

A Monster of a Man.

Gladstone said: "Intoxicating drinks have produced evils more deadly, because more continuous, than all those caused to mankind by the great historic scourges of war, famine and pestilence combined." "A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the trouble of civility; the spoil of wealth; the destruction of reason. He is the brewer's agent, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble, his wife's woe, his children's sorrow, his neighbor's scoff, his own shame. In short, he is a tub of swill, a spirit of unrest, a thing below a beast, and a monster of a man."

When the president was receiving the plaudits of some two hundred thousand people gathered in Washington Saturday was he really sighing for the Simple Life?

Senator Kearn's swan song in the Senate against Mormonism recalls Byron's words, "Tis said swans sing before they die." "Were better far should some men die before they sing."

The president's Inaugural address made it pretty clear that we want a big navy not "to bully smaller powers" as Senator Hale says but to keep from being bullied by larger powers.

Governor Pennypacker rode in the Inaugural parade and seemed to enjoy everything but the cameras of the amateur photographers along the way. He well knows there is more than one way of producing caricatures.

Because "Roosevelt luck" extended even to the weather for his Inauguration is no reason why congress should decide to postpone the Inaugural ceremonies to April thirtieth. There are too many odds against the climate on the Fourth of March.

District attorney Jerome of New York seems to have adopted that working theory of Roosevelt that, candor next to honesty is the best policy. At the same time he makes the announcement that the pickpockets work a system of dividing profits with the detective force he also states that he will be candidate for office again. His election is a foregone conclusion.

General Stoessel, the reports announce was not met by any bands on his return to St. Petersburg. Probably the more important part to the General is that he was not met by any bombs.

Has the country before had a president who could welcome with enthusiasm a crowd of cowboys and a Harvard college club? Roosevelt may be a republican, but he is the most Democratic president we have ever had.

Congress spent money at the rate of ninety million dollars an hour on March fourth. This will beat even Mr. Carnegie's library record.

The Senate does not believe that Judge Swaine was guilty, but the House has amended his fee bill so as to remove any temptation that might assail him.

A recent consular report states that the towel and soap have penetrated to China. If all the laundrymen have not left the Mother county to come to us great things of cleanliness may come to pass in the Celestial Empire.

The House presented Speaker Cannon with a large silver loving cup at the close of the session. Uncle Jo accepted it but he doubtless would have preferred a tin dipper or a gourd.

Girl in Boy's Clothing

Correspondence of The Observer.

Winston-Salem, March 10.—Two policemen this morning discovered what proved to be a decided sensation—a good-looking eighteen-year-old girl attired in boy's clothing. The girl, who says her name is Eula Jackson Caruthers Newman was found by the officers at the home of Ada Burns, colored, beyond the Norfolk & Western depot. When the policemen called at the Burns woman's house to investigate a report that a white girl was stopping there, the colored woman objected to the officers entering her home. Mr. Pratt pushed the door open and the two officers walked in. Eula was found lying on a bed. After questioning her she admitted that she was a girl and added: "As you have caught up with me I had just as well tell you all about it." At the suggestion of the policemen the girl gathered her knee breeches, coat, white vest, cap, shoes and stockings and was soon dressed. The girl and colored woman were escorted to the mayor's office in the municipal building. The news of the discovery made by the officers spread like wild-fire and in a short time men began flocking in and out of the office like bees in a hive.

At first the girl refused to tell her full name. Chief Crutchfield advised her to tell the whole truth about the matter. She related the following story:

"I was 18 years old last November. My mother died at Pinix, Bedford county, Va., over a year ago. My father, who is a farmer, treated me so badly that I left home two months after my mother's death and went to Hills, Va., where my brother, George Newman, and half brother, Price Roberson, lived. They refused to do anything for me and I went to Roanoke, where I secured employment as cook for Dr. Tipton. He told me that the work was too hard for me and I went to the boarding house of Mrs. Sanders. My cousin was paying Mrs. Sanders for my board.

