

MOTHER.

At twilight here I sit alone. Yet not alone for thoughts of thee— Pale images of pleasure flown— Like homing birds, return to me.

Again the shining chestnut braids Are soft unwreathed about thy brow, And light—a light that never fades— Beams from thine eyes upon me even now.

As, all undimmed by death and night, Remembrance out of distance brings Thy youthful loveliness, alight With ardent hopes and high imaginings.

Ah, mortal dreams, how fair, how fleet! Thy yearnings scant fulfillment found; Dark Lethé hath loved thy feet, And on thy slumber breaks no troubling sound.

Yet distance parts thee not from me, For beauty—or of twilight or of morn— Blinds me, still closer binds, to thee, Whose heart sang to my heart ere I was born.

—Florence Earle Coates, in the Century.

What Is Love?

By Edith L. Joslin.

The man was young and wore his youth with all the grace of a man well governed and well trained. He lay on the soft, sweet brown needles under the tall, splendid pines, and listened to the wind singing in their branches high above his head and his thoughts strayed into strange and divers ways.

And most thought he of love, for he was a young man. After idly musing for a time he became more serious and suddenly startled himself out of his reverie by abruptly asking: "What is love, I wonder, anyway?" And he who had been so languid and tranquil but a moment before seemed strangely agitated and the question hammered it off again in pulse and brain.

What is love? All at once a new sound stole into the chaos that was existing within him and like the cool delicious rain to the parched and thirsty fields, so was this new sound to his troubled brain. Bit by bit it grew distinct until the man no longer heard his question but in its stead the melody of sweetly blended voices giving him an answer to it. He threw himself back on the pine needles and relaxing his over-taxed forces prepared to listen and to learn.

The melody that he heard was the voices of the fresh, green branches of the pines over his head. "Love is life, love is beauty. Love is duty, love is everything in the world," sang they. Then they stopped and one voice sweeter than the rest addressed him.

"Oh, mortal man, wouldst thou know what love is? It is to us in its acme the caress of the soft south wind as he comes singing through the forest, and the chill, hard cold blast of the north wind as it wraps us about in its death dealing embrace is our sorrow of love. That to us, oh man, is love. That which deals us all our joy and all our sorrow." And the voice of the pine tree was silent and another voice rich with dainty fragrance spoke and the man turned his head to behold a sweet violet growing at his feet.

"Love, dear man," said the violet, "is to me as it is to my sister the pine tree, that which is all my joy and all my sorrow. For the dew whose light kiss is the life giving, anon turns to ice and chills me into insensibility and yet is the dew, my love," and the violet hung her fair head as though the modest trade had frightened her gentle soul. Then up spoke a bright little buttercup that grew just outside the woods:

"My love, oh, mortal, is the beautiful sun. His warm rays are such a joy to me, such a delight, but of what misery I know when he frowns or becomes wantonly cruel and scorches me with his passion. So do I know love," and the buttercup lifted her pretty head and smiled fondly at her lover.

And as the man lay thinking of what he had heard he saw a woman approaching. She was beautiful with all the splendid beauty of maturity and as she neared him he felt his pulses beat faster for her coming.

"What is love, dear man?" she inquired as she knelt beside him. "Love is joy; love is pleasure—see, I am bringing it to you." And she lent closer. "You are young and handsome and brave—I would win you, and I please me to make you my slave and so to take you into the halls of pleasure and then offer you in return for your servitude the possession of all this beauty and charm. And a mind, dear man?" and she bent him nearer and pressed her full red lips to his.

He had anticipated delight, but the touch of those red lips was like rank poison to him. He made a motion as though to push her from him and drew back with a shudder. "Thou art a child, not a man, and thou dost not deserve to know what love is nor to be permitted to call me sweet," said the proud beauty scornfully as she drew herself erect and moved majestically away.

The man closed his eyes to shut out that tempting lily, but with a sigh of relief crept up to his lips and was breathed when he felt that she had gone. Some way he felt that the pine tree, and the violet, and the buttercup, all had a better idea of love than he had at first thought.

All at once and quite against his will he opened his eyes and looked at the foot of the tree where the humble violet grew. Could he be dreaming? No, it was not a vision, but a beautiful girl that sat there so fondly trying with the violet at her side. Every line in her dainty body suggested grace. Her face, bent over the flower, told of kindness of heart and beauty of mind.

