

My Mother.

Christian Advocate.
She gave the best years of her life
With joy for me
And robbed herself, with loving heart,
Of all that she had.
For me with willing hands she toiled
From day to day
For me she opened to headstrong youth
Would have his way.
Her gentle arms my cradle once,
Are weary now:
And time has set the seal of care
Upon her brow.
And though no other eyes than mine
Their meaning trace,
I read my history in the lines
Of her dear face.
And, 'mid his arms, who showers gifts
As shining sands,
I count her days as pearls that fall
From his kind hands.

"WHEN PEACE, LIKE A RIVER."

Circumstances Under Which Mr. Spafford Wrote the Hymn.

Philadelphia Press.
"It Is Well With My Soul" was written by H. G. Spafford, and the popular tune to which it is always sung is one of P. P. Bliss's best compositions.
Mr. Spafford was a member of the Chicago bar and an elder of the Presbyterian church.
He has been successful in his profession, but has made some unfortunate investments, and when the financial panic of 1873 seriously disturbed the business of the country Mr. Spafford found that his savings of many years had been swept away.
The members of his family were prostrated by this disastrous turn in their affairs, and he acceded to the wish of helpful friends that they should visit Europe and thus be removed for some time from scenes of his financial ruin.
Mrs. Spafford and her four children took passage on the French liner Ville du Havre and the story of that voyage is one of the most appalling of the many calamities of the sea.
When in midocean and in the blackness of a November night in 1873 the steamship collided with the Glasgow clipper Loch Earn and in twelve minutes the former went down, carrying to death 230 souls, and among them were Mr. Spafford's four daughters.
Mrs. Spafford sank with the vessel, but floated again and was finally rescued.
The saved were taken to Havre and from that city she sent a message to her husband in Chicago:
"Saved, but saved alone. What shall I do?"
This message of fearful import—"sufficient to drive reason from her throne"—was the first notice Mr. Spafford had that his dear ones were not as happy as when he parted with them a few days before in New York.
In his unutterable sorrow Mr. Spafford did not chant a dirge to impossible hope.
When he reflected that his property was lost in destruction's waste, that his wife was painfully prostrated, and that his four children were buried in the dark waves of the sea, there came from his heart of hearts a song of trust and resignation that has many times encircled the globe:
"When peace like a river, standeth my near,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul."
When Mr. Spafford returned from Havre with his invalid wife he said to his friends:
"I never felt more like trusting God than I do now."
Spafford's hymn of resignation with its fine musical setting by the lamented Bliss, is one of the most helpful of the many gospel songs written during the past quarter of a century.
One Sunday evening a service of song was given by one of our large city churches at which the story of "It is Well With my Soul," was told, and the lines sung with great tenderness of expression by the audience and choir.
Attending the service was a gentleman who had suffered financial reverses in the panic of 1893.
When he heard the story of Spafford's heavy affliction and joined in singing the hymn so pathetically inspired, he said to his wife on his return home from the service:
"I will never again complain of my lot."
"If Spafford could write such a beautiful resignation hymn when he had lost all his children, and everything else save his wife and character, I ought surely to be thankful that my losses have been so light."

TIRED OF TEXAS.

A Former Citizen of York County Weighs the Good and the Bad of Texas, and Profers His Old Home.

