W. P. MARSHALL.

Gastonia, N. C., July 20, 1899.

(Clas per Austra.)

No. 29.

## THE LETTERS OF DREYFUS. THE SOB ITSELF, OF HUMAN BOR-

Last Chapter of the Breyfes Affair-The Lottors of Alfred Breyfas to His Wife -One of the Most Tragic Dramas in Mistory-Zola's Opinion. Charlotte Observer, lath.

Charlotte Observer, lath.

Emile Zola may be somewhat prajudiced when it comes to criticising the letters of Alfred Dreyfus, but it is certain that the letters in many respects bear witness to the truth of his statement. This is how Zola described them: "They are admirable. I do not know of any pages of a higher conception or more eloquent. They have attained the sublime in sorrow, and afterwards will endure like an imperishable monument when our own writings, perhaps, shall have passed into oblivion. For they are the sob itself of all human suffering. The man who wrote these letters cannot be guilty. Bead them, read them some evening, with your family gathered around your hearthstone. You will be dissolved in tears "

The Dreyfus affair hitherto bus been like a novel without a hero—that is, the hero disappeared in the opening chapter, and it has taken ever since to chapter, and it has taken ever sines to develop the plot and work up a climax which is almost without parallel for dramatic quality. Enter the hero, mete out justice to the villain, and the world is satisfied. These little plays with Destiny, the greatest and most

with Destiny, the greatest and most artistic stage-manager the world has ever been, never fall of their effect, and there is more joy in the world over the happy ending of this great historic play, the Dreyfus affair, then could be derived from the best novel or short story in the world, because the degradation of this innocent man was a thing which came home with startling owner to all peoples. The here of the thing which came home with startling power to all peoples. The hero of the tragis story was lost sight of after the first chapter. It was known where he was and that was almost all. The scene of the story as told hitherto by the newspapers was laid almost altogether in France. Of the scenes laid in l'ile du Diable, and of the feelings which ruled is the heart of a man, torn from his family and his honer, the which ruled is the heart of a man, torn from his family and his honor, the newspapers have not been in a position to speak. It had been left entirely to our imagination to piece out that part of the story until the publication of Captain Dreyfus' letters to his wife bested the can and completed the story

captain Dreyfus' letters to his wife closed the gap and completed the and history of l'affaire Dreyfus.

The translation of these letters, which Harper and Brothers are about to pursue under the title of "The Letters of Dreyfus to His Wife," gives us for the first time the story that for pathos, tragedy, despair, and true spartan heroism is unsurpassed in the annels of either history or fiction. The arrest, which took place on the 15th of October, 1804, came upon Dreyfus litse a bolt out of a clear sky. For almost two months the liberty of writing even to his wife was forbidden, but on December 5th the longed-for permission was obtained and thereafter letters passed between husband and wife daily, and sometimes almost hourly, until he was removed to Devil's Island. The letters published in this volume cover the period from Taccanter. letters published in this volume cover the period from December 5, 1804, to

It goes without saying that the an-It goes without saying that the antire correspondence should be read to appreciate their pathos and the hopeless tragedy of the writer's lot. The extracts which this article contains will give some conception of their general character. They also give for the first time an intimate insight into the heroic soul of the author. It will be, perhaps best to begin with the second letter of the series, dated December 5, 1894, when Dreyfus as yet had hardly realized the danger that menseed him. "I am waiting with impatience for a m waiting with impatience for a etter from you. You are my hope; you are my consolation; were it not for you life would be a burden. At the bare thought that they could accuse me of a crime so monstrous, my whole being trembles; my body revolts against it. To have worked all my life for one thing alone, to avenue my constru it. To have worked all my life for one thing alone, to avenge my country, to struggle for her against the infamous ravisher who has anatched from us our dear Alsacs, and then to be accused of treason against that country—no, my loved one, my mind refuses to comprehend it! Do you remember my telling you how, when I was in Mulhouse, ten years ago, in September, I beard a German band under our windows celebrating the anniversary of Sedan? My grief was such as I wept; I bit the sheets of my bed with rage, and I swore an outh to bed with rage, and I swore an oath to consecrate all my strength, all my in-telligence, to the service of my country against those who thus offered insuit to the grief of Alsace.

