

The Weekly News.

H. C. MARTIN, Editor and Proprietor.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

Subscription Price One Dollar a Year.

VOLUME VI

LENOIR, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1903.

NO. 7.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Alaska Constitution.
The saddest and the sweetest things ever written were concerning death and love. Montgomery, Scott, Longfellow, Lindly and Boardman and many others found their tenderest sentiments on these subjects. Lindly wrote his sweetest poems on the death of a young lady. Just such another would he have written had he lived until our loved one died.

"Thou art gone from our gaze like a beautiful dream. Thy grace and thy beauty no more will be seen. Tho' I wish to sleep, to memory dear, Thou ever will remain; The only hope our hearts can cheer— The hope to meet again."

Longfellow says:
"The air is full of farwells to the dying And mournings to the dead. There is no flock, however watched and tended, But one dead lamb is there; There is no tribute, however defended, But has one vacant chair."

Montgomery says:
"Friend after friend departs, Who has not lost a friend? There is no union here of hearts That finds not here an end."

And Longfellow says, by way of consolation:
"There is no death. What seems so is transition; This life of mortal breath Is but a suburb of the life elysian, Whose portal we call death."

All this is very solemn and very sad, but it has its counterpart when they wrote of love. Scott said:
"In peace love tunes the shepherd's reed. In war he sounds the warrior's steed. In courts he meets in gay attire. In hamlets dances on the green. Love rules the camp, the court, the grove. And men below and saints above. For love is heaven and heaven is love."

Solomon says, "Love is as strong as death," and "God from necessity is love," and "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

And Wordsworth says, "A mother's love is the holiest thing alive."
A mother's love! I was watching the eagerness with which our neighbor, Mrs. Munford, was cherishing the memory of her lost daughter, the sweet girl who had charge of the library books committee and whose memory now seems like a beautiful dream—a dream to us, but not to the mother who never will forget. When the Cherokee Club prepared to make a memorial for Mary she pleaded for the privilege of placing it where Mary was wont to sit and have sweet companionship with those she loved. Her beautiful home was nothing and money was nothing. She said the library is in debt five or six hundred dollars. Please let me pay it off, for Mary felt like it was her debt. Let me have the floor varnished and have chairs bought instead of benches, and I want some nice tables for Mary's sake. Please let me have a memorial for Mary here and give it her name—The Mary Munford Memorial library? And so it was done. Who could refuse a mother's tears for the memory of her loving daughter, and so it was done and the sign over the door will be the Mary Munford Memorial library. But this is not all of a mother's love. She is going to buy the books that Mary would have bought and made a donation each and every year.

Now, good people, all who tarry or pass through Cartersville stop a little while and see what love has done—a mother's love. I wish that committee appointed on Mr. Stovall's bill would come and see this model library and go back and plead for that \$6,000 wherewith to build the Winnie Davis Memorial Hall. The patriotic women want it and so do the veterans whose list is nearly out. May it be your last and best work for Miss Winnie, whom we all loved. BILL ARP.

It has doubtless been noticed that the Denver Young People's convention was smaller this year than it has been for several years. The Christian Endeavor movement, like the Y. M. C. A. and other protests against a defect in the work of the Church, has probably seen its best days, or at least the days of its greatest enthusiasm and largest claims—Presbyterian Standard.

At a banquet a dean, speaking of the criticism sometime made regarding ministers, said he had no doubt the theological seminaries could turn out better ministers if they had better material to work with. "You must remember, though," he said, "that we have nothing to make ministers out of except laymen."

It has been recently announced that means have been found to exterminate mosquitoes by the aid of music. It is gravely asserted by a band master that the note A above the staff when produced by an amateur on an alto horn drives the mosquito of sight and hearing and results in death.

NO SECTIONALISM AS TO THE NEGRO.

Baltimore Sun.
No longer ago than last Thursday a negro convention in Memphis, representing 34 States of the Union, adopted a resolution thanking the newspapers of the South for their attitude toward the recent lynchings in the Northern States and denouncing the Northern press. Right upon that comes on Saturday the account of a double lynching of negroes in Danville, Ill., accompanied by an anti-negro riot. The officers of the law were thrown aside, the walls of the county jail battered down, one of the negroes slowly strangled and the other beaten and kicked to death. Then the dying wretches were cut and hacked to pieces, and finally their bodies were burned by a mob which must have included almost the total population of the town.

