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ARP ON THE JUDGES.

GLAD THEY WERE ACQUITTED OF THE CHARGES AGAINST THEM.

But Trial Will Do Good—It Will Make the Judges More Circumspect in the Future—Lawyers of Early Days.

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

A few broken remarks by Senator Carter have cost the state about $5,000. The senator never would have made them if he had been a democrat. His motive was not so patriotic as it was partisan, but maybe the investigation of the charges against the two judges will do good in the long run. They have been acquitted, as they should have been, but still they will no doubt be more prudent and circumspect in the future. There was sufficient evidence to humiliate any sensitive man, and no doubt these men feel it so, and will hardly claim it as a very triumphant acquittal.

The judges of our courts have been generally a very high order of men, but after all they are just human, and are subject to like passions with the rest of us; but, because they are in high position and intrusted with unusual power, the people watch them with a critical and sometimes with an envious eye.

The public requires and expects more of a judge than from a private citizen—more learning, more dignity, more patience, more decision of character and, besides these qualifications, he must be exemplary in his habits and conversation. The community must look up to him as a man of purity and integrity—the enemy of crime and the protector of the poor and helpless.

In recalling the many circuit judges whom I have known in Georgia during the last half century, I do not remember one who failed to fill his position to the satisfaction of a large majority of his constituents. Certainly none were charged with incompetence or corruption. Party spirit ran high between the whigs and democrats before the war, and sometimes one party was in power and sometimes the other, but no charges were ever brought against any judge. His politics left him as soon as he got on the bench, and he commanded the respect of the bar and the people.

But we had better material to make judges out of those old ante-bellum times than we have now. There is no doubt about this, and nobody need take any offense at the assertion. We had a higher standard of scholarship and literary attainments. Knowledge was not so diffused to the many, but was of a higher grade to the few. We have never had a supreme court that equaled the first one—Lumpkin, Warner and Nesbitt. They were classical scholars, and could read Latin and Greek as well as English. So could all the old-time jurists—Story, Marshall, Pickney, Taney, Wirt, Kent and many others. It required something more than politics to make a man judge in the olden time. In the old Athens circuit we had such great men as old Tom Harris, Charles Dougherty, Augustine Clayton and Junius Hillyer upon the bench. They were all classic scholars, and knew the difference between "nolens volens" and "bolisnoxious"—genuine Latin and dog Latin. They understood law as a science and had mastered its fundamental principles. Nowadays many of our judges who have been made out of scheming politicians are nothing but case lawyers. They have to be reeducated for every trial. Books upon books have to be read to them from both sides, and at last they go it blind or split the difference and are reversed by the supreme court. Judge Underwood, of the Rome circuit, was a great lawyer—a lawyer by intuition as well as education, and nothing irritated him more than the long continued reading of cases and authorities. He knew the law and could have made it, and did not have to be educated. I remember when a case lawyer had a trunk full of books brought into court and began to make an ostentatious array of them on the long table before him. I looked up at the judge and perceived his disgust. When the case was opened for argument he leaned forward and said: "Brother Jones, you can select from your library a few cases that you think are pertinent and read the syllabus of the decision, but nothing more. The court understands the law of this case and nothing that you can find in those books will change it. The time of the court is too valuable to be wasted in promiscuous reading."

It never availed anything to read law books to Judge Underwood. He said it affected his spleen.

"Now, major," said he, "these modern doctors will tell you that the spleen has nothing to do with a man's serenity, in fact has nothing to do with anything, and had just as well been left out of the human anatomy, but the ancients knew better. The spleen is the seat of melancholy and peevishness, and is connected with the brain, just as the heart is. If the spleen is out of order the man is splenetic. He is fretful and morose."

"What is the spleen?" said I; "and where is it?"

"The spleen," said he, "is a soft, spongy organ located in the left hypochondrium—and that is where the word hypochondriac comes from. It is just below the diaphragm and above the colon, and lies between the tuberosity of the stomach and the cartilages of the false ribs, anterior to the kidneys. Now you understand it. I have studied a good deal of anatomy and surgical jurisprudence, and can tell my brother Jim the doctor, a good deal more than he knows. In fact, a lawyer has to study anatomy with a zeal that the average doctors know nothing about. I have confused doctors on the witness stand until I was sorry for them."

