LONDON NEWS AND GOSSIP

By William True Hawthorne.

London, Nov. 24.—William Yates, a "mysterious millionaire" has amazed London by flinging money right and left in the streets, and distributing considerable sums among hawkers porters, and newsboys in the market places for them "to do good with." To an obliging employee of the hotel where he put up, Mr. Yates handed $500 in gold, and at every turn in his progress through the city in quest of art treasures he startled dealers and their assistants by lavish distribution of bank notes and gold among them. And yet Mr. Yates is really no more eccentric than Andrew Carnegie, as inquiry proves. Instead of giving away thousands for the benefit of communtites, Mr. Yates goes in for individual endowments of cash. The publicity of his generosity brought out the circumstances that he lives at Shepperton and that his home is the abode of a connoisseur, a man of refined, artistic tastes.

As a result of his bounteous showers of gold in the streets, Mr. Yates awoke next morning at the Tavistock to find himself embarrassingly famous. Half a hundred telegrams and some 2,000 letters reached him during the day. Mr. Yates smiled wearily, and the huge pile of envelopes is still there, untouched. By 9 o'clock fully fifty people, clarmoring for "just one word" with the philanthropist, thronged the corridors, but Mr. Yates declined to see any one. The crowd awaited his appearance, but he escaped through a side door and went for a drive in a brougham. Some children standing on the pavement were startled by a shower of gold coins from the carriage. Hearing of this, those in the hotel made a rush for the street, but the gold giver had disappeared, leaving them empty handed. At Shepperton Mr. Yates' generosity and openhandedness is a household word, and there are many people who praise the good deeds he has done while indulging his mild eccentricity.

FROM GAMBLER TO PHILANTHROPIST.

Dying, still another phlianthropist has pleasurably stirred London by his splendid gifts. By the will of the late George Herring, the millionaire benefactor and financier, half a million sterling is left to the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday fund and 5,000 pounds each to the Northwest London hospital and the Salvation Army social fund. The will also provides for the carrying out of his gift of a hundred thousand pounds sterling to the Salvation Army land scheme a few months ago. Now, as every body knows Mr. Herring laid the foundation of his fortune as a layer of odds at the races. As betting commissioner for Sir Joseph Hawley, whose operations on the turf were enormous, Mr. Herring bore a reputation of absolute hontesty in all his dealings. The reputation he thus won undoubtedly contributed to his astonishing success in the higher walks of finance. He never valued money unduly for its own sake, as is shown by the use he eventually made of his wealth. In his public benefactions he was a model to wealthy people who desired to use their money for the benefit of others, and there would be far less humbug and imposture connected with charity if his example were universally followed. He won and kept the confidence and friendship of many of high station, his gift to the King's hospital fund being the interesting sequel to the donation to the Salvation Army fund, upon the announcement of which King Edward wrote a letter to Mr. Herring expressing great satisfaction at hearing of the magnificent donation, and adding that the undertaking had the king's most sincere sympathy and good wishes. By his own wish Mr. Herring was buried beneath the sun dial at the Haven of Rest almshouse, at Maidenhead, which he erected for the benfit of middle-class married couples in reduced circumstances.

SEQUEL TO A BANKER'S SUICIDE.

From these pniqpe chapters of personal achievements in the pursuit of good deeds one turns with depressing emotions to the story of the biggest financial crash the city has known for a long time—the sequel to the suicide of a London banker. This was the failure of Messrs. Patrick Macfadyen & Co., bankers, whose senior partner recently threw himself in front of an underground railway train and was crushed to death. Besides the London house, the firm carried on an extensive business in India, and the amount involved is several millions. At a meeting of creditors in the bankruptcy court the attendance of the victims of the failure was so large that an adjournment was taken to more commodious quarters, where a sensational statement was made by the receiver. Two years ago Mr. Macfadyen yielded to temptation, and began to speculate in the stock market. His ventures were disastrous from the first and last July the crisis was reached when an investment of $350,000 in copper stocks swept away the firm's remaining assets. Altogether $5,000,000 had been lost in that manner, and the army of creditors may eventually share $100,000 or less among them. Rather than face the consequences of wrecking his firm, Mr. Macfadyen rounded out his career by suicide. His partners are Sir George Arhuthnot and John Montgomery Young.

EXCITEMENT AT SMART SET WEDDING.