She raised her head and looked at him, and the pretty arched lips parted. "Thou hast asked, what is love? Love, oh man, is life. Love is tender, for-

bearing, thoughtful and true. Love's self sacrificing, it knows no heights too great, no depths too deep. It is all joy. It is all sorrow. It is the beginning and the end of all things. It is the essence of God himself." The man's breast was filled with a great longing, and he reached up toward this maiden, but light as a bird she was away and speeding through the pine woods. Quick and eager, he was in pursuit. She glanced over her shoulder and addressed him: "Thy heart has been sleeping, when it awakes only canst thou hope to catch love," and then she turned and sped on out of the woods into the sunlight.

Like one in a trance, he stumbled on in headlong chase, but when he, too reached the open the fair form was gone. Only a soft white cloud hung on the eastern horizon, like a woman's form, seemed to wave its willowy arms and beckon him on.

The man turned and went slowly across the meadow. "Love is life, and to live is to love" he whispered softly, "I am just awakening, dear heart," and he hastened his steps, and his face showed eager anticipation.—Boston Post.

FARMERS' ARITHMETIC.

How English Farmers Measure Space and Weight.

Farmers have an arithmetic peculiarly their own. This is essential, seeing that their conditions for buying and selling are totally different from those of ordinary tradesmen. Suppose, for instance, you wanted to purchase a farmer's crop of turnips in a ten-acre field, the townsman would be at his wits' end to judge the weight of the roots in that field. The experienced farmer, however, would find it an easy matter to arrive at a correct calculation.

Turnips or swedes are usually planted in ridges twenty-eight inches apart. This the farmer knows, means ninety ridges to the acre. Then he carefully measures off a yard from a row where the crop seems about the average, pulls up the roots in that yard and weighs them. Supposing they weigh ten pounds, a simple calculation proves that the crop averages a little over twenty-eight tons to the acre. Eleven pounds is equivalent to nearly thirty-one tons, and so on. After he has found out the weight of one acre, it is quite an easy matter to estimate the weight of the whole field.

When a man of the soil sets about planting an orchard, he does not order so many hundred of trees until he has carefully calculated how many trees will be actually required. This number will, of course, depend on the distance apart at which the trees are planted. If they are set at even distances of twenty-five feet an acre will hold exactly seventy trees; if only twenty feet, 109 trees will be required. In this way all waste is prevented.

In regard to planting cabbages, strawberries, or any other small fruit the distances apart are, of course, much smaller. It might be interesting to note that if they were planted a foot from each other an acre of land could accommodate no fewer than 43,560 plants.

It is equally essential for a farmer to be able to tell the weight of cattle without troubling to put them on the scales. The way in which he does this is to measure the girth of the animal just behind the shoulders and square the product. Multiply the result by the length in feet from shoulder to juncture of tail. This is then multiplied by 23, 24, 26, 28, or 30, according to the animal's fatness. The result will give the carcass weight in stones. Carcass weight, by the way, is much less than live weight.

Now, the novice in attempting to buy a stack of hay would run a great risk of being swindled in regard to its weight. Not so with the farmer who knows his business. He would calmly take out his footrule and measure the stack to the eaves and add to this number of feet half the height from the eaves to the ridge. Multiply the result by the length in feet, and that by the width in feet. Then divide by twenty-seven. This gives him the total number of cubic yards in the stack. A cubic yard of new hay weighs six stone, and of old hay nine stone. Therefore, if he multiplies the number of cubic yards in the stack by six or nine, according to the age of the hay, he will find the exact weight of the stack.

The farmer's arithmetic is very useful to him in checking the work of his employees. He knows that an average ploughman can walk about eighteen miles a day, and he must, therefore, be able to estimate how much land this eighteen-mile walk will cultivate. It depends largely, of course, on the size of the plough. Supposing the plough can cut a seven-inch furrow, a full day's work will mean the ploughing of an acre and a quarter of land. If it cuts an eleven-inch slice two acres would be an average day's work, and a three-inch, two and three-quarter acres.—The Bilt.

Two's a Crowd.

"Fellow citizens," shouted the candidate, "if I am elected for this district I shall endeavor to make you glad that you did not elect another."

"That's right!" yelled the dry goods box philosopher. "I reckon one would be aplenty."—Puck.

Cause and Effect.

"If you didn't smoke those expensive cigars, you might own your handsome office building."

"I do own your handsome office building. If I didn't, I couldn't smoke those expensive cigars."—Washington Herald.

EVEN AN EXPERT LETS SOMETHING DROP ONCE IN A WHILE.



—Cartoon by Triggs, in the New York Press.

LATE EVENTS MEAN A MODERN CHINA

Prof. Hirth Calls Chinese Born Parliamentarians--Predicts Progress.

