

BILL AEP'S LETTERS.

Atlanta Constitution.

March has no friend. It is a disagreeable, uncertain, unobscuring month. It was named for Mars, the God of War, who was the son of Jupiter and was always hunting around for a fight. He was believed to be the father of Romulus, the founder of the Roman Empire, and hence was held in great reverence by the Romans. March was named for him. Those old Greeks and Romans had no weeks—nor days of the week—no Sundays or Mondays or any other day, but they divided time by Calends and Ides. The Calends were the fifteenth. All the intermediate days were designated by these, as for instance, the third day after the Calends of May or the fifth day before the Ides of March. The Roman senates always began its sessions on the Ides of the month, except that after Julius Caesar was murdered the anniversary of that day the Ides of March were observed as a sacred day. I want the young people to know and remember that we got our months from Roman mythology and the days of our weeks from the Scandinavian mythology. Now listen to a part of this wonderful story, for it is classic and more fascinating than the Arabian Nights. Two thousand years ago it was the faith and religion of millions of people. Jupiter was the god of the Greeks and the Romans and Woden was the god of the Norsemen and each had a son who was the god of war. There was the son of Woden. Wednesday was named for Woden and it was originally Woden's day. Thursday was named for Thor and Friday for his mother. Each of these mythologies had a hades or infernal region for bad people and evil spirits. Pluto presided over the one and a woman named Hela over the other. That is where the word Hell came from. It seems an awful thing to put hell in charge of a woman, but they said that no man was as bad as that woman. Her father was named Loki and she had two brothers. One was a serpent so big and so long that it wrapped around the world and then swallowed its own tail. The other was a wolf, so strong that he broke the strongest chains just like they were cobwebs. Then Woden got the mountain spirits to make another chain and they made it of six things: the noise made by a cat walking, the beard of a woman, the roots of stones, the breath of fishes, the smiles of bears and the spittle birds. When the chain was finished it was as small and smooth and soft as a silken string, but no power on earth could break it. And so they chained him and killed him. But listen what kind of a home Miss Hela had. Hangen was her dining table. Starvation was her knicker. Delay was her man servant—Sloth her maid servant. A precipice was her door step, Care her bed, and Anguish the curtains to her bed chamber. No wonder she was cruel and always wore a stern, unhappy and forbidding countenance.

This is just a sample of their mythology. It fills up several books. Now, where in the world did that people get all these wonderful stories? I way back in the ages that the poets were more imaginative than Homer. Some of our most learned men say they got the foundation of many of them from the Bible. For the story goes that away back in the ages the people got so bad that Jupiter got dreadful mad with them and resolved to destroy them. So he summoned all the gods to come to him, and they came from all parts of the heavens, traveling on the Milky Way, which is the street of the gods, and after taking counsel together they determined to destroy all mankind and start with a new pair. So Jupiter was about to launch a red hot thunderbolt at the earth and burn it up, but one of the gods told him that he had better not, for he might burn up heaven, too. So he concluded to use water instead of fire, and then came the flood which drowned every human being except Deucalion and his wife, who were good people. They escaped to the top of a mountain called Parnassus and were saved. That is very much like the Bible story of the flood and of Noah and Mount Ararat. And just so they got Hercules from Samson, the Argonauts and Apollo from Ubal and Jubal Cain, and the Dragon from the serpent that tempted Eve, and the giants who tried to scale the walls of heaven from Nimrod and his tower. Every great hero and saint had a favorite son just as our Christian God has a Son. There is something sublime and comforting in even believing or imagining that a great and good being is somewhere in the heavens overlooking the earth and its people, prospering the good and punishing the evil. The fact that this all powerful being is invisible makes His existence the more impressive. Jupiter sat enthroned on Mount Olympus, Woden had a beautiful place of gold and silver at Valhalla and it could be reached by walking on a rainbow. And we pray to our God, saying: "Oh, Thou who dwellest in the heavens," and not in the temples made with hands. History gives no account of any people who did not put their trust in some God, and this proves our confession of weakness and our need of strength from some supernatural divinity. The more cultured and enlightened we become the more conscious we are of our weakness. Children depend absolutely on their parents until after in their teens. They do not need any other God, but by and by the parents pass away or fail to supply their increasing wants and then comes that feeling of helplessness and the want of a protector. Religion comes with age and the more religious the more we are conscious of our weakness.

THE WILCOX TRIAL.

The History of the Crime Which Was Done in a Case of Conscience.