"No, no. I will not speak of it, for I shall go mad, and I must reserve all my reason. Moreover my life has renceforth but one aim: to find the wretch who has betrayed his country; to find the traitor for whom to punishment could be too severs. Oh, dear France, thou that I love with all my soul, with all my heart! thou to whom I have consecrated all my strength, all my intelligence, how could one accuse me of a crime so horrible! I will not write upon this subject, my darling; for spanms take one by the throat. He man has ever borne the martyrdem that I endure me by the throat. borne the martyroom tent I endure. No physical suffering can be compared to be mental agony that I feel when my thoughts turn to this accountion. If I had not my honor to defend, I meure you that I should prefer death; at least, death would be forgetfulness.

To-morrow I shall appear before my judges, my brow high, my soul tranquil. The trial i have undergone, terrible as it has been, has purified my soul. I shall return to you better than I was before. I want to consecrate to you, to my children, to our dear families, all the time I have yet connect the publication of these letters annot fail to disrel it. As Zola save

to live.
"As I have told you, I have passed through awful crises. I have had mo-ments of furious, actual madness at the thought of being accused of a

the thought of being accused of a crime so monstrous.

"I am ready to appear before the soldiers as a soldier who has nothing for which to reproach himself. They will see it in face; they will read my soul; they will be convinced that I am innocent; as all will who know mu."

The letter written after his trial reads as follows:

"I suffer much, but I pity you still more than myself. I know how much you love me. Your heart must bleed. On my side, my adored one, my thought has always been of you night and day.

"To be innocent, to have lived a life without a stain, and to see one's self

without a stain, and to see one's self condemned for the most monstrous orime that a soldier can commit! What

crime that a soldier can commit! What could be more terrible? It seems to me at times that I am the yictim of an awful nightware.

"It is for you that I have resisted until to-day; it is for you alone, my adored one, that I have borne my long agony. Will my strength hold out to the end? I cannot tell No one but you can give me courage. It is only from your love that I can draw it.

"Above all else, no matter what may become of me, search for the truth; move earth and heaven to discover it; sink in the effort, if need be, all our fortune, to rehabilitate my name, which now is dragged through the mud. No matter what may be the cost, we must wash out the unmerited stain.

The following is taken from a letter

in the same strain written a few days later:

"I do not sleep, and it is to you that I return. Am I then marked by a fatal seal, that I must drink this cup of bitterness? At this moment I am calm. My soul is strong, and it rises in the allence of the night. How happy we were, my darling! Life smiled on us; fortune, love, adorable children, a united family—everything! Then came the thunderbolt, fearful, terrible, But, I pray of you, playthings for the children, for their New Year's Day; tell them that their father sends them It must not be that their poor souls, just must not be that their poor souls, just entering upon life, should suffer

through our pain.

"Ob, my darling, had I not you how gladly would I die! Your love holds me back, it is your love only that

me back, it is your love only that makes me strong enough to bear the hatred of a nation.

"And the people are right to hate me: they have been told that I am a traitor. Ah, traitor, the horrible word! It breaks my heart.

"I....traitor! Is it possible that have could secure my and condemn.

they could accuse me and condemn me for a crime so monstrous! "Cry aloud my innocence; cry it with all the strength of your lungs; cry it upon the housetops, till the very

"And hant out the guilty one. It is he whom we must find. "I embrace you as I love you.

"ALPRED,"
After his fate was sealed and he had been removed to Devil's Island, his determination that the truth shall be brought to light is stronger than ever.
From the first of the letters written from Devil's Island we select the following, which is in itself sufficient evidence of the bold and undaunted resolution with which he faced his

fate.
"I made for your sake the greatest sacrifice a man can make in resigning ided. I did this because you had inculcated in me the conviction that truth must always come to light. In your turn, my darling, do all that is humanly possible to discover the truth. humanly possible to discover the truth. A wife and a mother yourself, try to move the hearts of wives and mothers. so that they may give up to you the key of this drandful mystery. I must have my honor if you want me to live. I must have it for our dear children. I must have it for our dear children. Do not reason with your heart, that does no good. I have been convicted. Nothing can be changed in our tragic situation until the decision shall have been reversed. Reflect, then, and pursue the solution of this enigma. Thus will be worth more than coming here to share my horrible life. It will be the best, the only means of saying my life. Say to yourself that it is a question of life and death for me, as well as for our children."

