J. PROCTOR KNOTT

By Savoyard.

Marion county is in the heart of Kentucky. Within her borders the "bear grass" begins, moving to the northwest, and the "blue grass ends, coming from the north and east. In Marion county, too, the "Pennyrile" starts on its journey to the south and southwest and only a step over the Casey county line, to the southeast, the mountains kiss the blue grass. In the heart of Marion county, situate on a beautiful plateau, is Lebanon,

Whom ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.

At Lebanon resides in serene retirement, in the enjoyment of all the felicity that comes to the man of splendid intellect and brilliant imagination, J. Proctor Knott, the scholar, the orator, the poet, the jurist, the statesman. I am induced to write something of this man, because of some slovenly stuff a Mr. William E. Curtis has given the public concerning him in recent syndicate writings. A Mr. Dexter Marshall also dropped into more or less fiction on the same subject some weeks ago, dignifying the Pat Donan claim to Knott's humor and declaring that the Duluth speech finished Knott's hopes as a lawyer. Here is what Curtis says:

A bill granting a tract of land to the Bayfield and St. Croix Railroad being under consideration. Mr. Knott, inspired by its opponents, made a witty and satirical speech, which is unsurpassed in Congressional literature. It is a singular fact that the Kentucky Representative's reputation for wit and satire rests upon no other foundation. He never made a funny speech before or since, although he was known for his good stories and his ability as a mimic. An eccentric and brilliant Irish adventurer named Pat Donan, who was connected with newspapers in the Northwest at different times, always claimed to be the author of the speech, and Mr. Knott never took the trouble to make a formal denial. It is entirely probable that Donan, who was employed in Washington at that time in the interests of a rival project, gave Mr. Knott the suggestion and the information upon which his speech was based, but Donan claims that he wrote it and that Proctor Knott committed it to memory from his manuscript.

However that may be, the speech stands as a model of wit and satire, and what was intended to be ridicule has since become prophecy. Mr. Knott christened Duluth as "The Zenith City of the Unsainted Seas," he described its unlimited resources in ironical terms, but, strange to say, the development of what was then imaginary wealth has become an actual, tangible fact. Mr. Knott's speech reads very strangely in the light of the present prosperity and commercial activity of the city.

J. Proctor Knott was born in Marion county, Ky., in 1830. He is a self-educated man, and the scope of his learning embraces most of the literature that has value in the marts of intellectual exchanges. At the age of twenty he became a citizen of Missouri, and the following year he was admitted to the bar of that State. In later years his powerful arguments in Congress against the fourteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution extorted from Jeremiah S. Black the extravagant compliment that a profounder exposition of the American polity of government had never been made in either branch of the American Congress.

At the age of twenty-seven Knott was returned to the House of Representatives of the Missouri legislature. Impeachment proceeding was instituted against an official of the State government and Knott was appointed leader of the board of managers selected by the House to conduct the trial. In the Forty-fourth Congress he was leader of the board of managers, who accused Secretary of War Belknap at the bar of the Senate. So greatly did Knott, then twenty-seven years old, distinguish himself in the Missouri impeachment case, he was appointed to supply the vacancy in the office of attorney general of Missouri, a position to which he was chosen by the people at the succeeding election.

The war overturned the real State government of Missouri, and Knott returned to his old Kentucky home in 1863 and opened a law office at Lebanon. In 1867—until 1870 Kentucky chose Congressmen in the month of August after the term began on the preceding March 4—Knott was elected a member of the Fortieth Congress. All of the Kentucky delegation were Democrats, and all but Matt Adams, who had been a major in the Union army, were denied their seats. It was in times when thrift and loyalty were twin—when nothing was odious but treason. Finally, in sheer shame, all the Kentucky delegation, but John Young Brown, were seated, though they stole John D. Young's seat and gave it to Sam McKee. Brown was not allowed to take the oath, for a speech he had made in 1861 against secession. Fact. Among the Kentucky members were James B. Beck, who subsequently became so distinguished in both Houses, and Elijah Hise, next to Humphrey Marshall, the most powerful intellect the Mississippi Valley ever produced, if I may venture a dogmatism that is a fixed belief in my mind.

Mr. Curtis says that Knott's reputation for wit and satire rests on no other foundation than the Duluth speech, that "he never made a funny speech before or since." Before the Duluth speech, the session before, Knott made the speech against the appropriation for paving Pennsylvania avenue that surpasses in humor and fancy the Duluth speech as far as the Duluth speech surpasses S. S. Cox's reply to Gurley. Here are passages. After citing what the government had done to beautify the National Capitol, Knott continued:

If any gentleman entertains a doubt on this point let him walk through Lafayette's Square. Let him swing around the circle south of the Presidential palace, or stand on the splendid esplanade in front of the Agricultural Department. Let him sniff the fragrant air that hangs over the public gardens. Let him look at the broad promenades, paved with immense flags of polished sandstone; the wide commodious drives sweeping round up an easy and graceful radius with the true line of beauty. Let him tread the sinuous footpaths laid with an elastic concrete of white sea sand, bordered with shrubbery that would have lent new charms to Calypso's favorite bower, winding away in the Cretan labyrinth.