Yorkville Enquirer, Oct. 4th.
Mr. E. F. Land, formerly of this county, but for a number of years past a citizen of Texas, arrived here last Tuesday, and has been putting in the time since trying to find a suitable plantation. He has enough of Texas and is desirous of returning to his old home.
The reporter had a short talk with Mr. Land Thursday evening, and from his conversation it would seem that he considers the agricultural outlook quite gloomy in Texas. There has been a general failure in both the corn and cotton crops this year, and from his observation and experience, cotton growing in the "Lone Star" state seems to be practically doomed.
The trouble with cotton is on account of the Mexican boll weevil. The pest began to make its appearance in Southern Texas about ten years ago, and since that time it has been spreading northward and eastward, at the rate of about 50 miles a year. Because of the weevil, cotton raising has already become a thing of the past in many portions of Southern Texas, the farmers having changed from cotton to rice, sugar-cane and other crops.
"I planted this year," said Mr. Land, "for 40 bales of cotton. That is with good seasons, and no injury from the weevil. I should have had that much. It is not unusual to make from a bale to a bale and a half to the acre. The boll weevil made its appearance, however, and altogether I will not get more than 5,000 pounds of seed cotton. A large farmer near by had some 600 acres in cotton, and his yield was hardly as in proportion as mine was."
"The department of agriculture," Mr. Land went on to say, "has had several expert entomologists in Texas for several years past, trying to discover some means of destroying the boll weevil; but up to this time nothing has been accomplished. The weevil makes its appearance with the squares and blooms, and when there is a good season in June or July at the fruiting period, just at the time a good season is needed, you can put it down that your crop is gone. The only thing that seems to affect the boll weevil is hot, dry weather. It does not thrive on cotton that is stunted or backward, where the sun can get to the squares and blooms; but gets in its work on luxurious growths, where the squares and blooms are protected from the sun."
"In addition to the boll weevil this year, the farmers of almost the entire state have had to contend with a terrible drouth. Except in a few localities, the corn crop has amounted to practically nothing, and taken all together, the Texas farmers are having a rough time of it. Mr. Land is now thoroughly satisfied that the Piedmont section of South Carolina is superior to any part of Texas as a place to live in. "You have to work harder here maybe," he says, "but there is never such a thing as a complete failure of all kinds of crops. You are always assured of plenty of good drinking water, and taking it one year after another, this country is the best of which I have any knowledge."
Mr. Land did not say positively that he would return to York county; but from the tenor of his conversation, it is safe to assume that such is his intention, if he can get suited in the matter of the right kind of a farm. He is a good citizen, has a wide acquaintance in this vicinity, and his numerous friends will welcome his return.

A Case of Imagination.

Kinston Free Press.
Imagination grows strong in the human mind and many are the laughable results from allowing it to govern one's feeling. An example of this in Kinston some time ago showed how completely one can be fooled by imagination. A certain gentleman thought that a hog pen belonging to a neighbor was the cause of sickness in his family and made complaint to the authorities, who went to investigate. On the way to the place the gentleman explained how offensive the odor was, and everything about how bad it was to have a hog pen near one's premises. When they got to the place, lo and behold, the hog pen had not been completed, and there never had been a hog in it. So much for imagination.

EDUCATION OF THE NEGRO.

Whites Feel that they Have Done Well Enough by the Negro—Not Inclined to do More.

Scotland Neck Democrat.
By the very stroke and fingertouch of God's power there is an ineffaceable difference between the races of men. This difference, stamped upon the races far back in creation's gray dawn, still speaks of the mysteries of God's purposes; and study the matter as we may, no man will ever be able to know why God made the races of men so different.
This race distinction has been more accentuated between the white man and the negro than between any other races. Besides the general differences in other particulars, their color is positively different. By reason of some one's sin—it is now too late to raise that question—there has come upon the people of the country and especially the South, a race problem that almost defies solution, and that problem is between the white man and the negro.
An emancipated race, abused by the power of government with the sovereignty of the ballot, they have been a menace to the quiet and happiness of the people of the South for more than a third of a century. We say abused with the ballot, because we verily believe that had the negro been left to work out his destiny in this country without the ballot, his condition here to-day would be a hundred-fold better than it is.
One of the troubles with which the white people have been confronted is the constitutional provision for the public education of the negro, and whether it is realized or not that feature of our system of public education is the greatest hindrance to the free schools in North Carolina and the South. And right or wrong, liberal the views or contracted, the white people of the South are going to be slow to see it their duty to tax themselves as heavily for the education of negro children as for their own.
Where in North Carolina today can you find a community of white people who are willing to be taxed locally to supplement the public school money? You cannot find many and this is the reason: Our people feel that they have done well enough in the education of the negro. If we had a constitutional change whereby there would be a limit to taxing of the whites to educate the blacks and leave them free to increase taxes at their option for the education of the white children, there would be a fresh wave of educational enthusiasm all about us.
We believe that Editor Bailey said the biggest truth in the Biblical Recorder that has been said about the free schools for the negro when he said: "Four months' school is as much as the white people can be expected to give the negroes; and it is as much as the negroes will make good use of."
It is a wonder, indeed, that the white people are willing to do as much as they have done for the education of the negro; and from the outrages reported and the records of our criminal courts it does seem that the race is making very little improvement.
The white people have already done well for the education of the negroes in North Carolina and can hardly be expected to do more.

