"Berry's for Clothes." "Berry's for Clothes." "Berry's for Clothes." "Berry's for Clothes." "Berry's for Clothes." "Berry's for Clothes."

Fall Suits and Overcoats Here.

Lincoln always said:
"My brother, what can I do for you?"
Now, since we've opened hundreds and hundreds of cases of our shipments of Fall and Winter Suits and Overcoats—what can we do for you?
Worthy Fall Overcoats are here—proper prices are here—a wide range of both Overcoats and prices are here—

$7.50 to $35.

Good wear-resisting Suits are here priced as low as $5.00 $7.50,
Swell Suits are here for the modern good dressers—$10 to $30.
You ought to be here.
YOUR Fall Suit and Overcoat are here. YOUR price is here.
Won't you drop in and see how they look?

Shoe Comfort.

Some one has said: "The world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel."
There's a lot of "feel" in a pair of poorly-fitting shoes. Then some shoes must make the world a tragedy.
Now, if you don't like "shoe tragedy," about the best remedy we know of is for you to come here for your footwear. We can recommend HANAN SHOES. One of their main features is "ease."
The fall styles in this popular make include Shoes made of the new Velour or Vici Kid Patent Leather (that cannot crack) and Patent Kid for $6.00 PER PAIR; those of Vici Kid, Wax Calf, Box Calf, Russia Calf and Kangaroo for $5.50 PER PAIR.
Then, if your feet are in a pair of "Hanan's" you're stylishly shod.

Our $3.50 Shoes are in all leathers, and are mighty close kin to the usual $5.00 shoe.

Take a Look Over

Our Showings of Fall Apparel for Men and Boys.

The squirrel in a wheel does a lot of running. But he doesn't get anywhere. After all his efforts he is just where he started.
Some clothiers do the same thing. They make a lot of talk about their preparations for fall stock, for the fall trade, &c., &c. When they get through it's the same old fall stock, just about the same size, and has just about the same qualities as it always had.
OUR SHOWINGS OF FALL GOODS have always been, we believe, satisfactory to the people we serve, but that doesn't prevent us from making it always better.
We improve our stock all the time—we always expect to.
Our fall showings in everything that man or boy wears, day or night, are not only better this fall than they ever were, but we believe our showings are more clever, more complete, and better in every way than any other showing of any other clothier in many miles.

WE INVITE YOU TO CALL.

Hats for every head and every purse. Enlarged display room gives us quicker access to our immense assortments.
A neat, stylish Derby,
$2.00.
Others, of course.

Walking Sticks are becoming necessary to the modern dresser. Let us show you the new ideas—real fancies.
$1.00 up.
Umbrellas convenient to every department.

O. H. Berry & Co.,
Main and Eleventh Streets.

Critical Mothers and Our Persistence.

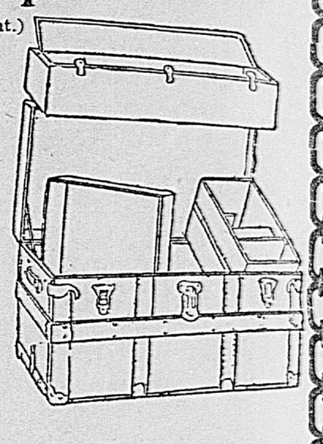
It is said that persistence can win any woman.
Proceeding on this theory, we've been pretty persistent lately in talking about our BOYS' SUITS, built for rough-and-tumble school wear.
And the best thing about it is that the merit of the suits merits the persistence.
Suits—fine, sturdy, Two-Piece, Vestee, Russian Blouse, and Norfolk Suits—made from sturdy, handsome qualities of Cheviots, Cassimeres, and Worsteds.
Brand new, "just out of the band-box," swell—FOR FROM

$1.85 to $8.50.

Shirts for boys, Underwear for boys, Ties for boys, Hats for boys, Shoes for boys—neat, manly, well made.
Properly priced, of course.

Our New Department.

(Basement.)



Trunks, Bags, Leather Goods.

Complete Outfits for Those About to Travel.

Our Trunk and Leather Goods Store is right up to the times, with complete stocks of the best and most desirable merchandise.
Every provision has been made to fill your every want with goods of HIGHEST QUALITY AT LOWEST PRICES.
We're going to make this the **Greatest Trunk Corner** in the South.