ELIZABETH CITY, March 13.—James Wilcox was put on trial for his life here at 2 o'clock today. The court house was packed full of men. Not a single woman was in attendance. The audience was eager to hear what was going on but was at no time ugly or boisterous. The regular jurors were called and 153 of the venire. The State set aside three without cause and the defense 20. At 8:45 o'clock to-night the last juror was chosen. Two negroes were among the twelve.

The trial of Wilcox, charged with the murder of Miss Nellie Crosey, of this place, on the night of November 20, 1901, began in earnest to-day. It is a most interesting case on account of the social position of the two families concerned and the mystery that surrounds it. Mr. James Wilcox, son of ex-Sheriff Thos. P. Wilcox, of this county, went to the home of Mr. William J. Crosey, a well-to-do farmer of this place, on the night of November the 20th, to call on Miss Ella Maud, or "Nellie" Crosey, to whom he had been paying considerable attention. When he arrived at the Crosey home, say about 8 o'clock, the whole family was in the sitting room. Young Ray Crawford was there, calling on Miss Olive, a sister of Miss Nellie. Soon after 9 o'clock all the members of the household except Misses Nellie, Olive and Carrie Crosey retired. Later, Miss Carrie, a cousin of the other two girls, who was down on a visit, went to her room. This left the young men and their respective lady friends together. At 11 o'clock Wilcox, rising from his chair announced: "I must go home; my mother will be uneasy if I stay out after 11 o'clock." This was said in a jocular way. Continuing, Wilcox said: "Miss Nellie, I would like to see you in the hall." He rolled a cigarette and went out, accompanied by the girl. She was never seen after that by anybody, except Wilcox, until her dead body was found floating just beneath the surface of the water in Pasquotank river, on the morning of the 27th of December.

Plain Talk; Very Plain.

This talk about the consent of the governed is, when you get to the bottom of it, mostly rubbish. We people of the South, for instance who have for years been cheating niggers at elections and kept it up until we concluded that it was cheaper to disfranchise them by legal enactment, now shed crocodile tears on account of the woes of the Filipinos and cry aloud that all just government derives its authority from the consent of the governed. Rot!

American Cotton Beaten.

The negroes of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute who were engaged the latter part of 1900 by the German government to teach the natives of Togoland, German West Africa, how to grow cotton, have, according to the report of the colonial committee, succeeded in producing cotton which is graded on the Bremen exchange above American middling.

Mississippi Lunatics Building a Railroad.

As Mississippi is setting the best method for the utilizing of convict labor in the south, so as to make it profitable, she is now going to set the pace in regard to the working of the inhabitants of her insane asylum. A railroad is being constructed with the patients of the insane asylum of the state, and the road that is being built by this unusual class of labor is three miles in length. It is the first road in the state that was ever built by this class of labor.

Made No Difference.

"I'm afraid Edward you're marrying me only because I've inherited \$50,000 from my uncle." "Why, Blanche, how can you think that of me? Your uncle is nothing to me! I would marry you no matter from whom you inherited the money."

An Editor in Birmingham.

An editor in Birmingham, N. Y., took to jocularly addressing an old citizen of his town as "Colonel" and often referred to him in his newspaper as "Colonel Tyler" until everybody took it up and saluted "Colonel Tyler." This jocular military salutation pleased the recipient immensely and when somebody called him from his home to the newspaper office, he would refer to the newspaper editor as "Colonel Tyler."

SAFETY ADVISE TO YOUNG MEN.

Atlanta Journal.

Give me your attention, young man! I've been a young man; now I am an old man, so to speak. Admitting your intelligence I claim that experience and observation have helped me to see some things that simple intelligence does not observe. There are two words which cover three worlds, success and failure. God has endowed you with volition, and that means choice, and choice means, simply, I'll take this, you may have that. Choice means also two or more things are offered. If there was only one thing in sight then it's Hobson's choice.

Real success has its foundations just like the house we live in, and the very basis of success is good character. It is not the constitution follows the flag, so good character must lead the way in all successful undertakings. The young man who thinks he must drink whisky and "cuss" to help you make a man of himself is a fool to begin with. If I were running a saloon I would want a decent, sober barkeeper. I was not long finding a place of trust and honor for a young man of my town, some time ago, when I said to a leading railroad official with whom I wanted to place him, "that he was not only bright and efficient and trustworthy but that he was as clean in his life as his sweet Christian mother. He has never touched whiskey, wine or beer, sweated or handled a deck of cards." "Send him to me," said the official, and that young man has been promoted the third time in twelve months, and I dare say, will yet be president of that great railroad system. It pays to be decent it never pays to be otherwise. The boy who knows how to be a gentleman, and knows how to keep from being a dog, is in possession of the knowledge which makes him master of the situation.

