except to the extent that, not having anything to say, I don't talk. Two big persons claim to be my parents—why can't they let it go at that! I have never denied the charge. I haven't much data to go by, but I don't think I am either a magician, a learned pig, or a virtuoso. I don't hanker for applause; so, it will be an appreciated favor if you won't put me through any parlor tricks.

If I have my wealthy old uncle Ezra's nose, congratulate uncle Ezra, but don't blame me. I may be a kleptomaniac, for all I know, but I can't help it.

Don't rattle rattles at me—they rattle me. Don't goo-goo and ootie-kootie at me. I can't understand it any better than I can the English language.

The pain I have is not in my stomach but in my neck. I don't want to be entertained or mystified or medicated or applauded. And, if you don't want me to grow up to be a hypochondriac, a stamp-collector, an awful example, a ping-pong enthusiast, or a misanthrope, you just lemme be!

Fatal Accident on the Southern.

LYNCHBURG, Va., April 23.—The Washington & Southwestern vestibule limited, No. 38, on the Southern Railway, collided with the rear end of a freight three miles south of Lynchburg this morning. The engine was reduced to scrap iron, two mail and two freight cars were burned, and the passenger engineer, Chas. R. Kinney, of Thomasville, N. C., was killed. When Kinney saw the freight ahead of him, he reversed his engine and jumped, and as he struck the ground, the front mail car fell over on him, killing him instantly. The colored fireman, Hardin, who jumped on the opposite side, escaped with a sprained arm. Postal Clerk William S. Feeley, of Washington, was bruised in jumping. The other eight postal clerks, who did not attempt to jump, escaped unhurt, although their cars were badly shattered.

The weakest spot in every man is where he thinks himself to be the wisest.

THE IDEAL FARMER'S LIFE.

Mrs. W. H. Felton in Atlanta Journal.

It is the time when the spring poet feels like making rhymes and especially the time when professionals of all sorts sit in the house and prate about the "Ideal Life of the Farmer."

Both classes of writers are to be taken with a "grain of salt." The average spring poet finds a place in the waste basket, and the professional view of the ideal farmer is negated by the plain, hard facts in the case.

A late spouter on this subject brings certain statements to newspaper notice, which would make an old cow dance in derision and scorn. For instance the following:

"The farmer if he does not feel well can rise in the morning at whatever hour it pleases him to do so, for an hour or so or a day or two does not make much difference in his affairs, except at planting and harvesting."

That "green goose" could not cackle about the horny-handed sons of toil who rise at 4 o'clock summer and winter and get a running start on the day's business. They know they must rise early and work constantly until daylight closes in and watch all the corners if they expect to make "buckle and tongue meet" at the end of the year.

That story will not go down with the average hay-seed, much more the men who understand the outs and ins of farming.

Tilling the soil is no easy work. It needs brawn and muscle as well as common sense and judgment.

The idea is insinuated that brain workers are not expected to be found among tillers of the soil. That is a mistake and facts go to prove it. The same sort of mental acumen must attend agriculture that goes with all mechanical or industrial occupations.

Take for instance the man that delivers milk in the city or large towns. The milkers must get to the milking place hours before daylight, and then the milk cans are loaded into the carts, and the delivery begins about 4 o'clock or earlier in the summer time. Competition is so great he must be extra careful to be very clean in all respects as well as obliging to his customers.

Unless a man has some other business by which to aid his farming operations he is a very hard worked man, after he makes a living, and that only a plain living for his family.

If a man owns his land and puts all his spare time into making improvements on his place he may make himself comfortable by hard work and close economy, but the man that must plow and hoe and dig and ditch with his own hands is a very fortunate person indeed if his individual efforts will feed, clothe and shelter his young and growing family comfortably. The independent farmer is the one who hires but little labor. It is unreliable hired labor that is eating up southern farms. He must either hold the plow or drive. Stop this tattle about the "ideal farmer." It makes the real farmer very tired. Farming that pays means hard work, close attention, strict economy and more than average common sense.

Dallas Wins by 56 Votes.

GASTONIA, April 22.—As a result of the election held in Gaston county to-day, the county seat will remain at Dallas, the majority favoring that town being 56 in a total vote of about 3,300.