When a particularly fierce lynching has taken place in either Illinois or Indiana the Northern papers have derived some comfort from the fact—it was a fact—that it happened to take place in the southern part of the State, adjacent to Kentucky or Missouri. It is not because of the proximity of those Southern States that lynchings take place in Southern Illinois and Indiana, but because it is in that end of the States that the negroes, or most of them, live. But in this latest Northern lynching even that consolation is denied our New England contemporaries. Danville, the scene of the tragedy, is on the Indiana frontier and north of the middle of the State, hundreds of miles from both Kentucky and Missouri. We are therefore compelled to seek some other moving cause for these uprisings. It was the fashion when a negro lynching occurred in the South to blame and denounce the Southern white people. Then the lynching habit spread to the North, and now it occurs to some of our Northern contemporaries that perhaps the negro himself is somewhat to blame for these uprisings of mobs and deeds of violence. And it is this change of the point of view, perhaps, which moved the indignation of the negro convention at Memphis. There has been no change whatever in the nature, the habits or the disposition of the white population in the North. The last census explains the spread of negro lynching in the North by showing a movement of negro population from the border States to the North and East, and wherever the negro goes he carries his criminal instincts with him. The frequency and the ferocity of the crimes of negro men on white women and girls in the Northern States is appalling, three cases having occurred near New York recently in a single day. The negro has now invaded the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and has become so important a political factor that the courts can no longer be relied on to punish him when he is guilty of even the worst of crimes. The Philadelphia Ledger tells of the escape of influential negroes from punishment for assaults on white women, through political influence; and the assassin who assaulted and murdered Miss Bishop in Delaware had been turned loose by the courts of Pennsylvania after having committed or attempted to commit a similar crime in that State. In Delaware the negro is supreme, and in dealing with him the courts seem to be almost paralyzed.

The trouble arises largely among the sentimental worshippers and political beneficiaries of the negro in the North. A negro commits a crime on a white woman, compared with which the worst lynching and burning at the stake is a mere diversion; the human beast is captured by the friends and neighbors of the outraged and murdered victim, and in their frenzy they proceed to inflict summary punishment. And then the negro admires as one man, denounces the lynching, denounces the whole people who permit it, and have but the mildest censure for the crime which occasioned the outbreak. The lynched negro is held up to members of his race as a martyr, and so extravagant is their language that other negroes are almost justified in believing that the "martyr" has suffered in a good cause and has died because he asserted his rights. Upon such an emotional race as the negro the result is inevitable, and he proceeds from crime to crime, with outraged women, violated, murdered and mutilated girls to mark his progress.

The First Baptist church, of Wilmington, in view of the great temperance agitation in the State drawing the lines closely as to the liquor question, has adopted resolutions to excommunicate any of its members who shall hereafter be found guilty of endorsing applications or signing petitions for liquor license. The resolution were read from the pulpit of the church.

Clay Would Not Take Off His Hat to the Czar.
One of the Lexington, Kentucky, papers says this of Cassius M. Clay who died last week:
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York city, is hung a massive painting of the court of Russia at the time Cassius M. Clay was the representative of this republic thereat. The scene is one of unusual brilliancy, and portrays the Czar in his imperial robes, with feathers flying from his headgear, while around him are stationed all foreign ambassadors attendant upon his court. In the picture, Clay and the Czar are the only two standing with their heads covered. It is said that Clay was requested to remove his hat in deference to being in the presence of the Czar, but this Clay refused to do, saying: "I will only take off my hat to those who take off their hats to me." Had the Czar uncovered his head, it is to be presumed that Clay would have followed suit, but so long as the Russian monarch kept his head covered before Clay the latter would not uncover before him.

All Quiet at Danville, Ill.
SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 27.—Adj. Gen. Scott communicated with Col. Cloby commanding the first battalion of the Seventh infantry, I. N. G., guarding the jail at Danville to-day. Col. Cloby said that all was quiet there; that the mob had dispersed and that the work of repairing the jail was progressing.

