

THE POWER OF AN ENDLESS LIFE.

Youth's Companion. It was just after Easter, and a half-dozen men lingered after their luncheon at the club, discussing a matter which had been committed to them, and for the consideration of which they had come together.

There never had been a more perfect day, they all agreed. The air had been balmy, the grass had been green, the birds had sung, the churches had been filled to overflowing, and the day had left a most pleasant memory.

But what had the day really meant? There was some quotation of sermons, either as heard or as reported in the newspapers, and some comment on the change of emphasis in Easter preaching now and in former years.

"After all," said one, "the question is not how long we live, but how well. This life is quite as long as most men make good use of, and I don't know but it is as long as I care for. One world at a time is enough, and if there is any other, it will take care of itself when it comes."

Others spoke in the same vein, and this appeared to be the general feeling among the men present.

Near the end one of them spoke who had been a silent yet deeply interested hearer of all that the rest had said.

"Two weeks ago I was called back to the old home by a message that my mother was dying; and I sat for the greater part of the two days that elapsed until the end came, holding her hand on one side, while my father held the other hand."

"She was conscious to the end. She faced death without fear, though she was a somewhat timid woman."

"Those were sad hours, but beautiful hours; and she was able to live over with us the years of the past, and to tell us her hopes and her wishes. We had never realized before—no man can realize until he goes through that experience—what the fullness of life is."

"We saw the change approaching. My father, who had walked by her side for more than fifty years, said, 'She is nearing the shore; she is nearing the shore!' Then came the last breath, and the death-rattle, and my sister cried, 'Oh, what is it?' for she had never heard that terrible sound before."

"What is it—this thing we call death? It is a beautiful thing—my mother's death was; yet it is an ominous and a terrible thing. What is it? And what is there beyond it?"

"I agree with what you have been saying, yet it is not all I want. I came to this Easter-time with a deep yearning for a word of positive comfort, and I have heard it—the clear faith of my mother reaffirmed in the words, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' I believe in the immortality of the soul. I believe in my mother's religion. And this has been for me a beautiful Easter."

There was something in this bit of a business man's heart that made all academic discussion seem out of place. The conference ended, and as each man passed out he took the hand of the man who had last spoken but few of them said anything.

The Third Person.

In the town where Rev. Dr. Emmons was pastor lived a physician tinctured with the grossest form of pantheism, who declared that if ever he met Dr. Emmons he would easily floor him in argument. One day they met at the home of a patient. The physician asked Dr. Emmons:

"How old are you, sir?"

The doctor, astounded at his rudeness, quietly replied, "Sixty-two; may I ask, sir, how long you have lived?"

"Since the creation," was the reply of the pantheist.

"Ah, I suppose, then, you were in the Garden of Eden with Adam and Eve?"

"I was there, sir."

"Well," said the wily divine, "we all know there was a third person present."

Professor Brander Matthews, the brilliant writer and teacher, was discussing literary quaintness at Columbia. In illustration of the quaint he said:

"A little girl I know was very bad one day. She was so bad that, other corrections failing, her mother took her to her room to whip her."

"During the proceeding the little girl's brother opened the door and was about to enter. But in her prone position across her mother's knee the little girl twisted around her head and said severely:

"Eddie, go out! Can't you see we are busy?"

The police of the entire city of Chicago are searching for Raymond Williams, 8 years old, who is said to have been lost 76 times. The youngster disappeared from a street car in which his mother and he were riding Saturday afternoon.

THE BOLTER.

Charity and Children. Party regularity is an excellent thing when the party is what it ought to be. It is fine to see a man stand by his party, his lodge or his church when he can do so and keep his conscience. But there come times when he must turn sadly away from the organization that has heretofore commanded his allegiance, and declare his independence.

We have just had a striking example of this in the recent contest before the primaries in Raleigh. The party in power had become corrupt. The affairs of the city were shamefully mismanaged. The public revenues were wasted in salaries and in various forms of graft. The sturdy citizenship, after a period of amazing patience and forbearance arose in their might and swept the field. They were in a sense "bolters," but the thing had come to bolt. Nothing else, under the circumstances, could have been done.

The honorable and the manly thing to do was precisely what the good citizens did, and the old officials were ingloriously defeated. In former days party regularity was a name to conjure by. The lash of the boss rang loud and clear, and in self-defense good men were forced to swallow pills that they need not and will not swallow under the new and better dispensation. The colored vote, usually on the side of the vicious and corrupt, is no longer a menace, and men are free to consult their own consciences rather than the political exigencies of the time.

