

VOL. 1.

DIFFERENCES.

My neighbor lives in the hill, And I in the valley dwell, My neighbor must look down on me, I must look up—ah, well.

READS LIKE A ROMANCE

Story of Love, Moonshine and Tragedy Fully Confirmed. Baltimore Sun. A thrilling story, involving love, murder, moonshine distilling, a jail delivery and other romantic features, all grouped around the name of an alleged Baltimorean, and which is, at least in part, confirmed by persons here, was published Thursday in a Washington newspaper.

No such name as that of the hero of the romance can be found in the City Directory, but the statement in the story that the heroine spent several years at the House of the Good Shepherd in this city is substantiated by one of the sisters at the institution. According to the story, the couple have just been married and have come to Baltimore.

The romance began eight years ago in Tryon City, N. C. The hero, whose name is given as Ralph Redmond, was then a moonshiner, without knowledge of his sweetheart, Miss Parris, who was admittedly the belle of the town and had many admirers. When only a school girl she met Redmond, and as a result both fell madly in love. There was opposition which only fanned the flame that had smoldered in the hearts of the young people.

Redmond, it was stated, has bought a home somewhere in this city, furnished it, and now all is in readiness for the home-coming of this couple. A reporter for the sun visited the house of the Good Shepherd yesterday and there learned that Miss Parris had once been an inmate of the institution. One of the sisters in charge said: "Yes, as much like fiction as any story appears, it is nevertheless an actual fact. Miss Parris did kill Johnson, although I honestly believe it was done both in defence of her life and of her honor. She was imprisoned, and released and brought here. She told me her story repeatedly, and we all guarded her secret zealously while here. She was tractable and we had little trouble with her during the five years she was here. She learned of her mother's illness and was overjoyed to receive a letter from the sheriff who brought her here granting her release."

"This was four years ago. Before leaving she confided her secret to one of the other girls, and before many hours it was known to every girl in the house. They affected to be afraid and shunned her, and this made her both miserable and callous. Since she left I have heard indirectly of her twice. First I heard she was dead. Two years ago this report was contradicted. "I don't believe she will come to Baltimore to live, because she is fond of her old mother, who I am certain, still lives."

Boy Who Was Hypnotized in a Hazy Maniac. Pottsville, Pa., Dispatch. Edwin Reber, a 14-year-old boy, who was placed in a hypnotic trance Wednesday, with the result that his mind was unbalanced, to-day became so violently insane that it was necessary to remove him, in chains, to the Schuylkill County Hospital for the insane. The boy in his frenzied state begged his hypnotizer to allow his mind to resume its normal way. The attending physician says the boy cannot recover unless the traveling salesman who hypnotized him can be found.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution. I am trying Colonel Redding's plan to exterminate the potato bugs. Says begin early and watch for the first ones that come. Make an inspection every morning and kill the large striped ones before they lay their eggs. My crop is about six inches high. I have six long rows in the garden and the other morning I found the pesky thing had come. I killed about thirty and then told the children—the grand-children I mean—that I would pay them a nickel for every dozen bugs they found. That evening they killed sixty and next morning forty, and this morning fifteen, and this evening ten. So the three little girls brought me in debt sixty cents and feel rich. The bargain is that they are to pay me back for all I find and I have not found but five yet, though I didn't look very carefully. Children like to work for money just like grown folks. I remember well the first half dollar I ever earned. My father was clearing land and I told me I might have the saplings if I would trim them up and pile the brush and I might have the wagon and team to haul them to town and sell them. I had the evenings after school and Saturdays to work and soon had a load ready and sold it to our school teacher for a silver half dollar. I was rich, and as I drove home I felt it in my pocket every little while to be sure that it was there. I like to reward these little chaps, for it does them so much good and makes them love me. The love of an innocent child is the purest on earth except the love of a mother. I have no greater comfort now than the glad smile of a little one that jumps into my arms whenever I come. It flatters my vanity, for though I am old and ugly the little one will hug me and pat my wrinkled cheeks and hand away from those who are young and handsome. The greatest inducement for a parent to be a Christian is to secure the salvation of their children and meet them in heaven, for it is said in the scriptures in three places "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved—thou and thine house." It was said by Paul and by Peter and the Spirit, "thou and thine house." So let the good mother not despair of her wicked son who went unrepentant to his death and may these words always comfort her, "thou and thine house."

