

The Messenger.

JACKSON & BELL COMPANY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

THE DAILY MESSENGER by mail, one year, \$7.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$1.75; one month, 50 cents. THE SEMI-WEEKLY MESSENGER (two 8 page papers), by mail, one year, \$3.00; six months, 50 cents, in advance.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

TUESDAY, JULY 30 1901.

THE DAY OF REST.

Rest, sweet and gracious rest—the Holy Sabbath Day, a forerunner, and in some sense a symbol, a type of the Heavenly Rest—that “rest which remaineth unto the people of God,” the everlasting rest. How fortunate it is for the human family that the wise and merciful Maker of men set apart a day of rest. On the seventh day the toils of a struggling, restless, busy life are to cease and man shall rest. It is a most wise and humane arrangement. In a money seeking, all grasping land like ours it is well for society at large that God did appoint one day in every seven for rest. The love of money is a root of evil is the correct rendering of the Bible declaration. The love of gain is consuming, and in no country and in no age was the craze for money getting ever so strained, so insatiable, so dominating as in this present age. If there were no law to restrain men there are millions who would never rest until the body gave way unto the prolonged agony and death came. Night and day, and every day in the year, the hardly pressed hewers of wood and drawers of water like galley slaves would tread the eternal rounds in the mills of the greedy. The gains got in this way will scorch and consume in the end. Avarice is the actual cause of so-called civilization. It is not money that blisters conscience and curses man, but the “love” of it. The man who yields himself up fully to the desire of money getting, and makes it his one great aim in life, is controlled by a master passion that is more tyrannous than any human despot, however cruel and remorseless. He is indeed in a bondage such as the oppressed Israelites in Egypt never knew. He is in a condition of slavery more pitiable and exacting and consuming such as the world never saw, in ought else. Edmund Spenser with his fine touch has given us a description in his immortal “Faery Queen” of greedy Avarice, who

“For his wicked self his God he made,
And unto Hell himself for money sold.”
A day of rest is indeed a great blessing to the human race. It comes in regularly recurring short periods to give to men rest from caring cares and consuming work and give them an opportunity to do some good, to think of the immortal part and the hereafter, and to offer worship to the “King, immortal, eternal and invisible,” and to recuperate the over-taxed and wasted energies of the body and mind. The Sabbath of the Lord! What a precious boon to the tempest tossed, anxious, feverish children of men? If there is bread in the house all may thank God for such a hallowed, glorious day, when the busy wheels of industry cease their untiring rounds, the places of business are closed, home life, if indeed home life, is enjoyed by the men struggling with adversity and seeking fortune that flits away like a dream or a vanishing cloud, and sweet rest comes to the wearied limbs and the untaxed brain. May all who read this be able to say with the inspired Psalmist—“The lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places.”

OLD-TIME BELIEF AND TALK IN THE NORTH.

The admirable book of Dr. Curry's on the “Civil History of the Confederacy” is read up north, but the main thing in the book is rejected—that the south had a right to secede—that it had legal justification—that under the constitution it was its right. The north from the first term of Washington to about 1820, was constantly talking of withdrawing from the compact. The north ought to read Bledsoe and learn. New York state sat for six weeks in convention considering the question of the adoption of the new constitution just framed. It finally adopted it but with a very interesting and important proviso. Here it is, and it is worth preserving: “Whenever the people of the state of New York deem it for their interests and happiness to resume their sovereignty (secession) they shall be at liberty to do so.” Mr. E. L. Hall writes in the New York Saturday Review that “upon this reserved condition the state of New York entered into the Union. The other states entered with like condition for every state stood upon equal footing.”

He says Horace Greeley admitted to him that the south had the right to secede. Mr. Hall says: “At the breaking out of the civil war the writer interviewed Horace Greeley and urged upon him the policy of admitting the original right of secession, but that time had developed the necessity of exercising and maintaining a higher and God-given right, viz., the right of self-preservation. To allow the right of secession would break us into fragments, thus making us the easy prey of foreign powers.” Mr. Greeley at the time admitted

the right of secession, but held that to do so publicly would be extremely unwise as it would tend to stop enlistments.”

The truth is the right is overwhelmingly stated by many able writers—President Jefferson Davis, Vice President Alexander H. Stephens, Dr. A. T. Bledsoe, Dr. Curry, Hon. B. F. Grady, and others. The great lawyer—greatly in the north, the late Charles O'Connor, when asked relative to the prosecution of Jefferson Davis, and we believe General Robert E. Lee also, for treason, replied to officials, that the United States would have no case in court. We can fill a column any day with evidence showing that the north for some thirty years after the Union was formed talked secession strongly.

