

SWEETHEART, SLEEP!
St. John Lucas in Longman's Magazine.
Sweetheart, sleep: Night spreads her pall
Over this silent town.
And the far-off tide is musical
Where the little lines of breakers fall.
And the weary sun goes down.
Sleep, oh sleep! for the world reposes:
Drop your head like the tired roses!
Dream till the daffodil dawn unfolds
Over the sleepless sea.
White birds drift to their dizzy nest
Safe on the headland steep:
God's great rose is pale in the west.
Mr. Little rose must sink to rest
And bow in the land of sleep.
Sleep, for the wind of night is blowing
Echoes faint of the cattle lowing:
Drowsy scents of the long day's mowing,
Over the hills to me.
Now the moon like a silver ship
Steers through the starry sky:
And the lighthouse at the harbor's lip
Where the clammy seaweeds cling and drip,
Winks with his fierce red eye.
Sleep, oh sleep, in the magic slumbering
Glide to the land where the elves are
Drowsing:
Wake when the sun flames over the
Sloping spray of sea!

Schwab's Break-Down.

Richmond News.

Any workman of the United States Steel Corporation struggling along on wages of \$1 or \$1.50 a day, with his muscles tense and strong under his skin and his nerves steady, may well feel sincerely sorry for his boss, Charles M. Schwab, whose salary is a million dollars a year. Mr. Schwab at twenty was earning a dollar a day. At forty he is earning something over three thousand dollars a day and is a wreck, broken down in the very prime of his life and what should be the fullness of his strength. He is described as having lost hope and interest in life, living under the shadow of the fear of death. It is hard for a young and healthy man to imagine another man with a million dollars a year, his future provided for, his family relations happy, and his character unblemished, utterly miserable. Yet the doctors tell us that when a man's nerves have given away there is no comfort or peace or happiness for him, no matter what his condition may be.

It is easy to imagine that as Mr. Schwab sits on the piazza of his home he weakly wonders whether what he has won is worth the price he has paid. Wealth and luxury, distinction, achievement, and power are splendid things to strive for. He has attained them at the cost of work and work, of plotting and planning and thinking, of vigilance day and night, of encountering new difficulties and dangers and disappointments day after day. He has overcome and has gone to first place in the commercial world, and his nerves are destroyed—those almost invisible, attenuated little filaments which constitute the telegraph system of the body, and of which hundreds of thousands of men of twenty-five, obscurely swinging hammers and lifting steel bars, are unconscious.

It is an old question whether a man by preference would know a few short years of the fierce pleasures of achievement and conquest or live long, strong of body and peaceful of mind, obscure, knowing few emotions, and winning nothing but years and peace. Probably most men who take either course envy the other.

It may be that Mr. Schwab's reserve force, inherited from a poor, frugal and hard-living ancestry, of which nobody has ever heard, may come to his rescue in time, and with the help of rest and quiet restore him to some measure of his strength and nerve power. The chances appear, however, to be against him. Judging from what the doctors say, according to the newspapers, death after a year or two lingering or a far worse fate of long and hopeless residence in a madhouse are before him. Certainly a man at a dollar and a half a day, with a healthy and well-developed body and a mind comparatively untroubled, cannot afford to envy such an outlook as that, even if it is accompanied with more than three thousand dollars a day as an income. Those who have known even one night in which merciful sleep would not come and every limb was twitching and quivering from disordered nerves may understand something of how a nervous break-down feels—of days without hope or interest, tortured with vague and undefined apprehensions, of nights in which darkness brings no oblivion, but only the necessity to think and think, while the brain strives like a hunted and tortured thing to escape from the legions of cruel and relentless thoughts which crowd upon it. Those who can realize this may well pity sincerely poor Mr. Schwab, with his million income, who has worked so hard and so successfully that he has made it impossible for him to rest.

ARP ON GREAT MEN

Says Webster Was the Greatest Man of the Country.

Will Argue in Atlanta Constitution.