Let him do this, and he will find that the government has taken care, so far as it is concerned, that no stain shall pollute the satin slipper of the favored beauty as she glides along in sylph-like loveliness; that no speck of dust shall settle on the costly laces of her gorgeous robes as she reclines in ecstatic languor upon the downy cushions of her splendid carriage; that even the perfumed zephyr, as he steals from beds of rare exotics, shall not kiss her velvet cheek too rudely, nor the dancing sunbeam taste the delicious fragrance that exhales from her honeyed lips, while the toil-browned daughter of the honest, hard-working, tax-paying farmer, or mechanic, of Indiana or Kentucky, in her homespun gown, innocent of crinoline or train, must

"Skedaddle on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire."

Whether that fancy surpasses the indignant pathos of the apostrophe to France in the Duluth speech is a matter of opinion always, but there can scarce be two impressions that, for rollicking humor, the following passage in the Pennsylvania avenue speech finds no parellel in the Duluth speech:

But, Mr. Chairman, I have heard one reason very frequently urged for the passage of this bill, which candor compels me to admit, almost convinces me, that we ought not only to appropriate this sum of $180,000, but any other amount that might be necessary to repave Pennsylvania Avenue at the very earliest possible period of time, and that is that it is much used by the horde of office-holders that throng the thoroughfares of this city in numbers almost equal to the hosts which were hurled with Lucifer from the battlements of heaven. For, sir, if there is a being on this earth for whose comfort and convenience I entertain the profoundest solicitude; if there is one whose smallest want stirs my sympathetic soul to its serenest depths, it is your office-holder, your public functionary. When I see one of that noble army of martyrs bid adieu to home and all the sweets of private life for which he is so eminently fitted by nature, to immolate himself on the altars of his country's service for four long years, Homer's touching picture of the last sad scene between the noble Hector and his weeping family rises before my compassionate imagination. When I see him plunge recklessly into an office of the duties of which he is profoundly and defiantly ignorant, I am reminded of the self-sacrificing heroism of Curtius, when he leaped into the yawning gulf that opened in the Roman forum. When I behold him sadly contemplating his majestic features in one of those gorgeous and costly mirrors, which are furnished him at public expense, my heart goes out to him in sympathy. When I see him seated, sorrowfully, at a miserable repast of sea turtle and champagne, my very bowels yearn for him. And when I see him perform, perhaps, the only duty for which he is fully competent—signing the receipt for his monthly pay—I am so overwhelmed with pity for his miserable condition that I wish I were in his place.

Pat Donan was a brilliant man, who had served gallantly in the Confederate army. After the war there was a publication in New York called the Metropolitan Record. It would have been suppressed any time between 1861 and 1865 for treason. Pat Donan was its favoite contributor over the name "R. E. Bell"—for rebel—and he counseled trying it over again; but no one of his writings in that publication was of the slightest akin to the Duluth speech, and if Pat Donan wrote the Duluth speech he also wrote the Pennsylvania avenue speech. Mr. Curtis is wrong in saying that Knott never made denial of Donan's claim to the authorship of the Duluth speech. Not a great while before he died Donan was in Keutncky, and the question of the authorship arose, and Knott delivered himself of some language for publication that showed that he could be as emphatic as he ever was humorous. After that nobody ever pretended to put in any claim for Donan, so far as I know, until Mr. Dexter Marshall and Mr. W. E. Curtis dug it up.

The Duluth speech was the child of accident. One morning, the winter of 1871, Knott was sitting alone and not very cheerful in a committee room of the House of Representatives. He had been beaten for the nomination for Congress the summer before, because he had not mastered the provident and thrifty art of handshaking, and because his successful competitor was as tall as Gen. Scott and had a voice like Stenton—beaten by a diminutive fraction of a vote. He was out of Congress two terms—Forty-second and Forty-third. Sitting in his room chewing the cud of fancy, he was approached by a Mulberry Sellers with a map of the Zayfield and St. Croix Railroad. The fellow opened on Knott with an exuberance of talk and prediction of the future opulence of Duluth that the Kentuckian soon got interested and saw the opportunity for an ocean of harmless satire. He kept the map, and it played a big part in making the speech a success. When Knott is most humorous he is most solemn, and as he held that map up and pointed out places of industrial, financial, and commercial strategy on it, his very demeanor was provocative of laughter. No wonder when the "hammer fell one enthusiastic member exclaimed: "Oh d—n it, stop the clock!"