For the sake of ten good people the Lord would have saved Sodom and for the sake of good parents He will save the children. Last year my potato crop was seriously damaged by these bugs, and by the paris green, too, for I used to much of it, and so I am taking Colonel Redding's advice and killing off the big striped beetles before they lay their patches of yellow eggs on the under side of the leaves. I instructed the children to look for eggs and they found only to leaves with eggs on them. With a little sharpened stick they dug around the base of every plant, and there found most of the beetles, but I am already satisfied with the experiment and hope that I will not have to use paris green at all. I shall continue my bargain with children, even if it is expensive. I overheard them plotting this evening about going to the drug store to-morrow and buying some ice cream, and they agreed to take two saucers apiece. These little girls are great inventions, and I love to watch them and then ruminate and ponder why it was that children, especially boys, get more selfish and deceitful as they grow older. The devil seems to let them alone until they get weaned from their mother.

The good and the bad are strangely mixed in this world. New plagues and pestilences keep on coming, both on animal and vegetable life, but a kind Providence has provided remedies and given us minds to find them. But I have found no way to keep the pigeons from preying upon my young peas as they peep out of the ground. They utterly destroyed my first planting and have begun on the second. We have had a flock for many years, and I never knew them to trouble the garden before. I say, Colonel Redding, what must I do about it? My wife says cover them with brush, and I will if I can find the brush. The English sparrows do leave us most of the crop, but the pigeons don't leave us anything. Reckon I will have to turn the boys loose on them. The beans, onions and the corn are all right yet, and the strawberry berries seem to have no enemies. They make a beautiful show, and give us great comfort. In a week or two we will have ripe fruit in abundance and shall send some to the preschers. Brother Yarborough says he does not think it any harm to send good things to a preacher even on Sunday. Strawberry culture is spreading rapidly in our town and some of the neighbors are trying it as a business for profit. Dr. Felton, Jr., has put out thirty thousand plants the last season. It was Jesse Walton, the great fisherman, who wrote in his book on angling, "Dr. Butler said that doubtless God could have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did," and so I say that God never made a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling. My good friends, Dr. Benham and Col. Murphy, heartily endorse Walton on fishing and will sit in a boat half a day in a summer's sun and watch the corks ruminate and not catch enough fish for supper. If I was as fond of it as they are I think I would move to Florida and stay there. I have caught more fish there in one day than in all my life up here in north Georgia.

I did not go to Dallas. The long spell of gripple left me too dilapidated to travel that far and give up my home habits and comforts, but I read about the great reunion with keen satisfaction. There is life in the old days yet, and love for the "Lost Cause" in the hearts of our people, the confederates and their children and children's children. May it never be extinguished. BILL ARP.

Woe of Gold-Seekers. The rush to the Thunder Mountain gold fields in Idaho has assumed alarming proportions. In addition to the tales of suffering of individuals who joined the all too early stampede to the new El Dorado come accounts of parties of men snowbound and enduring almost untold hardships. James Kinsay volunteered to return from a party of 36 on the South Fork Salmon. For days he floundered through the soft snow, climbing snow-covered mountains, and swimming rivers. For six miles he wandered over a field of ice deep to his places. At one place he sank to his hips. He arrived at Warren almost dead, and a relief party went out with supplies, having sailboats in which to cross streams. There are over 500 men snowbound at Singiser, but food can now be packed that far on sleds. Among those who have jumped from poverty to wealth through selling Thunder Mountain claims is Leland Wayland and his 16-year-old son Nash. Last summer they packed provisions to the Dewey mine for the few men working there. They cleared \$500 in 40 days that way. As a pastime they located several claims. After the boom started they opened up the claims and found them very promising. Wayland has since sold \$167,000 worth of claims, his last deal involving three for \$40,000.

One of Mr. Klutz's Stories. Washington Post. Mr. Klutz, of North Carolina, read the story of Gen. Funston's interview the other morning, following the President's order that the hero must stop talking, and refusing him a leave of absence to attend a banquet at Boston. Then he leaned again the desk at the telegraph office in the capitol and chuckled. "That's just like the story of Harry Jones, down in my country, who was a very enthusiastic Whig in his day," observed the North Carolinian. "Jones had for a tenant a fellow named Taylor, and when a big Whig meeting was to be held in the neighborhood he wanted this attendant to attend. "Taylor said he would go, but his wife heard of it. He changed his clothes, or started to do so, and just as he was jumping into a clean shirt she made for him, both arms being extended. " 'Ye ain't goin' to no Whig meetin' to get drunk and come home and beat yer wife, no, ye ain't,' she exclaimed, as she beloved him. " 'Mary,' pleaded this tenant, caught in so helpless a position, 'don't make such a go durned fuss about it. I war jes thinking that I didn't keer powerful heap about goin' anyway.'"