And what could be more touching than the following letter to his little

than the following letter to his little boy, written from Devil's Island:

"CHER PRITT PIERRE: "Papa sends good big kieses both to you and to little Jeanac. He thinks very often of you both. I trust you will show little Jean how to make hig will show little Jean how to make high towers of blocks, which is such inn to tumble down. Be good children, and pet your mother when she is sad. Also be kind to your grandfather and grandmother, and play no bad tricks on your aunts. When papa returns from his journey, you will come to meet him at the station with little Jeanne with mamma and all the reet. "More big klesse for you and for Jeanna.

to the men'tal agony that I feel when my theaghts turn to this seconstion. If I hid set my heard to defend, I manure you that I should prefer death; at least, death would be forgetfulness. Write me seen. My loye to all.

"ALFRED."

From the lettur written on the day preceding his trial it is seen that he was still, after two months' imprisonment, senguine and hopeful, with never a deabt about his ultimate acquittal. It is in striking contrast to the letter written after the trial, when the worst had huppened and the nightmare had come true. We subjoin both letters:

"At lest I am coming to the end of my sufferings, to the end of my agony."

Jeanns.

"Youn Para."

The last letter but one that is included in the book is as follows:

"I have written very many letters during these last months. To add anything to these would be superficeds. I have told you concerning all the uppeals which I have written since last Movember to demand my rehabilitation for justice at last to so many innocent victims. In one of my last letters I told you that the last appeal which I had just sent to the government was stronger and more determined than ever. I am expecting every day to bear that my restoration has taken place, that our punishment, as terrible as it was unmertied, is at an end, that the day of justice has come for un. I "YOUR PAPA."

Your devoted

"ALFRED,"

la conclusion, if there existed the slightest doubt of Alfred Drayfus's innocence the publication of these letters cannot fail to dispel it. As Zolassys, "No guilty man could have written them." One feels from the very first letter that the writer is a heave and innocent man. Here is a passage from one of the letters written from and innuount man. Here is a passage from one of the letters written from Devil's Island. "My mind" he writes, "cannot extricate libelf for an instant from the horrible drams of which I am the victim, a tragedy which has struck a blow not only at my life—that is the least of evils and traly it would have been better had the wretch who committed the crime killed me instead of wounding me as he have been better. wounding me as be has-but at my henor, the honor of my children, the honor, the honor of my children, the honor of you all." And again, in a letter dated June 3, 1885, he writes, "You remember those lines of Shake-spears in "Othello," I found them again not long since among my English books, I send them to you translated.

"Who stazis my pures study trash; 'lis' something, nothing;
"Twas mice, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
Bus be that filehes from me my good itobs me of that which does not enrich him. And makes me poor indeed,

And makes me poor indeed.

"Ah, yes I be has rendered me 'vraiment pauvre,' the wretch who has stolen my honor! He has made me more miserable than the meanest of human creatures. But to each one his hour. Courage then, dear Lucie; preserve the uncocquerable will that you have shown until now."

And his own view of the tragedy in which he was the slient here: "You see, darling, a man of honor cannot live without his honor; it does no good to tell himself that he is innocent; he eath his heart out. In solitade, the hours are long, and my mind cannot comprehend all that has some upon me. Never could a romancer, however rich his limagination, have written a story more trugic. Some day when my story is told it will be incredible. But what we must tell ourselves now is what we must tell ourselves now is that I must be viodicated. My name must shipe anew, with all the lustre it should never have lost. I should rather see my children dead than to think that the name they bear is a dis-

think that the name they bear is a dis-honored one."