The campaign on the question has been vigorously waged for some weeks. Dallas is situated four miles from here, on the Carolina & Northwestern Railroad. It has been contended during the campaign for removal that the town of Gastonia has more county business than all other sections of Gaston combined, and that being the centre of population and on the main line of railroad it should also be the county seat. The great need of new county buildings emphasized, and every argument brought to bear in favor of removal, but to-day's vote has settled the matter, at least for the present.

Girls or Cigarettes.

The school teachers are after the cigarette smokers. Prof. Pennypacker, principal of York High School, with the hope of breaking up the cigarette habit posted the following sign:

"A cigarette smoker is not fit to enjoy the company of a young woman. Hereafter, any boy student found smoking will not be permitted to associate with the young women of this school."

Returns in the office of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction show that in the following counties the poll tax for school purposes is greater than the property tax: Alexander, Alleghany, Ashe, Carver, Dare, Greene, Hyde, Macon, Madison, McDowell, Mitchell, Pamlico, Person, Sampson, Stokes, Tyrrell, Watauga, Wilkes, Yadkin.

THE GROWTH OF MORMONISM.

Atlanta Journal.

Some pertinent facts and figures upon the rapid increase of the Mormon church in Utah appear in a recent number of Harper's Weekly. It says: "The Mormon church is growing faster today than ever before in its history. It is building more churches, planting more settlements and maintaining more missionaries over the earth."

During 1899 the Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Methodists gained less than 50,000 while the Mormon church, with a population about one-fifteenth as large, gained 63,000, or about 13,000 more than all put together. The M. E. church, which has a membership of 2,762,291, increased 16,500 in 1901, while the Mormons increased 95,000 in the same year. They are pressing their work in foreign countries, Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland and Sweden. Their tithing system brings in the money, and with this money they use all the power of a thoroughly materialized and aggressive organization.

It is a church where money and members may exist in full force, yet the polygamous ideas is understood to deprave morals and lessen religious influence. Nevertheless, the Mormon idea is aggressive, and, backed by its money, it gathers in scores of members.

It is reported that the ruling bosses of the Republican party are very uneasy about the political situation in Utah. If Mormon representatives or senators are sent to Washington City, then the Brigham Roberts case will come up again, and the reason for his being refused admittance into the national legislature must, perforce, be reviewed.

To have a Republican expelled because of dual wives will perhaps lose Utah to the party which does it. The G. O. P. is cravingly anxious to keep its grip on Utah, but they want a man who can stay in when he gets in, and hence these tears! The Mormons are Mormons first and politicians later. If there is a kick on Mormonism, then the G. O. P. may not be or remain so popular in Utah. It wants to eat its cake and still have it. Of the 207,000 people in Utah about 166,000 are Mormons. They, therefore, hold the balance of power in Idaho and Arizona also, with rapid populating power in Washington, Montana, Wyoming and Colorado. The future of Mormonism is hard to foretell.

His Time Was Not Up.

A man of a mercenary spirit had several sons, one of whom was on the eve of his twenty-first birthday. The father had always been a strict disciplinarian, keeping his boys well under parental charge, allowing them few liberties and making them work hard.

It was with a feeling of considerable satisfaction that the young man rose on the morning of his birthday and began to collect his personal belongings preparatory to starting out in the world.

The farmer, seeing his son packing his trunk, which he rightly judged to be evidence of the early loss of a good farm-hand, stopped at the door of the young man's room and asked what he was going to do.

The boy very promptly reminded his father of the day of the month and the year, and declared his intention of striking out in the world on his own account.

"Not much you won't," shouted the old man, "at least not for a while yet! You wasn't born until after twelve o'clock, so you can just take off them good clothes and fix to give me another half-day's work down in the potato patch."

Did Not Know His Peril.

Frailman—Ah, doctor! I called to ask for your bill against me for service during my recent illness.

Doctor—Yes? That's strange, for I was just about to make it out.

Frailman—What is the amount?

Doctor—It's just an even \$300.

Frailman—What! You don't tell me it's that much; why, I believe if I had known I was that sick it would have killed me.

The trustees of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, in Alabama, have received \$600,000 towards the endowment fund from Andrew Carnegie, who attended the recent meeting in behalf of the Tuskegee Institute, where ex-President Grover Cleveland presided. The trustees will meet soon to take action in accepting the gift and at the same time to take measures to still further increase the endowment.

Reports from the apple-growing counties of Virginia are to the effect that the recent cold snap did no damage, and present indications are for a very full crop.