Underwood was emphatically a learned judge, and his quick perceptions always grasped the case in all its bearings. Of course it provoked him when a young lawyer or a conceited one sought to teach him from the books or asked him to charge the jury something that was not the law. Underwood was a good school master and could take the conceit out of a man with a soft, delicious sarcasm that sometimes was mistaken for a compliment.

It is said that Justice is blind, or has a bandage around the head that hides the eyes, while she holds a pair of scales in her right hand. She does not know the parties to the case, but weighs both sides with an impartial hand, but Judge Underwood said that when there was a combination of lawyers to acquit a criminal and cheat the gallows or the chain gang a patriotic judge could not help raising the bandage a little bit, and he did it. Sometimes when a defendant was acquitted his lawyers would say with aggravating impudence: "Well, judge, you lost that case last night. The jury have come down with a verdict of not guilty."

"Yes," said the judge, "and you seem to glory in having turned loose another scoundrel upon the community."

He could not altogether suppress his zeal for the state and good morals and his last speech when charging the jury on a criminal case was convincing and convicting if he believed the defendant guilty. The last court he ever held was at Dallas, and the entire week was spent in the trials of eight defendants who were charged with a most outrageous riot and much violence done the good people of the town. The entire community demanded their conviction and punishment. But these fellows had some property, and they combined and employed every lawyer in the town, and also Col. Winn and Judge Lester, of Marietta, and Judge William Wright, of Atlanta. These lawyers combined, and with the help of one of the court officials, stocked the jury on the solicitor, and one by one the rioters were acquitted. On Friday the ringleader was put on trial. The judge and the solicitor felt absolutely sure of convicting him. It was candle-light when the judge closed his charge to the jury and expressed pity for the people of Dallas, upon whom seven of these lawless rioters had already been turned loose. Finally he told the jury he was not well, and if they found a speedy verdict the foreman could bring it to his room at the hotel. When the court adjourned the lawyers got together and chuckled. It was not the same jury, but the cards were still stocked, and so about nine o'clock the foreman came to the hotel and knocked at the judge's door.

"What is it?" said the judge. "Foreman of the jury, sir," was the reply. "Well, sir, what is your verdict, Mr. Foreman?" "Well, judge, under the law and the evidence we was obleeged to find the defendant not guilty."

The judge turned over in his bed and groaned. "May the Lord help us and save the country. Mr. Foreman, you can keep that verdict in your pocket, sir, until morning. I do not wish to sleep with it in this room. From all such verdicts may the good Lord deliver us."

The judge was an early riser, and at the first sound of the breakfast bell took his seat at the head of the table. He was alone. He ordered his eggs soft boiled and was preparing them when Col. Winn came in, and with soft, sweet voice said: "Good morning, Judge Underwood." "Good morning, Col. Winn," said the judge.

"How did you rest last night, judge?"

"I did not rest well, sir; not at all well."

Winn took a seat and after a pause said: "Well, judge, I understand you lost another case last night."

The judge looked at him with undisguised contempt. "I was not aware, sir, that I had any case in court. I do not understand nor appreciate your effort to be witty at my expense, and—

"Oh, judge," said Winn, "I didn't mean to offend you. I heartily beg your pardon. You know you have been against us in all these cases, and—"

Just then, Judge Lester came in, and with his rough, honest voice and his empty sleeve slingling along, said: "Good morning, Judge Underwood. How did you rest last night?"

"Not well, sir; not well at all."

"Well judge, I understand that you lost another case last night."

The judge laid down his knife and fork.

"Well, sir, this seems to be a combination to insult me. What case have I got, sir, or am presumed to have, that you and Col. Winn seem to take such an interest in? It is the state—the state and the people of this community that have a case, and you gentlemen have resorted to questionable means and methods to—"

Just then big Bill Wright came in. He was six feet six and weighed 250 pounds, and had a voice like a bass drum.

"Good morning, Judge Underwood."

"Good morning, Judge Wright."

"Well, judge, I understand you lost another case last night."