Selling Coal for Jewelry.

Chicago Special to Baltimore Sun.
In one of Hoyt's farces two characters, Ruben and Cynthia used to come out on the stage and sing to each other about the topics of the time. One of these stanzas by Cynthia was as follows:
Ruben, Ruben, I've been thinking,
What an awful thing 'twould be
If they took to burning diamonds
And sold coal for jewelry.
No one then ever thought coal would be sold for jewelry, but that is what is being done in Chicago these days. A man stood at Adams and Dearborn streets and offered "genuine black diamond stickpins" at 15 cents apiece. The black diamonds were lumps of hard coal fastened to washed gold pins. The sale of these "jewels" was brisk and hundreds of men wore them in their cravats.
The price of these pins will probably double in a few days," cried the salesman. "Buy now at bedrock prices; we guarantee these to be genuine anthracite. Come here and get the real article before it is late."

"HOMING" BANK NOTES.

A Necessary Quality that Cannot Possibly Be Had Under Existing Law.

New York Times.
In the course of some extremely sensible comments on the numerous recent statements that there is no lack of money at present except in New York, the Financial Chronicle has occasion to say in substance: "Money has become close here and not so close in the West and South because New York has at this speculative period furnished in good part the interior with the necessary extra funds for their crop work."
And this occurs each year because of our "fixed-currency system." "The idle notes at the period of the least business activity accumulate at the point where they can find best and safest occupation," which is New York. "They possess no homing quality, and consequently, being out of use, gravitate in greater part to the leading trade center." This accumulation makes easy money, stimulates lending, and when the annual demand comes the loans must be called in, rates go higher, and money becomes close. The essential difficulty lies in the rigid nature of our currency and in what the Chronicle so calls the lack of "homing quality," of our notes, either the United States notes or those of the banks. This quality could really be obtained for the bank notes by the method of the Suffolk Bank system, but it cannot be had under the present law, which makes both the issue and withdrawal of notes slow and expensive, and makes both processes depend more on the price of the United States bonds than on the relative demand for money.
Arrested at Newton.
Yorkville Enquirer, 4th.
James Hammond, the man who attempted the life of Superintendent G. A. Buchanan, of the Arcade mill, Rock Hill, some months ago, is under arrest at Newton, N. C., awaiting a requisition. Hammond got himself into a difficulty with Superintendent Buchanan and snapped a revolver point-blank at Mr. Buchanan's breast. Somebody interfered before he was able to repeat the attempt successfully. He made his escape shortly afterward, and a warrant was sworn out for his arrest on the charge of assault and battery with intent to kill. Sheriff Logan was notified on Thursday that Hammond had been caught at Newton; but that he refused to come to South Carolina without a requisition. Sheriff Logan immediately telegraphed the sheriff at Newton to swear out a warrant and commit Hammond as a fugitive from justice, and after sending these instructions he proceeded to take steps to secure the return of the prisoner to Yorkville. It will probably be a week before Hammond is landed in the York county jail; but he will no doubt be here in plenty of time for the next term of court.
A Fittable Story.
New York Dispatch, 20th.
After looking for the last time on the face of his young wife, whose body lay in an undertaker's room, this afternoon, John Moore, a compositor, of 238 West Twenty-first street, was handcuffed to two keepers and, with tears streaming down his face, was led away to serve the remainder of a three months' sentence.
He had been committed to the workhouse for stealing a bottle of milk for his wife, who was then lying at the point of death. Moore was caught by the driver of a wagon in the act of pilfering the milk. The magistrate was deaf to his pleadings in behalf of his wife, and sentenced him to the workshop.
Two days later Mrs. Moore was removed to the city hospital. She died there a week ago. From Warden Fox the husband learned of her death and was given permission to see her body before it was buried. He knelt beside it and prayed for forgiveness. Then he was taken back to the island.
Presidential Disadvantages.
Richmond News.
When the President gets the doctor's bill he will conclude that his leg has been pulled instead of lanced; and it may be that for a fleeting moment he will regret that he is not the obscure citizen whose medical expenses for the same kind of an injury would be about three dollars.