A bolter who bolts for a good cause and because he will not endorse by his vote a bad or incompetent candidate is a benefactor to his country and not a renegade. The old time party boss lost his power when the amendment to the constitution that disfranchised the colored voter was ratified by the people. The South has suffered more, perhaps, than any other section of our country because of the peculiar political conditions with which we had to deal. But the time has come at last when a man need no longer vote for a candidate he knows to be corrupt because he belongs to his party.

Under the new conditions, party loyalty can be as strong and true as ever; but party slavery is a thing of the past.

His Sign Down.

A disheveled man, much the worse for liquor, staggered out of a Maine "speak-easy" and laboriously propped himself against the door. For a while he owlishly surveyed the passers-by. Suddenly his foot slipped, and he collapsed in a heap on the sidewalk. A moment later he was snoring.

A hurrying pedestrian paused, reflectively surveyed the fallen man for a few seconds, and then poked his head in the door.

"Oh, Frank," he called. "Frank, come out here a minute."

Presently the proprietor of the joint, smoking a fat cigar, emerged. He blinked in the bright sunlight.

"Hello, Hud," he said, pleasantly. "What's up?"

Hud jerked his thumb toward the slumberer on the sidewalk.

"Yer sign has fell down," he explained, and briskly resumed his walk uptown.

There to "Get Through."

The Mulberry News has a story of a school teacher who reproved a girl pupil for not knowing her geography lesson:

"The next day the child's mother appeared on the scene and let go of this philippic: 'I guess you don't know it all. I send my little girl here to school so that she gets through. I want her to get through so she gets a man. You never mind about geography. I don't care, just so she gets through. I want her to get through. My other daughter, she didn't know geography and she got through, and she got a good man all right. Lots of girls, they don't know geography, and they get men. But you—(and she pointed her finger directly at the teacher), you ain't got no man at all and can't git none. What's this geography good for, anyhow? You just see my daughter gets through school and I'll learn geography to her.'"

When to Stop Advertising.

Will a merchant who is wise Ever cease to advertise? Yes—when the trees grow upside down.

When the beggar wears a crown; When ice forms on the sun; When the sparrow weighs a ton; When gold dollars get too cheap; When women, secrets keep; When a fish forgets to swim; When Satan sings a hymn; When girls go back on gum; When the small boy hates a drum; When no politician schemes; When mince pie makes pleasant dreams;

When it's fun to break a tooth; When all lawyers tell the truth; When cold water makes you drunk;

When you love to smell a skunk; When the drummer has no brass— When these things all come to pass, Then the mans that's wise Will neglect to advertise.

A colored girl 11 years old, whose parents live near Dillard, Stokes county, ten miles from Madison, gave birth Sunday afternoon to a fully-developed girl baby weighing 8 pounds. The father of the child is only 13 years of age.

ROADS SENTIMENT GROWING.

Lexington Dispatch. The growth of sentiment for good roads in Davidson county is truly amazing. The Dispatch has never seen such a demonstration for anything in this county. A trip out into the country will convince any man that the farmers are determined to put an end to their mud tax and to build decent highways over which they can haul their products to market, or on which they can travel with ease if only for pleasure. People are stirred up as they have never been on a public question before. The Davidson roads at this time are fearful. It is really dangerous to travel some of them at night.

Time and again in the past the Dispatch has tried to draw people out and get them to write letters to us, on the subject of road improvement; but with poor success. Nobody seemed interested. This spring the whole county is struggling through the mud to put in a word for better roads. In the light of past apathy, the present situation is little short of a revolution.

Let's just simply get right down to it, gentlemen, map out a campaign, adopt our plans, vote bonds, select good men to co-operate with the county commissioners in spending the money to the best advantage and build good roads in Davidson county. There isn't but one way to go at it, and that is the right way, and now is the time. There ought to be a preliminary meeting of representative farmers and business men in the court house, and committees appointed to take up the various phases of the work. The merchants of Lexington and Thomasville, the Farmers' Union, and farmers from every section ought to meet and agree on something, and then pit it in for a good roads' campaign. Meanwhile let every citizen do something to advance the cause.

The Postponed Baptizing.