St. Louis Exposition Postponed. St. Louis, May 1.—The following statement was given out this evening by President David R. Francis, of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company: "The Louisiana Purchase Exposition, which was to have opened in St. Louis several weeks ago, and is now before the Senate, contains an appropriation of \$1,048,000 to provide for a government building at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. It was deemed advisable to have the date of the fair definitely fixed in that bill, in the event any change from 1903 should be decided upon. "For many months past the fair virtually has been postponed for one year. A decided majority of the directors prefer 1904, and have for six months or more. The repeated request of both domestic and foreign exhibitors for postponement, advice from foreign governments that they had not sufficient time in which to make preparations for a representative exhibit in 1903, and the fact that the general public have for months past considered postponement a foregone conclusion, were some reasons that moved the executive committee to authorize me to inform the national commission that the time of the exposition from 1903 to 1904 would be acceptable."

R. E. L. Bunch Resigns. NORFOLK, May 2.—R. E. L. Bunch, general passenger agent of the Seaboard Air Line, has tendered his resignation. He will terminate his connection with the system immediately and will go East to another service. The announcement of the successor of Mr. Bunch has not yet been made.

CAST A DEVIL OUT OF A MAN.

A Remarkable Scene at the Fire Baptized Holiness Meeting at Greensboro. GREENSBORO, April 29.—The fire-baptized holiness people continue to excite a good deal of interest and curiosity here. Large crowds attend the continuous performances at the tent on South Elm street, and, with the exception of those who are attracted by curiosity, the hearers do not hesitate to give full vent to their feelings. There is no restraint. Everything is free and easy, and every member of the sanctified band is expected to give proof of his baptism by fire. Throughout the day and the greater part of the night the sound of preaching, praying, singing and shouting may be heard in the vicinity of the tent. Were it not for the city of the thing, the performance would be as amusing as a circus or a minstrel. The preachers make all kinds of strange and ridiculous statements and the kind of fellows of all kinds of strange things. When a call is made for those who wish to receive the baptism of fire, there is a grand rush for the "mourner's bench," and after a goodly crowd has been corralled, the preachers set themselves to the task of "bringing the mourners through." Grabbing a mourning woman by the hands, one of the leaders will command her to look up and see the "light." If she is a little slow in catching a glimpse of glory she is told to look higher and shout aloud. When she has been induced to make a few ejaculations, she may be tempted by the preacher and led across the rostrum in a kind of negro cakewalk, to the accompaniment of loud and gleeful shouts on the part of the congregation. The excitement reached the climax last night, when Rev. Thomas C. Hodgins cast a devil out of a seeker for light. While the poor seeker lay on the ground, wringing and moaning like one possessed, the preacher, with shouts akin to those indulged in by a crowd of boys on a rabbit hunt, chased the devil across the fellows anatomy until it was finally located in his head. With a glad cry of conquest, the Rev. Mr. Hodgins announced that he had the devil. For a brief moment he held the terrible monster above his head for the gaze of the awe-stricken congregation, after which he gleefully threw it upon the platform. It struck the loose boards with the dull thud of an ordinary stone, but, to the bewildered holiness people, it was a real, live devil.

The holiness people are not all ignorant and superstitious people, though a large majority of them probably belong to that class. Among the most earnest and excited seekers after the baptism of fire a few nights ago was a Methodist minister, a member of the Western North Carolina Conference and pastor of a charge in Stokes county. I do not know that his spirit received a touch of the divine fire, but it is said that no one cried louder than he for the light. Another one of the seekers is a young preacher from the eastern part of the State, a member of one of the best families in Sampson county. This morning Edward Hayes, a young man from Reedy Fork, Davidson county, who came here to attend the holiness meeting, was placed in jail on account of violent insanity. He was accompanied by his mother and his brother-in-law, Walter P. Ryan. It seems that young Hayes has been subject to epileptic fits for some time. His brother-in-law stated that the members of the family believed he could be healed by Rev. Seth C. Rees and the other holiness preachers, and it was this reason that he was brought here. When young Hayes alighted from the train he was violent, and when his brother-in-law and two policemen took charge of him he fought like a demon. It was necessary to handcuff him and bind his arms and legs with ropes in order to get him to jail. Mrs. Hayes pleaded with the officers to take her son to the holiness tent that he might be healed. One of the preachers came to the jail and said that young Hayes could be healed if removed to the tent, but he would not attempt to effect a cure in the jail. When asked the meaning of his action, young Hayes said: "The blessed holy Jesus told me to do all I did."