New York City.—Friedrich Hirth, Professor of Chinese in Columbia University, who as a lifelong student of the Chinese people, their language and literature, is considered one of the best authorities living on Chinese topics, gave as his opinion that the death of the Empress Dowager and the Emperor meant the opening of an entirely new and better era which would benefit not only China but the other nations of the world. He thought affairs in China would from now on advance rapidly toward European ideals, and though progress will be less rapid than in Japan, China would in thirty or even twenty years be transformed into a nation on an equal footing with the other great nations of the world.

Professor Hirth had no belief in the report that foul play had entered into the death of the Dowager or the Emperor. In regard to the general attitude of the influential parties and individuals toward the new rule, he said: "I think the events of the next few weeks or days will determine the question of bloodshed or peace. I think that both Liberals and Conservatives are ready to wait quietly in order to see what course the Government will take. Prince Chun is a Liberal, and he has enough followers. I think, among the really dangerous party, the overardent Liberals, who might be called the Anarchistic party, to avert any trouble from them."

"Prince Chun, I believe, is an able man. He has visited Germany on a diplomatic mission. He alone of those who have come into great power in China has seen Europe; that single fact should be enough to show in what direction his rule will tend."

Speaking in a general way of the death of Emperor and Dowager he said: "It appears to me a very beneficial thing for China. The antagonistic relations between the two and the control by the Dowager of the Emperor, roused great dissatisfaction among the Liberals, who had rested their hopes on the Emperor."

"Yet Tsi-An played a valuable part. It almost seems she saved the nation in 1898, when by a coup d'etat the young Emperor tried to crowd on China in twenty days changes which the nation would have needed as many years to digest."

"Yet, the Emperor being highly appreciated by the party of reform and progress, her seizure of the reins of Government and suppression of new ideas cast a gloom over the spirit of the empire. And little as we know the new characters on the Chinese stage, it is fair to believe that both extremes—conservative and progressive—will hold themselves in check, and will wait to see where the Government is tending. All depends on events; it is impossible to state what will happen; one can only speak of probabilities."

"But the tendency, whether calm or violent, will, I feel sure, be toward liberalism. These two deaths have cleared the course for China. There is much talk of antagonism toward Manchu rule, yet that antagonism is a thing of recent years; it has been greatly heightened by the relations between the Emperor and his aunt, the Dowager. I believe now that that antagonism will calm down for the time, and will, if the new Government gives satisfaction, die out."

"The talk is of a Constitutional Government. I think, and have always thought, the Chinese well fitted for it. They have always appeared to me to be born parliamentarians. Certainly they are as well fitted for liberal institutions as any Oriental nation—better fitted than the Turks or Persians, as well fitted, I think, as the Japanese. But I believe they will model their Government on the Japanese Government, and that the stages of their progress generally will be peaceful."

"The present Government has a strong liberal party behind it, and the radicals are too much in the minority now to do any harm. So many strong men, both liberal and radical, are with the Government that I do not foresee a serious outbreak."

VOODOO SIGN CAUSED SUICIDE.

Superstitious Test Applied to a Man Accused of Murder Drives Him to Death—Red Stain on the Weapon, Mistaken for Blood, is Really Rust.

Monticello, Ark.—Suspicion of murder having been confirmed against him in the eyes of his neighbors by a voodoo test, Louis Hursh, a farmer, cut his throat and died in the presence of the coroner's jury.

Samuel Hayward was the man whose murder was under investigation. He was called to his front door at night and killed with a charge of buckshot. His wife had but a fleeting glance at the assassin and could give no clue to his identity. Hursh was questioned about the crime at the inquest, but protested that he had no knowledge of it. Members of the family swore that he was at home when the shot was fired, and Hursh apparently had been eliminated from the list of suspects when one of the jurymen, an aged negro, spoke up.

"Try the voodoo test on him," urged the negro. "What's that?" inquired the coroner.

"Let Hursh's arm and leg be off again while he is standing by. If he did the murder the gun will sweat blood."

The coroner was distinguished in the eyes of the jurymen, and he declared that it was a matter of indifference to him whether the test

was applied or not. He told where his gun would be found, and it was brought into court.

The coroner and jury adjourned to the woods near by, and the gun was loaded and discharged. Hursh stood by, apparently careless of the results. Following the firing of the gun the jurymen engaged around it to examine it for the sign. A murmur arose among them, and the suspense was more than the prisoner could bear. He turned to the gun to examine it, and the man who had suggested the voodoo test pointed to a red stain near the muzzle of the weapon. Hursh became agitated and seemed on the point of making a dash for liberty when he was seized by a deputy.