"Say nothing unkind concerning the dead—speak no evil of the dead," is the translation of a Latin maxim that is more than 2,000 years old. Nevertheless, history is made up of the character and deeds of notable and great men, and it is our duty to study them and profit by their example. That Latin maxim was intended no doubt to apply to our neighbor who has recently died and not to the great public men whose acts and deeds make up history. The world has a perfect right to analyze and criticize the characters of Alexander and Caesar and Cromwell and Bonaparte and Benedict Arnold, but even these were not settled until a century or more had passed after their death. Bonaparte is not settled yet and English, French and American historians are still hammering away at his character and his deeds. That he was a scourge to mankind and the age in which he lived and a traitor to his devoted wife and all to gratify his selfish ambition, no reflective man can doubt. The disposition to idolize great warriors handicaps all young historians and captivates the people when one of these fighting men offers for office. It was this that elected Taylor and Harrison and Jackson. How Roosevelt will get along with his war record for killing bears remains to be seen, but I reckon that he is relying more on being a historian and slandering men after they are dead. He will lose nothing up North by telling lies on Jefferson Davis. He belongs to the same school of historians that Prof. Goldwin Smith—that lying Englishman who wrote a history of the United States that was taught in Northern colleges and said that the first settlers of Virginia were renegades from England—mostly convicts who were given choice of the gallows or of exile to Virginia, and strange to say they chose the exile.

But I was ruminating about the last words of Daniel Webster, who in my opinion was the greatest man the country ever produced, not the greatest but the grandest—the most godlike. He made many great speeches, but the greatest of all was that delivered at Capon Springs, where he was brave enough to qualify all his utterances concerning the rights of the States and to declare that any State had the right to withdraw from the Union when unjustly treated and that the State was the sole judge of that. For this he was denied the privilege of speaking again in Faneuil Hall. For this he was sacrificed in verse by Whittier. For this that speech was left out of his published works—the publishers saying that it would greatly damage their sale to have it in. This brings me to the text I started to write about, for I have received three letters from cultured gentlemen who tell me that "I still live" were not Webster's last words, but there were two more that the editor suppressed, and these two were "more brandy." These gentlemen concur in saying that Webster was very fond of brandy and in his last days indulged too much and during his last illness his physician kept him alive on brandy. The morning he died his physician called and finding him alive but apparently unconscious, said to the attendant, "He cannot live but a little while, but if he should live until 8 o'clock give him some brandy." When the clock struck 8 Mr. Webster roused up and pointed to it and whispered, "I still live—more brandy." The last two words are left out of the biography and may not have been said. Nevertheless this version has paralyzed much of my sentiment and all I can do is to leave it in doubt. I remember that it was said of Mr. Webster that he was overfond of his brandy toddies. Brandy was a gentleman's drink, whisky was for the common people and rum was for negroes and for the yankees to ship to Africa to buy niggers with. Even in my young days the gentlemen drank brandy—peach or apple, or cognac. It was kept on the side boards and was always offered to visitors. When I was about 14 years old John McPherson Berrien came to our little town of Lawrenceville to attend court. He was considered a very great man. He was our United States senator and had been attorney general of the United States under Jackson. After I had swept out the store I walked down to

THE STATE TREASURY DEFICIT

A Clear Statement of It—The Last Legislature Increased Appropriations More Than a Half Million.

Statesville Landmark.

The clearest statement we have seen of the condition of the State Treasury is made by the Biblical Recorder, which obtained its figures from State Treasurer Lacy. It is not surprising that there is a deficit when one contemplates the wonderful increase in appropriations made by the last Legislature. The Recorder states the case clearly, giving the facts without bias, and what here follows may be accepted as correct. The Recorder says: "There was in the State Treasury January 19, 1901, when Treasurer Lacy took charge, a balance of \$37,528.36. The appropriations for 1901 exceeded those for 1900 by \$294,907.84. The appropriations for 1901 exceeded those for 1900 by \$104,203.55. The total appropriations for 1901 were \$867,957.26; the total for 1900 were \$1,031,160.81; giving a total for the last General Assembly of \$1,899,118.07. The appropriations for 1899 were \$633,430; for 1900 were \$673,049.42, giving a total of \$1,306,479.48. The total increase of appropriations by the General Assembly of 1901 is, therefore, \$592,638.59. This is quite a leap. To make such an increase was to invite a deficit, as Senator McIntyre (we think) pointed out. The State is growing; but no State grows so fast as that.