Col. Paul Levkovitch gave dainty Evelyn Green, his bride-elect, a mad half hour; indeed, the situation was one of the most trying Cupid has experienced hereabouts in many moons There was much excitement at the Church of the Annunciation, where the first part of a double ceremony was to be performed. Punctually at half past three the bride and Lord Camden, her half-brother, arrived at the church; but it was whispered that there was no bridegroom, and the carriage was driven around the square. On its return the bridegroom was still absent, with no word of explanation. The bride alighted, visibly ill at ease, and waited in the vestry for the tardy groom. Half an hour later, and just as the wedding party was about to collapse with nervousness, Col. Levkovitch arrive, bland and smiling. He was in full Russian uniform, and had his breast covered with medals. It transpired that he was detained by reason of the time occupied in donning his elaborate and cumbrous uniform and pinning on the medals in their proper places. For once the bride, who wore a simple white satin dress, with a tulle veil and a modest bouquet of lilies, was quite eclipsed by the gorgeous gallant at her side. After the English ceremony the happy half-married couple drove to the Russian chapel, where the Very Rev. Eugene Smirnoff completed the ceremony of tying the knot. A belated reception in Belgrace square, where Lady Camden, looking charming in a princesse gown of blue hiffon velvet and a very mart blue hat, welomed the small army of guests, to whom the colonel made his most profuse apologies for the delay, brought this Anglo-Russian wedding to a happy conclusion. May they live happily ever after.

BRITISHIZATION OF UNITED STATES.

Al eading periodical has an article proving that the outcry about "Yankee invasions" and the Amerianization of John Bull is mere bugaboo. Of a fact the shoe is on the other foot. Not only is this true of America, but of the world. John Bull is at the fore in the United States and everywhere else. The article shows the prominent, if not dominant, share taken by our countrymen in the government of foreign countries, such as China, Korea, Siam, Turkey, Morocco, and others; but the most remarkable showing is the record, extending over several pages, of Britons occupying important posts in government and municipal employ, in the church, the educational service, and the colleges of the United States Te writer points out that it is far more remarkable that Englishmen and Scotchmen should fill so large a place in the public life of the United States than that they should take a lead in civilized countries. The most astonishing thing, however, is that we should have all this superfluous energy and ability for service of other countries over and above all that is employed in the world-wide business of running the British empire.

BALFOUR'S AMIABLE WEAKNESS.

They are telling, in cloakroom and lobby, some amusing new stories of former Premier Balfour's absent-mindedness. The latest of these is that rubbing shoulders the other day with Mr. Horridge, Mr. Balfour turned around and asked a colleague who the new tall member was. Being informed that Mr. Horridge sat for East Manchester, a dazed look came over Mr. Balfour's face, and, he remarked; "Of course, East Manchester. Isn't that a constituency which I onced represented myself?" Liberal members declare that story is another illustration of Mr. Balfour's affectation, and that he knew very well who Mr. Horridge was. But members who are brought into close touch with Mr. Balfour declare that the story illustrates the fact that he is the most detached public man in private life. He is certainly traordinary grasp of principles. The this does not deprive him of an exfraordinary grasp of pinciples. The charm of his personality arises very largely from his mental lapses, and now that Mr. Chamberlain is invalided, Mr. Balfour has once more resumed the leadership of his party.

Resolutions Presented.

Washington, December 7.—The resolution of Senator Penrose yesterday calling on the president for all the facts regarding the discharging of the negro troops belonging to the 25th infantry was received at the White house today and at once turned over by the president to Secretary Taft who will furnish the information desired. The Foraker resolution which also was passed at the same time but which is directed to the secretary of war had not been received by Secretary Taft up to a late hour today. Secretary Taft said however, upon returning from the cabinet meeting, that he would comply with both resolutions to the fullest extent.

Ordered to Build New Freight Stattion

(Special to The Messenger.)

Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 10.—The corporation commission orders the Southern railway to build a new freight station at Reedville within 90 days from January 1st.

THE BATTLE OF FORT FISHER

Views of the Action From Different Standpoints

Commander of the Fort and Commander of Monitor Canonicus at Variance—The Latter's Range of Vision Being Contracted He Necessarily Drew Upon His Imagination.

(CONTIUED FROM LAST SUNDAY.)