This thought is repeated again and again. It is the firm receive that his hon-or must be saved that prevents him tak-ing his life. Throughout he expresses the solicitude of a luving husband and father. He must live to save his bonor and for the sake of his wife and obli-dren. And now, from present indicadren. And now, from present indication, the whote prifful tale will have a happy ending, for it is practically certain that the decision will be reversed, and that Captain Alfred Dreyfus will realize the dream which he has expressed so beautifully in the following letter.

pressed so beautifully in the following letter:

"The body may give way under such a burden of grief, but the soul should remain firm, and valiant, to protest against a lot that we have not deserved. When my honor is given back to me, then only, my good darling, we shall have the right to withdraw from the field. We will live for each other, far from the noise of the world; we will take refuge in our mutual affection, in our love, grown still strunger in these tragical events. We will sustain each other, that we may bind up the wounds of our hearts; we will live in our children, to whom we will consecrate the remainder of our days. We will try to make them good simple beings, atrong in body and mind. We will elevate their souls so that they may always find in them a refuge from the realities of life. the realities of life.

"May this day come soon, for we have all paid our tribute of sufferings upon this earth! Courage, then, my on your work without weakness, with dignity, but with the conviction of Always dignified, always self-poised your rights. I am going to lie down, to close my eyes and think of you. Good night and a thousand kisses."

laffney Ledger.

John Stockey, of Spartanturg, was convicted of manelanghter by the jury last week and received a sentence of ten years at hard labor in the penitenten years at nard labor in the peniten-tiary. His counsel gave notice of an appeal to the Supreme Court, and Judge Gary signed an order allowing the defendant ball in the sum of \$5,000 pending the appeal. We think that the jury sendered a righteous verdict, and that Mr. Stuckey, as a sensible man, must admit that he had a fair and impartial trial. His defense was weak, especially that "rusty pistol" part of it, and there was nothing brought out in the trial that would give even a coloring of justification to his act in taking John Seyler's life. Mr. Stuckey has been a successful business man and a man of steady habits and of good character. It is deplorable that this great shadow should come ever his life from no other apparent cause than the impulse of an unguarded moment, prempted by the general craze for taking human life and the ever-ready pistol. Whatever may be the decision of the Sapreme Court his own life is blighted, and two families are ruined, all for the and impartial trial. His defen ed two families are ruined, all for the and two Examines are reflection, of lack of one moment of reflection, of and sail control. When will reason, and self-control. When will men cease to act like wild beasts, and rise to the place of rational, intelligent creatures?

Amntysis of Been Well Water

The following is the aunitysis of Gaff-ney's deep well water, made by the sbemist of the Southern Rullway Com-

na eyap-......A& pounds. The residue consist chiefly of car-bonate of lime, a little chiefle of sodium and less and aluminum, with traces of magnesis and sikalies.

## ARP'S HEART IS SAD.

OVER THE RECENT DEATH OF TWO GOOD OLD PRIENDS.

He Pays a Tribute to Them-Peter Richardson and Henry H. Plant He Speaks of as the Best of Hen

Bill Arp is Atlanta Constitution.

Bimon l'eter Richardson and Henry B. Plaut, two more of my friend, have fallen asleep. They were not my near and dear friends but they were friends to humanity and I am human. I knew them well and was always pleased with their presence. It is a good sign when you are glad to mest even an acquaintance—a good sign for him and it is a good one for you when your acquaintances meet you gladly. Simon Peter Richardson usloistered here for several years and I was always cheered with his presence and learned something I did not know. He was a walking educator, a man of wit and wisdom and of great philanthropy. Sometimes he cut to the quick, but his knife was abarp and left no ragged edges. I recall an incident that illustrated his carnest readiness to reply to a man who refused a little charity to a very poor blind woman who wished to go to Atlanta to have Dr. Calbous remove a cataract from her eye. Simon Peter very carnestly related her condition and her extreme poverty and said. "Please give me half a dollar, only a baif dollar." The merchant replied, "No, I can't do it. We merchants are blad to death by these country people and we have got to ston. I tail you Uncle Simon, we are kled to death, you must excuse me.' Simon Peter looked at him as if he were amased. After a brief silence he said. "Bled are you. Let me show you something. He took off his long lines ducter, then unbuttoned the wristband on his left arm, rolled up the sleeve and pointing to two little acars near the elbow said, "A long time ago a fool docter tried to bleed me and made those scars. He missed the vein and got no blood, but the scars are there. I am afraid that is the experience of a good many people who ask a little charity for the poor. They get no blood, but leave a scar."