MRS. CARRIE NATION AT YALE.

Makes a Fiqnant Speech to the Two Thousand Students.

A special dispatch to the Baltimore Sun from New Haven says: Carrie Nation succeed today in doing what Wm. J. Bryan failed to do in 1898, when he tried to make 2,000 Yale students hear him to the end of his speech, but the wielder of the hatchet said it was as strenuous as Kansas. Through one hour filled with side-splitting comedy Carrie Nation stood on the granite steps of Osborn Hall and talked of prohibition and kindred subjects to a cigarette and pipe-smoking assemblage. She singled out individuals and made them the butt of her talk.
Occasionally an impromptu glee club sang topical songs about her, compelling her to stand quiet and listen. Finally she was almost rushed to her hotel by a crowd so dense that the street cars stopped and the services of policemen were needed to escort her. Students shook hands with her, right and left, by hundreds. On the way she snatched a cigarette from the lips of a student. Once on the steps of the hotel she turned and threw kisses to the crowd. Her talk was like her usual harangues. She began:
"Last spring the 'Jolly Eight' of Yale wrote and invited me to come. They neither smoke nor drink. I learn to-day that they have increased to eighty-six—the students broke in with the song 'You're Only Fooling,' and later sang 'Good Morning Carrie.'" She waited her turn and said:
"I'm not a dream, but substantially 193 pounds."
Referring to confirmed drunkards, she said: "If we can't rescue old hogs, let's save the young pigs like you boys."
The students sang, 'I've been drunk six months, show me the way to go home.'
"But you're on the way to—," she replied, and I wish I had my hatchet here now."
When she told of her jail experience the students broke in with "Ain't dat a shame?" She sighed: "Yes, indeed, they did keep your honey out in de cold." They bawled out: "Give us a drink, bartender," and went through the repertoire of college drinking songs, to each of which she made some pertinent reply.
Much of the talk was too pointed to print and the students told her that she was "naughty to say such things."
Concealed From The Revenue.
Charlotte Observer.
Your correspondent was recently told of a moonshine still that deserves first prize for ingenuity. It was not in Cherokee county, but not very far away. It was in a hole under a cornfield, and up above the natural product was waving in the breeze and ripening preparatory to being transformed into the fluid extract. The door was between two rows and was kept covered with turf. Down below was a comfortable room and a plant with a capacity of 20 gallons a day. The smoke was carried three-quarters of a mile through pipes and there mingled with the bougths of a mighty oak in order not to mar the beauty of the landscape. Water was secured by merely pulling a stopper from a pipe that connected with the pure and sparkling water of a spring half a mile up the mountain side.
Moment to True Heroism.
Washington Post.
Commissioner Ware says the government has paid out nearly \$3,000,000 in pensions since the establishment of the system. These figures speak volumes for the heroism of the taxpayers.
Rev. J. Wm. Jones, of Chapel Hill, N. C., has been elected secretary of the Confederate Memorial Association, vice Gen. John C. Underwood.

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