Office and Ban. Once upon a time a postmaster who lived in a Kansas town was seated in his office reading postal cards, when a native cyclone suddenly came this way. The wind carried him through an east window, and in the direction of a chestnut grove, three miles distant. In a few seconds he was safely seated in the top of a high tree, busy picking chestnut burrs out of his hair and clothing. When he saw what he had suddenly left, coming directly toward him. "I declare," he exclaimed, "there comes the old shanty-looking for me." Moral—Sometimes the office seeks the man.

An Impossible Person. Mrs. Query: "Jan't she a member of your club?" Mrs. Gadabout: "Not any more. We had to get rid of her, or she would have disgraced us." Mrs. Query: "You don't say?" Mrs. Gadabout: "Yes. At one of our sessions we were discussing the servant-girl question, and she said the best way to solve the problem was for all of us to stay home and do our own work."

Congressman Commits Suicide. BALTIMORE, May 2.—Congressman Amos J. Cummings, of New York, died at 10:15 o'clock to-night, at Christ's Church Home, in this city. The cause of death was pneumonia, incident to an operation. The Congressman's wife and cousin, Chas. H. Cummings, were at his bedside when death came. After a woman is lost she hesitates for the purpose of deliberating.

STATE NEWS.

Mr. T. B. Bailey, of Mocksville, has announced that he will be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for judge. Joe and Henry Lawrence are on trial at Charlotte charged with the homicide of Alexander Gibson near Huntersville, the night of the 10th of January. They were acquitted. Mr. W. L. Litaker, a brakeman on the Southern Railway, had the misfortune Friday night to get his leg crushed at the ankle. He is now in the Private Hospital at Charlotte. Mr. Litaker lives at Salisbury, where he has a wife and one small daughter. Evidence is all but conclusive that some one is endeavoring to destroy the town of Thomasville by fire. Nearly twenty houses have been fired in three months, and the entire population is alarmed. A negro barber is under arrest. The State Insurance Department is investigating.

The Southern Baptist Convention, which meets in Asheville May 9, promises to be the most largely attended of any of the late conventions. The sessions will be in the new auditorium, seating several thousand people. Governor W. J. Northen, of Georgia, will call the convention to order. It is said he will decline re-election. The Asheville Citizen says that Hon. Lock Craig has made a trip through the Eighth congressional district and adds: Mr. Craig says that it is the opinion in most section, of the State where he has been that Linney will be nominated for Congress by the Republicans instead of Blackburn, though the fight between the two will be very warm and not altogether pleasant. Albemarle Correspondence Charlotte Observer: Mr. B. Blalock, who lives seven miles from here on the Yadkin, plowed up an Indian relic in his field a few days ago that is a curiosity. It is a figure of a woman delicately carved out of flint rock. Every feature is plainly discernable and the figure is mounted on a stone pedestal which would make it a valuable and novel paper weight. Even the face of the woman is colored red. The relic shows that the Indians had sculptors in their tribes long before the foot of man had trodden in this country.

Big Combine to Control Cotton. CHARLOTTE, N. C., April 29.—It is learned here to-day that the big scheme for pleasing all of the southern cotton mill warehouses is being pushed by a big Cincinnati firm. The Cincinnati Export and Storage Company are the parties interested. They have already done considerable business in that line in the south among cotton mills and now are endeavoring to obtain leases on cotton warehouses of the cotton dealers in all of the large centers wherever cotton is concentrated. This company, is being backed by the Union Trust Company, also of Cincinnati, which has ample financial means. It is stated that the main object of the company is to hold cotton in the south and then export the same to England when it is to their financial advantage, and also to dispose of cotton in the south.