We who mw the point smiled audibly. The merchant's face reddened under the sarcasm. He auddenly pulled out the money drawer and handed a dollar to her. I don't want any of your scars about me."

The last year of his sojourn here Unels Si Simon l'eter Richardson and Henry

thout me."
The last year of his sojourn here The last year of his sojourn here Uncle Simon took a vacation and visited his old home on the Peedes river, in South Carolina When he returned he told me expitingly of the good time he had and about a wonderful revival that occurred in his old home church—the greatest revival he said that he had witnessed for many years, "How many converts did you take into the church," said I "The first week," said he, "we never took in nary one, but we turned seventeen out and purged the church. After that the Lord blessed us and there is many a church in this part of the country that needs the same medicine."

church in this part of the country that needs the same medicine."

Uncle Simon left his impression upon the people of every community in which he lived. He was an surnest man, a man of convictions and was perfectly fearless in maintaining them. Wos to the infidel or sceptle or agnostic who encountered him. Wos to the man who declined to go to church because he didn't feel the need of religion. No doubt we have as good men now, but the preachers are rare in any decomination who are his equals in convincing and converting force. With Paul he could say, "I have fought a good fight. I have tept the faith."

Mr. Plant's photograph is before me. What a broad, attractive, human-like face. There is nothing of awe or solemnity in his features that would

Always dignified, always self-poised and carnest, he seemed as much con-cerned for others as himself. He was frank but careful in his speech, genial, uncomplaining and sever worried over business cares or disappointments. His uncomplaining and sever worried over business cares or disappointments. His last letter to me, written in February, was an autograph and is a model of good old-fashioued penmanship. It is a large, open, honest hand without a blot or erasure, the i's all dotted, the t's all crossed and quotation marks where they should be. In speaking of his bealth, he says: "I have been suffering, but am yet on deek and prepared in a moderate way to attend to my duties and in some measure be of benefit to the people."

I have taken note of him for nearly half a century and know of no greater

I have taken note of him to be be half a century and know of no greater man in the line of public progress and public benefaction. Many millionaires have acquired tortunes from specula have acquired tortunes from specular tion manufation has robbed others tion—speculation has robbed others Many have built on the foundation Many have built on the foundations that others laid and some have wreeked railroads and private enterprises on purpose for their own profit, but Mr. plant made honest plans in early life and has by slow and sure degrees expanded and matured them. He has added to values not only of his own property, but to that of communities and states. He has proved himself an unself as friend to the south and won the love and admiration of our people. Shakespere says, "The svil they do lives after them. The good is oft interval with their bones." That is not always true. In fact, he might truly have said, "The good deeds are like the circling waves that gently moves to the them," Good deeds are like the circling waves that gently moves to the shore when a stone is east into a pool. They never lose their influence. The good that Mr. Plant has done for the people has not best buried with him, nor will be be forgotten for generations

But the command is to "Close up! Close up!" The old men die and others stap into their places—and the world moves on. "Close up' is heard all along the tiov.

"Friend after friend departs Who has not lest a triend? There is no union here of hearts CAUSE FOR TRABS.

Remarkable Questioning of Fond Young Wife. rom (berper's Banar,

"Ob, Harold, do you love me?" im-plored the bride of a month, as her humand came in from his business and pressed his waiting wife to his manly

"Well," said be, between kieses.
"what do you infer from this opera

"Well," said he, between kieses, 
"what de you infer from this operation?"

"But, Harold, do you really and 
truly love me?" she demanded, eager 
to hear again from his lips what she 
had heard many times before.

"Yes, my darling, I love you dearly, 
devotedly, unceasingly, constantly, 'exceasively, amazingly, and any other 
adverbs you happen to think of."

"You are making forn of use, Harold, and you ought not to do that," 
pouted the bride.