THE VIRGINIA

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THE OFFICIAL REPORT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

that that was testimony. I refer to the case of Otto v. The Knights of Pythias, I think. It was one of those insurance cases, anyhow, where any statement of proof of loss, the mere statement and no other evidence, was considered proof.

Mr. POLLARD: But the Supreme Court never decided that if you wrote a letter saying that somebdy else said something it should be testimony.

Mr. HARRISON: If you brought that letter in, it would be decided that it was evidence.

Mr. POLLARD: Now, passing for the time from Beulahville precinct let us take up the precinct of Cold Harbor.

Mr. THORNTON: Will the gentleman tell me who T. W. Davenport is, who ran for justice of the peace?

Mr. JAMES W. GORDON: I. W. Davenport.

Mr. THORNTON: I. W. Davenport. Is he a white man or a black man?

Mr. POLLARD: I think he is white.

Mr. THORNTON: Is he not a white Democrat?

Mr. POLLARD: I think he is.

Mr. THORNTON: And is not Andrew Nelson a negro Republican?

Mr. POLLARD: Yes, sir.

Mr. THORNTON: How many Republican votes were cast at that precinct—72 I believe?

Mr. POLLARD: I believe Johnson got 70 in the contest.

Mr. THORNTON: Yes. It was proved that there were 72 Republican votes. How do you account for the fact that Andrew Nelson, a negro Republican, got 86 votes, when there were only 72 Republican votes claimed as having been voted, and his Democratic competitor got only 22 votes. Does it not look like there was some slight understanding?

Mr. POLLARD: I will say to the gentleman that those returns are a mystery to me. (Laughter). There are a great many things about them that I cannot understand.

Mr. JAMES W. GORDON: I do not wish to interrupt the gentleman, but I should like to ascertain your position on one point. It is in regard to the colored man who came from Pennsylvania in September and voted that fall. Do you contend that any subsequent residence in the State would validate an invalid registration?

Mr. POLLARD: I do not. I will say to the gentleman, however, that my construction of that testimony is that the party does not testify with certainty as to the time when he cast his first ballot, or when he registered, but whatever may have been the case, if you will look at the agreement of counsel you will see that they agree that all the men who testified were duly qualified voters, and they having agreed that they were all duly qualified voters, that will end any question about the Pennsylvania negro.

Mr. JAMES W. GORDON: Do you not think that that is quite a technicality?

Mr. POLLARD: I do. I believe in technicalities. I believe that I am bound by the law. If I was not bound by technicalities I would vote to seat Mr. Treat.

Now, with reference to the Cold Harbor precinct, the members of the minority party have been contending that the ballots which were not marked properly should be counted for Treat. They claim that on the face of those ballots fraud is shown, and therefore it was the duty of the committee to count for the contestant the ballots that were evidently intended for Mr. Treat.

I believe that those ballots were intended for Mr. Treat, but I find in the law a stipulation that unless a ballot is scratched by a line running through three-fourths of the name, that ballot cannot be counted; and I consider myself bound by the law. Neither do I think it right to throw out a precinct on account of fraud, to convict the judge of election of fraud, to defeat the will of the people at the precinct of Cold Harbor on account of the alleged fraudulent conduct of the judge, without having given any notice that that precinct would be attacked on account of fraud.

No principle of law is better recognized than that the plaintiff must give the defendant such particulars of his case as will enable the defendant to prepare himself to meet the issues and not to be taken by surprise. It seems to me that it would be the very height of injustice to throw out Cold Harbor precinct on account of these suspicious ballots, when no opportunity has been given the contestee or the judge of election to meet that charge. I admit that the circumstances are suspicious, but these parties have had no opportunity to defend themselves, and that being true, I believe that those ballots should be thrown out and not counted.

Now, there is a difference between myself and the gentleman from Lancaster and the gentleman from Augusta with reference to two ballots at Cold Harbor precinct. On these ballots both names were originally marked out, and there was an evident attempt on the part of the elector to erase the marx running through the name of Morgan Treat. While the mark is not altogether obliterated, as I have said in my report, yet it seems to me that it was clearly the intention of the voter to cast his ballot for Morgan Treat.

If there was a positive mandate of the statute that that ballot should not be counted I would not count it. When the ballot is not properly marked, when the line does not run three-fourths through the name, the law says that you shall throw it out, but there is no such mandate of the law in the case to which I have referred. I think it is our duty to carry out the will of the elector except when precluded by a positive mandate of the statute.