This was the feather that broke the camel's back. Judge Underwood rose from his seat and said:

"Gentlemen, I have been accustomed all my official and professional life to the respectful consideration of the members of the bar. This I have always received in my own circuit. Neither of you belong to it. All I can do is to sympathize with the judges who have to endure your insolence all the year round. You have only afflicted me for a week, and I am pleased to say will never have the opportunity again."

But that was not the last of it. Winn and Lester and Wright saw that they had gone too far. They all loved Underwood and admired him. They hurried to the door and stopped his exit and begged his pardon and apologized and explained and before it was over they were all friends again, and the judge was constrained to take his seat at the table and more soft-boiled eggs were ordered, and there was peace—delightful peace. Alas! these good men are all dead.

The Gazette office for neat job printing.

A FIGHT WITH A WILDCAT.

ADVENTURE OF JOHN MULHARE IN THE CATSKILLS.

May Die of the Injuries He Received in His Fierce Combat—Killed the Cat with His Hunting Knife.

N. Y. Times, Feb. 4.

PHOENICA, N. Y., Feb. 3.—John Mulhare of this place is in bed suffering from injuries he received in a fight with a wildcat. After a fierce struggle he managed to kill the beast, but not until his clothes had been torn in shreds and he had been lacerated terribly by the sharp claws of the animal. Wildcats have been more numerous in the Catskill Mountains this year than in a number of years past; and they have been more than usually brave, attacking travelers and hunters at frequent intervals.

It was last Saturday that Mulhare, who is a well-known guide and hunter of the Catskills, started out from his home, in the little hamlet of Chichesters, about two miles distant from this village, for the avowed purpose of visiting his traps, which were set within a radius of five six miles from his home.

Trudging along through the dense forest, through the light snow, which, filtering through the leaf-stripped branches of the trees during the snowstorm of the night before, had made a snow-white carpet on the ground, he soon reached his first traps, and was disappointed to find no game entangled in the toils. On he trudged again, the chill wind that whistled through the trees causing him to shiver with the cold and to button his rough old hunting jacket closer and thrust his mittened hands further into his pockets.

NIGHT SETTING IN.

The shadows began to deepen in the woods. It was nearing twilight. The woods were very still. No sound of animal life could be heard. The sun was setting just as Mulhare emerged from the now almost dark woods into a little clearing, and its last rays flooded the white waste of mountain landscape with a sudden glory as it gracefully dipped from sight behind a towering mountain peak.

The hunter again plunged into the woods. Darker and darker grew the shadows; the night was fast coming. Hurriedly making his way through the forest, the hunter finally came to his last traps, and was pleased to find that he had been fortunate enough to secure three rabbits. These he disentangled from the traps and tying their hind legs together with a piece of string he strung the rabbits on a stick which he cut from a tree nearby, so that they might the easier be carried home with him. Then, setting the traps again, he began to retrace his steps homeward.

In his haste, he tripped over a tough root which crossed the path, and he measured his full length on the ground.

His foot was caught in the root in such a manner when he fell, that his ankle was badly sprained, and upon trying to rise from his recumbent position he found, to his dismay, he was unable to get up. By dint of hard work and with a deal of pain, he at last managed to crawl from the thicket into a somewhat open spot in the woods, when he leaned up against the trunk of a fallen oak tree that was near him. He was very faint.

Seizing some snow in his hands, he rubbed it on his face in the hope that the cold application would cause his blood to circulate more freely and rapidly, and that in that way he would be kept from fainting. His ankle pained him terribly, and he thought that his agony was near unbearable. Soon he began to rally and feel much better, and he decided that he would again make an effort to rise.

THE CAT'S FIRST SCREAM.

Just then he heard a hoarse scream, similar to the agonized cry of a little child. Mulhare knew it was the cry of a wildcat. Many times he had heard that cry before, but never at such close quarters.

Mulhare shivered with fright. Alone in the forest, several miles from the nearest human habitation, he well knew that his cries for assistance would not be likely to be heard; but nevertheless, such was his plight, as he was armed with only his hunting knife and was unable to rise to his feet or escape, that he shrieked for help several times.

