

AREY AND THE ADMIRAL.

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preachers nor the pleading of women has been able to stop it. The dispensary is more respectable in its surroundings than the saloon.

What about the part that women is taking in this liquor business? What does all this mean that Bishop Coleman, of Delaware, has recently asserted in a public sermon preached in New Jersey? He says that the whiskey habit is actually decreasing among the men of the north, but it is rapidly increasing among the women, not only the fashionable women, but among the middle-class.

When I was a student in college at Athens in 1865 the wonderful discovery of Dr. Long and his use of anaesthesia was the talk of the town, and our professor of chemistry, Dr. LeCombe, made it the subject of a lecture to his class. In 1846 a dentist by the name of Lombard came there and proposed to extract teeth without pain by the use of what he called morous lethæum.

There is nothing strange in the fact that Republican Senators Lodge, Hawley, Platt, and several others became almost incoherent with anger when, in the course of Tuesday's Philippine debate in the Senate, many plain truths of the situation were held before their eyes and reasonable arguments demanded.

Especially must Senator Lodge and the imperialist group of Senators have felt royally indignant when Senator Teller dared to introduce his amendment to the Philippine tariff bill. This amendment, probably secured to constitute the crime of lese majesty in the minds of the imperialist Senators.

Their final report was that a force from England of 50,000 men could conquer the two republics in three months. But much esteemed as they were by their superiors in London, even the latter seem to have put down some of their leading from certain risks.

Then there is the soft voice of the boisterous burghers that contrast so strangely with their highbrowed figures and the elimination of all violent exertion—for even their cast on horseback is easy as a rock that may mean some roasting lesson learned from the air around them.

A Washington special to the Observer says that the Amos Owen Cherry tree people want to compromise by paying over \$80,000 for distribution among the freed claimants. Their attorneys, Senator Pittsford and E. J. Justice, submitted a proposition to this effect to District Attorney Bolton on Monday.

BARBERSHOP.

Queer Effort on British Officers of the High Altitude of the Veldt.

It was in one of Jules Verne's stories that two men set out to climb a mountain. As they went higher and higher up the air grew more rarefied and provoked such irritability in both that they fell into an angry quarrel.

They challenged each to immediate duel and turned to go down the mountain side for their weapons. But as they descended into the lower strata of air their normal condition was restored and when they got to the foot of the mountain they were fast friends again.

A man who went from England to the Boer war thinks that British generals and others in going from the moist air of the Thames into the rarefied air of the South African veldt, 5,000 or 6,000 feet above the sea and a thousand miles away from it may have passed through some such mental transformation as the mountain climbers.

An instance of what is meant was furnished by two colonels of infantry who rode out of Bloemfontein one day with a couple of junior officers and an orderly to shoot buck. They rode a dozen miles north and then stood for among the kopjes but found poor sport.

It was at a time when the Boers were looking for the next British advance and the patrols of the burgher commandoes were active and watchful. These two colonels were old hands in the service and to some of their friends it seemed that nothing but high-headedness could explain what they did when the buck failed them.

They rode on for a good stretch outside of their own outpost. Suddenly one of them caught sight of a mounted moving figure, a score of them among the folds of the veldt a mile away.

"Come on, they're Boers. Let's round them up!" shouted the elder and senior colonel, and off he galloped with the three officers close on his heels and the orderly chasing behind.

What the man of the Boer patrol thought is not recorded, but at once they spread out and pushed their horses on as hard as they could toward the dark boulders along the base of the nearest foothills, the buck-shooters testing after them. Once among the boulders the Zips—for they proved to be men of the Imperial patrol, jumped off, got over and turned to take the measure of their amazing passengers.

The result came soon. They shot one of the junior officers dead through the brain, shattered the arm of another, wounded one of the colonels to the thigh and pierced the wrist of the other besides disabling the orderly. They laid out their men to the nearest farm house and sent a messenger to Bloemfontein for further aid.