Lieutenant Commander Belknap says the fort hit him four times; as I orderd 10 inch shells solid shot, only, to be fired at the monitors, it means we threw 430 pounds of metal at the "Canonicus," while she replied with 54,620 pounds. She was very close to one of our targets, and our artillerist could not have missed her turret and upper works when visible, but as the order was to destroy the smokestacks of the monitors so as to stop the draught and fill turret and hods with smoke to suffocate the men, if they kept up fires, we may have missed her chimney. It was impossible to see the effect of our shot, as there was a dead calm, nor breath nor motion except that caused by concussion and explosion in the fight, and the smoke hung over fleet and fort as impenetrable as a fog. I tried my best to see that no shot was wasted, and with a splendid field glass, stood on top the hospital bomb-proof against which there was not direct fire, almost as safe as Lieutenant Commander Belknap in the Canonicus conning tower, and much more comfortable.

In obtaining knowledge of the effect of our shot, I had on Christmas day, the invaluable experience of a distinguished British naval officer who was at Sebastopol, and who came from his ship in Wilmington to act as my aide and who was by my side, in most exposed positions, as often as I would permit it. He was a reckless but plucky blockade runner. A. U. S. naval officer of the blockading squadron off Wilmington, in writing his experiences off the Cape Fear, remarked: "Among the blockade runners were several commanded by English naval officers. These cared for our cruisers about as much as a hound does for a flea. One morning when the cruisers squadron were anchoring, one of the blockade runners commanded by Captain Murray took the opportunity of our blowing off steam, to run in, passing about 25 yards under the senior officer's stern. Captain Murray with his usual courtesy, bowing to our American flag. It was the coolest piece of d-n-d impudence I ever saw." He had previously, in July, 1863, been with me when with a single Whitworth gun, and crew, supported by a rifle company, I recaptured the "Kate" of London, which had been chased ashore on Smith's Island, east of Buzzard's Bay, over 7 nautical miles from the Mound battery and in range of the guns of the two fleets blockading the two mouths of the Cape Fear river. Murray was his blockade running alias,, he was then Captain C. Murray Aynsley, R. N. After the civil war he was rapidly promoted for gallantry and meritorious services in the British navy, and when I was his guest at his villa, Hall Court, Hauts, England, in July 1879, he was already a retired admiral. He died about ten years ago, universally lamented. From what I heard of him through others about his career in the British naval service, he must have been as gentle as a woman, yet with the courage of a lion, and endeared himself to every officer, man and boy upon the ships which he commanded. I pay him this tribute, because from the books he brought me and the personal advice, he gave me after we first met in July, 1863, I owe much of the credit I received for the construction of the defensive works on Confederate (now Federal) Point, which French and Whiting, two unsurpassed engineers in the U. S. A. and the C. S. A. allowed me without interference or suggestion to build after my own ideas of a seacoast fortification.

The same conditions made it impossible for my gallant adversaries to see the effect of their shot and shell on the fort, and they had to depend mainly on a quartermaster in the main or forecross trees, who, apparently, didn't hesitate to spin a yarn when he reported to the executive officer. This excuses the reports of the first fight made by the admiral down through all grades, to Acting Master Crafts, of the "Little Ada," the baby of the fleet, who reported to Admiral Porter December 31, 1864, as follows: "I consider the fort as having been practically silenced on both the 24th and 25th. The almost complete silence of the guns on the northeastern face of the fort induced me to think that they were disabled or were 'quakers.' I should have supposed that a soldier would have felt himself bound by every consideration of honor and patriotism to attempt those works by assault, but I am not a soldier and do not perhaps know what is desired and what is not, but under similar circumstances I should like to be one of a thousand blue-jackets to show what sailors can do and what soldiers might have done."

I have no hard feelings towards the Acting Master. In obedience to general order No. 75, he had to report to his admiral, especially on the feasibility of Butler's capturing the fort Christmas day, and he did his best. But the boys hadn't plunked the "Littel Ada," for like some fractious babies, she was too small to spank.

The acting master was off the fort on that fateful Sunday when in the afternoon, two thousand sailors and marines under the fearless Breese, charged that northeastern face and one of those "quaker guns," which I put in charge of a brave Norfolk boy, (W. R. Mayo, midshipman, C. S. N.), in 30 minutes killed and wounded more sailors and marines than were ever killed by any gun, in any battle on land and sea that I can find recorded in history from the time guns were first invented. The acting master made no report to his admiral of that fight. The commander of the armada had altered his opinion about that Carolina fort and its garrison, after the repulse of his sailors and marines but I have read the "Little Ada's" log for January 15, 1865. It reads: "Carrying dispatches through the fleet, naval brigade made an assault at 3 p. m.; were repulsed. A few minutes afterwards the land forces made an assault and succeeded in capturing several traverses very quickly, and then came to a standstill holding what they gained." Thank you, acting master, for stating that last fact, and you might have truthfully added in your log, "and then the fleet resumed its fearful fire directed by signal, and prevented the Confederates now released from the attack of the naval brigade, from recovering the works."