The Trinity College Banquet. Charlotte Observer. The banquet given in this city Monday night by a number of the Methodists of Charlotte to representatives of Trinity College was a significant and interesting event. Three better banquet speeches were never heard in Charlotte than those of Mr. Jas. H. Southgate, Dr. Edwin Mims and Dr. John C. Kilgo, and all who listened to them hung upon the words of the speakers. Trinity had a splendid endowment fund, and a faculty which in ability and fitness for its work is not surpassed by that of any educational institution in the South. It stands not only for a high standard of education as it is to be had from the books, but for freedom of intellect and breadth of thought and its influence is telling and will tell upon the intellectual life as upon the religious thoughts of the state. It was an inspiration to those who heard the gentlemen who spoke for it Monday night to listen to them as they told of the lines upon which their institution moves and of their ideals of college life and education. There were none who attended this banquet and heard these speeches in whose minds Trinity College will not hereafter occupy a higher niche. They were stimulated by what they heard and encouraged to hope for better things for their State. The occasion was one to be marked with a white stone.

Faithful, But May Be Disobedient. Two women in Norway have gained another victory. For many years they have been waging war against the use of the word "obey" in the marriage service of the Norwegian Church. Their labors have at length been crowned with partial success. The Parliament in Christiania has ruled that the use of the obnoxious word shall henceforth not be obligatory upon the bride, but only optional. The bride is to be free either to say she will be "faithful or obedient," or simply to say that she will be "faithful," as she prefers. Be sure you have the proper bait when you fish for compliments.

NORTHERN PHILANTHROPY AND SOUTHERN EDUCATION.

Baltimore Sun. The North has for some years contributed large sums of money for educating the colored population of the South. Of course, when we compare the aggregate contributions with the enormous colored population of the Southern States, it seems like a drop in the bucket. Still it looks as if the Northern people have some sense of fulfilling what is clearly a moral obligation. After the war was over and the South was left crushed and bleeding and impoverished, the North for several years maintained an army in the conquered States to keep the white people in subjection while they were robbed by the carpet-baggers of practically all that the war had spared. What the palmer-worm left the locusts ate. While the people of the South were in this condition of abject poverty the right to vote was conferred upon the negro. All through the States the negro population is proportionately large, and in some of them and in many of the counties in excess of the white population. They had no property and not one in a thousand paid a cent of taxes. And yet the white people, as poor as they were, felt that an obligation to educate these people rested upon them. They felt they had to do it in self-protection if for no other reason. At any rate they bravely assumed the obligation, notwithstanding the fact that the conduct of a great mass of the negroes since the war has not been good. Many have been lawless, a great proportion has been indisposed to engage in honest labor, and politically the entire race has been arrayed in solid and hostile ranks against their white fellow citizens, who were all the while taxing themselves heavily for their benefit, and have persisted in this policy through all discouragements and difficulties. The amount of money expended by the South for educating the negro is enormous. People mention Mr. Rockefeller's reputed gift of \$1,000,000 as if it were such a sum as would cover the whole field. It is a fact that the public schools of Maryland suffer for lack of sufficient funds and in some of the counties they can be kept open only seven and a half months in the year. And yet the State of Maryland spend not far from \$3,000,000 a year on the public schools, or at least over \$2,500,000. It is a well-known fact that the cost of education per capita is greater in communities where the population is widely scattered; as is the case all throughout the South.

An unfortunate thing about Northern contributions to Southern education is that it is so applied as not to relieve the Southern whites of any of the burden, and this the North owes it to the South to do. For the North, after rendering the South too weak to sustain the burden of negro education, pour it on them. All the contributions which come from the North seem to be devoted to the higher education of the negro, and comparatively few of them are in position to take advantage of the benefit of their colleges. Upon this point Mr. Clark Howell made an address on Thursday before the Conference for Education in the South, which is well worthy of attention. The white and the colored child share equally in the advantages of the public schools, and after they pass through the primary or grammar school grade the white child's education has to stop for lack of facilities for higher education, while the negro pupil can go to the advanced school sustained by the Northern people. Northern philanthropy has expended its energies almost exclusively for the benefit of one race, as Mr. Howell declares, overlooking the greater necessities of the other. As a result of this, Mr. Howell continued, vast armies of poor white boys, who could not help themselves since the Civil War, have been working out their own salvation against odds which have required superhuman endurance to surmount. In many of the cities of the South the most imposing school buildings are those for the exclusive benefit of the negro. In many parts of the South the children of the poorer white people are driven to the factories to work, while the colored children are at school. It is predicted by some that in a generation or two in some communities the educational tests for the ballot will operate most severely against the white man rather than against the black man.