In Sullivan's “Men of the Revolution,” a Massachusetts work published about 1842-'5, the reader will find much correspondence between prominent New England men as to the right and necessity of that section “seceding” from the American Union. The letters, as we recall, were written about 1805-'8. They are very “treasonable” indeed of the southern leaders later were “traitors.” The Yankees back there were violent and determined to get out and set up for themselves. We have not read Sullivan's book since about 1846, but we do not forget what was said and argued.

BLOWING HOLES IN THE ARMOR OF SCHLEY'S ENEMIES.

The most roasting, flaying article on Maclay appears in the New York Independent from the pen of the once prominent author Park Benjamin. He is a writer for the Independent, is a graduate of the Naval Academy and its best historian. He is vice president of the Naval Academy Alumni Association. He is a specialist in naval ordnance. He reviews the attacks on Admiral Schley. He shows that “in so far as anything to the contrary appears on the records of the navy, Admiral Schley during forty-five years of honorable service has steadily advanced to the highest official honors open to the naval officer in the regular course of his profession.” After quoting the offensive attack upon Schley, in Maclay's rascally work, he writes:

“The statement in the preface is that ‘nearly every commanding officer concerned has read and corrected proof sheets dealing with actions in which each figured. These men were participants in the several events with Schley, and also his subordinates. It is inconceivable that they would be willing to examine and approve proof sheets wherein were printed the terrible charges above quoted, unless they had fully weighed the consequences of so doing; and certainly not unless they had determined to present these charges in official form for the action of the navy department. Nor indeed is it imaginable that the author himself would have placed these officers in the position he has, unless he had from them ample assurance that they would sustain him in the most effective manner.’”

“As matters now stand the commanding officers who have read and approved on proof sheets the charges made in this book, should be called upon to present them for action, if they do not speedily do so of their own motion.”

Mr. Hearst, of New York, publishes three important newspapers—one each in New York, Chicago and San Francisco. In each appeared recently the same editorial friendly to Schley, and addressed to him. It is a tribute at once striking and glowing. It is too long for our handling here. We give the opening and closing.

“You say the time has come to act. You have acted.”

“You acted when you destroyed the Spanish fleet at Santiago. You acted when you pushed your ship, the Brooklyn, into the heat of the fight and were struck oftener than all the rest of the American fleet combined.”

“Let your detractors act now as cowardly blackguards will be contemptible and underhanded means. Who are the detractors that you should notice them?”

“One is an envious incompetent, who was absent from the battle that you fought and won when he should have been on duty, an alleged strategist whose strategy consisted in absents the commander-in-chief and one of the most powerful fighting ships of the fleet without other reason than to carry him in state, at a time when the Spanish squadron was momentarily expected to issue from Santiago harbor. His chief fame before that was won by imposing upon American battle ships armor honeycombed with blowholes.”

Your traducers are not worth your attention. To notice them would be to dignify their accusations, would be to render the men themselves less contemptible in the eyes of the public.

“Refer your case to the great court that eventually decides all these questions—the people, the honest, loyal, justice-loving American people.”

“They understand the envy and petty malice that inspire your accusers, and the more these accusers debate themselves, the stronger will be the American people's verdict in your favor.”

LET THE CONGRESS INVESTIGATE.

The newspapers have much as to the Schley-Sampson affair. It is almost certain that a fair, just, honest court cannot be obtained among naval officers of high rank, and because they are said to be almost to a man enemies of the brave admiral. Very curious, you may say, if he is really innocent and meritorious. This, too, in the face of truth and the almost united public opinion favorable to him. He fought the most splendid battle and won the greatest victory in the annals of the American navy. But he is censured, envied, slandered and hated by nearly every naval captain of rank and distinction. Let the congress investigate the matter, for it is impossible for Schley to obtain even-handed justice from the naval committee. A man to be tried by his enemies is an outrage and most rascally. The Atlanta Journal has in its last issue some sensible remarks concerning the investigation. For instance, it says:

“There are enough living witnesses to settle every contested point in the

case, and a full and fair inquiry should make it as plain as day whether there is any truth in the charges against Schley or not; whether he is the real hero of the Santiago naval battle, or played the discreditable part in it, which his critics have attributed to him.

“If Admiral Schley has been slandered he should be vindicated and his accusers thrown into disgrace.”