Nor have I any displeasure at the unkind reflections of the "Canonicus's" commander. He couldn't keep posted. He had to peep through a hole in his conning tower, and his range of vision was necessarily contracted, and as he withdrew Christmas day at 2:40 p. m., his "ammunition having been exhausted," he was too far removed to see through the smoke what subsequently transpired, and as he fired 144 11 inch shot and shell while in action, which deafened him and all his crew, I make great allowance for his imagining, that my comrades did not stand by their guns as long as I ordered them, or found safety in the bomb-proofs before I personally directed the officers to immediately cover there men.

Why, my Tar Heels had just commenced fighting that Christmas day, when the "Canonicus" reluctantly withdrew at 2:40 p. m. (Federal time). The bombardment of the previous day had been resumed at 10.30 a. m., and in the four hours, the remaining quarters of the garrison left from the destructive fire of the day before had been destroyed, with the camp equipage of the men, including many overcoats, and actually the only good pair of shoes of many of the men of two companies, whose quarters were near the battery on land face next to the river the weather was so mild that the boys were literally stripped for the fight, going to quarters sans overcoat and with improvised slippers so as to be more spry in handling the guns in any sudden emergency, and last but not least, all the Christmas boxes received from down home, not destroyed Christmas eve. You better believe they were fighting mad, and felt wicked enough, despite dear Chaplain McKinnon's prayers, to give the Federal invaders b——!! "Hail Columbia," which they proceeded to do as you will presently see from the official reports of Admiral Porter and some of his officers.

I call them "my Tar Heels." God bless them every one! Didn't I teach those young ideas for more than 2 1-2 years, (along the beach, in cold weather and hot, by day and night, in sunshine and in storm, sometimes 20 miles away from the protecting fort, on a narrow spit, only a corporal's guard, with one Whitworth and caisson and a gun detachment and four mules), how to shoot at a ship and dodge a shell without getting "skaired?" Ask the survivors!

I am a great admirer of Admiral Porter on account of his brilliant record during the war between the states. After it was ended our relations were extremely friendly and I became attached to him on account of his earnest effort to get my eldest son, (who was five years old during the battles and who had been several times under fire from cruisers pursuing the belated blockade runners, with his sister and their colored mammy, behind a sand hill in the rear of my cottage on the river bank one mile north of Fort Fisher), first in the army and then in the navy, but President Hayes felt he must confine his appointments to the sons of Union officers. But in his numerous reports of the fight, it is clearly apparent that his animosity to General Benjamin F. Butler, and his chagrin and mortification at being ingloriously defeated by my gallant garrison, which he and his officers had ridiculed and disdained as Carolina militia with some decrepit home guard, caused him to lose his head and forward innumerable absurd and contradictory reports to the secretary of the navy, and what was worse, issuing General Order 75, after the fight, causing many of the commanders of the fleet to express ridiculous opinions of the condition of the garrison and its inability to defend the works against the most trifling attack, after their noisy but comparatively harmless bombardment, one going so far as to make the silly assertion that "the garrison were only waiting for some one to ask them to surrender."

WILLIAM LAMB.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Results of the Watts Law.

There are now only 51 registered distilleries in North Carolina, whereas four years ago the number totaled 498. This big reduction, it is claimed, is due to the operations of teh Watts law. Last year these 51 rum mills used 172,152 bushels of grain, while four years ago nearly five hundred whiskey producing institutions consumed only 256,528 bushels of grain. These figures show that the Watts act only affect thes mall distilleries, which have a hard time existing unless they can defraud the government. The Watts act created havoc among these small distilleries, but has not affected to such an extent the production of whiskey in the state.—Reidsville Review.

Judge Peter S. Grosscup, of the United States court of appeals for Northern Illinois, heartily agrees with the view that judges should not be above criticism. There are a few more constant all-around critics.—New York Sun.

PASSING AWAY OF NEMO

A Prototype of One of Dicken's Characters

The Strange Man—The Beater About the World and the Sad End to His Unhappy Life—The Third Drummer Has his Innings and Tells of the Breakdown of Wall.

For The Messenger.

Iago—"Art hurt lieutenant?"

Cassio—"Aye, marry, past all surgery, I have lost the better part of me."