"A few days ago I heard a report that the officials of Roanoke were arranging to send me to a reformatory. I told my cousin about it and he objected to it. He then assisted me in planning how to get out of Roanoke. I had my hair cut and brought the suit I have on, paying for it myself. Before leaving Roanoke Wednesday I talked with one of the policemen and I asked him what they were going to do with Eula Newman. He replied that arrangements were being made to send her to a reformatory. I smiled and told him I thought the idea a good one. The officer did not know me."

Continuing her story Eula said that she left Roanoke Wednesday afternoon on a freight on which her cousin, spoken about was employed. "I rode in the car and fooled the other train-men good, telling them my name was Charlie. Upon our arrival at Winston-Salem at 9:15 Wednesday night, my cousin went with me to the home of this colored woman, (Ada Burns). He did not let himself be known. I knocked on the door and begged the woman to let me stay all night at her house, and my request was granted."

"What did you intend doing here?" Chief Crutchfield asked.

"As soon as my cousin brought my dresses from Roanoke I expected to try and get work in a tobacco factory," replied the girl, who added that she expected her cousin to arrive here to-day with her clothes.

The girl was detained until Mayor Eaton arrived at 10:40 from Charlotte. After conversing with her for a few minutes the mayor instructed Chief Crutchfield to wire the authorities at Roanoke to see what they knew about the girl.

Salisbury Burglar Caught.

Salisbury, March 13.—This morning about 2 o'clock some one tried to enter the residence of Capt. S. R. Richards, on the corner of Main and Bank streets, and Mr. Clint Greene, who rooms there, fired at him with a shotgun. He thought his aim was effective and arose to find what he had done. Mr. Greene was sure that the fellow had fallen, but could find no trace of him. Shortly after 2 o'clock a telephone call from Rev. Dr. Rumble brought officers to his house. A negro of suspicious character was there and the officers, Messrs. George Eagle and Ben Cauble, arrested him. He was in search of a physician and mistook the good minister for a physician. An examination showed that he had been shot in the face with a gun, it being plainly evident that shot and not bullets did the work. The negro said he had been shot with a pistol, but the doctors did not agree with him and he was locked up.—Charlotte Observer.

Mr. Cortelyou having successfully managed a political campaign will now take up the serious work of managing the post office Department.

The Bond Settlement

The Legislature has done its duty in bringing about a settlement of the Western North Carolina Railroad bonds, Governor Glenn and the Council of State have done well in reaching an agreement on the bond matter and they have the thanks of the people of North Carolina for bringing it about. It is a just debt and the State is doing only its duty in meeting the obligation. The first two or three propositions made by the holders of the outstanding bonds were unreasonable and Governor Glenn quite properly turned them down. Both sides have now agreed upon an equitable settlement. Schafer Brothers, of New York, hold 242 bonds, and for which the State agrees to pay \$215,864, which is nearly half a million dollars less than the principal and interest. Or in other words North Carolina proposes to pay Schafer Brothers twenty-five cents on the dollar on all the bonds they hold and to pay the interest on the bonds and coupons since 1879. Therefore, under this agreement of settlement the holders of these bonds will get the same amount they would have received had they accepted the offer made to them by the State in 1879. The settlement is fair and just and will meet with the approval of the people of North Carolina. The ten bonds held by South Dakota and for which that State recently secured judgment are not included in the above, but must be settled for in a separate provision which will be made by the Legislature.—Charlotte News.

HE SAVED ANDREW JOHNSON.

Edmund G. Ross, Aged 82, a former Congressman, Now Setting Type in New Mexico.

At the age of 82, setting type in a country newspaper office in New Mexico, is an old man who once held in his hand the fate of President Andrew Johnson. Such a character must be of especial interest to east Tennesseans. That man is Edmund G. Ross, who has just been granted a pension by the House of Representatives as a union veteran of the civil war.