Again a mournful, snarlish cry was heard echoing through the wood, the animal apparently having advanced nearer to him than when its cry had been heard before.

In the deep gloom the hunter could see nothing. He shrank back against the tree in great affright, and at almost the same instant a large, tawny-colored animal leaped at him from behind.

The single snarl of rage that the beast uttered was yet the hunter's only warning of its close proximity, and he had barely time to duck his head, when the huge body of the wildcat shot over his form with as much force as if it had been thrown from a catapult.

In a moment Mulhare had drawn his knife, and just in time, too, for the wildcat, wild with rage, had turned on him. Straight at the unfortunate man flew the cat, striking him on the shoulder with its sharp claws, the impact of the animal stretching the man at full length on the snowy ground.

THE HUNTER HORROR-STRICKEN.

Mulhare shrieked with horror. He thought he would be killed instantly. He managed to aim a blow at the animal with his hunting knife, but succeeded only in piercing the neck of the cat slightly.

Again and again did the desperate man deal the cat furious blows with his knife. The blood flowed freely from wounds on both the man and beast. Still the fight went on. Mulhare was almost blinded by the blood which coursed down his cheeks from the wounds in his head, and which dripped over his eyelashes.

Suddenly both man and beast rolled over sideways on the ground. In an instant the hunter was on top of the huge and ferocious cat. This was his opportunity and he seized it without the loss of a second. He plunged his knife in the animal's vitals; the warm life blood gushed forth, and with a piercing cry the cat essayed to rise, in its struggles throwing the hunter off its body.

DEATH OF THE CAT.

Then the animal leaped high into the air, and when it fell to the ground it was lifeless.

Had the struggled lasted a minute longer it is probable Mulhare would have been killed himself. As it was he was utterly exhausted and almost frozen to death before he was found by his brother, who, becoming alarmed at his absence, started out to search for him. When he was found he was insensible.

After he was taken to his home he was put to bed and his wounds were dressed by the doctor, who was brought five miles for the purpose. The physician says he has great hopes of the man's living, although he thinks he is in all probability will be disfigured for life. The cat's skin will bring, it thought, not over $8, as it is pretty well cut up. There are sixteen stab wounds in it.

MRS. BRADLEY-MARTIN'S BALL.

Some Estimates of Its Cost—It Will Nearly Reach the Vanderbilt Ball in Point of Expense.

Richmond Times.

The advice of Dr. Barnsford, of New York, to his parishioners not to go to extravagant entertainments this winter is still a leading topic in this city, and the newspapers are trying to convince the reverend gentleman that extravagant entertainments put a large sum of money into circulation, and are, therefore, a benefit to trade and to the poor. This same question has before been raised in New York, notably in the case of the great Vanderbilt ball, which was given several years ago at a cost of $250,000. In justification of her extravagance, she gave out the following statement in detail, showing that the people who work were those who really profited by her lavish expenditures.

One customer kept 150 dressmakers and seamstresses busy day and night for five weeks. Some of the dresses cost $600 and $1,000 each, and the average cost was $250 each. The average cost of the men's costumes was $175. A careful computation of the cost of the costumes, based on actual figures furnished by the dressmakers, shows a total of $150,250.

The flowers for the ball cost $11,000, the hair-dressing $4,000, and $5,000 were spent for private carriages. The Vanderbilts spent the balance, which made the total amount expended for the ball $250,000.

As to the proposed ball by Mrs. Bradley-Martin, one of the New York newspapers has figured out the cost to be as follows:

The new ball-room at the Waldorf for night	$1,000
Receiving room	500
Reception-room adjoining small ball-room where buffet supper will be served	250
Men's big cafe, where regular supper will be served	500
State apartments, second floor of Waldorf, to be used as dressing-rooms	1,000
Buffet supper during entire night	6,000
Regular supper, from 12:30 a. m. until 5 a. m.	12,000
Fifty servitors' costumes, including trumpeters	1,500
Three orchestras	1,000
Cotillion favors	20,000
Superb floral decorations for ball	15,000
Engraving of notes of invitation	150
Issuing invitations	25
There will be at least 400 carriages hired from livery stables by those who do not care to take out their own teams—$7 each	2,800
Fees to 400 public drivers—$1 each	400
Six hundred men's costumes—$75 each	45,000
Six hundred women's costumes	120,00
Fancy slippers for women	3,000
Wigmakers and hair-dressers	6,000
Cosmetics	500
Grand total	$236,625

This is, of course, largely guess work, but a fair accurate idea of the cost may be had from these figures. The point is that with the exception of the sum paid the Waldorf for rent, the balance of the money expended will go to trades people and working people.