Atlanta Constitution. The old colored brother prefaced his sermon with the following remarks:

"I well knows dat some er you has travelled fur ter see de baptizin' today, but I has ter announce dat dar won't be no baptizin'. Five big alligators has been seen sunnin' derselfs on five logs in de millpond; havin' des crawled out fum der long winter sleep; an' hit stan's ter reason dat w'en a alligator sleeps all winter he's mighty hungry w'en he wakes up. Hit may be dat Providence will protect de canderdats fer de baptizin', but hit's my opinion dat ter wade into a millpond wid five hungry alligators playin' possum on a log, would be flyin' in de face er Providence!"

To Hold Liquor Witnesses.

United States District Judge James E. Boyd Friday made an announcement in open court at Greensboro which practically shuts the door on prosecutions in the Federal courts for retailing liquor without license. A similar construction of the law by State and Federal authorities will go far toward making it impossible to convict under the law prohibiting the sale or manufacture of liquors in North Carolina.

Judge Boyd stated that in the future he will hold as a matter of law that where a witness testifies he has purchased liquor from a defendant he will be held as aiding and abetting in the commission of the crime.

As a natural consequence witnesses will hereafter be scarce.

Stole Six Cents Worth of Coal.

James Finley, a boy of 17, was arraigned before Magistrate Crane in New York Saturday charged with stealing six cents worth of coal from the railroad yards at Mott Haven. The widowed mother of the boy said he went after the coal because it was cold in their home. She and he were on the verge of starvation. The magistrate, apparently affected by the pitiful case of need, discharged the boy, remarking, "Young man I am going to discharge you; but I want to tell you something. If you want to steal wait until you are president of a railroad. Then you can steal anything you want and have no fear of punishment. Until then you must never at a railroad car, or you might be arrested."

Mother Shipton's Prophecy.

The following, which is known as "Mother Shipton's Prophecy," was first published in 1485, and republished in 1641. All the events predicted in it, except that mentioned in the last two lines, have already come to pass:

Carriages without horses shall go And accidents fill the world with woe. Around the world thoughts shall fly In the twinkling of an eye. Waters shall yet more wonders do Now strange, yet shall be true. The world upside down shall be And gold be found at root of tree. Through hills man shall ride, And no horse or ass be at his side. Under water men shall walk, Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk. In the air men shall be seen, In white, in black, in green. Iron in the water shall float, As easy as a wooden boat. Gold shall be found, and found In a land that's not known. Fire and water shall wonders do, England shall at last admit a Jew. The wild to an end shall come In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

Two and a half inches of snow fell in Denver Sunday and last night. This was the forty-fourth day on which snow has fallen in Denver since the cold weather began.

OLD FASHIONED COURTING.

Uncle Joe Cannon. "Courting?" Why, bless you, my boy, the young fellows of today do not know the meaning of that word! When a young man would walk five or even ten miles through the snow or rain and mud, freeze his ears and fingers, and face the danger of wildcats, to see his girl, and that too in the general living-room with the family, he was entitled to admit that he was courting. And that was the rule, not the exception. The young fellows would start out Sunday afternoon to see their sweethearts, and no weather was to bar to keep them at home. It might be too cold or too muddy to take out a horse, but in that case he would go on foot, and he would go through as much hardship to see his girl as did knights of old to rescue fair maids in castles bold. But it was his devotion, his courting; and when he won that girl he stuck to her through thick and thin, through good report and evil report, obeying the scriptural injunction that what God has joined together no man should put asunder. There were no marriages of convenience and few hasty marriages then. The courting was long and there were no divorces to follow. The young people might meet often at the singing-school, or the dance, or the husking bee; but these did not take the place of regular courting.

"The courting was on Sunday night and the young man went religiously to see his girl and remained so until midnight with the object of his affection, even though her father and mother and the younger children were present to share the visit; and when he went home, either through the storm or under the bright starlight, he walked the earth as a conqueror, for he had been in presence that to him represented the real poem of life. He had been courting! And that is all we need, to bring safe and sane ideas of marriage—courting—in the true sense of the word, the man seeking, if not serving, like Jacob, seven years for the object of his affection. Then he will stick to her and she to him through life. There were some old fashions that have not been improved upon, and one of them is the old way of courting."

Tax Exemption as An Inducement.

Charlotte Chronicle. The town of Camden, S. C., as an inducement to secure the establishment of manufacturing enterprises, has voted to exempt new plants from taxation for a period of six years. It is an old plan and of doubtful efficacy. It was in operation in Charlotte once when a single factory was exempt from the payment of taxes, but as soon as the law expired, factories began springing up on every hand. It would not be fair to make existing manufacturing enterprises pay taxes and exempt new ones. As a general thing, however, manufacturing enterprises seek the field that offers the best opportunities and the matter of taxation is of secondary consideration. Whenever manufacturing enterprises flourish they are able and willing to pay taxes. It is no inducement to be exempt from paying taxes unless the location is a profitable one, and good business men generally prefer to be on the same basis as other business men of a community.

