

AFTER HARKINS' SCALP.

L. C. Wagner, of Statesville, Wants to be Collector and Change Headquarters.

The Landmark announces the candidacy of Mr. L. C. Wagner, of Statesville, for the collectorship of internal revenue of this district, saying of him, among other things:

"Mr. Wagner is a life-long Republican, was born and reared in Statesville, and is a young man of unblemished reputation. He has unusual business qualifications and made a splendid success as a business man. He is very popular with all classes of people and when the candidate of his party for the legislature in 1902 and again in 1904 he received a large vote from outside his party and ran ahead of his ticket."

The Observer is not ambitious to have a hand in the distribution of Federal patronage, but it wants to add its endorsement to the foregoing. There is also a business side of the matter of the collectorship, in addition to that of politics, and it is referred to in the petition that is being circulated in Mr. Wagner's behalf, as follows: "The present location of the office of collector is at Asheville, N. C., more than 100 miles from the center of the collection business of said district, little or no business being contributed to said office by the territory west of the Blue Ridge."

This is a very practical view of the case. Many people have business with the collector and Asheville, reason of its geographical relation to the district is extremely inconvenient as the seat of power. If Mr. Wagner were made collector he would bring the office somewhere near the center of business, and this of itself is a strong argument in his favor. He certainly has the business qualifications for the office and the personal qualities which would make him a popular collector. The Observer would be deeply gratified to see him given this appointment.—Charlotte Observer.

How Long do you Propose to Live?

The celebrated remarks of Dr. William Osler, of Johns Hopkins University, concerning the uselessness of aged men, have called forth volumes of comment, but in all that has been written, perhaps there has been nothing so useful as Mr. John Brisben Walker's editorial in the April Cosmopolitan. "How Long do you Propose to Live?" It sums up in a few paragraphs the essence of the most approved medical and hygienic teaching, and every Progressive Farmer reader would do well to file the article away as a model—referring to it constantly, to see how closely he is living up to this recipe for prolonging youth. Says Mr. Walker:

"A human being brought into the world with no serious constitutional defects should be at the very height of his powers at sixty; his body should be as supple, as vigorous, as hardy and as enduring as at forty. But this means that it did not begin with a college training of tobacco-smoke and beer; that it has not been kept confined in rooms for long hours without fresh air; that it has not wasted its powers in drink and debauchery, and, also, the all-essential, that the man should have been taught how to live. Not one college professor in a dozen knows how. The old regime taught Greek and Latin, but not 'How to Live.' The new regime teaches competitive athletics, in order to advertise the colleg; but not 'How to Live.' College professors have apparently been the last to awake to the problems of real life; no wonder that Doctor Osler's observations should have given him so poor an opinion of the human being. "But what are the rules which will give long life, and, above all, that happiness which comes of good health? Let me try to enumerate some of them

I
"Plenty of sleep in a well-ventilated room; windows all up in summer; in winter enough up to keep a supply of fresh air throughout. Without fresh air—enough of it—and plenty of sleep, neither body nor mind can do its best work."

II
"The daily bath. This, for rich man or poor man, is equally a necessity. One does not need an expensive bath-tub—a \$3 tin tub, a sponge from which to squeeze water plentifully over the body, and a towel; nothing more is required. In fact, one can do very well without even a tin tub. The hands can apply water from the basin to every part of the body, with nothing more than a newspaper to keep the water from the floor."

"The bath is not a hot-water soaping process. The lye of the soap and the hot water take much-needed oil from the skin and leave it in a dry, unhealthy condition. The bath should be of cold water, to invigorate. These are the requisites: first, a thorough drenching of the skin; then a hard rubbing with the hands; then another drenching to cleanse, and finally a hard rubbing with a huckaback towel. A good towel is a whole gymnasium in itself. There are a hundred motions which exercise all sorts of muscle, stomach, back,

arms and legs; and the same time polish the skin and cause the blood to circulate. In other words, the bath is not merely the cleansing which most people imagine, but the 'setting-up' gymnastic exercises for the day.

III.

"Abstinence from over-eating. A vast majority of ail diseases spring from over-eating."

"You crowd food into your stomach, and this can be u-ed up only by exercise, and by passing oxygen through the blood to purify it. Then you sit in a badly ventilated office, or in your home, and expect Nature to do the rest much as if an engineer should persist in having coal crammed into his locomotive while standing in the round-house."