"The receipts for 1900-1901 were \$1,602,686.48; the receipts for 1901-1902 were \$1,700,000; total \$3,302,686.47. The receipts for 1899-90 were \$1,545,717.89; 1899-1900 were \$1,617,993.91; total \$3,163,711.80. If from the amount of increase of appropriations for 1901-1902—\$592,638.59—you will subtract the amount of increase of income—\$138,966.88—you will find the remainder, \$453,671.71 which is the estimated current deficit.

"While a deficit of any sort is more or less embarrassing, one caused by appropriations for elementary education and for the insane (which constitute \$300,000 of the deficit, and which were necessary), or one caused by pensions to Confederate veterans and such pensions do account for \$80,000 of the deficit, may not be attacked or criticized successfully unless it can be proved that the money was not needed and was extravagantly used; and we do not think there is any ground for suspicion in this respect.

"The fact, however, that appropriations have increased from \$2,183,959.98 for the four year ending 1898 to \$3,205,597.55 in the four years ending 1902—an increase of \$1,021,637.57—calls for grave concern, even if it does indicate that the State is growing. There is but one conclusion: The State must order economy wherever possible, and yet it must not do itself harm; and it must not increase any appropriations unless it is imperative: and even then it must increase the taxes, must get a larger, very much larger revenue. This will be the chief task of the General Assembly soon to be elected."

Standard Oil.
New York Press.
A stock that can drop 25 points in a day without causing comment, not to mention panics, is not to be found every morning, unless you want to pay about \$700 a share for Standard Oil. Transactions seldom amount to more than a few hundred shares and they have to be bought outright in the open board. A drop of 50 or 100 points in that security is nothing of consequence; it shakes out no margins and disturbs no market conditions. In 1900 and 1901 the company paid dividends of nearly 7 per cent. on the market price of \$700 a share, or 48 per cent on the par value.

The Hen and the Bean Vine.
Wadesboro-Albemarle.
Last spring a neighbor gave a lady who lives in Gullede township a few beans of a new and improved variety to plant. Soon after the seed were placed in the ground the proverbial old blue hen came along and scratched the last one of them up and ate them. The lady discovered the depredation at once and, not to be outdone, she killed the hen and ate her and recovered the beans before they had been damaged. The beans were again planted and this time they came up and made a beautiful yield.

SETTLING THE FAIR ESTATE.

The Attorneys Will Not Get a Chance at Fair Millions—Decision to be Made Without Litigation.

Washington Post, 18th.

We are glad to hear that the parties interested in the Fair millions—or such of them as are involved in the automobile tragedy of last week—have decided to settle the question among themselves. This is both sensible and becoming. A squabble over the property would no doubt result in transferring nine-tenths of it to the attorneys, and the contestants would have to divide up little more than a legacy of hatred, heartburning, and sorrow.

If, as the various accounts suggest, the property is in States which have borrowed from the French code their laws of succession and inheritance, there need be no great difficulty and but little more expense involved in the settlement of the two estates. Under the provisions of that code, Mr. Fair must be supposed to have survived his wife, if only for an instant. They were hurled against a tree simultaneously, and both died without making an intelligible sign. Under the circumstances, Mr. and Mrs. Fair having been of the same age, or virtually so, there can be no option save that of assuming that the man lived longer than the woman.

All the litigation in the world, though it would undoubtedly enrich a dozen attorneys and as many court officials, must necessarily in the end come back to that hypothesis. The chauffeur, who survived the accident, may persuade himself that he saw this or that motion indicating life in either Mr. or Mrs. Fair after the other seemed quite dead. The wife of the gatekeeper will possibly develop a like theory. But such testimony is worthless, and will serve only as a hook upon which to hang an eternal and a fruitless controversy.

A thoroughly enlightened medical man, had he happened on the spot at the moment of the accident, might have been able to pronounce with authority; but the opinions of laymen, inspired by muscular contortions—which as frequently occur immediately before death as immediately before it—are of no sort of value, and should not be considered for a moment. As we have said, it is peculiarly gratifying to us to hear that the parties in interest have decided to settle the matter out of court. Not only is the decision good for decency and common sense, it will also result in a dividend for the heirs.