Salute for Taft.

When the Southern Railroad's New York and New Orleans Limited enters the North Charlotte yards on the morning of May 20, the thousands and thousands of people in Charlotte will know it, for a big cannon stationed on the hill in front of the depot will signal the approach of the President, with the firing of twenty-one guns. Mark W. Williams, who is chairman of the parade committee, stated at a meeting of the Central committee that he would arrange for the salute, provided the committee would pay for the broken glass in the vicinity of the cannon. Mr. Williams stated afterwards, however, that the gun would be placed where window glass would not be in any great danger.

\$1,000 Bill in Church Plate.

The insertion of an advertisement in a local paper in Washington Thursday that there had been found in the collection plate of the Roscoe Methodist Episcopal Church after the services last Sunday night a \$1,000 bill developed the fact that the church officers think the donor made a mistake. The yearly collections of the church do not average much more than this amount. The officials in the advertisement state that they will return the money to the owner if he wants it back and can prove that he inadvertently dropped it into the plate.

Champion Cow Passes Away.

Perdo's Estella, the champion butter Jersey cow of the world, is dead at her home, the Missouri Agricultural College Farm, at Columbia, Mo. In 12 months she produced 712 pounds of butter, 100 pounds more than her nearest competitor. Estella was in good health, but stumbled into a ditch and when aid reached her she was too far gone to recover. The university statistician estimated that the income from Estella for one year would have kept an average student in the University of Missouri for a similar term.

Bryan Mule Awarded.

Announcement was made Friday at the office of William J. Bryan in Lincoln, Neb., that Esmeralda county, Nevada, having made the greatest Democratic gain in the election last November, had been awarded the prize mule. The mule, Major Minnesacot, was presented to Mr. Bryan during the campaign by Minnesacot admirers and Mr. Bryan offered it as a prize to the county making the greatest Democratic gain. Esmeralda county showed a gain of 694 per cent.

Coughed Up Tack.

Elton Parker, the 6-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Parker, of Chardon, O., has coughed up a carpet tack that had lain imbedded near the lung for three years. It is one of the strangest medical cases on record. That the sharp tack in its downward course had not torn the delicate lining, caused inflammation and ended the boy's life is a source of wonderment. Although none the worse for his experience, Elton says he is glad the tack is out. It was just three years ago when Elton sat on the floor playing. A carpet had just been put down. He spied a bright tack near him, and, babylike, he went to his mouth.

Twins Bring Tragedies.

The announcement that he was the father of twins was too much for William Hedinger, aged 55 years, a farmer living near Bouquet, Westmoreland county Pa. It was also too much for Mrs. Hedinger's mother, and all because of the arrival of the twins both Hedinger and his mother-in-law are dead. The twins arrived last Tuesday, and Mrs. Martha Smith, the mother of Mrs. Hedinger, was present. She was extremely happy when the first of the babies, a bouncing boy, arrived. When the nurse told her that there was also a little girl, Mrs. Smith became greatly excited. Within an hour she was dead of heart disease, brought on by the excitement. When Mr. Hedinger heard of the arrival of the twins he, too, became greatly excited. With a large family already, he bemoaned the arrival of two additional members. When he learned that the news had caused the death of his mother-in-law, Hedinger went to the barn and shot himself, dying instantly.

Wife—Several men I rejected are now wealthier than you. Hubby—That's why they are.

The "clean-up" day idea is spreading all over the State. Since Charlotte inaugurated this movement numerous other towns have set apart certain days to be given over to the task of removing trash and generally improving the appearance of things. Monroe has just observed "clean-up" day and the Journal says: "Cleaning up day was a howling success. Four hundred million old tin cans have already been hauled off and the wagons are still at work hauling trash. Monroe will be a good town now, thanks to the good women who began the movement."—Charlotte News.

Hail, spring! You frisky young thing.

Well, well! Mr. Teft rounded out his first month in the White House. And all's quiet along the Potomac.

Figures cannot lie.

"The Atlanta Georgian seems disposed to take a lenient view of the man who traded his wife for a keg of beer," says the Milwaukee Sentinel. Milwaukee, naturally, is interested in the views various communities take of that proposition.