Without further investigation the party filed back into the court room, where in a few moments the jury held Hursh responsible for the killing, and Coroner Lewis signed the commitment.

When the prisoner saw that he was to be sent to jail on the strength of the voodoo test he took a sharp knife from his pocket and with one stroke ended his life.

Subsequently more careful examination of the red stain on the muzzle of the gun was made and beyond any doubt it was established to be nothing but rust.

President's Promise to an Ohio Veteran of the Civil War.

Washington, D. C.—General H. C. Corbin, retired, secured from President Roosevelt a promise to appoint Gilbert Van Zandt, the drummer boy of the Seventy-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry in the Civil War, to a place in the Government service. General Corbin brought Van Zandt, whose home is at Wilmington, Ohio, with him and told the President that he entered the military service at ten years of age as a drummer boy in the Seventy-ninth Ohio.

Queer Dr. Gabrini Dead in His Swiss Chateau.

Geneva.—The richest and most eccentric man in Switzerland, Dr. Gabrini, is dead at Lugano, leaving a fortune of \$500,000, most of which was made in America. Dr. Gabrini was a man of the simplest habits. He would wear the shabbiest clothes, and many tourists who visited his beautiful chateau at Ciani accepted his services as a guide under the impression that he was one of his gardeners. He used to take their tips with slyness.

NORTH STATE HAPPENINGS

Occurrences of Interest Gleaned From All Sections of the Busy Tar Heel State

Judge Ward Threatened.

Asheville Special.—Judge Ward created something of a stir in Superior Court shortly before adjournment when he announced from the bench that he had received through the mails a threatening anonymous communication and directing that the chief of police of the city be notified to appear in court with his police officers for such instructions as the court shall give. Judge Ward declared that the threatening communication would not deter him from his purpose to put a stop to lawlessness in Asheville and break up "blind tigers"—in fact, the court declared that it made him all the more determined and intimated that those appearing before him charged with the illicit selling of whiskey and convicted would fare badly. The threatening letter was received by Judge Ward after a two days' trial of three men, Black, Doan and Watson, charged with maintaining a nuisance in the conduct of a soft drink establishment, ending with the conviction of the trio and the sentencing of each to two years on the county roads; but it is not believed the letter has any connection with the case. Just what the court will have to say to the city police force is not made known. It is intimated, however, that he intends giving them instructions to make a concerted and systematic raid on places where it has been rumored liquor is sold.

Tar Heel Topics.

It is learned from the deputy revenue collectors that the number of brandy distilleries this year making brandy from apple cider is very large indeed, but most of them have closed up their work in the east though in the mountain region it continues, the apple crop there being extremely heavy. In the eastern district some of the leading distilleries will pay tax on as much as a thousand gallons each of this brandy. It is the last year in which they can make it under the terms of the prohibition law. It is said that twice as much brandy has been made as heretofore. A good deal of wine has been made but not much grape brandy.

The Broughton Buggy Manufacturing Company, of Elizabeth City, which was recently incorporated with an authorized capital of \$50,000, is preparing to begin business at once at the old stand of the Elizabeth City Buggy Company. Some of the leading business men of that city are connected with this new enterprise and its success is assured. The officers are: W. J. Broughton, vice president; W. M. Old, treasurer, and Dr. S. W. Gregory, secretary.

The State Agricultural Department issued its first booklet, containing a list of the North Carolina farms for sale in the tidewater section, the law requiring such publication. The booklet is handsomely illustrated. Others will follow containing lists of lands for sale in the coastal plain, the middle section, the Piedmont section and the mountain region.

Ex-Judge Walter A. Montgomery sued for \$50,000 from The News and Observer on the ground of libel in publishing Tom Dixon's denunciation of Montgomery after the latter's reference to Dixon in a speech here. This is the same amount of damages claimed against Dixon in the Federal court.

Sensation in Fayetteville.

Fayetteville, Special.—Jacob Hart, the white man who drugged and robbed D. W. Parker, an upholsterer of this city Monday and afterward escaped was brought here and turned over to the police by Chief of Police Thomas of Aberdeen, having been captured there. Somewhat of a sensation was produced at the hearing of the alleged "blind tigers" arrested this week, when Robert Clark, a young white man, swore on the witness stand that he had purchased whiskey from Detective Morris, one of the three detectives who was employed by the Anti-Saloon League to ferret out the "tigers" and who is a star witness for the prosecution in trying the cases. It has been rumored that a warrant has been issued by the United States government against one of the detectives but this rumor cannot be confirmed. Several other warrants have been served on alleged "blind tigers" and the offenders brought to bar.