At Danville on last Saturday one negro, who attacked a mob which was on its way to lynch another negro, was hung to a telephone pole and his body afterward burned. The mob then continued to the jail, stormed it and was repulsed with two killed.

PRIDE OF FAMILY.

Baltimore Sun.
Gen. Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, whose death was noted in the Sun last week, was a man of inordinate family pride. He thought so much of his pedigree that when he was the editor of a newspaper at Lexington, before the Civil War, kept standing at the head of his editorial page the following announcement:
"Although I regard Henry Clay as one of the greatest men our country has produced, and esteem him personally for his many virtues of mind and heart, I feel that it is only just to my own family that I let the world know we are not in the remotest degree related by consanguinity. I come of a long line of landed aristocrats stretching back to the dawn of history. I did not found my family. Henry Clay is the founder of his own race, as he is the splendid architect of his own great fortune. While he is worth of all respect in Kentucky and the world, it should be known that none of the blood of my family courses through his veins."

The name and fame of Henry Clay will survive long after General Clay has been forgotten. That magnetic statesman, who was "the founder of his own race," possessed varied accomplishments and was endowed with a mental vigor with which, so far as is known, none of General Clay's ancestors, the "long line of aristocrats stretching back to the dawn of history," were gifted. Pride of family is a very amiable and admirable virtue when not carried to extremes. When it is exaggerated, however, as it undoubtedly was in the case of General Clay, it becomes ludicrous. The man who boasts that he can trace his ancestry back to the "dawn of history" would, even if not a believer in the Darwinian theory, be very much embarrassed if the earliest among his progenitors should return to this earthly planet and drop in to lunch with him. Weighed by twentieth century standards, it is doubtful whether they would compare favorably in any respect with the men of Henry Clay's generation, who were the "founders of their own race." General Clay would probably have drawn the line on our Four Hundred and, if the occasion had arisen, would have denounced them as aristocrats of the "mushroom" type. Not even the late Ward McAllister, it is believed, claimed that he could trace his ancestry through an unbroken line of blue-blooded landholders back to the dawn of history. Yet Ward McAllister, as the organizer of the Four Hundred, would probably have blackballed General Clay if that patrician Kentuckian had tried to be enrolled among the social elect. It all depends of course, upon the points of view whether family pride is justifiable. Some of the most learned of scientists claim that if we go far enough back in the past we should discover ancestors whose types can be found to-day in any well-conducted menagerie. Gen. Clay would possibly have killed the man who dared to propound such a theory to him, yet there are thousands of savants who would welcome the long-lost "missing-link" as a brother if thereby they could establish the soundness of their theories.

Pacific Coast Asks For Nickels and One-Cent Pieces.
The Treasury Department has received an order for 5,000 nickels and 2,000 one-cent pieces from the subtreasury at San Francisco.
Five years ago such an order would have been regarded in the nature of a mistake somewhere, and the chances are that an inquiry would have been made to ascertain if these coins were really wanted. But times changed on the Pacific coast as elsewhere and the despised small coins are coming into use there in greater quantities every day.

Clay Would Not Take Off His Hat to the Czar.
Just what started the use of nickels and pennies on the coast is not definitely known but Treasury officials say that its beginning was during the Spanish-American War, or rather during the existence of the war taxes imposed at that time. These war taxes called for stamps on different articles, and officials of the Government, in selling the stamps, gave the proper change in nickels and pennies. Purchasers of the stamps began to find the small coins useful in this way and in others, and for several years now the Pacific coast people have begun to acquire a habit which they always despised in Eastern people.

Five years ago even the five-cent piece was rare. The ten-cent piece was practically the smallest piece in circulation. If an article worth 10 cents was bought and the purchaser tendered a 25-cent piece the chances were that the merchant would hand him 10 cents in change merely because he did not have the other 5 cents to make the change.

Brown—I understand that Senator Green wanted you to act as his private secretary.
Simmons—He did; but I wouldn't accept the position, because I would have to sign everything Green, per Simmons.

This from an adult scholar in a Sun-School in the "Athens of the United States." He was asked to tell what he knew about Eusa. "Eusa is the gentleman that wrote a lot of fables and sold the copyright for a mess of potash."