We shall not pretend to discuss the moral question involved. Those who spend their money in such extravagancies must answer to their own conscience, but it is evident that from a business standpoint the forthcoming ball in New York is a good thing.

THE VIRTUE OF PATRIOTISM.

Bob Wants the Incoming Administration to Inoculate the Nation, Free of Charge, With Patriotism.

St. Louis Republic.

There is an undoubted lack of pride in the average American. I don't mean a lack of personal pride, or, to put it plainer, lack of pride in himself, but there is a lack of pride in that which is distinctly American. When he gets rich, the average American talks about the Alps, tells you the exact height of the most wonderful peak lingers over the dangers of climbing, and never troubles himself to remember there are out in Colorado, great mountains and deep valleys in any one of which the entire Alps could be hidden away like a Christmas gift in a stocking. He talks about the balmy air of Italy, forgetting Florida and California; and then, he is, in addition to being unpatriotic, too often unfaithful—I mean unfaithful to his public idols. The whole English nation, notwithstanding he is out of power, and is an old man, worships the great statesman William Ewart Gladstone, and recognizes his powerful brain while claiming him as its own.

AMERICAN FICKLENESS.

With the average American age kills a public favorite. The fact that his mind may not, perhaps, be at its best blots out the great mental deeds that were the children of his brain, and statesmen and writers and painters and actors are spoken of as belonging to the past as soon as their years are many. The average American is not only fickle, but ungrateful. The actress of yesterday did great work, but is to-day beginning to show some wrinkles on her face, the result of giving to an ungrateful public the best of her life, physically and mentally; and the very public that threw roses to her yesterday, to day looks through a magnifying glass, sees only her wrinkles, forgets the good acting, shrugs its shoulders and says: "She's growing old; I don't want to see her act any more." Ten to one she is a better actress than ever before. A great theatrical critic once said: "No woman under 40 can play Juliet as it should be played; and yet, no woman over 40 can absolutely look the part; which will you have, art without beauty, or beauty without art?" Mary Anderson knew her own people. When she was at her best, when she was really acting well, a something she did not always do when she was handsomest, and when she was most popular, she bowed her good-bye to the fickle American public and gracefully retired.

The English look with delight at a dignified old lady and say: "That is our Mrs. Dash, who was a great beauty and a great artist, and we must always have the hand of applause for her." The French are giving recognition, their applause, their crown of honor to a great artist who is over 50, and a grandmother—would the American public do that? Certainly not. No matter how great was the art, there would be hundreds who would forget all about it, and simply remember the years and the grandchild, refusing to think even of good work that had been offered to it. The writer of yesterday is spoken of to-day as a man who in his time worked well, but now does nothing but poor work. There are no thanks given for that which did entertain, and the effort made by age to still interest is not appreciated. My friend, you know that I am telling the truth.

ADMIRATION OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

And what do you suppose evoked it? The seeing a woman who is now more beautiful than ever she was before; who is singing better than ever she did before; who is greeted by thousands with applause; and that woman is—Lillian Russell. A clever woman who knows her public. If she were an English woman, or a French woman, she would be held by the nation to which she belonged as the most beautiful woman of the day, and there would be special pride felt by each person who saw her in having been born in the same country. The French to-day have few beautiful women, but they pick out the one or two who have greatest claim to beauty and elevate them, and have pictures of them broadcast; and if you or I happen to admire one of them, a French man or woman quickly assures you of her French birth and expresses a national pride in her. When Mrs. Langtry was at the height of her beauty the hobby at the corner, the driver on the 'bus, as well as the men and women in all the other classes of life, eagerly claimed her good looks as English—and so they were very distinctly. But we accept the beauty of Lillian Russell in the same careless way that we do our peaches, our oranges our grapes, our melons, our magnolias, jessamines, or roses. It's all right. And yet, for a nation to have one beautiful woman in a century means a great deal. At the play the other night I could not but look at the face of Lillian Russell. It is absolutely perfect. And, unlike most perfect faces, it possesses that great charm of showing the varying moods. The smile is dimpled; the sympathetic look has that droop of the eyelids that makes it really sympathetic; while the scornful expression has the curl of the lip that at once makes you see how perfect the lip is, and which tells the story of the emotion felt at the time.