Now, coming back to Beulahville precinct, some of the Republican members have claimed that the vote at this precinct should be thrown out and Mr. Treat should receive a number of ballots equal to the number of witnesses who testified that they voted for him.

Mr. HARRISON: Before the gentleman passes from the Cold Harbor precinct, I should like to ask him a question. Even if every ballot at Cold aHrbor was counted for Mr. Treat that is claimed to have been wrongfully marked, yet it depends on throwing out the 65 votes at Beulahville to elect Mr. Treat, does it not? You can count every ballot that is claimed to be wrongfully marked at Cold Harbor, and that will not elect Mr. Treat, unless you accept the testimony given by the 65 negroes and count their ballots as against the returns at Beulahville. That is true, is it not?

Mr. POLLARD: I have not calculated the exact result, but I am inclined to think that that is true.

Mr. HARRISON: It is bound to be true, because you make a change of only some 21 votes at Cold Harbor; and by changing the result at Beulahville as the officers returned the vote, from 38 for Treat to 72 for Treat, you elect Mr. Treat in that way. But if you preserve the status as the officers made it at Beulahville, then it makes no difference what you do with the ballots at Cold Harbor precinct.

Mr. THOMAS L. MOORE: I should like to say to the gentleman from Frederick that I think a calculation will show that if you give Mr. Treat 72 votes at Beulahville—

Mr. HARRISON: I admit that, but I say you have to do that.

Mr. THOMAS L. MOORE: Let me get through and then I will hear you.

Mr. HARRISON: Very well.

Mr. THOMAS L. MOORE: In that case Mr. Treat will be elected by two votes, as shown by the minority report. Then, if you count for Mr. Treat the 51 votes at Cold Harbor who intended to vote for him, he would be elected by 53 votes.

Mr. HARRISON: All I have to say——

Mr. THOMAS L. MOORE: And leave the returns to stand as they are.

Mr. HARRISON: I suppose you will concur that if you leave the vote at Beulahville 88 for Gregory and 38 for Treat, as the officers returned it, it makes no difference whatever in the result, whether you count the whole 51 votes for Treat or not at Cold Harbor.

Mr. THOMAS L. MOORE: How about the 52 votes thrown out at the other precinct? That would overcome the difference between 88 and 38.

Mr. HARRISON: At what precinct?

Mr. THOMAS L. MOORE: At Cold Harbor precinct.

Mr. HARRISON: I say you can count those votes for Treat if you leave the official return alone at Beulahville; it would not affect the result.

Mr. THOMAS L. MOORE: Thirty-eight were returned for Mr. Treat at Beulahville and 88 were returned for Judge Gregory. Fifty-one votes were thrown out at Cold Harbor that were evidently intended for Mr. Treat.

Mr. HARRISON: Not by the officers of election.

Mr. THOMAS L. MOORE: Leave the returns as they stand now and count the 51 votes that were intended to be cast for Mr. Treat, and that would still leave 21.

Mr. HARRISON There wer not 51 votes thrown out at Cold Harbor by the officers of election, but only some 23 votes, and Judge Gregory was elected by 46 majority. You can count evry one of the 21 votes that the judges of election did not count, or you can count the fifty-odd votes that the committee did not count for Mr. Treat, and yet if you leave the official returns alone at Beulahville it does not affect the result.

Mr. THOMAS L. MOORE: I think if the gentleman will make a calculation he will find that if the 51 votes that were rejected by the committee, 22 of which were counted by the judge of election, still that would elect Mr. Treat by one vote.

Mr. HARRISON: It could not possibly, because there was a majority of 29 given by the returning board to Mr. Gregory at Cold Harbor. Now, you claim that there were 24 votes improperly rejected by the officers at Cold Harbor. That reduces the majority of Gregory to 5 and his majority to 46.

Mr. THOMAS L. MOORE: There were 54 rejected by the officers and the committee. Fifty-nine was the correct number.

Mr. HARRISON: Oh, no.

Mr. THOMAS L. MOORE: The committee rejected 50 ballots that were marked as described here on yesterday, 27 of them by one judge of election, 23 by another. Then there were twenty-odd ballots——

Mr. POLLARD: Mr. President, have I been lost in the shuffle? (Laughter).

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Wise in the chair): The gentleman from Rich-

(CONCLUDED FORM PAGE 5.)