Both colonels got a severe reprimand. But possibly a Dr. Charcot, or a brain specialist could have analyzed their aberration better than a field marshal to whom it presented only a case of reckless breach of discipline.

One of the divisional generals, whose forte was not patience or balance even in the most restful air, finished his South African opportunities in the careless capture of a gailop very like the race of the buck-hunting officers.

He was to lick his forces with those of another general in completing a line of communications with the coast.

But when the other met him he was daubing along alone on the veldt, except for a handful of bodyguard, swallowing the "steady" air as though it was the most sparkling of champagnes. Asked where his division was he made a sweeping gesture to the horizon and rode on. He was for hours away from his command.

Some such mental disturbance provoked by breathing this air may be put forward perhaps to explain the proceedings of the three officers of the intelligence department who were sent out from the war office in London before the negotiations between the British and Transvaal government were broken off. They were to report what force would be needed if it came to war.

All three went different ways under assumed names, grew beards, wore red-and-white suits and mixed with farmers and stockraisers as men who meant to adopt that life. They were to watch and listen, look for signs, judge the situation and report.

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GET EVEN WITH KIPLING.

A Sweet Place Filled by Cecil Rhodes.

Cecil Rhodes, the South African Magistrate, had a bone to pick with Rudyard Kipling, the poet, and succeeded in doing it to his complete satisfaction. This is how the story is told in the London clubs.

Kipling and Rhodes were fellow passengers on a Cape Railway train bound toward Kimberley. Up to the moment of departure from Cape Town Rhodes had been busy sending dispatches and it fell to the lot of the poet to book their seats and berths. The author is a man of boyish build; the empire-builder is a ponderous man and has a decided aversion to sleeping in a top berth.

Knowing this, the poet determined to have some fun at the expense of the man of destiny. When that night the ex-premier found that he had been assigned to an upper berth his rage was great. He pleaded with him, but Kipling, with a sardonic grin, assured Rhodes that he could not think of exalting himself above so mighty an imperialist, and so the bulky statesman had to climb laboriously to bed.

After midnight the train stopped at a small station on the desolate Karoo, and the wife of a colonial officer got aboard. When she discovered that, notwithstanding her telegram, no reservation had been made for her she lifted up her voice in loud protest. The commotion awakened Kipling, who thrust his head out between the curtains and demanded to know the cause of the disturbance.

"I am the wife of Col—," she exclaimed, "and although I wince for a berth none has been saved for me."

"That's all right," thundered the Colossus, "my little boy is occupying the berth just under mine; turn in there with him."

The lady was appressed and proceeded to take advantage of the offer. Presently there was an insurrection in the lower berth.

"Now, don't cry and make a fuss," the lady was heard to say, "your father told me I might sleep here."

"Madam," gasped the author of "The Jungle Book," "do you know who I am?"

"You are the little son of the gentleman in the upper berth; are you not?" faltered the now-startled woman, peering into the dark compartment.

"Nothing of the sort," roared the poet, "I am Rudyard—"

"Before he could confess further the frightened woman fled to another car. The upper berth shook with convulsive appreciation, as the poet, with a mingled vocabulary of several tongues, berated the South African statesman.

"King of the eunuchs and swar," exclaimed Rhodes from his attitude of wrath, "and give me something about a rag and a bone and a hunk of hair!"

But with picturesque wrath Kipling stuck to his impromptu programme.

Federal Control of Elections.

The Indications are that this Congress will not pass any legislation in regard to elections in the South or the South's representation in Congress.

It is known that one Mr. Crumpacker, of Indiana, wants to pass a bill reducing the representation in Congress of those Southern States which have restricted the suffrage. His proposal for instance to reduce North Carolina's representation in the House from ten (as it will be after this year) to seven, though what he leaves his estimate on is not stated. Mr. Crumpacker has been endeavoring for some time to secure approval of his measure by his party's caucus. A caucus was held Monday night but adjourned for a week without action.