"No, lova," protested Harold, as he 
squeezed her and kiesed her again. "I 
was merely trying to conyinos you that 
I do really and truly love you dearly 
and dearly."

"Then you do love me, Harold?"

"Yes, darling."

"Are you sare, Harold?"

"Quite certain, my precious."

"Oh, I'm so happy," she said, with a 
little sigh of contentment. Then she 
asked:

"Do you love me as much as seen

asked:

"Do you love me as much as you did this merning, Harold?"

"I love you twice as much, my charmer," asseverated Heroid, thinking to make her happy. But how little do men know about women! His bride luoked at him sorrowfully and demanded:

"You Harold why did not be the sorrowfully and demanded."

"Oh, Harold, why did you love me less this morning than you do new?" And she burst isto tears.

What Boom it Memor?

Yorkville Enquirer has been making considerable effort during the past few days to get some inside information as to the probable plans of the parties who are seeking to get control of the Carolina and Morth-Western railroad; but without much success.

From a straw picked up last Saturday night, there seems to be a probability that General Hoke and associates, of Lincoluton, are nomewhere behind Messara. White, Barber and associates. This suggestion is based mostly on the fact that General Hoke returned to Lincoluton, on Saturday from a trip across the mountains, and while to the Narrow Gauge passenger train he procured a copy of the Engairer of Seturday containing a report of the proceedings of the meeting of the county board of commissioners at their meeting on the pravious Wednesday. He took the situation to indicate that the commissioners were about to clode a trade for the sale of 500 shares of York county stock to Mr. White, and rather than otherwise he appeared to be very much pleased at the prospect. The Esquirer's informant eaid that judging from the comments of General Hoke, he was satisfied that the general rather stood in with the White-Barber people and wished them success. The following from the Columbias, who has just returned to the city, brings the news of mother railroad which promises to be of value to the Carolina and North-Western of this state, better known as the Chester and Lenoir, and indicated in the selice of the columbia, who has just returned to the city, brings the news of mother railroad which promises to be of value to the Carolina and North-Western of this state, better known as the Chester and Lenoir, and

ises to be of value to the Carolina and North-Western of this state, better known as the Chester and Lenoir, and indirectly to the cities of the state. In regard to the matter the gentleman referred to said: "We met up with Mr. C. M. Kaylor, of Bristol, Va., and Teunessee, who is Virginia and North Carolina agent for the Virginia Iron and Coke company, of Bristol, Tenn., and he says that his campany is beilding a railreed from its extensive coal and iron fields in southwestern Viring a railroad from its extensive coal and iron fields in southwestern Virginia to Leacir, N. C., to connect with the Carolina and North-Western railroad running from Leacir, N. C., to Chester, S. C., and, when completed, the company, by this line, can put its coal into Columbia at a very low price. The proposed route will be a very short one from the coal fields to all the principal cities of this state."

But still the action situation continuation.

But still the entire situation contin-ues in the dark so far as the people of this section are concerned. There has not been a single word of positive promise that any kind of a deal means a change of the gauge to the standard, or that the sale of the road will be followed even by an extension across the mountains. But still the entire situation contin-

In it Right for an Editor to theorem.
Patent Endicines?
From Spivian Valley News, Browned M. C.

From Sylvian Valley News, Brevard N. C.

It may be a question whether the editor of a newspaper has the right to publicly recommend any of the various proprietary medicines which flood the market, yet as a preventive of suffering we feel it a duty to my a good word for Chamberlain's Coile, Cholera and Diarrhoes Bessely. We have known and used this medicine is our family for twenty years and have always found it reliable. In many cases a does of this remedy would save hours of suffering while a physician is awaited. We do not believe in desending implicitly on any medicine for a care, but we do believe that if a bettle of Chamberlain's Diarrhoes Remedy were kept on hand and administered at the inception of an attack much suffering might be avoided and in very many cases the presence of a physician would not be required. At least this has been our experience during the past twenty years. For sale by J. E. Curry & Co.

Greensbure Becord.