"The lack of digestion through exercise and the deep breathing which comes of exercise in the fresh air, oxygenating and so purifying the blood—this lack causes the secretion of poisons in the system. Presently one or many so-called diseases, nearly all being in reality but one—the failure to digest our food, make their appearance. We take drugs, most of them additional poisons to the system, and try easy ways of recovery. We do everything but the one needful thing—exercise in the fresh air."

"As the will is broken by the inroads of disease, we become less and less capable of making use of this remedy."

IV.

"Debauchery by liquors, sexual debauchery, and through opium and like drugs, and, most important because most prevalent, by tobacco, do not require to be touched upon here. All are familiar with the ravages which any of these makes upon the human body. There is absolutely no use in looking forward to a long or a healthy life if any of these—including tobacco—is permitted to claim you for its own. 'My smoking does not do me the least harm,' said the young man of thirty five, with a splendid constitution. If at fifty that man is a nervous wreck, he will ascribe his condition to all things rather than tobacco. But tobacco is quite capable of devastating even the most splendid physique, and preparing the body to drop an easy victim to pneumonia or zymotic disease."

"Overwork. It is quite possible to kill a strong man through the crowding upon him of duties beyond his strength. The wise man will gauge his powers and refuse to accept burdens which will trespass upon the hours necessary for sleep, for exercise in the fresh air, for reading, and for reasonable amusement."

V.

"Worry. A philosophical avoidance of worry and that care which kills. But how? In one word, refuse to be scared by the shadows which cross your path—in business, in housekeeping, in the raising of children. Believe that you have the power to overcome all difficulties by persistent, courageous, patient combat against the daily troubles which beset the paths of all, rich and poor alike."—Progressive Farmer.

God to be Judge.

Did you ever hear of a man trying to lift an unfortunate woman when she falls from the pedestal of honor and virtue? Nary a lift. Too much Adamic blood still creeping through our snake-polluted veins. When once a woman trips and falls from her high and honored position, she lands in hell from which no human will stop to lift her out; husband and brother, father and son are dead to her cries after that. But on the other hand how be it? We have seen men as low as is possible for them to fall. We have seen the wife lift the husband from the gutter and press him to her heart while tears trickled down her cheeks in profusion. We have seen the wife follow the husband through life in one constant whirl of misery and misfortune, and when at last at the gate of hell they are separated, she would stand and wring her hands in anguish because the curtain had fallen between them and she could go no farther. We have seen the mother follow the son through paths of crime, shame and degradation, through which a man was never known to follow a woman. Yet who is to blame for the downfall of woman? Who? Let the angel be the jury and God, Almighty the judge.—Louisville (Ky) Courier-Journal.

Startling Figures.

The three big life insurance companies in New York received last year from policy holders \$206,132,511.44. They paid policy holders and beneficiaries \$111,404,178.79. These figures show that the policy holders pay in about twice as much as they receive back from those companies.

What becomes of the \$100,000,000 not returned to the policy holders? A part is used to pay extravagant salaries and unnecessary expenses, a part goes to make the pyramid higher, and the balance goes to pay for balls and banquets and the like. It is startling to know that policy holders pay out nearly two dollars for every dollar that is paid back to them. And yet we are told that insurance is a good investment.—Raleigh News and Observer.

CHEERS GREET NAN'S RELEASE

Her Sister is Also Released and the Women are United.

New York, May 12.—After more than eleven months in prison and three mistrials on the charge of murdering Caesar Young, Nan Patterson walked out of the Tombs today a free woman. As she left the great building which has been her home since a few days after Young was found dying in a cab in Lower New York, 2,000 people greeted her with cheers, for the news that District Attorney Jerome would move for her dismissal from custody had spread throughout the vicinity of the court house. But the accused girl had but a few seconds to see and hear the demonstration before she was whisked away in a cab with her attorney, Abraham Levy. She left for her home in Washington tonight.

The move to discharge Nan Patterson came rather unexpectedly to the public. It was an hour or so before noon when District Attorney Jerome appeared before Recorder Goff in a special session and announced that he desired to move the discharge of the former chorus girl, without bail and on her own recognizance. This announcement followed three trials for murder. The second and third of these trials—the latter concluded only a few days ago—resulted in disagreements; the first in the discharge of the jury because of the illness of a juror before the case had been concluded.