If he failed to do his duty and actually tried to get out of the fight, the fact should be established.”

Only a thorough, honest, fair investigation can arrive at the facts and render proper, satisfying judgment. A packed court of inquiry will be despised, rejected, spit upon by all fair-minded, honorable people everywhere. Let the congress cause a careful scrutiny by a committee of men of known character and intelligence.

General Felix Agnus, a republican, owns now the Baltimore American. He is a journalist of reputation and is an able man. To him the public is indebted for much that is known of the dreadful Maclay conspiracy against the great sea captain who won imperishable laurels at Santiago. He did an important service to the country. We know nothing of the work done and how accomplished, but the Atlanta Constitution considers it “a victory for journalism,” and says:

“General Agnus was the first to discover the character of the work which it was sought to impose upon the students at Annapolis as history. Having behind him the influence of a strong personal character and of an influential newspaper, he pursued the author of the slanderous volume into his den, uncovered the fact that he was an inconsequential employee of the department, and then found admission into the private office of the secretary of the navy and forced him into a full confession of the facts which are now before the public.”

Kerosene oil is thought to be a very efficient remedy for the mosquito. A piece of flannel or blanket wet saturated with it and placed near the sleeper is said to be an excellent protection at night. At Winchester, Va., it has been ascertained by experiment that the free use of kerosene to breeding pools is a wholesale remedy. It drives the biters from the town or marshes, or seashore. Such is the report of Mayor Barton, of that town. A newspaper tells that the mayor found that “the female mosquito lays eggs to the number of from two hundred to four hundred in a mass (between the bites, so to speak, for she is the biter and buzzer of our otherwise quiet pools), depositing the eggs on still pools of water, where they hatch in a little time.”

He says the free use of kerosene will do the work effectually.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

Some year or two since The Messenger copied some lines that appear every day in the New York Tribune in the “Woman's” department, but without authorship stated. A little volume entitled “Sunshine and College Girls” by Elizabeth Upham, just published, has a dedication which is a reproduction of the foregoing lines, and by the author of the volume. We reproduce them:

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
‘Twas not given for you alone—Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears, Pass it on.”

A writer in the New York Saturday Review suggests that there should be “a Hood revival soon.” A timely suggestion. Thomas Hood is one of the nineteenth century writers, prose and poetry, who should be imperishable. The writer in the Saturday Review well says of him that “he was never stingy with his fun; his jokes went off like a pack of firecrackers, yet his exquisite lyrics will last as long as our alphabet holds together.” His lyrics are indeed of a high grade of excellence. His longer poems have decided merit, but his chief lyrical productions are better, and of perennial beauty and freshness.

While there is a mania for novel production now involving tens of thousands of writers of various grades, it is conceded by publisher and critic that there is a considerable number of novels issued yearly from the press that are of a higher average than formerly. A Boston publisher now in London talking of the “big sales” of certain novels, says this, and while not news is of some significance:

“The foundations of this new boom have been advertising, and the use of department stores, as distributing agents. It has not been by underselling. The books are usually put at \$1.50 each, (63¢ published price, and the average price asked by the biggest dry goods stores is 98 cents, (48¢, 10¢). The prices paid by the wholesale buyers vary, but may be put at about (35¢, 20¢).”

Ten years ago the manuscripts submitted to American publishers were mostly “mushy,” and of little value. Now, though every one seems to have taken to writing recently, the average of merit is very much higher in every way.”

There are hundreds published that are without any literary excellence. The newspapers are responsible to a great degree for big sales, and for the success of many novels of the trashiest value and as perishable as snow in sunshine. A newspaper reviewer writes to Saturday Review that “no novel could reach a sale of 250,000 copies in this country if it was not for the publicity given it in one way or another in the newspapers. It may be an able review or a mere ‘notice.’ The effect is pretty much the same. Publicity is the main thing.” But so prominent and successful an author as Mrs. Humphry Ward does not escape the lash of the indignant and disappointed reviewer. A London critic signing himself “Candid Friend,” has very severe censure for this writer who has

much merit, but is too dull sometimes for dillying. We make an extract to show how a writer of perhaps literary gifts has the boldness to slash the one woman writer who ranks first in the estimation of the British public among females. Her last novel “Eleanor,” had a sale of 100,000 copies before the first volume was published—ordered in advance by book sellers. This particular “Candid Friend” says: “No writer has ever maintained such an unbroken level of dullness, and on that thistle her admirers can forever browse.” Speaking of the characters in Mrs. Ward's novels the writer remarks: “After 250,000 pages of their wooden antics, their resinous emotions, and their platitudinous creaking, I could go and roll on the Sahara.” And then, after enumerating the intolerable virtues of one of Mrs. Ward's heroines, The Candid Friend cries, “Oh! take her away and wring her willow neck.”