CORNISH A DEAD LANGUAGE.

Last Spoken by Dolly Pentreath a Century and a Quarter Ago.

(Boston Pilot.)

Recent discussion of the position occupied by the Irish language reminds us that, though there is happily no fear of Irish becoming extinct, a kindred Celtic language has died out. Cornish is as dead as Queen Anne. Not quite so dead, perhaps, for it survived a little later than that much-quoted lady. There have been six Celtic languages that have come into immediate contact with modern times. These are Welsh, Cornish, and Breton, which may be grouped together ac Cymric or Brythonic; Irish, Scotch, Gaelic, and Manx, which are Goidhelic. Breton is struggling bravely against the French. Whatever may be said of the Scotch Gaelic and Manx, Welsh, and Irish may yet resist the supremacy of the English. But poor Cornish is altogether a thing of the past. It only survives in a few relics and in place-names. It is not even a dead language in the same sense as Greek or Latin; it died without leaving seeds for any possible resurrection. Slow and sure was the mode of its extinction.

When the Reformation came an English Bible and an English service book struck the death blow. The share which the Cornish took in the Western Rebellion was in some sort a last struggle of racial impulse. "Certain of us understand no English," exclaimed the stout Cornishman; "give us back our old service in Latin. We utterly refuse this new English." Probably they had understood Latin no better; but they had an instinctive feeling that this new English must do away with their loved national speech. Unhappily none of them loved the old speech well enough to do the right thing. No one took the trouble to translate the Bible or the Liturgy into Cornish. The English Bible killed the Cornish tongue, but it did not convert the Cornish to Anglicanism. They became Nonconformist and finally Methodist.

Every one who knows anything of Cornwall knows that the credit of having last spoken Cornish is given to Dolly Pentreath, who was buried at Paul, near Mousehole, in 1775. But she could not have been the last person to under Cornish; otherwise it is certain that the following epitaph could not have been written over her remains:

Coth Doll Pentreath caus ha deau;
Marow ha Kledys ed Paul plea;
Na ed an egloz, gan pobel bras,
Bes ed egloz-hay coth Dolly is.

Which signifies: "Old Doll Pentreath, one hundred and two, dead asd buried in Paul Parish. Not in the church with great people, but in the churchyard old Dolly lies." It is easy to recognize two words here, "egloz" and "pople" (people), as genuine Latin; just as we singularly find an infusion of Latin in present-day Welsh. But a traditional knowledge of Cornish, fast becoming corrupt, lingered after Dolly's death, it is even said that only ten years ago there was living at Zenor, near St. Ives, an old man who knew a good many Cornish words, which he had learned from his father. These words seem to have been chiefly the names of places. It is only about two centuries since the clergy of some Cornish parishes, particularly toward Land's End, used to preach to their people in the old tongue.

For a parallel to Cornish, we may now go to Brittany and hear the peasantry talking. It has been said, rather doubtfully, that these peasants, when they come over with onions, can go into the cottages of Welsh folk and converse. This sort of thing would have been far more possible in Cornwall a few centuries since; the Bretons and Cornish are very much of one race, and their speech shared the kinship. There is still a Cornish dialect, which differs from Devonian, and which contains a few old Celtic words; but on the whole the words of West Country speech are old Saxon—it is only the accent and intonation that are Celtic.

British Army Training.

In the concluding paper of a series of critical articles on the needs of the British army, published during the last few weeks in the London Saturday Review, the writer summarizes the points made in preceding articles, saying in part:

Shooting is the most important part of the foot soldier's training, but being a good shot by no means always makes a man a good soldier, nor does the possession of some excellent marksmen make the battalion which possesses them as good a one on active service as one which has no shining lights, but all of whose men can hold a rifle fairly straight. In shooting we want collective, not individual excellence. Tailors, mess waiters, and officers' servants, fat and scant of breath; old soldiers, who would very likely not pass the doctor when the battalion went on service, used formerly to be allowed to emerge for a day or two annually from the sweet seclusion of "employment" to make a high score that brought up the figure of merit. We hope this state of things has passed away, but some system of combining an increased amount of marching and tactics with the shooting should be introduced into our musketry in the same way as is done when our field batteries go to practice. With marks for taotical handling and collective excellence, and prizes, and an order of merit for all battalions shooting on the same ranges, we should evoke a spirit of emulation which would by itself improve the shooting of our army in war very considerably.