Not the least interesting of the day's events, and perhaps the great dramatic climax to the troubles of the former Florida girl, was the re-union in freedom with her sister, Mrs. J. Morgan Smith, and her brother-in-law, J. Morgan Smith, both of whom were discharged by Justice Cowing in the court of general sessions after being held on charges of conspiracy in connection with the Patterson case. Smith was also held for contempt of court in failing to obey a subpoena as a witness at the first trial. He was fined \$250 and released on \$3,000 bond. Then came the fine of a \$300 check which had been given her by a friendly newspaper.

District Attorney Jerome announced his decision to free Nan Patterson in a speech, in the course of which he declared that during two of the trials of the girl all the evidence in the possession of the district attorney's office had been presented to the court and that in both cases there had been a disagreement. He said he did not believe that at this time "in the county another trial would result in anything else but a disagreement." Then he declared that during the last trial he had information that the members of the jury had agreed that J. Morgan Smith had bought the revolver; that Nan Patterson had carried it to the cab, and that Caesar Young did not commit suicide. He took occasion to refute published reports as to the cost of the proceedings. Following this line he stated that newspapers had made "gross misrepresentations," and then said: "This case has caused one more step in this county toward trial by newspapers, rather than trial by jury. I do not refer to those papers which have merely reported the proceedings, but to those which in their editorial rooms have labored to arouse sympathy for the prisoner with the result of a serious miscarriage of justice."

Everything that the prosecution has done had met my cordial and hearty approbation. I fear nothing for myself or my assistant. My assistant did right and bravely and honestly and went forward with my entire approval."

He concluded with the motion that Nan Patterson be discharged on her own recognizance. It was then that Miss Patterson was sent for and as a court officer met her in her cell he said:

"Come out Nan. It is all right. You are going free."

JUDGE EWART TELLS STORY.

Talks Interesting to Charlotte Observer.

Ex-Judge H. G. Ewart, of Hendersonville, who has recently returned from a business trip to Kansas oil fields, is spending a few days at the Central. Speaking of this new Eldorado last night, Judge Ewart said:

"I spent three weeks in the famous oil and gas belt of Southeastern Kansas. It is a most wonderful country. In 1898 the oil production of Kansas amounted to less than 5,000 barrels. In 1904 it had increased to 5,693,000 barrels, and the field is yet an undeveloped one. Until the 1st of January last this production was purchased by the Standard Oil Company, who have from \$15,000,000 to 20,000,000 invested in that State, but legislation, regard-

ed by the company as adverse to their interest, has had the effect of reducing this enormous production. The Standard has only the one refinery in the West, that at Neodesha.

"But as the profits in refining of oil are enormous and as conditions are so favorable to the construction and operation of independent refineries in Kansas, built as they are in the greatest oil pool in the United States, if not in the world, with natural gas for fuel purposes, abundance of water, owning their own pipe lines, and low freight rates, and anti-discrimination laws, other refineries are springing up, one of the largest of which is the Great Western. There need not necessarily be any friction between these independent refineries and the standard."

"Indeed, I learned from the independent refineries at Pittsburg, Pa., where there are quite a large number, that their relations with the Standard were of the most amicable character, and that the latter gave them a 'fair and square deal,' in many instances buying four-sixths of the refined oil manufactured by them. Dependent as they are, however, upon the Standard for their supplies of crude oil, they do not possess the natural advantages of the Great Western, which will own its own oil wells and pipe lines, the refinery being located within two and a half miles of territory producing over 5,000 barrels per day. And this production can be quickly increased to 15,000 or 20,000 barrels per day. The Kansas farmer is strictly 'in it.' With a top crust of great richness, big crops of dollar wheat for the past four years, and royalties of 10 per cent. on gross receipts of the oil and gas wells developed on their properties, they are rapidly acquiring great wealth."

"I saw an old fellow at Chanute, Kan., who could neither read nor write who had realized from oil wells on an 8-acre farm over \$52,000 in 18 months. He had invested his earnings in an opera house in Chanute, and took great delight in attending every performance, and especially in going behind the scenes and drinking champagne with the chorus girls."

Hunting Wild Turkeys in Texas.

"Some years ago I was in the town, west of San Antonio," said Mr. H. J. Rice, of New Orleans. "The region abounded in game, and wild turkeys were especially numerous. Never having bagged one of these birds, I was keen to go after them, and my first promise to take me."

"We started on the hunt and I could already see a magnificent gobbler falling to my fire. After walking several miles toward the place where the game was supposed to be, my friend remarked that it was as well to rest a while, and threw himself down under the shade of a mesquite bush. This did not suit me at all, for I was eager to go on, and I remonstrated with him about losing valuable time. For an answer he rolled over on the grass and went to sleep, at which I was fired with anger and had half a notion to go back to the house."