MOVEMENT OF THE COLORED COOKS NORTH.

Charlotte Observer.
There was somewhat of an exodus of colored families from Charlotte to New York last night, good colored people, who were doing well here, but who had listened to the stories of big wages and easy life in the North and took the bait. They are leaving the best friends they ever had to locate among a people of whom they know nothing and who know nothing of them. The Observer remembers reading a few weeks ago of the experiences of a colored woman who went to New York to better her condition. She was promised \$15 a month wages as cook. When she got there she waited a month before the employment agency could locate her in a family and then the price of her ticket to New York and other expenses which the employment agency had advanced had to be deducted from her wages before anything was coming to her. She was in a strange place among strange people, without employment for a time and after she got employment her wages were not her own until she had earned enough to pay off the people who took her to New York. By the time she had satisfied these claims she was ready to return South. It took a month's wages and a little over to buy a ticket home. She was compelled to spend a little cash, but by saving closely she managed to accumulate the price of a ticket in the course of two months and then she shook the dust of New York from her feet. The experience of this colored woman may not be that of all who go to New York under seductive promises, but it is sure to be that of the majority of them. The colored woman who cooks in a Southern home at \$12 a month, gets plenty to eat, inherits the family's cast off clothing, gets a comfortable home at a monthly rental of \$4, lives happy and always has some spare money for the church aid fund and the parson's salary. This is a life she cannot be separated from for any length of time. Those that can raise the ways and means always come back. The typical Southern cook is out of her element in the North and simply cannot exist there long. Those who have so far resisted the temptation are advised to wait and read the letters that will be coming along soon from those who have gone North. These letters may give the stay-at-homes a feeling of contentment with their lot. At any rate, they will not be likely to excite in the darkies a desire to break up their Southern homes and rush North.

Characteristic of the Old Roman.
Kinston Free Press.
Gen. Matt. W. Ransom, the "Old Roman" of North Carolina history, spent last night in the city and regaled a number of his friends with reminiscences of by-gone days. He delivered an address to the Confederate Veterans at Greenville yesterday and ran over to spend last night in Kinston.
From one attending the reunion at Greenville yesterday the following interesting item was learned which is characteristic of the "Old Roman":
After General Ransom had finished his talk to the surviving Johnny Rebs yesterday an old soldier stepped up and extending his hand, said: "Howdy do, general, I guess you don't know me." General Ransom grasped his hand and replied: "Why, how are you, Tom? That I do know you," recognizing him though he had not seen him since the war.
The old veteran then recalled an incident which happened at the first battle of Kinston in the early part of the civil war, which ran like this:
He, with six others, were being tried for desertion and General Ransom, not believing them guilty, appeared before the court-martial in their behalf and gained their discharge.
Afterward the men made up a purse of \$750 and offered it to the general, but he refused the purse and told them to send it to their wives.
This generous act made a deep impression on the men and they never forgot it.

Were They Patent Office Reports?
Concord Cor. Charlotte Observer.
A month or more ago aman struck our town and went to Capt. J. M. Alexander, representing that the United States government has a limited supply about five sets to the distinct of very valuable books 36 volumes per set, that it would dispose of at the nominal price of \$36 and that captain was designated by Congress as one who could have the refusal of a set. Believing that the would be very desirable he gave the books sharper \$10 and his note for \$26. Ten books came, on which he paid the transportation, and he finds them the same that the government gives to a limited number of citizens. The captain now demands the return of his money and the note for the ten volumes. The fraud proposes to exchange the note for the ten volumes, the captain being out the \$10 and the freight both ways. He will keep the books and the experience for the \$10, if nothing more can be had, but dares them to collect the note gotten under false pretenses.

The skin-deep beauty of the rhinoceros isn't calculated to make him vain. The mountaineer always takes a peak when he wants to obtain a good view

CAT STORIES.