Closely allied with shooting is the subject of field intrenchments and field fortification, and here we have a part of military training where the intelligence of an instructor can make itself more conspicuous than perhaps in any other. The design of the trench or parapet must be left to circumstances, and it is a mistake to extol (as some writers have done) the patterns shown us by the Boers as worthy of imitation, without a saving clause as to the nature of the soil and climate of the theatre of war. A deep Boer trench suited the dry soil and climate of a South African winter well.

The porous character of the ground and the steep slopes of the kopjes made drainage a matter of little difficulty, but if similar shelters were dug on the Continent or in England, they would often be untenable because full of water. What we should imitate is the nice adjustment of the trenches to the contours of the site; the manner in which they were traced to sweep approaches with fire; the flanking support they were made to yield to one another; the manner in which cover from view was provided for. In certain situations the Boers threw the earth from their trenches behind and not in front. Thus men's heads and loopholes did not show up against the light on a sky-line, and our riflemen were given no aiming-points. In another respect also we learned lessons of universal application. Communications are of supreme importance in the preparation of a position against attack. The shooting-line may be often quite securely placed, with very little help from the spade or pick. Men may lie close behind rocks or boulders, or among grass or bushes may escape observation, but reinforcements coming forward may be obliged to move exposed, or men not knowing the risk they run may rashly walk erect. Ammunition may be needed, and in carrying it forward some exposure is almost inevitable. Approaches to the firing-line are often then sorely required, and probably in their absence it is in rear of the firing-line that losses are most heavy. Supports needed cover also, especially if artillery fire be brought to bear, and yet were sometimes all forgotten when we prepared our positions. It is in directions such as these that the war has taught us much which it is essential should not be forgotten when peace returns, and we relapse into our normal exercises.

The spade will, we are convinced, play as large a part in future battles as the musket did a hundred years ago. Nor will its usefulness be confined to the defence alone. Counter-positions will form the inevitable feature of future attacks, and it is in them that the antidote to the magazine rifle and smokeless powder must be sought. The rapid and intelligent fortification of ground gained must become a first subject of training and instruction, and officers and men must know exactly what to do, and set about it without hesitation or delay. Such swift action is only to be arrived at by careful teaching, and the familiarity that is the outcome of repeated practice. We shall never really excel until at field-days and manoeuvres the trenches are actually dug. This will not easily be effected, but to some extent it might be done, at any rate, in certain places, and if the the labor of subsequent demolition were were faced. The problem must be left to the ingenuity of individuals, but it has got to be solved if our infantry is to be as formidable as training might make it.

We have one word to add in conclusion, which must not be held to apply only to our infantry, though it comes in here appositively because in the vast majority of cases infantry are in question. Discipline on sentry and outpost duty has not by any means been what it should have been in South Africa. Almost every "regrettable incident" where posts were captured by night attacks was due to the carelessness or neglect of duty by a portion of the garrison. The cases of sentries sleeping on their posts have been numerous. In former times such an offence would have entailed the death penalty. Theoretically, it may do so now, but in practice comparatively mild punishment alone has followed. "You cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs" was a maxim of a great leader; we cannot afford to ignore it nor that other one that tells us how war cannot be waged in kid gloves.

Book and Job Work neatly executed at the Dispatch Printing House.

The Negro and the River Steamboat.

New Orleans Times Democrat.)

"The negro's relation to the steamboat is peculiar," said an old steamboat man yesterday, "and my experience of twenty-five years or more on the Mississippi has convinced me that the negro has a much deeper love for the steamboat than he has for anything else on earth, except something that will satisfy his physical craving. The negro's devotion to the steamboat is really pathetic. There is a popular but erroneous belief that there is a strong affinity existing between the negro and the mule. The negro likes the mule, of course, and he can generally get more out of the mule than the white man. Really, I believe the mule has more respect for a negro than he has for a white man, and I sometimes believe the mule looks upon the white man as being responsible for his place in nature and the many unhappy burdens he is forced to bear. But getting back to the negro and the steamboat, the black man seems to have almost deified the boat. Go down on the levee, or go to any steamboat landing along the rivers of the South, and watch the negro when the boat arrives. From the very time the whistle sounds until the bell clangs to pull in the lines, he is an abject but happy worshipper of the boat. The negro who has absoutely nothing to do with the boat, who has not even the remotest connection with the vessel, will delight in doing things to help the boat along, and to see that she maintains her reputation for fleetness and reliability on the river. They do these things without any hope of reward. They do it just for the satisfaction of doing it. They do it out of pure love for the boat. If the boat happens to be a good speeder sh becomes the idol of the negroes along the the river in the teritory where she runs, and really the rousters take more pride in the fleetness of the boat than the owners, and would probably fight quicker if any man should be indiscreet enough to cast some slight aspersions upon the boat's good name.