"It was well along in the afternoon before he roused from his nap, and then, with an apologetic smile, he said: 'We won't have to wait long now, for this is the place the turkeys come to roost, and all we will have to do is to hide and shoot them down. It was just as he said, and about sundown here came a superb drove of wild turkeys. Unconscious of danger, they came almost upon us before we let drive at them, with the result that four of the largest were stretched upon the ground. After that I never criticized the methods of a Texas hunter."

FROM THIS TAKE HEED.

How Easily it Could all Have Been Averted.

Here is the latest story of the man who is too stingy to take his home paper: "A man who was too economical to take this paper sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by his neighbor. In his haste the boy ran over a \$4 stand of bees, and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and failing to notice a barbed wire fence ran into that, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy, and ruining a \$4 pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence, and got into the corn field and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket the wife ran out, upset a four-gallon churn full of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole flock. In the hurry she dropped a \$7 set of false teeth. The baby left alone, crawled through the spilled milk and into the parlor, ruining a brand new \$20 carpet. During the excitement the oldest daughter ran away with the hired man; the dog broke up eleven setting hens, and the calves got out and ate the tails off four fine shirts."—Exchange.

A HIDEOUS OFFERING.

A Mexican Priest Burns Himself Alive on his Church Altar.

Houston, Tex., May 8.—Offering himself as a human sacrifice at the altar of his own cathedral, Ariosi Orfio, parish priest at Cuale, state of Guadalajara, Mex., has atoned for the sins of his congregation, according to the dictates of his infamed imagination.

With his clothing saturated with oil, he stood upon the altar in full view of the thousands summoned to witness the spectacle, applied a torch, and was consumed in a pillar of flames. As the fire sprang about him he prayed for forgiveness of the sins of the members of the congregation, at the same time threatening with damnation any who might approach. Falling to the flagging of the edifice, even, his bones were consumed and according to the account of the affair received here, his dust was dissipated by a sudden gust of wind, the ashes settling over the awe-struck spectators.

A CABARRUS SNAKE YARN.

An Editor's Jealousy Aroused by a Story in the Chronicle.

The jealousy of the editor of The Concord Times seems to have been aroused by an article he read in a recent issue of the Chronicle. Feeling that it was up to him to publish a more remarkable yarn, he sent out his snake reporter, who turned in the following story:

"Before the war almost all the schools were taught by Yankee schoolmams. The one I have in mind, was a splendid, Godly woman with one great failing—inquisitiveness. Before she got the hang of the country she asked a rough looking fellow, his vocation."

"I'm a stage driver," he said.

"Do you ever see any venomous snakes on any of your trips?" she asked.

"Yes mam, the most pizen in the a snake right in the middle of the road. I was afraid he would strike one of my horses—so I whipped up and was on dead run when I passed over him. He struck, he missed the horses, but hit the stage tongue. Before I got to the bottom of the hill, I had to stop and take the tongue out—it had swelled so. The next week when I went I soon seen I had a good thing. I got some fellows to take over a saw mill. The tongue had swelled so they cut 800,000 feet of good lumber out of it. Yes mam, the snakes round here is mighty pizen."

"We'll go one better than the Chronicle man; we will not only give our man's name and address, but we will furnish his photograph as long as they last, for thirty cents apiece."—Charlotte Chronicle.

Cow's Sneezing Sign of Rain.

"There was an old negro slave on my uncle's farm down in Tennessee who was a peculiar chap, and of whom the youngsters about the place—white as well as black—stood in fear," said Senator Carmack in conversation with a group of friends.

"This aged Senegambian, Uncle Tom by name, could give all the modern sharpsharps cares and spades and beat them, for he could predict with almost unerring accuracy what the elements would be doing. One day I was standing out in the cow pen beside the old cow, when he suddenly exclaimed, 'Did you hear that?'"

"Hear what, Uncle Tom?"

"Hear that old speckled cow sneeze. Sho' as you am libin', boy, it am a-gwine to rain befo' morning, kase whenever you hear a cow sneeze dat means rain."

"Sure enough, it poured down from the skies, as Tom had foretold. Prior to that I had never taken note of a cow's sneezing and there may be skeptical folks who would doubt that this was a bovine habit, but my own belief in it is firmly established, and I am equally sure that old Tom had good cause to establish a connection between it and wet weather."