Youth's Heart Cut Out.

Dallas, Special.—Cris Griggs, 17 years old, was killed here by Arthur Jarrett, another youth of about the same age. The killing occurred in front of Groen Brown's store and the weapon used by Jarrett was a pocket knife, Griggs being cut thro' the heart and death being almost instantaneous. As soon as he had stabbed Griggs Jarrett ran to his father's home a short distance away, but with the aid of a number of deputies Sheriff Shuford soon had the house surrounded and Jarrett in custody. Sheriff Shuford got up from his bed, having been sick for some time, and by quick work had the boy's slayer in jail in a short time. Jarrett is the son of a merchant here, while Griggs' people are mill operatives here. It is alleged that Jarrett had made some stirring remarks about Griggs, which the latter resented when they met on the street. A quarrel followed, with the result as given. No weapon was found on the dead boy's body. The killing created much excitement, as Dallas is usually a quiet and orderly town.

A Man Aged 105 Dies in Haywood County.

Asheville, Special.—News has been received here of the death on Upper Pigeon, Haywood county, Thursday, of "Uncle" Henry Grogan, who passed to rest at the ripe age of almost 105. Had he lived until last Thursday he would have celebrated the 105th anniversary of his birth. Surviving are several children and a number of grand children and great grand children. Mr. Grogan was the oldest citizen of Haywood county since the death in that county a year or more ago, of "Uncle Ed" Messer, who went to rest at the age of 114. Mr. Grogan was a native of South Carolina, removing to Haywood county during the war of the States. He was an honest and upright citizen and had many friends in the western section of the State.

Detectives Are Arrested.

Fayetteville, Special.—M. L. Stanton and M. J. Morris, two of the anti-saloon league detectives who furnished information on which the eighteen alleged blind tigers have just been indicted, were arrested by Constable Goddard, charged with carrying concealed weapons. A revolver was found in the possession of Stanton, but Morris had no weapon. They were both bound over to court by Magistrate McLean under a \$200 bond, which was furnished by City Attorney J. Sprunt Newton.

Crop Estimated at 600,000.

Raleigh, Special.—Commissioner of Agriculture William A. Graham, at the request of the Association of Commissioners of the Southern States estimated from reports to him the North Carolina cotton crop, putting it at 600,000 bales, a decrease of 16 per cent from last year's crop. This year's acreage is larger than last year.

State News Items.

Work has been commenced on the new freight depot at Gastonia, which the Southern Railway is to build to replace the one burned some months ago. Mr. J. E. McAllister, of Gastonia, has the contract for it. It will be rebuilt on the old site.

At a recent meeting of the stockholders of the Citizens' Bank of Elizabeth City, Judge George W. Ward was elected a director to succeed the late Benjamin F. White.

A charter is granted the Shaper and White Hardware Company, Elizabeth City, \$25,000 capital stock.

Bulletin on Fruits.

Raleigh, Special.—The Agricultural Department has issued the September bulletin, which is upon the varieties of fruit best suited for North Carolina, this having been prepared by W. N. Hunt, State horticulturist, and his assistant, S. B. Shaw. The bulletin which the Agricultural Department is preparing is so extremely valuable that it is requested that in this State, at least, it be distributed to all who are very

Orphan Asylum Physician's Statement.

Oxford, Special.—Dr. T. L. Booth issued the following statement: Only one new case of scarlet fever has appeared in the Oxford Orphan Asylum since Tuesday, November 10. The type continues very mild indeed. T. L. BOOTH, Physician Oxford Orphan Asylum.

\$100,000 For the G. F. C. Endowment.

Asheville, Special.—Thursday's session of the Western North Carolina Methodist Conference was interesting and important, the feature of the session being the voting by the conference that it would, as individual members, sign notes by which the one hundred thousand dollar endowment fund for Greensboro Female College would be secured, making it the only woman's college in Southern Methodism owned by the church with \$100,000 endowment. Only one vote was cast against the proposition.

Lewis Fletcher Hears.

Charlotte, Special.—Facing the instrument of his death with nerve unaffected and practically without a tremor or a flinch Lewis Fletcher paid the penalty Friday morning for the murder of George Boyd in the Hope-well community one Sunday morning in September. The drop was made at 11:01 o'clock and at 11:15 the attending physicians pronounced that he was dead.