When President Johnson vetoed the act of Congress that carried with it the proposed fourteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States, he was impeached for his act. On the trial of the impeachment of a President of the United States it requires a two-thirds vote to convict. Mr. Ross was at that time United States Senator from Kansas. Before the final vote was taken it was ascertained that there were thirty-five Senators who had declared their intention of voting for conviction. There were nineteen who had either not expressed themselves or had decided to vote for acquittal. The change of one vote to the majority would have given the required two-thirds and Andrew Johnson would have been convicted of high crimes and misdemeanor and would have been deprived of his high office of President of the United States. Mr. Ross was one of the nineteen. It was generally understood how Fessenden, Fowler, Grimes, Henderson, Trumbull and Van Winkle would vote, but Ross whose name came near the bottom of the roll call, represented a State that was intensely radical in its Republicanism and union feelings. Pressure, abuse and threats were brought to bear upon Mr. Ross to whip him into the majority column, but he stood steadfast and his vote for acquittal turned the scale in favor of the President and saved him from impeachment. Since that time he was denounced and execrated, ruined in his profession and driven from the State.

Mr. Ross is said to be the last one of that small group of Republican Senators who followed the dictates of their conscience and convictions, and, while men like Trumbull and Fessenden were able to withstand the storm of partisan hate that was hurled against them, Ross was unable to stand against the ruin that beset him. While the pension is granted to Mr. Ross as a veteran of the civil war, it is in reality intended as reparation for what he suffered and is a tardy though slight recognition for the display of moral courage more heroic than any physical valor ever displayed upon the battlefield.—Knoxville Sentinel.

Will the House take advantage of the precedent established by the Senate that it may vote itself mileage without consulting the upper house or the President?

Was the verdict in favor of Judge Swaine made in justice or in fear that windows in certain glass houses occupied by senators might be broken?

Social Games For Prizes.

At Hawkinsville, Georgia, on Monday, February 13th, Judge John H. Martin gave the following charge to the grand jury of Pulaski county:

"I charge you that society people, be they male or female, who form social clubs and meet from time to time at the homes of the members and play whist, progressive euchre, flinch, trail, bunc or any other game with cards or like devices for valuable prizes purchased with funds to which the players have contributed, are as much guilty of violating the law against gambling as the veriest plebeians who hover around a lightwood knot fire and play seven up, or poker, or skin, for the paltry pennies and nickels, and the person knowingly permitting such playing at his or her house is as guilty of keeping and maintaining a gambling house as is the proprietor of a den in some back alley where gambling is practiced. 'Quit you like men, be strong,' and when weighed in the balance of duty be found not wanting. Strike at this evil in high places as well as in low places with all your might. It is not less criminal to play for a silver card case than for a plain silver dollar as it comes from the mint."

Referring to this charge, ex-Governor Northen (of Georgia) has printed in the "Atlanta Constitution" his comment on this charge in the following language:

"Editor Constitution: I have just read Judge Martin's charge to the grand jury of Pulaski county, published in this day's issue of the 'Constitution.' You did well to give this strong deliverance such prominent space in the paper. It is a most admirable document. It reads well and it has been given to the people at a most opportune time. If the judge's grand jury will measure up to his demands, radical and much-needed reforms will be entered upon, for the betterment of our industrial conditions and our social system, as well."

"Whilst I heartily indorse every word in the charge, I desire to give my strongest approval to what Judge Martin says about gambling. His statements, if true, are worthy to be repeated, so that some check, if not complete restraint, may be put upon what he calls gambling in our homes."

Governor Northen has supplied for us just the comment which Judge Martin's address would naturally evoke. The remedy for this evil, as for intemperance, lies in the creating of a strong and healthy public sentiment upon this subject. And this sentiment must be created by the faithful example and earnest remonstrance of the children of God.

Judge Martin declared that ninety per cent. of business defalcations are the fruit of gambling. A tree which bears such fruit as this is worse than a barren fig tree.—Religious Farmer.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Clothes do not make the man. Man makes the clothes.

It is a wise woman who is able to convince her husband.

Nearly all men believe that honesty in moderation is the best policy.