The cat is mentioned in literature more frequently than any other animal, but the references are not always of an affectionate nature. Buffon says: "The cat is an unfaithful animal, kept only from necessity in order to suppress a less domestic and more unpleasant one, and, though these animals are pretty creatures, especially when they are young, they have a treacherous and perverse disposition which increases with age and is only disguised by training. They are inveterate thieves; only when they are well brought up they become as flattering and cunning as human rascals." Shakespeare also makes several unkind remarks about cats. "Hang off, thou cat, thou burr, thou vile thing!" cries Lysander in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Scottish cats were accused of witchcraft as far back as 1591. In that year when King James of England was crossing from Denmark a great tempest arose at sea. This was supposed to have been caused by a "christened cat" being placed in the vessel by witches. The following is an extract from an old pamphlet: "Again it is confessed that the said christened cat was the cause that the kings majesty's shippe had a contrary wind to the rest of the shippes in his company, for when the rest of the shippes had a fair and good winde, then was the winde contrarye and altogether against his majesty."

Mahomet did not give encouragement to those who ban the cat from the company of honest folk. A cat, it is said, once went to sleep on the sleeve of the prophet's robe. When the hour of prayer arrived Mahomet, so the story goes, cut away his sleeve in order that the cat should not be disturbed.
Scottish peasants believe that a cat scraping is a sign that some beast—horse, cow, pig or dog—will be found dead on the farm before long. A cat washing its face portends rain next day; turning its back to the fire portends storms and rain.

Sketch of an Historic Cotton Mill for a New Encyclopedia.
Lincoln Journal.
Prof. Holland Thompson, of the College of the City of New York, now engaged in the preparation of the New International Encyclopedia, has written Mr. A. Nixon for a sketch of the Schenck Mill to be used in this work. This pioneer cotton factory was situated on Mill Branch near the McDaniel Springs one and one half miles east of Lincolnton. It was erected by Michael Schenck, about the year 1813. This was a small enterprise but proved a profitable venture; and, after a few years, Mr. Schenck, Col. John Hoke and Dr. James Biving formed a partnership and erected a large mill on the South Fork. This was burned during the war and the Confederate government erected a laboratory on its site for the manufacture of medicines. The laboratory property passed into the hands of D. E. Rhyne and J. A. Abernethy, who erected the Laboratory Cotton Mill, which is now operated by Mr. D. E. Rhyne.

More Information as to Routes.
The Postoffice Department has made public the following:
"There seems to be a wide misunderstanding as to the present attitude of the department regarding rural free delivery. The statement has been published quite generally, particularly in the West, that rural routes that do not handle three thousand pieces of mail per month and supply one hundred families are to be discontinued. It is not the purpose of the department to disturb routes already established unless they are manifestly unnecessary. But as all of the routes that are asked for cannot be established because of the lack of sufficient money the routes that will supply the greatest number of families should certainly have preference."

Fifteen Thousand for a Leg.
CHARLOTTE, N. C., July 25.—A superior court jury in the case of John S. Moses, who sued the Southern Railway Company for the loss of a leg, after being out only a short time returned a verdict of \$15,000 for the plaintiff.
Moses was employed as a switchman by the defendant company, and while in the discharge of his duties was run over, sustaining injuries which necessitated the amputation of his right leg. He sued the company for \$30,000.

A NOVEL BAROMETER.

It has taken a clever Frenchman to discover a kind of barometer which may be safely called unique. An English journal says that it is nothing more nor less than the figure of a general made of ginger bread. He bays one every year, and takes it home and hangs it by a string on a nail.

Ginger bread, as every one knows, is easily affected by changes in the atmosphere. The slightest moisture renders it soft while in dry weather it grows hard and tough.

Every morning, on going out, the Frenchman asks his servant, "What does the general say?" and the man applies his thumb to the gingerbread figure.

Perhaps he may reply: "The general feels soft. He would advise your taking an umbrella." On the other hand, if the gingerbread is hard and unyielding to the touch, it is safe to go forth in one's best attire, umbrellaless and confident.

The Frenchman declares that the general has never yet proved unworthy of the confidence placed in him and would advise all whose purse will not allow them to purchase a barometer or aneroid, to see what the local baker can do for them in the gingerbread line.

Old Fashioned Quilting Party.