Mrs. Ward, if she shall read this deliverance, may be reminded of the celebrated English statesman and wit, George Canning. In “New Morality,” in the once very famous production known as “Poetry of the Antijacobin,” Canning got this off:

“Give me th' avow'd, th' erect, the mainly bold,
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh, save me from the Candid Friend.”

Mrs. Ward has written some things that are mischievous, and others that are far from entertaining, but she has superior intellectual power, and has written scenes of dramatic force, pliancy and much interest. She never wrote a book so great as Hamilton Mable once so gushingly assured the public. We have known better critics than Mable, fine essayist as he is. His critical judgments may be taken with grains of allowance.

One of the most interesting and gifted women of the last century was the wife of that great genius Thomas Carlyle, whose most unique, original and striking book “Sartor Resartus” is now under censure. He once called it “foolish,” but the best minds of his time thought it quite masterly and full of poetry although not in metrical arrangement. Mrs. Carlyle was undoubtedly a woman of masculine endowment, and of extraordinary wit and accomplishments as a conversationalist. All in the books concerning her is of marked interest and individuality. We were pleased to read a description recently of her written by America's greatest actress, the late Charlotte Cushman. It is found in a letter published in 1850, to one of her American friends. She says:

“On Sunday, who should come, self-invited to meet me but Mrs. Carlyle. She came at 10 o'clock and staid until 8. And such a day I have not known. Clever, witty, calm, cool, ever-smiling, unassuming, a raconteur unparalleled, a manner inimitable, a behavior scrupulous, and a power invincible. A combination rare and strange exists in that plain, keen, unattractive, yet un-escapable woman. Oh, I must write it. After she left of course we talked of her until the small hours of the morning.”

She saw her often and thought her a most “remarkably brilliant talker and the stores of quaint wit and wisdom which she poured forth and the marvelous memory which she displayed were in the minds of many quite as remarkable and even more entertaining than the majestic utterances of her gifted husband. It was said that those who came to sit at his feet remained at hers.” She said that Carlyle, so well known for his powers as a brilliant talker, was “even greater in conversation than in his books, for then manner was added to matter, and what he said was even more characteristic and individual.” While there are no great conversationalists now like Coleridge, Macaulay and Carlyle, there are perhaps no living critics who would do justice to their extraordinary qualities if they were living. Manners change and so does taste. We are very glad we love the great old writers—Carlyle, Macaulay, Ruskin.

There are innumerable cranks among preachers and teachers—fellows who are startling you with new opinions and displaying vast irrepressible power in dishing out nonsense and wild vagaries. One of these latter-day theorists and manipulators of words is Professor Triggs, of the great University in Chicago. He is as destitute of true insight and taste as a Comanche. We learn from the Atlanta Journal that he “is not satisfied with the notoriety as

Best For The South.

Wood's Turnip Seeds. Wood's seeds are grown and selected with special reference to their adaptability to our Southern soil and climate and give the best results and satisfaction everywhere. If your merchant does not sell Wood's Seeds write for Special Price-list.

Give your prices and information about Turnip Seeds, Crimson Clover, Late Seed Potatoes, German Millet, Buckwheat and all Seasonable Seeds, mailed on request.

T. W. WOOD & SONS, Seedsmen, - Richmond, Va.

WOOD'S FALL CATALOGUE issued in August, tells all about Crimson Clover, Winter Vetches, Rape, Rust Proof and Winter Oats, Seed Wheat, Grasses, and Clover Seeds. Vegetable Seeds for Fall Planting. Hyacinths, Tulips, etc. Catalogue mailed free. Write for it.

Je 5, d'y St. we and sa—s-w 6t, fri

SCRATCHING WENT CURE ECZEMA.

TETTERINE Does Cure all Itching SKIN DISEASES.

50 cents 1/2 Dozen—Nothing if it does not.

J. T. SHURTLE, Sole Owner, Savannah, Georgia.

an illustrious toady which he achieved recently by comparing Mr. John D. Rockefeller to Shakespeare. He has attained additional assinine distinction by declaring that orthodox Christianity and indulgence in literature are incompatible. “What fools we mortals be,” for verily many “rush in where angels dare not tread.”