All the Same to Him. Clerk—You can't get a room for him here. He's drunk. Wytte (supporting his weary friend)—I know he is. What of that? Clerk—(sorrowfully)—This is a temperance hotel. Wytte—Well, he's too drunk to know the difference. In a town in Eastern North Carolina some years ago a man attended a "holiness meeting" and professed to have been sanctified. Afterwards when he was guilty of moral lapse, a friend said to him: "That proves you were mistaken when you professed sanctification." To his surprise, the man replied: "No, it does not prove that at all. If I had done the thing you speak of before I was sanctified, it would have been sin to me, but now that I am sanctified nothing that I do is sinful."

An Irishman who was to undergo a trial in court was being comforted by his priest. "Keep up your heart, Dennis, my boy; take my word for it, you'll get justice." "Truth, your reverence," replied Dennis, in an undertone, "and that's just what I'm afraid of." Don't think for a moment that you have met all the idiots there are in the world.

Charles Major, author of that fascinating romance of the days of Henry VIII., "When Knighthood Was in Flowers," has chosen for the time of his second distinctive novel, Dorothy Vernon, of Haddon Hall, the period when Mary Queen of Scots secretly entered England ostensibly to seek the protection of Queen Elizabeth but, as her enemies contrived to prove, in reality, to plot for the English throne. But the story itself deals lightly if at all with these royal personages. Others much more interesting persons hold the stage. There are two pairs of delightful lovers, and country noblemen and ladies who mean much more to the reader. A Conclusive Word. "So Jack is married, eh? Do you think he'll get along well with his wife?" "I'm quite sure he will. They sang in the same choir for two years without quarrelling."

THE PRESIDENT IS SCOURGED BY THE BISHOP OF SAVANNAH.

Singing and caustic were allusions to President Roosevelt and General Miles made by Right Rev. B. J. Kelley, bishop of the Catholic diocese, in his memorial address before the confederate veterans at Savannah recently. His references to the President and General Miles were as follows: "It is true that the gentleman who now happens to sit in the presidential chair at Washington has, written of President Davis: 'Before Jefferson Davis took his place among arch traitors, etc., it was not unnatural that to dishonesty he should add treachery to the public. The moral difference between Bonelli Arnold, on the one hand, and Aaron Burr and Jefferson Davis on the other is the difference between a politician who sells his vote for money and one who supports a bad measure to get high political position. "When Mr. Davis was living and a prisoner of war in the Union prison camp on him in prison, though there was no necessity for it, and no one but a brute would have done it. But I have never heard that Miles after Mr. Davis' death maligned his character—that species of the venomous malice was reserved for the recreant son of a southern woman—the rough rider of republican politics, the accident of 1902, the lightning change artist of the white house, who can hobnob with the kaiser's brother and sit cheek by jowl with an Alabama negro; who can indulge in meaningless platitudes while south, on the bravery and common heritage of southern heroes and announce them before the Grand Army as anarchists; who can profess a broad American spirit, which brands sectionalism as a crime, and land the loyalty of our veterans of 1861-65 to the constitution and reunited country, while the damning evidence of his own written word shows that he compared 'the noblest Roman of them all'—Jefferson Davis—to a Benedict Arnold. "Jefferson Davis was a statesman, a soldier and man of high character, a senator, a cabinet officer, a president, not put in office by a bullet, but by ballot. "Theodore Roosevelt's title to immortal fame will rest on shooting beasts and profiting by the murderous act of a reprobate who shot a man."

Beyond Belief. When Abraham Lincoln was a young man his prodigious strength and his skill in wrestling were matters of note throughout central Illinois. Few indeed were the men who could boast of having laid him on his back. Somewhere along in the thirties there was a case on trial in one of the circuit courts in that section, in which an effort was made to impeach the testimony of one of the witnesses. The evidence was conflicting. Some would believe the witness on oath and others would not. At last a middle-aged man with a determined expression of countenance was called to the stand. The usual question was put touching the reputation of the witness for truth and veracity: "Would you believe him on oath?" "No, I wouldn't," he answered, and before the lawyer on the opposite side could interpose he gave his reason: "I heard him braggin' once that he'd thrown Abe Lincoln in a fair an' square rascal."