TOO OFTEN THE CASE.

Lawyers Seek Jurors From Men of Lowest Order of Intelligence.

The most imperfect of Anglo Saxon institutions is the jury system. We receive it, of course, from our English forefathers from which we derived all our law, literature and religion, and the years have not enabled us to improve upon it. But it is a travesty, as candid lawyers admit, yet a fixture, and the best that can be hoped about it is an improvement in the type of men called to serve on juries. It is acknowledged that in a certain class of cases the lawyers seek jurors of the lowest order of intelligence, or for their prejudices, and when these are secured the success amounts, of course, to a denial of justice. It appears that there has been a good deal of discussion lately of this subject in the

columns of The New York Times, and we see in the Charleston News and Courier that "a writer who signs the initials 'R. S. S.' has just attempted to impress upon the Readers of The Times the importance of having business men of standing and intelligence not a void, but seek jury duty. This correspondence very justly remarks: 'That we do get a portion of thinking men on the jury is the safeguard of the whole system.' This correspondent—we are now quoting the language of the News and Courier—"gives some interesting experiences of his own while serving on juries. He remarks upon the care exercised by the attorneys on both sides in selecting the jurors, each talisman being expressly required to swear, before his acceptance, that he had no 'prejudices' which would prevent him from arriving at a just verdict. 'I was amazed, he continues, when the jury adjourned to the jury room for meditation after hearing the testimony in the first case, to hear several jurors openly advocate the following sentiments:

"A man should have damage in an accident case whether fault on the part of the defendant was proven or not (in case the plaintiff was a poor man,) because the corporation was rich."

"Employees of the street railway companies should never be believed, even under oath, because the street railway companies would discharge them if they told the truth."

"The judge's charge should not be accepted as final on a question, because the judges were corrupt and biased and fed by the corporations for improperly charging the juries."

And there you are. With a man or men on a jury, holding these views; justice is not, of course to be expected. Is this man exclusively a New York product? We fear not. If it were understood that juries would be governed by the law and the evidence many present day plaintiffs would not be so swift to "sue the company." As it is, there is every encouragement to them to do so.—Charlotte Observer.

NEGRO HANGED IN MISSOURI.

ed to The Public Square.

Cairo, Ill., May 13.—Tom Witherspoon a negro, was taken from officers at Belmont, Mo., fifteen miles below Cairo, at 6 o'clock this evening by a mob of several hundred persons and hanged in the public square to a large limb. Witherspoon went to the home of Fred Hess, three miles below Belmont, and at the point of a rifle demanded \$600. Hess, who as a member of the Missouri legislature, told the negro that he did not have that much money in the house. The negro ordered him to go to Belmont and get the money. He compelled Hess to hitch up a horse and buggy, and ordered him to get in with his wife and child. The negro then saddled another horse, and mounting it, told Hess to drive toward Belmont and when near the place the negro forced Mrs. Hess and the child to get out of the buggy and enter a deserted shanty. The negro then told Hess to ride to Belmont and to send the money back by a negro preacher inside of an hour or he would kill his wife and child.

Hess hurried to Belmont and got the money and sent it back with a negro preacher. The desperado immediately mounted the horse and rode up the Iron mountain railroad tracks. A posse was organized at once by Belmont and Columbus citizens and a small party located the negro on a switch engine, but he took refuge in the swamp around the Flat Lakes. He was captured and taken to Belmont by the officers. A mob of several hundred persons had formed in Belmont and they immediately took charge of the negro and despite his begging and pleading they rushed him into the public square and secured a rope from a large swing and strung the negro up.

Few people know that other days of the week than the first are being observed as Sunday by some nation or other. The Greeks observe Monday; the Persians, Tuesday; the Assyrians, Wednesday; the Egyptians, Thursday; the Turks, Friday; the Jews, Saturday, and the Christians Sunday. Thus a perpetual Sabbath is being celebrated on earth.

A Lonely Wedding.

A southern planter was asking one of his colored servants about her wedding. "Yes, sah," she said, "it was jes de finest weddin' you ever see—six bridesmaids, flowers everywhere, hundreds uv guests, music an' er heap er prayin'."

"Indeed," commented her master, "and I suppose Sambo looked as handsome as any of them."

An embarrassed pause. "Well, no—not 'xactly, sir. Would yer believe it, dat fool nigger neber showed up!"—Harper's Magazine.