A LONG DELAYED AFRICAN LETTER.

The correspondent in the Transvaal (South Africa) of the New York Sun, on 20th April, wrote an interesting letter that has been long delayed and just published. He then said that the Boers would continue the fight. He said Mrs. Botha had no authority to ask President Kruger for peace proposals. He mentioned three months ago now, that General De Wet said there were more than 20,000 men in the field, and would continue to fight so long as that number continued, and there were not more than 300,000 British soldiers “fighting only women, children, cattle and sheep as a rule, and occasionally showing fight against men, but only when they were in overwhelming numbers, there was no reason to despair of our ultimate success. The English could burn houses; we would rebuild them; they could confiscate property, we would retake it; they could take women and children; they would have to feed them, and husband and father would be free of care; they could take our gold reefs and diamonds away, and when the countries were independent again there would be money enough for all, for a capitalist was after gold and diamonds like a pig after a pumpkin.”

He says that the brave general said farther as to the conduct of the British—that “there must be good Englishmen, but these die all young.” And he wound up with these words: “The Afrikaner should teach his children (as he taught his own) the Eleventh Commandment: ‘Love thy neighbors, but hate an Englishman.’”

The correspondent says of the British losses that the British reported 10,020 more Boers disposed of than were actually in the count. Including all foreigners, the Boers had at the start 84,000 men. He asks some pertinent questions that seem to be pointed and suggestive of heavy losses not reported by the British up to 20th April last:

“Why do the English not state the number of dead they leave on battlefields often unburied? Why do they dig trenches 60 feet long and 12 wide to bury eighteen dead, and still leave nine unburied? The number of dead given officially in the case referred to is only eighteen. The official number of the wounded at the Midfontein, Cooperfontein and Boshfontein, three days' fight, was but twenty-six, but forty-two wagons were filled with dead, dying and wounded, so women who were on the farms state. At another place two of our doctors attended to fifty-seven wounded, and the official report gives the wounded as seventeen only.”

THE FOSBURG TRIAL.

The Judge Instructs the Jury to Return a Verdict of Not Guilty.

Pittsfield, Mass., July 26.—The trial of Robert Stewart Fosburg for the killing of his sister May was brought to a close today when the jury, under instructions from the court returned a verdict of not guilty. When the court convened today the chamber was crowded and a large number of members of the Berkshire bar occupied seats which had been reserved for them. Many women attended the trial at every session, carrying their luncheon with them; they were there again this morning with their lunch baskets. The Fosburgh family came into the court room in a body and passed to their accustomed seats. It was just 3:15 o'clock when Judge Stevens entered and immediately upon the opening of court, his honor arose, faced the jury and directed them that a verdict of acquittal be given for the defendant. Judge Stevens said:

“Mr. Foreman and gentlemen: During the days we have attended to a painful recital of one of the saddest tragedies ever presented to a jury. A beautiful girl just budding into womanhood was shot down and her brother has been accused of the crime. The government has endeavored to prove that the girl was not shot by burglars; it has endeavored to exclude all other members of the family from the affair, and, third, to prove that the shot was fired by her brother, Robert S. Fosburgh. The trial has proceeded somewhat in the form of an inquest and has been tried with great pains on the part of the government and the defense. There has been a desire to obtain proof and so a great deal of evidence has been introduced and admitted without objection which might have been excluded under the strict rule of the law. I think I ought also to say that it is due to the chief of police who has stood behind this prosecution, that, in the view of the court, he has tried to do his duty with an eye single to ascertaining the truth.”

“Now Mr. Foreman, and gentlemen, a motion has been made that this case be taken from the jury and it becomes my duty to say to you that in the opinion of the court, the government has not furnished proof sufficient to sustain a verdict of guilty against the defendant, and, therefore, under the direction of the court, in the indictment of Robert S. Fosburgh for killing his sister, you will return a verdict of not guilty.”

As the judge concluded his remarks the people in the court room began clapping their hands, but the judge ordered that the applause be suppressed and this was done by the court officers.

The defendant stood while the foreman of the jury replied to the question: “What is your verdict?” The reply was: “Not Guilty.”

The defendant was then formally discharged by order of the court. Judge Stephens then dismissed the jury, but before doing so he thanked them warmly for their services and

congratulated them because they had not shirked the responsibility that fell upon them.