Did Wilcox Kill the Girl with a Black-Jack or Some Other Blunt Weapon or Did She Commit Suicide?

Did Wilcox kill the girl with a black-jack or some other blunt weapon or did she commit suicide? This is the question. The jury must hear the evidence and render a verdict. The prisoner has said: "I will be tried by my God and my country."

Widow's Cry.

Widow's Cry, March 14.—The Wilcox trial is well under way. The jurors have been selected and the witnesses are being heard. The defense has done well in choosing the jurymen. Nine of the twelve are intelligent-looking young men. Several of them seem to be of the same social position as the prisoner. The negroes two of them, are of the 50 and 60 year-old type. They are honest, good-looking, full-blooded Africans. Pendleton Bright, the twelfth juror, does not appear to be a man of much intelligence. The jury is in charge of Deputy Sheriff L. J. Brichard.

Unbreakable.

"Are you sure these corsets are unbreakable," asked the doubting customer. "I have been wearing a pair myself for a year," said the shop girl, "and they are not broken yet. And," she continued, blushing, "I'm engaged."

Ex-Representative Wm. M. Moody.

Ex-Representative Wm. M. Moody, of Mass., has accepted the Secretaryship of the Navy, which has been announced, would soon be resigned by Secretary Long. Secretary Long on the 10th handed to his resignation the President to take effect May 1st.

Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy.

Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, received a message last week in mid-ocean. He announces that in the three months he will be ready to transmit commercial messages without wires as a regular business. He is only twenty-seven years of age.

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Shot at Her Husband.

Salisbury Sun.

Capt. Charles M. Hendlerite had an experience Thursday night that will forevermore serve as a warning to men who carry hatchets. Capt. Hendlerite is one of the best managers of men in a wreck that has been remarked that he could accomplish more work in less time than any one in his position that could be found. This week when the Southern was straining every nerve to clear the Western track so as to resume the operation of trains between Asheville and Chattanooga Capt. Hendlerite was ordered to the scene of the wreck.

Jury Held Prayer.

It is an almost unheard of thing for a jury to hold prayer before rendering a verdict, but this is what happened in the jury room and what was done by the twelve men just before they returned the verdict that gave Miss Mattie Baker \$2,500 for having her hand mangled in one of the machines of the Raleigh Cotton Mills. It will be recalled that the jury was locked up in this case on Thursday from half-past 5 in the afternoon until half-past 10 at night and considerable difficulty was experienced in reaching a verdict. When all had finally agreed, Foreman Thompson requested Jurymen Herndon to lead in prayer, which he did with much earnestness and reverent attention from all present. The jury then filled into the court room and rendered their verdict.

A Fraudulent Matrimonial Bureau.

A matrimonial and introduction bureau, has been arrested for fraudulent use of the mails. Mr. D. H. Britt, of this county, on receipt of some of the circulars of the company, sent them five dollars as required in return for which he was to be placed in correspondence with a young lady reputed to be wealthy; good-looking and to enter the matrimonial state. In reply he received a photograph with the name and address of a young Asheville widow. Losing no time he wrote her at once. The young lady, surprised at receiving a letter from an entire stranger, replied, stating that she knew nothing of the matrimonial bureau and the statement as to her wealth was untrue, which of course closed the correspondence.

A Seed Is a Child's Throat For Five Months.

A prearranged seed that had been in the windpipe of a 5-year-old child for five months was coughed out yesterday, leaving the child in a fearful state of weakness and emaciation. The little sufferer is the daughter of Mr. J. F. Freeman, who lives near Woodleaf, and about five months ago the trouble with her throat began. Eight physicians treated the child and an X-ray was brought into service but the seed could not be located. Yesterday cough syrup and a whiskey toddy were given the suffering child. It began coughing and in a short while spit out the seed. The little one had become fearfully weak through the long period of suffering and as soon as it was released it fell into a deep sleep and was still sleeping this morning.

Repaid.

At a certain ball in the country the other evening a gentleman undertook to introduce a companion to a young lady who had overheard the conversation, he held the young man seeking an introduction and asking if he might have the honor, etc.

Details of the Princess's Visit.

Arrived at New York on the Kronprinz Wilhelm Sunday, February 23. Sailed for Germany on the Dutchland today. He traveled 4,800 miles and went through the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin and Massachusetts.

Proper Temperature.

A story is told of a Boston lawyer whose quick wit never deserted him, either in the courtroom or elsewhere. One day a client entered his office and throwing back his coat said abruptly: "Why, your honor, is it so hot in here?"

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