"I have seen negroes at the way landings who actually took great pleasure in handling the ropes used in holding the boat to the landing, and they would work like Trojans when it came to hauling the line out, or hauling it in, as we say on the river. And there is another curious fact about the negro and the steamboat. The negro who works on a steamboat believes he is better socially than his less fortunate brothers who are forced to toil along other lines. There is a sort of black steamboat aristocracy with the black man in the hightest position in the service as a leader of the clan. Man in his ingenuity, may go on devising steam engines that thunder across the land, and huge and wonderful electric motors, and automoblies, andbicycles and all that sort of things, but the steamboat that floats up and down the river is the

Fruit for Health.

(Jacksonville Times-Union.)

More than seventy years ago Colonel F. L. Dancy, as an officer of the United States army, was ordered to open the road from Jacksonville to Tallahasee. In the month of July he commenced work with forty men, sleeping under shelter tents, and serving their rations in camp. He worked his men until November, when the outbreak of the Indian war compelled the abandonment of the enterprise.

During those four months his men never lost a day from sickness. Colonel Dancy would always have fruit about him, for himself and his dependents, he believed in it thoroughly as a necessity of this climate. He established himself at Orange Mills, on the St. Johns, where he lived for more than forty years, reared a family of fifteen children, never paid ten dollars for physicians, never had a case of chills and fever in his family, and in his old age was as hale, hearty, and full of energy as any man, North or South; a splendid illustration of the healthfulness of the Florida climate, even on the banks of the St. Johns, where the citizen observes the simplest laws of hygiene.

He had an orange named after him, the kid-glove tangerine, and was an enthusiastic cultivator of the citrus family. Some of his views and practices would not be generally approved to-day, as his advocacy of the sweet roots, in a belief that "the sweet tree will stand a degree of cold without serious injury that will kill the wild or sour tree to the ground." Also, as a preventive of scale insects, he depended chiefly on shading the ground underneath the tree until they grew large enough to shade it themselves.

But, whatever his theories or practices. Colonel Dancy had fruit—fruit to sell and fruit to keep, fruit for the market and fruit for his numerous family and dependents, not only the orange, but all the fruits suited to this climate. And it was his belief that "with fruit in plenty and properly used no one need be sick," and the experience of himself and family vindicated his theory.

Pillsbury Challenges Lasker.

(New York Tribune.)

While the American chess champion, Pillsbury, recently gave out his intention of challenging Emmanuel Lasker to a match for the world's championship before retiring from the chess arena for the purpose of taking up the study of law, he gave no inkling of having actually opened negotiations with the world's champion with that end in view. That he has gone so far as to issue a formal challenge seems to be true, from an item published in a recent issue of the Manchester Evening News, in which Dr. Lasker personally conducts a weekly chess column. This information is contained in a brief paragraph, giving the bare announcement, without comment of any kind. The item reads as follows:

A Challenge for Dr. Lasker.—Mr. Pillsbury, whose retirement is announced, challenges Dr. Lasker to one final struggle for the chess championship of the world.

Pillsbury was last heard from at Cleveland, where he was filling an engagement, prior to starting out on his fourth and last tour of the States. He expects to sail for Europe about the first of the year, and it is likely that he and Lasker will come together previous to the Monte Carlo international tournament, to be held early in the spring.

THE "DON'T KNOCK" SOCIETY.

A New Word With Strong Meaning Will Soon Get in Dictionaries.

(Chattanooga Times.)

Notwithstanding the existence of several hundred societies in this country, representing almost every imaginable thing, there is a place for the new order—the "Don't Knock Society"—recently organized.

"Knock," in this sense, is a familiar slang word that will be in the dictionaries pretty soon, if it isn't already. It means, don't spitefully injure, detract, or hinder others. The constitution of the "Don't Knock Society" declares:

We believe that the practice of speaking ill of our fellow-men, otherwise "knocking," is detestable, unbrotherly, and uncharitable.