The Southern Hallway is complifing against tramps. Sing from the Empire Steel and Iron works is being used for ballast along the tracks and if a man can walk along them without from aboes he is welcome to the right of way. The stuff is full of charp corners and edges and will out a fellow's shoes to press in short order. It is from and will collitious to be a menace to pedestrians for a long time. However, it is said to be the floost ballast in the country.

AUSTIN, TRX., July 11.—The notion exchange in this city, completed to day the work of carefully tabulating the losse on the cotton erop, attendant apon-tie Brazes river flood. They find that the loss in the Brazes botton will represent 200,000 bales of cetton, representing \$5,000,000 loss.

They also find that the beavy rains which produced the flood and rained the crops in the bottom have benefited outon growing on the upper lands proportionately, so that by far the best crops harvested in years will be produced from the uplands this sesson.

Are They Worth 141

That an American policy of imperiation and conquest in the For Bast is likely to reach an appelling cost financially, as well as in its inevitable sacrifice of American blood and principle, is indicated in the official Treasury figures showing that the effect to restore and maintain order in the Philippines has been continued thus far at an average delly expenditure of \$800,000.

pines has been continued thus far at an average daily expenditure of \$600.

On.

It will be well for the people of the United States to ponder a bit over this exhibit. Judging from the characteristics already displayed by the savage Filipine tribes now in revolt against American authority, as American policy of permanent occupation of the Philippines bids fair to bring about an almost endless war along the mome evasive guarilla lines now marking the taction of Aguinalde's followers. With a big standing army thus necessitated, a tremendous transport service, a vast scope of hospital work, the cost of holding the Philippines promises to reach a financial volume staggaring to the average American.

Are the American people willing to pay the price demanded for the Philippines—a clear repudiation of American principle and tradition, a ghastly tribute of American billions, as ghastly tribute of American brillions of dollars of American principle and traditions, a ghastly tribute of American brillions of dollars of American faith and American faith

Pat and the Speaking Tube

A solomn looking Irishman entered a business house the other day, and walking up to one of the men employed on the lower floar, subset:

"Is dhere anny clanst for a mon t' get a job av wur ruk here?"

"I don't know," answered the man addressed, "you'll have to see Mr. Hobart."

"An' pfwers is be?" asked the Irish

uswer.
"Shall Ot walk up an' talk t' him?"

"Shall Ot walk up an' talk t' him?"
guarried the aseker for employment.
"No need of that," replied the mare,
"Just whistle in that tube and he'll speak to you," pointing at the name time to a speaking tuba.

The old Irishman walked over to the tube and blew a mighty blast in it.
Mr. Hobart heard the whistle, came to the tube, and inquired:
"What's wanted down there?"
"Tis Oi, Paddy Flynn," answered the Irishman, "Ar' ye th' boos?"
"I am," replied Mr. Hebart,
"Well, thin," yelled Flyan, "sthick yer head out sy th' second-athery windy wholle Oi sthep out on th' soide-walk! Oi want to talk t' ye."

Put Its Foot In Its Worth on Sentinel.

A horse belonging to H. B. James, of Yadkin county, met with a pesuliar accident a few days ago. Mr. James was near the stable when he beard the was near the stable. Tonse investigation he was near the stable when he heard the unimal fall. Upon investigation he found the horse had gotten his hind foot hung in his mouth and could not release himself. The foot had slisped leto the horse's mouth and the heet was lung ever the lower teeth, vequiring two pulls by Mr. James before the foot could be lossesed and the horse allowed to rise. Mr. James vouches for the facts as stated and the prints of the horse's teeth were to be seen on the hoof the next day. be seen on the hoof the negt day.

Editors Must Try Again. nam Herald.

By an unintentional mistake made a few days age the Wilmington Mar is the defendant in a aut for slander and the plaintiff thinks his character has been damaged to the extent of \$5,000. In getting out a daily paper such whetakes are unavoidable, and it was to cover such cases as this that the legislature was saked to exact a line law more favorable to the newspapers. nore favorable to the newspapers.

Anjigsteemte of Bianvibose.

Mr. A. Sanders, writing from Coccenut Grove. Fin., says there has been
quite an epidemie of discrices there.