Many years ago a man made his appearance in Fayettevelle, one of those strange wanderers who come nobody knows whence, who are seen here now, there next, walking the streets, and then pass out of sight and minds, to go nobody knows or cares whither. They are not tramps exactly, but beaters about the world, struggling for existence, living a cheap, hard life by poor wits that are worth a meal at some lunch counter, or a drink of vile whiskey in some side-street dive.

When this man first turned up here he was fairly well dressed and bore himself decently enough to get a place in a cheap boarding house without question. He was said to be a Spaniard, though I do not know what reason there was for the supposition other than the fact that he was of dark compexion, and had coal black hair and glittering black eyes that, some how made one shiver to look into them. He might be called a good looking man, for he had a fine figure, a singularly graceful walk for a man, and a face almost handsome. But on it there was the unmistakable stamp, the withering blight, of one who had drained to the very dregs the cup of debasing excess, revolting debauch, and a bad, bad life in every way.

He had some gifts that, well directed, ought to have been worth a fair compensation in the world. His handwriting was like copper plate, and he was remarkably adept in painting those small signs that are placed on window-panes and door panels—a fancy kind of scroll work in black and gilt. He got some work at copying, with an occasional job at sign-painting, but some way or other the thin varnish of decency wore off and by some strange fatality he was getting more and more disreputable.

He never appeared to be drunk, but now and then, if he could get a listener at a street corner or on a dry-goods box he would talk for a while with extraordinary fluency and even brilliancy, but it rang false and mollow. The next day he would be silent and moody, shunning anything like companionship, and wandering about in the outskirits of the town. By this time, to use a slang term, he was "on his uppers." His clothes looked as if he had slept in them, his shabby shoes were unblacked, and even his skin was unwashed.

The people of his boarding house grew tired of him, disgusted with him and even some what afraid of him and his strange moods. They compelled his departure from the house, and I lost sight of him for some time—that is, if the thought of him ever crossed my mind. Some one told me that he was getting his meals at a negro restaurant, and slept on a wretched bed in a dirty room on the second floor of the building. It was even said that he cut wood, carried water and cleaned the kitchen pots and pans for the negro cook, in pay for his "keep." Heaven knows how else he kept off starvation for he gave up all effort to get work about town. In fact, he was seen no more on the streets, except at night, when his bent figure might be seen shuffling along by a policeman or other late pedestrain. Seeking to hide himself in the shadow of the wall even at night, like Cain-branded Rudge, the father of poor Barnaby Rudge, in Dickens' story of that name.

One night, abut 11 o'clock, three or four men, I among them werew sitting in front of the old Fayetteville hotel, which stood where is now the handsome Hotel LaFayette, and which was destroyed by fire, when full of guests, during the county fair in November, 1885. A deputy sheriff came along and "coralled" the whole bunch of us to serve on a jury of inquest. The "Spaniard" was gone—found dead in the room above the negro restaurant.

To this day I shudder as that horrible death bed comes back to my mind. On a filthy straw-stuffed matress, on an old pine bed-stead, lay the man, stripped except for a pair of thin, ragged trousers and a pair of worn-out shoes on his bare feet. His features were distorted by the death agony; but, by the dim light of one dingy kerosene lamp, he seemed to be looking up at us with a devlish smile on his dark, saturrine face. The only white men in the room were the jury, with uncouth, ill-clad negroes grouped around, some silent and awe-struck others brutally jesting and laughing even in the presence of that grisly terror. "Opium fiend," said the coroner curtly. I thought of the death of the lodger in the horried den of old Crook in Dickens' "Bleak House." Do the readers of The Messenger recollect that horrible scene? The lodger was a wretched, half-starved, opium-eating copyist and scrivener, who called himself Nemo, (Latin for nobody), though he was once the brave Capt. Rawdon of the British army, and the superior officer of the trooper George, another character in the book. Nemo was the man who, Joe, of Tom-All-Alones, said had been "very good to him." He was the man who copied the deed for the lawyer Talkinghorn, the handwriting of which caused Lady Dedlock to almost faint away. He was the father of Esther Summerson. He was the man who, Inspector Buckett declared, "ought to have been the husband of Lady Dedlock," and the blurting out of this fearful fact struck Sir Leicester Dedlock aghast with horror, and sent him down on his hearthstone dumb and senseless with paralysis. Found dead on a filthy pile of rags like an ugly rat caught in a hole. The passing of Nemo. The snuffing out of the feeble, worthless light of Mr. Nobody!