The President and Reform. Baltimore Sun. At one time some years ago President Roosevelt prided himself on his civil-service reform principles, and he has been respected for the record he made when Civil Service Commissioner. But his permitting or encouraging Mr. Evans to re-join the Pension Bureau and his appointment of J. S. Clarkson, who is regarded as a spoilsman, to the post of Surveyor of Customs detract, in the opinion of many, from his reputation. "He has done things of late," says the New York Evening Post, "which arouse the apprehension that he is inclined to take the wrong path. He has practically removed a Pension Commissioner whose only offense was protecting the interests of the Government, when a courageous patriot would have told Mr. Evans that he must stay at his post. He has paid conspicuous honor to one of the most notorious spoilsmen in the country by appointing as Surveyor of Customs the same James S. Clarkson whom, when Civil Service Commissioner a dozen years ago, he expected as so shameful that he would 'fall in his duty' if he did not show himself 'hostile to Mr. Clarkson and the ideas which Mr. Clarkson represents.' Grover Cleveland would not have done either of these things."

It is to be noted that even Republicans begin now to commend our only living ex-President. Charles Major, author of that fascinating romance of the days of Henry VIII., "When Knighthood Was in Flowers," has chosen for the time of his second distinctive novel, Dorothy Vernon, of Haddon Hall, the period when Mary Queen of Scots secretly entered England ostensibly to seek the protection of Queen Elizabeth but, as her enemies contrived to prove, in reality, to plot for the English throne. But the story itself deals lightly if at all with these royal personages. Others much more interesting persons hold the stage. There are two pairs of delightful lovers, and country noblemen and ladies who mean much more to the reader. A Conclusive Word. "So Jack is married, eh? Do you think he'll get along well with his wife?" "I'm quite sure he will. They sang in the same choir for two years without quarrelling."

THE PRESIDENT IS SCOURGED BY THE BISHOP OF SAVANNAH. Singing and caustic were allusions to President Roosevelt and General Miles made by Right Rev. B. J. Kelley, bishop of the Catholic diocese, in his memorial address before the confederate veterans at Savannah recently. His references to the President and General Miles were as follows: "It is true that the gentleman who now happens to sit in the presidential chair at Washington has, written of President Davis: 'Before Jefferson Davis took his place among arch traitors, etc., it was not unnatural that to dishonesty he should add treachery to the public. The moral difference between Bonelli Arnold, on the one hand, and Aaron Burr and Jefferson Davis on the other is the difference between a politician who sells his vote for money and one who supports a bad measure to get high political position. "When Mr. Davis was living and a prisoner of war in the Union prison camp on him in prison, though there was no necessity for it, and no one but a brute would have done it. But I have never heard that Miles after Mr. Davis' death maligned his character—that species of the venomous malice was reserved for the recreant son of a southern woman—the rough rider of republican politics, the accident of 1902, the lightning change artist of the white house, who can hobnob with the kaiser's brother and sit cheek by jowl with an Alabama negro; who can indulge in meaningless platitudes while south, on the bravery and common heritage of southern heroes and announce them before the Grand Army as anarchists; who can profess a broad American spirit, which brands sectionalism as a crime, and land the loyalty of our veterans of 1861-65 to the constitution and reunited country, while the damning evidence of his own written word shows that he compared 'the noblest Roman of them all'—Jefferson Davis—to a Benedict Arnold. "Jefferson Davis was a statesman, a soldier and man of high character, a senator, a cabinet officer, a president, not put in office by a bullet, but by ballot. "Theodore Roosevelt's title to immortal fame will rest on shooting beasts and profiting by the murderous act of a reprobate who shot a man."

Beyond Belief. When Abraham Lincoln was a young man his prodigious strength and his skill in wrestling were matters of note throughout central Illinois. Few indeed were the men who could boast of having laid him on his back. Somewhere along in the thirties there was a case on trial in one of the circuit courts in that section, in which an effort was made to impeach the testimony of one of the witnesses. The evidence was conflicting. Some would believe the witness on oath and others would not. At last a middle-aged man with a determined expression of countenance was called to the stand. The usual question was put touching the reputation of the witness for truth and veracity: "Would you believe him on oath?" "No, I wouldn't," he answered, and before the lawyer on the opposite side could interpose he gave his reason: "I heard him braggin' once that he'd thrown Abe Lincoln in a fair an' square rascal."

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