Monroe Enquirer.
It is refreshing to read among the society notes that down in Clay county they have had an old fashioned quilting and a good dinner. Now, that beats your "at home" with a little cup of tea in one room, a piece of cake about as large as your finger in another room and then some kind of truck in a saucer in another room. An old fashioned quilting with chicken pie, garden truck of all kinds, in big dishes, big cup of coffee and all that topped off with pie and four or five story cake is not to be mentioned in the same breath with one of these "functions" where style is a plenty and eating slim. And then there is something else which makes us warm up to the quilting party. We never heard of any of the good women who attended one getting mad and mouthing and raising the devil because all their names was not in type as big as your hand in the local paper. Blessings on the quilting party, which same we can't say concerning some social "functions."

Throwing Horse Shoes Gambling.
Statesville Landmark.
At Spencer, the railroad town near Salisbury, last week, five negroes were bound over to the Superior Court "just for throwing horse shoes at a stake" on the day previous. The evidence brought out in the trial, however showed that the men had been throwing horse shoes for a "stake" instead of at a stake. The agreement between the participants was that the loser in the game should "set up" the crowd to drinks and the court held that this was gambling. Under the decision of Judge Clark, of the Supreme Court, the court is in error. Judge Clark held that shooting at a mark for a prize, as turkeys or beef, was not gambling but a game of skill. By the same token throwing horse shoes at a stake for the drinks is a game of skill and the Spencer magistrate, if he had read Judge Clark's decision, should have discharged the coons.

Horse Shoe Pitching That the Court Held Was Gambling.
In Justice Lampkin's court at Spencer last week five negroes were bound over to the next term of the superior court "just for throwing horse shoes at a stake" on the day previous. The evidence brought out in the trial, however, showed that the men had been throwing horse shoes for a "stake," instead of at a stake. The agreement between the participants was that the loser in the game should "set up" the crowd to drinks, and the court held that this was gambling.

When it comes to a question of staying qualities the undertaker can lay the pugilist out.

STATE NEWS.

During the present month 15 new rural free delivery routes have been established in this State, bringing the total number up to 337. Only one route has been dropped, this one being at Elizabeth City. Its length was only about a mile and the pay only \$50 a year.

Proprietor John Lange, of the new Glenn Rock Hotel at Asheville, has made an innovation in the conduct of his hotel, which has occasioned some gossip about town. He discharged all negro waiters and employed white girls. All the young women are of the city. No Asheville hotel or restaurant has even taken this step heretofore.

The penitentiary authorities have such pressing calls for convicts for work on the state farm and on various private work that they have been compelled to stop the brickmaking plant which has lately been installed in the prison here. The number of state convicts is now smaller than ever before and the demands for them are greater, this being due to the extreme and rapidly increasing scarcity of free labor.

The cantaloupe and watermelon crop in this State is large than ever before, though later than usual. The dry weather this month has injured the melons, but shipments are quite heavy and the demand good. The largest crop are along the southern borders of the state, though there are many raisers in this section and east of here.

An election will be held at Gold Hill on August 25 to decide whether or not distilleries shall be allowed to operate in that town. It is not at all improbable that the Anti-Saloon League of Salisbury may take a hand in the fight. It is understood that if license is granted two distillers will make application.

Lutheran Reunion.

Lutheran Visitor.
The annual gathering of all the Lutherans in the Old North State for 1903 will be held at Hickory, N. C., on the grounds and in the building of Lenoir College on Wednesday, August 12. An excursion train managed by competent and experienced excursionists will be run on that date from Concord, N. C., via Salisbury to Hickory and return at very cheap rates. Come to this grand gathering of all Lutherans in the Old North State, and spend the days in hearing prominent speakers discuss living issues confronting the church to-day; enjoy the social features of the occasion, and breathe the pure mountain air, fresh from Table Rock looming up in plain view, and drink pure fresh water. The speaking will be held in the auditorium of Lenoir College, and rain or shine a good time is assured. Addresses for the occasion will be as follows: 1. "The Southern Lutheran Church—Her Opportunities and Responsibilities," Rev. J. A. Morehead, D. D. 2. "Higher Education and the Denominational College," Rev. B. S. Brown, 3. "One Lutheran Synod in North Carolina," Rev. J. C. Moer, D. D. Rev. R. A. Yoder, V. Y. Boozer, W. J. Boger, committee of arrangements.

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