Uncle Joe Cannon's remark that Champ Clark doesn't discriminate between facts that are facts and facts that are not facts is somewhat ambiguous, but it seems to be wholly parliamentary.

That Virginia man who has three wives must feel safe in jail for three years at least.

Just about the time the house leaders think they have it in hand, the tariff breaks out in a fresh place.

Some few slight disagreements over the tariff.

Texas always goes the limit. She proposes to give President Taft a banquet of humming birds to offset the Georgia possums.

Europe is beginning to realize the ominous presence that is approaching her.

Mr. Cortelyou has a nice light job now—president of the gas company.

Hunting in Africa has been described as like "shooting cows in a backyard." However, if anybody thinks this would not be exciting, let him try it on the cows of any average farmer.

THE NEW HATS.

Charlotte People's Paper. The designer, or architect, of the ladies' hats this season should, if the hats are used as they can be, receive a royalty on every one sold, as long as the style continues stylish.

First style we call the cap. Besides a head covering it's the correct size and shape for capping wheat shocks; or it can be used for a calf shed. The hat is about the size of a 1200-pound sea turtle's shell. If two ladies enter the same street car they will be required to take seats in front of the car, otherwise there will not be room to pass them.

The second style we notice is the waste basket style, they fit any head, coming down to the shoulders; can be pulled over the head as you would a meal sack, trim them to suit your respective tastes. When not on the head these can be used for carrying fruit from the orchard, eggs from the barn, corn to the hogs, chips, cotton seed out to the field, is also fine and useful at tater digging time to load the wagon, is nice to set in the corner to keep the shovel, poker, and tongs in. Every female in the country should have one of these; in city they can be used for market baskets, coal scuttles, kennels for poodle dogs, waste baskets and the like.

The third style for want of an official name, we call the bake pan. Outside of their utility as head gear they are the correct shape for ladies' work baskets; for setting hens and geese they are dandies as they hold 15 to 18 eggs, with plenty of sea room left for the hen or goose, are nice too for baking the Xmas cake.

A fellow who lives up the Statesville road that has ne'er read about Ananias says his best girl bought a roll of crepe paper and some headed tacks, then took a chopping bowl, turned it upside down and tacking the paper around it put it on her head and said she was ready for Easter.

If you have any doubt about the truth of what we have said call and see the hats.

THE SERVICE FOR THE DEAD.

Charlotte Chronicle. The Presbyterian Standard happily adverts to some changes that are taking place in the conduct of funerals, all of which, it says, are improvements, and all of which are coming about only too slowly. "It is pleasing," says The Standard, "to see the practice of opening the coffin at the grave disappearing. One notes its continuance now only in dark corners or where the objectionable habit is very inveterate. The custom of making elaborate addresses in eulogy of the dead is also passing away. It is distressing, be it said, that it passes so slowly. All such heathenish things owe their existence either to lack of education or the great power of custom among men." The adjective "heathenism" is not at all too strong. The fascination of gazing at a dead face comes up from the dark ages. It is far more in accord with enlightenment and civilization that one should prefer to remember a friend as he looked in life rather than as he appeared when turned to clay. The age of morbidity is, indeed, passing away, but less speedily than could be desired. The habit of laying in state the bodies of public men is a heathen origin, and should have no further countenance by an enlightened people. The best service for the dead is to put them away decently and in order and with no undue pomp or ceremony.

LONG-DELAYED PROPOSAL.

Baltimore American. One of the longest delayed proposals on record is related in a French story of a shy young subaltern, who was ordered away to the wars. Not daring to speak, he sent a nosegay of yellow roses to the girl he loved, with a little note inside begging her, if she returned his love, to wear one of the flowers in her breast that night at the ball. She appeared without it and he went away broken hearted.

Years afterward, when he was a lame old general, he again met his old love, now a white-haired widow. One day his old sweetheart gently asked him why he had never married. "Madame," he answered some, what sternly, "you ought to know best. If you had not refused to answer that note in the bouquet of yellow roses I might have been a happier man." "The note in the bouquet?" she repeated, growing pale.

"She opened an old cabinet and took out from a drawer a shriveled bouquet of what had been yellow roses, among whose leafless stalks lurked a scrap of paper yellow with age. "See! I never had your note," she said, holding the bouquet up. "If I had I would not have answered it as you fancied." "Then answer it now," said the gallant old soldier. And the long delayed proposal was accepted at last.

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