Many a young man who thinks he is stage-struck is merely soubrette-struck. It sometimes happens that an artist pot-boiler doesn't even provide a cold dinner.

Of course its hard to believe, but more than likely you were considered a handsome baby.

If a married couple never quarrels the neighbors accuse them of being too lazy to start anything.

A woman is apt to accuse a man of being a flatterer if he calls her handsome; but she gets mad if he doesn't.

There is only one cloud on President Roosevelt's horizon. The senate is still in session.

The Court of Death

Death (says an old legend) having occasion to choose a Prime Minister, summoned his illustrious courtiers, and allowed them to present their claims to the office. Fever flushed his cheeks; Palsy shook his limbs; Dropsy inflated his carcass; Gout racked his joints; Asthma half strangled himself; Colic pleaded his violence; Plague his sudden destruction, and Consumption his certainty. Then came War, with stern confidence, alluding to his many thousands devoured at a meal. Last came Intemperance, with a face like fire, shouting, "Give way! ye sickly band of pretenders! Am I not your parent? Does not sagacity trace your origin to me? If my operations cease, whence will come your power?" Then the grizzly monarch, Death gave a smile of approval and placed Intemperance at his right hand as his favorite and Prime Minister.

John Williams and Tom Reed.

One of the stories told by Mr. Williams concerning the late Speaker Thos. B. Reed, was as follows:

"One day," said Mr. Williams, "I met Mr. Reed coming out of the cloak-room and he said to me in that peculiar drawl of his: 'Williams, whatever makes you such a bitter partisan?'"

"Well, Mr. Speaker, that's pretty good coming from you, isn't it?" I replied.

"Never mind me he replied, 'but why are you such a bitter partisan?'"

"Well, I'll tell you," I said. "You know I never saw a republican until I was 38 years old and I can't get used to them, somehow."

"He looked at me reproachfully and walked away without another word."—Baltimore Sun.

Succeeded in Business but Failed As a Man.

(O. S. Martin in Success Magazine.)

He stopped growing. He never learned to look on the sunny side.

He stuffed his pocket-book but starved his brain.

He had no use for sentiment which could not be cashed.

He never learned to take drudgery out of his work.

He did not live in his upper stories, but in the basement of his being.

He regarded his business as a means of making a living instead of a life.

He lost his early friends by neglect, and had no time to cultivate new ones.

He never learned to enjoy little things to see the uncommon in the common.

He never learned to lubricate his life's machinery with laughter and good cheer.

He made life a grind, out of which he got neither pleasure, profit nor enjoyment.

There was only one side of his nature developed, and that was the money-making side.

No face ever brightened at his approach, no heart thrilled at the sound of his voice.

Society bored him, children bored him, music and drama were unknown languages to him.

He never learned to enjoy himself as he went along, but was always postponing his happiness.

He could not rise to his feet to speak at a public meeting, or to put a motion, if his life depended on it.

He used every means to develop his business, but none to develop his mind or make himself a larger man.

When he retired from business he found that, in his struggle to get the means for enjoyment, he had murdered his capacity to enjoy.

When the people broke through the police and military lines and rushed mob-like on the stand from which the president was to deliver his Inaugural address Roosevelt remained standing with perfect composure until order had been established and then he addressed part of his speech directly to them. The inclination to most men would have been to crawl under the benches.

Wanted More Hay

Two clubmen were praising the pluck of dogs.

"A good dog," said one, "has the same kind of pluck that old Jerome McWade used to show."

"He was a farmer, seventy years old, but still hale and gay. One morning he and his two sons got to wrangling over their strength, and Jerome declared that he could load quite as fast as they could pitch it."

"You at your age, do that?" said the young men. "Never."

"We'll have a trial," said Jerome. "Come out to the fields and we'll have a trial now."

"So to the fields they went, and Jerome got into a hay wagon with his fork, and the two boys, down below, began to pitch the hay up to him as fast as they could pitch it."

"The old man stood up to his work stoutly. He loaded with lightning speed and all the while he kept calling down: 'More hay! More hay!'"