Immediately after this, the Fosburgh family was given an opportunity to leave the court chamber in advance of the rest of the people and they did so, passing down a private stairway. They proceeded at once to the Wendell house, where a reception was held and where hundreds of people took advantage of the opportunity to shake hands with young Robert Fosburgh.

As soon as the jury was dismissed the foreman called them together in his private room and for the first time there was a conference, as to what the jurors believed. Without exception they declared that they would have returned a verdict of not guilty within fifteen minutes even had they not been instructed by the court.

BOERS SHOOTING THE WOUNDED

Extracts From Evidence of This Furnished by Lord Kitchener.

London, July 28.—The Daily Mail publishes Lord Kitchener's official report regarding the Vlakfontein affair which is as follows: Lieutenant W. S. B. Duff has given me the following information:

On the day after the fight at Vlakfontein, May 29th Lieutenant Hearn told him that, while lying on the ground wounded, he saw about twenty yards from him Lieutenant Spring and Sergeant Findlay, both slightly wounded. They were binding up each other's wounds, when a young Boer, with a pink puggaree around his hat, came up and shot both dead.

Lieutenant Hearn lay quite still. The Boers, thinking him dead, contented themselves with taking his spurs and leggings. Lieutenant Hearn also said that others of our wounded were shot by Boers.

Lieutenant Duff collected the testimony of eight privates and non-commissioned officers who affirmed that they saw Boers shoot our wounded.

Several of the men saw a Boer, evidently some one in authority, trying to stop his men from shooting our wounded.

The foregoing is taken from Lord Kitchener's first mail report on the subject. He has wired that he would supplement it by sworn testimony.

CLERK MARTIN'S SURETIES

Have Not Declined to Pay the Defalcation—Atlantic Coast Line Pays Its Taxes—Mecklenburg Wants Horse Quarantine—A Burglar Captured

Messenger Bureau,

Releigh, N. C., July 26.

Ex-Treasurer Worth said today that the Surety Company of Baltimore in which W. H. Martin was bonded to him had not declined to pay the amount of Martin's shortage; that it did not answer letters, but remains silent. He said “It called for certain papers. We sent them. Then it asked for others. These were sent. We have given it all it asked for. Since then nothing has been heard from it.”

The Atlantic Coast Line today paid into the state treasury \$34,830.97, being the tax due the state on the \$13,932,026 at which the road was assessed by the corporation commission.

The commissioner of agriculture today received a letter from the chairman of the board of commissioners of Mecklenburg county, saying glanders is raging among horses in York county, South Carolina, which adjoins Mecklenburg, and stating that Mecklenburg desires to have quarantine until the disease abates or is stamped out. The commissioner gives authority to quarantine any horses or mules which may be shipped into Mecklenburg from the section in South Carolina in which said animals are infected with glanders or have been exposed to infection from that disease.

Last night a house breaker was captured here, after he had made three attempts against the life of a young man on a railway track near the penitentiary. All kinds of property he had stolen was found on him. Today he was sent to the roads for thirty days. At the end of that time (if he does not escape) he will be held in \$50 for carrying a concealed weapon and in \$300 for house breaking.

Hot as is the weather in the central part of the state, it has not as yet caused any rush to the mountains. People from that section say the number of people at the hotels is not large, even at Blowing Rock.

There are now in this state eight white orphanages, these being the Masonic, at Oxford; Baptist at Thomasville; Presbyterian at Barium Springs; Methodist at Charlotte; Friends at High Point; Odd Fellows at Goldsboro; Roman Catholic and Methodist at Raleigh. Even these do not have room for all applicants.

Hanna as Mediator

Cleveland, July 25.—Referring to the statement that he would be asked to act as mediator between the Amalgamated Association and the United States Steel Corporation with a view to reaching a settlement of the strike, Senator Hanna said today:

“I know nothing about the matter aside from what has been published in the newspapers. Whether I would be willing to act as a mediator, I do not care now to say. The strike has been most unfortunate, not only for those directly affected, but for the country at large. I sincerely trust that the trouble will soon be amicably adjusted.”

King Edward's Full Title

London, July 26.—In the house of lords today Lord Salisbury, the premier, introduced a bill authorizing King Edward to assume by proclamation within six months of the adoption of the bill, such title as he may think fitly recognizes his dominion beyond the seas. The premier added this title would probably be as follows: Edward VII. by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of British dominions beyond the sea; king, defender of the faith and emperor of India.

A terrific electric storm passed over the Miami, Fla., region Friday morning. It is feared considerable damage has been done. The wires are down in every direction.