A Congressman Worth Having.
Asheville Citizen, 18th.
That the people of the Seventh district have done wisely to send Hon. Theo. F. Klutts to Congress and will do well to keep him there is shown by his rural free delivery record. It is a splendid tribute to Mr. Klutts's indefatigability that he has secured for his district more free delivery routes than any other congressman from North Carolina. He has had 28 routes established, while Congressman Pou, of the Fourth district, comes next to him with 24. Mr. Klutts is not, however, resting on his record. There are now on file applications for 62 other routes and he has secured the services of an inspector who will this week begin going over them. This is the sort of work a congressman can do that will bring the benefits of the government right to the doors of the farmers of the land, and it is the sort of service that the people of Mr. Klutts's district will appreciate.

Houston to Chicago, 30 Cents and a 25 Box of Cigars Thrown In.
Houston Tex., Dispatch, 17th.
Five hundred tickets were sold to Chicago yesterday afternoon at startling prices as the result of a war of ticket brokers, the outgrowth of the fight of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, the International & Great Northern, the Cotton Belt and the Santa Fe for Northern passenger business. The lowest rate before yesterday was \$18 for the round trip. One broker cut it to \$8. Another broker at once cut it to \$4. Yet another announced Houston to Chicago, 30 cents; Houston to St. Louis 20 cents; Houston to Kansas City, 10 cents. Another met the cut and offered a \$5 box of cigars with each ticket.

In a Greensboro yard the hall Sunday night killed 500 English sparrows. Another man raked up half a bushel of dead ones in his yard.

Three Things New.

1. STREET HATS. You will be pleased with them. They are new and just in, at YEAGER'S.
2. WALKING SKIRTS. The section of style. New lot just in, at YEAGER'S.
3. NEW WAIST GOODS. Just arrived, and they come in Patterns only. Beautiful Persian effect.

Come to YEAGER'S for all the new things in Millinery and Ladies' Furnishings.

J. F. YEAGER,
LADIES' FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY.

STAR LAUNDRY.

WE DO NOT TAKE NEGRO LAUNDRY.

Charlotte, North Carolina.

NOTICE.

I have this day given Mr. J. B. Boyd, of this city, the entire agency of Gastonia and McAdenville. He will run a wagon and have an office just as a laundry. He will take your work and return it to you the same day. Will give you the same accommodation as any up-to-date laundry. I am making this arrangement so everybody can send their goods to the laundry. I am going to give the best work that can be had in the Southern States and at the cheapest prices. Guarantee the goods to be satisfactory in every respect. I will be glad to have your patronage. All orders left in the office will have prompt attention. If you have any laundry send it or 'phone 166.

Do not forget the Star Laundry, J. B. Boyd, Gastonia Agent.

H. B. McDOWELL, Proprietor.

Fall in Hammocks.

Summer is going and with it our splendid stock of hammocks. We do not wish to carry a single hammock over to next season and so not only a part of summer has gone but a big lump out of hammock prices has gone with it. We are cutting to cost and have only these left:

- Two \$2.00 Hammocks to go at \$1.60
- One \$1.75 Hammock to go at \$1.35
- Two \$1.25 Hammocks to go at \$1.00
- Three 98c Hammocks to go at 85c

Buy quick, bring the cash, and enjoy the comfort of a good hammock the rest of the summer. Sooner you buy, the more service you'll get this summer.

Marshall's Book Store,
ON THE CORNER.

MRS. P. H. COOKE'S MUSIC SCHOOL.

FALL TERM OPENS MONDAY, SEP. 1st.

Mrs. Cooke will receive pupils at her home opposite Oakland to arrange for instruction; also hours for practice on Stein Piano, if desired.

VOCAL, PIANO, OR ORGAN INSTRUCTION.
One lesson a week \$1.50 per month.
Two lessons a week \$3.00 per month.

Belmont Academy

Opens 13th annual session under present management Sept. 1, 1902. Students prepared for college or for business. For particulars write to

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