"The boys worked hard. Their youth told in their favor. Old Jerome got to loading more and more untidily. Still, as he scrambled about on top of the uneven mounds, he continued to shout 'more hay.'"

"All of a sudden he tripped as he dug in his fork and fell from the wagon to the ground."

"Aha," said his oldest son, "what are you doing down here?"

"Jerome, as he rose, answered: 'I came down for more hay.'"

The Irishman Had Doubts.

As is well known, Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York city was a blacksmith in Germantown, Penn., before he became a preacher. Once, when there was little work at hand, he asked a builder in his neighborhood for something to do. The latter replied that all he could give him would be a job of carrying the hod.

"I'm your man," replied the blacksmith, promptly.

Years afterward, while an imposing edifice was being erected in Chicago for Dr. Collyer, he was standing among the beams, watching the progress of the work, when an Irishman came along carrying a hod of bricks. Dr. Collyer spoke to him and he paused.

"This is har-d work, sorr," said the Irishman.

"I know that well," answered Dr. Collyer; "in my day I've carried the hod myself."

"The Irishman stared at me an instant," said Dr. Collyer in relating the incident, "and then went on his way mulling something that sounded suspiciously like 'I would'a' belaved the parson was such a liar.'"—Success.

A FITTING CEREMONY

Eloquent Presentation Speech by Capt. Mason and the President's Response

An appropriate and fitting ceremony took place in the senate yesterday at 12:45 when Senator Scales introduced Capt. Thomas W. Mason of Northampton, the Clero of the senate, Captain Mason address the body, saying that the hour for adjournment was nearly at hand, a time of sadness, for it meant the severance of many pleasant relations. The watchers at the bedside of the old friend, Colonel Newcombe thought that the end had come, life was nearly extinct, but they saw he was snapping lightly on the cover with his thin fingers, keeping time with distant bells, and as the echoes of their silver notes died out, the dying man answered "I am here." In his thoughts he had gone back and was responding to the roll call of his boyhood. There was not one senator here who had not faithfully answered the roll call of his state. Many perplexing questions have frequently arisen there have been differences of opinion, but not one act of discourtesy or of party rage has been seen on the floor of this senate. Not one senator will carry away a festering wound or an unhallowed memory.

Then addressing Lieutenant-Governor Winston, Captain Mason said that much of this good feeling, courtesy and faithfulness was due to the presiding officer and now his fellow senators desired him to present, as a token of their love and esteem, a beautiful silver service to adorn his home as a reminder of the pleasant scenes and memories of this session.

"Senators, I am deeply touched by the flattering language of my good friend, who conveys to me this evidence of your confidence and esteem," responded Lieutenant-Governor Winston.

"A legislative experience in both branches of the general assembly, reaching back twenty years, discloses no more patriotic senate than this over which I have had the honor to preside. That the business of this body has progressed with decency and in order is due largely to your own sense of duty and observance of the rules which you have enacted for your guidance."

"I accept this beautiful gift, but I assure you it is not needed to remind me of my pleasant intercourse with you, but it will call to mind, that this has been a North Carolina general assembly. The general assemblies in some states have met, and the press teems with reports of investigation of misconduct of members, and wholesale charges of corruption are common, but this general assembly has not furnished a single instance of official corruption, or personal unfitness for the duties incident thereto. Not a delay has occurred and not a bill has been misplaced or lost. I cannot better express my high appreciation of your gift than by stating that it will be placed in a home where every member of this body will be a most welcome visitor, should chance bring you to the good county of Bertie. Permit me to imitate the example of my good friend and go to the great master of literature for the sentiment which is now uppermost in my heart. In the language of Dickens's "Crippled Tiny Tim," permit me to say, "God bless us one and all."—Post.

The X-Ray has been used to demonstrate that a crook in a prize-bull pup's tail had been the result of nature and not of "tampering," as the judges believed. Thus are great scientific discoveries turned to the benefit of mankind.