The Southern Republicans oppose the Crumpacker measure—they don't want the representation reduced—but in lieu thereof they want a Federal election law passed, one which will, if we understand it, practically place the control of State elections, or at least of members of Congress, in the hands of the Federal authorities. While we are not familiar with the measure we will say that in a choice between the two we would prefer reduced representation rather than outside interference with our election.

We have heretofore given the Southern Republicans credit for opposing the Crumpacker bill, but they deserve no credit. They oppose a reduction of representation not from any regard for the South but for selfish reasons, and are at the same time trying to get through a measure which is, according to all accounts of it we have seen, as odious as the infamous force bill which German defeated ten or twelve years ago.

The experienced and sensible Republican members of the House, however, recall that any attempt to pass such measures heretofore has always resulted disastrously to the Republican party, and in the light of such experience they are not showing any disposition to aid either Mr. Crumpacker or the Southern Republicans, and thus we say that the probabilities are that no such legislation will be passed.

Brutality of Colored People—On a Boat.

Statement by the Corpse.

An old negro woman fell near her home in Waverlyville Saturday afternoon and fractured a large bone in the leg. It seems she had no relatives near and asked some of her neighbors to go after a doctor, but each one refused and it is related that she remained at home until the next day with the bone sticking through the flesh and suffering intense agony.

She was a Democratic member of the State Senate, was pleading for a State loan of money to aid in building a railroad from Statesville to Taylorsville. Pleading the resources of Alexander County, he said it produced a sum a thousand dollars' worth of which a jubilee night by way with one of its wives.

They and their wives, Mrs. J. W. Blain, also a member of the Senate, criticized the progressive enterprise "the jubilee railroad," and on the tongue of the people it has been "the jubilee railroad" ever since it was built. For raising apples and miles Alexander is justly celebrated, and the late William Wood, of William, need to say that there was not a man in the county who could not either preach, make pay shoes or sing by note.

Alexander and the Jubilee Road.

The Mountain State, of Taylorsville, says that "Alexander county has a greater variety and a better quality of mineral waters than any county in the State."

Alexander county is notable for a good many things. It is the home of Hibernia, a precious gem which is found nowhere else in the world. Fifteen or eighteen years ago, before he fell from grace, K. Z. Lantry, Esq., then a Democratic member of the State Senate, was pleading for a State loan of money to aid in building a railroad from Statesville to Taylorsville. Pleading the resources of Alexander County, he said it produced a sum a thousand dollars' worth of which a jubilee night by way with one of its wives.

King's Rock and the Jubilee Road.

On February 11, 1902, the most notable persons of Waverlyville gathered in a room in an old log tavern to witness the burning in a grate (that will resist) of chunks of a certain "black rock" which abandoned about the town. The occasion was an important one. The water was certain. It was wood and high. The fire had been needed. The "black rock" had the bill passed.

King's Rock and the Jubilee Road.

Such was King's Rock's humble beginning in America. In 1900 the United States produced 363,315,423 tons of coal, hard and soft, valued at \$32,521,330 at the mines. The coal area of the country extends to 65,194,000 square miles. The Coal Trust is backed by dollars running into hundreds of millions.

Such has been King's Rock's march of a hundred years. They are going to give him a fitting memorial. The coal trust at Waverlyville on the coming February 11th.

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It is an interesting speculation to try to think how different the development of our country in this wonderful century had not been made if the discovery had not been made that the "black rock"—anthracite—would burn.

The fact that Prof. Foraman of the Northwestern University, an Institution connected under church auspices, has questioned some of the miracles of the Bible has naturally created a commotion in certain orthodox circles.

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Virginia Brights
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"If," says the Rev. F. A. Hardin at a meeting of ministers in Chicago, "I could skin that man, and his hide and tack it up on the barn door before the ordinary preacher could sharpen his jaw-knife,