The close of my last article in last Sunday's Messenger caught the third drummer, the second man from New York, just started in his story when the porter on the Atlantic Coast Line railroad train called "Fayetteville." But on the following night his traveling companion, with one or two other listeners, got around him in the lobby of the Hotel LaFayette, and heard the following tale:

"About the winter of 1900, as I was saying on the train last night, I met in Charlotte a drummer from Boston whom I will call Wall, though that was not his real name.

"He was the best appointed and best equipped man about the hotel lobby—what you would call a well-groomed man, a man of the bath tub and the hair-dresser, who always smelt of fine scented soap, like the lawyer of Miss Havisham, in Dickens' Great Expectations. He was of fine physique, apparently in excellent health; and, although not a hustler, was a good salesman. He was some what convivial in his hibits, liking a toddy or two and a game of billiards after supper and rarely going to bed before midnight.

"I ran up with Wall in two or three towns in North and South Carolina, and then I saw and heard nothing of him for three or four years. One night I had come out of Murphy's hotel in Richmond, and had walked about one hundred yards along the street, when I came upon Wall, standing on the edge of the pavement, and looking interestingly at a piece of paper in his hand, though I would never have known him if he had not been full in the glare of the electric light.

"'Hello, Wall'", I said, stopping and extending my hand, 'I have not seen you in an age. How are you getting on?' He looked at me coldly, almost sullenly, and I think he first intended to disclaim his identity, but finally he called me by name, and met my hand clasp with a feeble, listless response. As I looked at him I was shocked at the change in the man. Without being positively shabby, he was seedy and disreputable in appearance, like a man who neglected not only his clothing but his person, had broken loose from all decent social restraints, and was letting himself go to the dogs.

"I attempte to talk business with him, buf he turned the subject off, became downright rude and churlish in his manner; and, although I was loth to part with him in that condition, he seemed so anxious to part company that I went my way and he went his, shuffling out of sight down a side street. He did not seem to be intoxicated—it looked to me more like mania. The next night, as I was riding in the bus to the railway station, passing through the foulest, dirtiest street of Richmond, I saw Wall standing in the doorway of the foulest, dirtiest den of all. There could be no mistake, for once again the light was showing full on his face.

"About three months afterwards my firm sent me to Boston to attend the clearing sale of a manufacturer in our line. I bethought myself of Wall, and, going to the house, I inquired of a clerk in the outer office: 'Is Mr. Wall in the city?' Mr. Wall no longer represents the house?' replied the clerk civilly, but briefly and went on with his work.

"I heard more about his case afterwards—how his firm had borne with him, remonstrated with him, but all to no purpose, until they were absolutely compelled to dismiss him in preservation of their own business interests.

"What do you suppose was the matter with Wall? The one serious break was his physical make-up, the weak link in the chain, was that he suffered excruciating tortures with neuralgia. Some fool of a doctor put destruction in his way by placing in his hands one of those little devils a hypodermic syringes an and a bttle of Majenies solution of the sulphate of morphine—that finished him. He had better had stuck a 38-calibre revolver against the side of poor Wall's head, and pulled the trigger.

"Where is Wall now? Or, God only knows. If he has not died like a dog in the ditch, he is creeping, in the darkness of night, a decrepit, ghastly spectre, through the streets of some town, begging, borrowing or stealing a few grains of the fatal drug to bring an hour of abondonment, of forgetfulness, with a reaction of such suffering as only the lost can endure. I never think of Wall without thinking also of Jasper, in Dickens' unfinished novel of 'Edwin Drood' lying in the den of that old hag, while she fed his horrible craving with pipes of opium.

"Do you know what I believe to be the great secret of success in this life? It is self-mastery, control of your body. If is worth more than genius, business ability, energy, for all may come to naught with out. With this self-mastery, there are hardly bounds to what man may achieve in this life. I know a surgeon, head of a large hospital in a southern city, who passed most of his childhood and youth in bed, a helpless cripple, but all the time he was educating himself to be a surgeon and physician. He learned to sew with the needle and thread held above him as he lay on his back—such sewing as one does in stitching wounds. He is as delicate as a woman, but by virtue of his indomitable will he has perfect mastery of his body and his friends say that his skill at the operating table is marvelous That's the sort of man one calls a master.

"Take a cigar. I bought them from a smuggling Jew in New York, and if I am a judge they are genuine Principes—a cigar that you seldom come across these days."

Fayetteville, Nov. 20. J. H. M.