He had a severe attack and was cured
by four doses of Chamberlain's Collis,
Cholera and Diarrhous Boundy. He
says be also recommended it to others
and they say it is the heat medicine
they ever used. For sale by J. E. Curry & Company.

Over The Frace

The Stickery Grove To

Teatrille Enquirer.

Coroner Brian went us to Hickey Groys last Friday affections, and mouses a jury compound of leading oil sain of the town and violatily said he as inquest or 7 the hely of "Little Heart Leach, the Negre who was sinky politeenus Robert L. Pattley of Jay 4, and who died Friday morning in 11 o'clock.

The facts in the case were entire veloped about as har already been outlined, and after taking men testimos as it considered measurer. The farmingment a verifies to the effect its december to the sibert is the december had come to bis one from a platel shot wound. Infleted the heart of Robert L. Pursley, while the december had come to bis one from a platel shot wound. Infleted the heart of Robert L. Pursley, while the december of the profile of the jury, coroner was in doubt as to whether not it would be advisable to imme warrant on the very such a plate can and view of the yording of the jury, coroner was in doubt as to whether not it would be advised by in the next and a convenienced on accountred his wor and scouring legal advise, he don't hat notwethstanding the circumstom, the Pursley is all more or an extend of the short and the interest will be set in the far convenienced on accountred his wor and the Engelse had indeed to the interest possible tree the authorities will assist in the far of the short man in the latent went as the real asses to be soled upon by grand jury, which will loader to a week, when Mr. Pursley will come to a reconstruction in household of possible would require than Mr. Pursley be realed at once, in which man he would require than Mr. Pursley be realed at once, in which man he without at once in which man he without as of imposite the form of the short have to lie in jall mill the day of the profile and arman of only the farming an

How The Tracks Hart in One Way.

Washington Peet.

"If the further formation of trusts should have the effect of doing away with nearly all the commencial travelers of the l'imited States the injury done would not be confined to the drummen." and Mr. F. L. Markhan. of Philadelphia, at Chamberlin's "The loss of their john would, to be sure, he felt more keenly by themselven, and yet a great many other interests would suffer if the knights of the grip sure to fade from public view. Their patronage of the railroads of the sountry means in the aggregate a vest sum of money to the transportation companies and there ins't a railroad of any importance in the aggregate a vest sum of money to the transportation companies and there ins't a railroad of any importance in the United States that would not feel their retinement as a blow to the passenger traffic. Their extinction would mean even more to the hotal people.

"I know of denous of hotels in the West that flourish by reason of entertaining drammers, and that could enarously live if deprived of this trade. Now, if the hotals are hurt, it stands to reason that the merchants who supply the butchers, the deirymen, icodesiers, and a long train of others, will feel the advance effects of the withdrawai of perhaps 150,000 men who traveled constantly and helped circulate money from one end of this nation to the other." "If the further formation of trusts

A gentleman walked into the tax as-sence? room resteeday and stated that he wanted to list his taxes, not for one year only, but for four years high-that he had been here, but had over-looked in. The gentleman is the room looked up in management and for a mo-ment all of them were as frantzated that they could not get down to work. However, they "eaved" him before he departed.

A Good Wheat Crop

The least crop that we have as far based from a that respect by an Regis-us of Deads 7. F. Killian on his farm and Deader. He sevent 1 is bushels on 1 11-13 acres and get 75 bushels—one 77 bushels to the sere. He sevent 12 bushels and get as average of 27; bushels and get as average of 27; bushels and get as average of 27; bushels to the bushel sevent. He made

Trenten J. July 11.—The Dis-thery Company of America with an active and opping of \$135,000,000, and anterpretated to day. In manufacture, and day is a manufacture, glis and all disablery several set of the \$10,000,000 and the court of the per court, constitutive division.

A Free Combon.

To facilitate matters General W.
or will take a set of telegraph
man's clambers with king to the
ippines.

Mr. Murphy—Av coorse I am. She called me a titale, and I called her another.

"We have sold many different cought recordies, but none has given butter nettefaction than Chamberlain's." says Mr. Charles Holtaner, Deugies, Newark, N. J. "It is perfectly and coughs, colds or bearseness. Sold by J. E. Curry & Company.