I like to look at the beautiful woman, as I like to look at the beautiful picture; and after looking at a beautiful woman I invariably go to one of the big libraries; get those rare and valuable books in which are the pictures of great beauties as well as their histories, and I discover which historical beauty of to-day is like to.

It didn't take very long to find the two women whom Lillian Russell most resembles—Louise la Vallière and Mme. Recamier. Her eyes—those deep blue eyes that are almost brown—are exactly the shape of the eyes of the loving and lovable La Vallière. The well-shaped nose, the broad, white forehead, the chin that is at once feminine and yet does not lack strength, reproduce those features of Recamier, while the soft, golden hair curling about the head, the sloping shoulders, the white round throat, correspond to those of La Vallière, and the round arm with the delicate wrist, small hand and taper fingers, is like the arm shown in the famous picture of the beauty of the First Empire, by David, reclining on a couch of that period. I should like to see a picture of Lillian Russell in the Recamier costume, posed as was the famous beauty in that most famous of her pictures. History repeats herself, even in our beauties. After all, beauty is as exact a something as mathematics, for measurements and colors must be correct to achieve beauty.

DO HANDS TELL A STORY TO YOU?

Lift up the hand of Lillian Russell. The hand of the average singer is inclined to be slightly square at the finger tips. This hand is pointed; the fingers are those of a writer, or an artist. After looking at them you are not surprised to hear that Lillian Russell herself draws the design of every gown she wears. Look in the center of the hand. The muscles do not gather themselves up, as if to hoard money; they are generous looking. So you are not surprised to hear from someone entirely outside of her own household that the singer and the beauty provides well for those of her own blood who need her assistance.

What is most interesting to you among a great singer's belongings? You are a woman and so you answer, as I knew you would, "Her jewel box." Here is one in which there are not only many jewels, but many artistic jewels, and many jewels that have interesting stories attached to them. Here are strings of milk-white pearls—one with a ruby, one with a diamond and one with a ruby and diamond clasp. Here is a ring with a superb pink pearl, set between two diamonds that match it in size; here is a ring with a black pearl set in diamonds. There are many pearls, for the singer loves them, and being an artist, she knows how well suited they are to a beautiful woman. Here is a superb sapphire, set in diamonds, and this is its history: At one time when Lillian Russell was singing in San Francisco, a Russian man-of-war was there; and as the Russians all love music, many of them came to hear her sing. The night before the vessel was to leave a number of Russian gentlemen were at the theater, among them a Prince whose name is known all over the world, but who personally, was a stranger to the singer. He threw on the stage, when she had finished her best song, a small bunch of violets. After the curtain dropped the singer picked it up, and after she got in her dressing-room took off the soft paper that was around the stems before putting the flowers in water. Under the soft paper was a card. On it was written: "We sail early to-morrow morning. This is to show that even a Russian bear can appreciate talent." And further up, having slipped well over the stems, was this superb ring. Another ring, one set with a large, clear, white diamond, came in the same way; a gentleman took a gardenia from his buttonhole and threw it at the feet of the singer.

Loving all blossoms, she couldn't bear to see it trudden upon and although some of the company laughed, she picked up the single flower, only to find it was encircled with this superb ring, and that no name whatever accompanied it. Here are two strange jewels. They look as if they were meant for a child's bracelet. A gold chain, a finger length long, forms the basis of each one. On one side of the chain hang tiny gold pendants elaborately engraved, on the other mother-of-pearl pendants. What are they? Earrings. And they were taken from the ears of a dead Princess, one of those African women killed in the war in Matatelesland just a little while ago.

CURIOUS, BUT A BIT GREWSOME.