We believe that many lives are ruined daily, that many hearts are made miserable, and many men and women driven to desperation by the despicable practice of "knocking."

Every one caught "knocking," saying something ill about anybody else, is fined 1 cent. And if every one who does this had to pay 1 cent for each offence, the accumulated sum would soon be large. There must be criticism, censure, and reproof; but "knocking" is an evil habit. Some people "knock" their neighbors, some their acquaintances, behind their backs, some the city or State in which they live, and some are such chronic "knockers" that nobody nor anything suits them. They always pull back, never push; always hinder; never help. There are 'knockers" in every church and society, and this "Don't Knock" feature could be made a side degree in nearly every existing organization.

The society song is James Whitcomb Riley's "Let Something Good Be Said":

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Savior bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said.

THE UNITED DAUGHTERS.

Portrait of Governor Zebulon Vance for Confederate Museum.

The President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy has issued a call for a convention of the association at Charlotte. The Salisbury Sun:

"The United Daughters of the Confederacy, North Carolina Division, are called to meet in annual State convention, October 9th and 10th, Wednesday and Thursday, 1901, as guests of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of Charlotte, N. C.

"The business session opens at 10:30 Wednesday morning. Every chapter in the State is urged to be present by a delegate representing the chapter and making report of the work done by the chapter during the year.

"The business sessions will be interesting and important as well as attractive. Two portraits are to be presented, one of our war Governor, Zebulon Baird Vance. This portrait has been given by the Daughters of the State at large and will be presented by the Committee on Portraits to the North Carolina Room's Committee. This committee will receive it and forward it to Richmond, Va., for the adornment of the North Carolina rooms in the White House building, now called the Confederate Museum. The second portrait will be presented to the same committee for the same historic purpose and is a gift of the Children's Chapter, the Southern Cross of Salisbury, N. C. This is a portrait of Colonel Charles F. Fisher, North Carolina's first hero martyr, killed at the first battle of Manassas, July the 21, 1861, most gallantly leading his regiment in battle.

Seein' Things.

I ain't afeard uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice,
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice!
I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate to go to bed,
For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an' when my prayers are said,
Mother tells me "Happy dreams!" and takes away the light,
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night!

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the door,
Sometimes they're all a-standing in the middle uv the floor;
Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, sometimes they're walkin' round
So softly an' so creepylike they never make a sound!
Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other times they're white—
But the color ain't no difference when you see things at night!

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on our street,
An' father sent me up to bed without a bite to eat,
I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row,
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me—so!
Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I never slep' a mite—
It's almost alluz when I'm bad I see things at night!

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to death!
Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold my breath;
An' I am, oh, so sorry I'm a naughty boy, an' then
I promise to be better an' I say my prayers again!
Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make it right,
When a feller has been wicked an' seen things at night!

An' so, when other naughty boys would coax me into sin,
I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at urges me within;
An' when they's pie for supper, or cakes 'at's big an' nice,
I want to—but I do not pass my plate for them things twice!
No, rather let Starvation wipe we slowly out o' sight
Than I should keep a-livin' on an' seein' things at night!

EUGENE FIELD.

For a minute known
Just how much mazuma
Thou'dst be worth, we own
We think he'd dug no gold, but mine for thee alone.

We were wont to think
Long-dead ducks were high,
And the stars that twink-
Led way up in the sky;
Yet both thou soon wilt pass and distance, by and by.
Canvasback on toast,
Once a luxury,
With a Murphy roast
A mere side dish will be.
And quail will look like ham served in a meal with thee.

How lofty art thou going
In thy frantic rise?
Soon thou wilt be knowing
The secrets of the skies,
And gaze through Heaven's gates with all thy many eyes.

Young Darius Green,
Could he but have hit
On a wing machine,
That like thou couldst flit,
Would ne'er have known the pangs of genius when he lit.
We mortals, slow in rising,
Never learn to fly,
And find it quite surprising
If we get knee high;
Judge then how low we feel to see thee soaring by.

Yet if we could fling
The dust of earth away,
And on airy wing
Rise and fly all day,
Think thou we'd stand a chance to bring thee down? Nay, nay.

Still with pride we glow
As thy flight we scan,
Here where far below
Crawls the earthly man,
For we know thou art a true American.