Then there is a wonderful gold chatelaine; on it is a cigarette case of gold set with diamonds that form a star so large—well, as large as the evening star looks to us earth worms. There's a matchbox with a diamond crescent on it; a scent bottle with a star sapphire framed in diamonds in the top; a pencil, a glove buttoner, a purse, and a gold key set with rubies and sapphires. This is not the key that tells how Miss Russell gained her beauty, nor is it the key to her heart, but it is the key to her writing-desk. In the casket are innumerable brooches the oddest and newest of which is a little bonnet of gold with tiny turquoises to represent flowers upon it. And as we all have our superstitions, there is kept always in this jewel-box a brooch in the shape of a four-leaf clover to bring the requisite good luck.

The woman who is having her face steamed wonders what a beauty like Miss Russell does for her complexion. The woman who is being massaged every day and eating special food that she may grow fat, wonders what she does to keep her arms so round and white and plump. The woman who is taking a little cologne on a lump of sugar to brighten her eyes wonders what a beauty does to cause her eyes to glitter so. And the woman who is putting all sorts of stuff on her hair to make it glossy, or wavy, or thick, or long, wonders what a beauty uses on her hair. Ah, my friend, a beauty is like a poet. She is born, not made.

We, who are not beauties may improve ourselves by special treatments, special diets, special exercises and special and constant good temper, but one must be born beautiful. It is a great gift—to a woman—and no woman can be blamed for wishing to be a beauty. People who are not good-looking are prone to talk about the fatal gift of beauty, but I doubt its fatality in any but a pleasant way. It is a fine thing to be a beautiful woman. In history, we love the beautiful women, while we accord only a rather cold admiration to the great women. There is something about a beautiful woman that appeals to men and women in every state or condition of life; and in every country but our own there is felt a proprietary right in the beauty who is born to it and which belongs to it. But, we Americans are only patriotic one day in the year, and then we express it in a way that doesn't last—that goes up like a rocket and comes down like a stick. I wonder why we lack this fine virtue—this virtue of patriotism? Nowadays, we be inoculated with almost everything, wouldn't it be a good idea to the coming administration to inoculate the nation, free of charge, with patriotism? If you will stand the pain of it, my next-door neighbor will, and so will

BAB.

HURT BY TRADING.

Lacking the Courage of Its Convictions the Democratic Party Has Blundered At Home And Now Suffers for Its Folly.

Gastonia Citizen.

We think the Democratic party should have learned by this time that it is not only dishonorable to trade, and co-operate, and fuse in politics, but that it is also unprofitable to do so. If there are any so dull that they cannot see this, let them but cast a glance at Senator Butler, and see a living monument to the truth of this proposition.

There has not been a moment in the history of North Carolina Democracy during the past five years that the controlling forces in it had the courage of their convictions. There has not been a campaign in all that time in which the party has not been willing to wink at an item of some sort in which it did not believe, in order to bring the success which it thereby acknowledged it did not think it could win on its own merits and in advocating its own principles pure and simple.

And, every time the party has traded for position, it has been wounded in the fight, and the greater the number of isms it has declared itself ready to swallow, the more overwhelming has been its defeat.

Now, in this co-operating and trading business, the greatest error was in the first step. If a man never takes the first drink, he will never get drunk. When the Democrats of North Carolina made their first concession to Populism, their present plight was but a question of time.

We believe the Democratic party stands to-day for all that is best and purest in a Republican form of government. All that is commendable in Populism has been stolen from Democracy. Therefore, we believe that Democracy should stand its ground, firmly planted upon the Chicago platform, and make no concessions in future fights to any man or men, party or parties, and we think it will win; but if it does not, it will never cease to be humiliated by being dictated to by every little bare-brained politicician that may spring up.

Let us meet with, counsel with, and fight with only Democrats in the future.

One Big Barrier.

N. C. Agricultural Bulletin.

But there is a huge barrier between the country people and solid prosperity. Oh, it's the roads, the awful roads!

It is one of those queer instances that illustrate the truth of the old saying, "What's everybody's business is nobody's business;" and it never will be anybody's business till the people realize more fully what a loss of time and money they constantly suffer in bad roads.