I have always regarded the following as the finest thing in the Duluth speech:

Sir, the great conflict now raging in the Old World has presented a phenomenon in military science unprecedented in the annals of mankind, a phenomenon that has reversed all the traditions of the past, as it has disappointed all the expectations of the present. A great and warlike people, renowned alike for their skill and valor, have been swept away before the triumphant advance of an inferior foe like autumn stubble before a hurricane of fire. For aught I know the next flash of electric fire that shimmers along the ocean cable may tell us that Paris, with every fiber quivering with the agony of impotent despair, writhes beneath the conquering heel of her loathed invader. Ere another moon shall wax and wane, the brightest star in the galaxy of nations may fall from the zenith of her glory never to rise again. Ere the modest violets of early spring shall open their beauteous eyes, the genius of civilization may chant the wailing requiem of the proudest nationality the world has ever seen, as she scatters her withered and tear-moistened leaves o'er the bloody tomb of butchered France.

And to my mind, the most exquisite humor of the Duluth speech is the closing paragraph. He had given some reasons for voting against the bill and then exclaimed:

Ah! sir, you can have no conception of the poignancy of my anguish that I am deprived of that privilege. There are two incomparable obstacles in the way. In the first place, my constituents, for whom I am acting here, have no more interest in this road than they have in the great question of culinary taste now perhaps agitating the public mind of Santo Domingo as to whether the illustrous commissioners who recently left this Capital for that free and enlightened republic would be better friccaseed, boiled, or roasted, and in the second place, these lands, which I am asked to give away, alas, are not mine to bestow. My relation to them is simply that of the trustee of an express trust. And shall I ever betray the trust? Never, sir. Rather perish Duluth! Perish the paragon of cities. Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak Northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging Croix.

The exquisite humor of that passage is in the reference to our commissioners to Santo Domingo, sent by President Grant to provide a way for annexing that republic. The commissioners consisted of old Ben Wade, Morrison R. Waite, afterawrds Chief Justice, and President White, of Cornell. The entourage embraced Fred Douglas and Boss Shepherd's brother, Arthur. A convention of canibals would debate a long time as to the best stew that could be made of such a lay-out.

One of the greatest legal arguments Knott ever delivered was his speech on the bill to restrict the removal of causes from State courts to Federal courts. In the middle of it he resorted to humor. It was at the period when Bob Ingersol was delivering his lecture on the "Mistakes of Moses." Knott undertook to imagine what a foreign corporation knew about those "mistakes." He convulsed the House, but he never put the speech in the Record.

One of the most side-splitting speeches he ever delivered was at a barbecue at Pembroke, Christian county, Ky., in 1871 or 1875, when Mr. Justice John M. Harlan was the Republican candidate for Governor. It was by the author of the avenue speech and the Duluth speech. Judge Harlan was a candidate both years, and I am sure he enjoyed the humor of Knott as well as any one else. Knott is not a wit after the order of Tom Reed. There is no sting to his humor. It is all genial and never malicious.

Knott voluntarily retired from Congress in 1883, and was that year elected Governor of Kentucky. "Quinine Jim" McKenzie was Secretary of State and H. M. McCarty was assistant secretary. Alec Grant had a position of some sort, and Robert Burns Wilson, the poet, was a daily visitor. During those four years the executive office building at Frankfort was the most pleasant place to visit in all this Union.

I think Knott expected to reach the Senate by the governor's route. The Senate was his place—lawyer, scholar, thinker, statesman, sage, that he is. If one would know what a giant grip he has on political history and on political principle left him read Knott's lecture on Andrew Jackson—a wonderful production. He was a candidate to succeed Beck in the Senate, and was defeated by John G. Carlisle. I wish I had space to try to draw a parallel between the public utterances of these two men—one as severe as the Gothic, the other as brilliant as the Renaissance. For some years Knott had the chair of civics at Center College, but he retired to his old home at Lebanon, and there lives with his books and his friends. Who that ever heard Proctor Knott relate 'Lige Pinkston's "Jedgemen" of a certain disreputable dog, ever imagined that this man would steal a piece of humor from Pat Donan, or anybody else? It is the finest anecdote for rollicking fun in the language—as told by Proctor Knott when in the vein. I do not believe that David Turple himself could have picked a thing from literature to which Proctor Knott was a stranger. What a magnificent head it is! Big as a bushel basket, round as an apple, and longer from the eyes up than from the eyes down. Proctor Knott, hadst thou not been a poet, and hadst thou not been cursed with the fatal faculty of humor, thou wouldst have ranked among the greatest speculative statesmen of the Anglo-Saxon race!

Chosen to the Kentucky constitutional convention of 1890—'91, Knott offered this as the key-stone of the bill of rights, and it ought to be printed in every school text-book in the Union:

That all men are endowed by their Creator with equal rights to life, liberty, property, and the pursuit of happiness; that in the social compact they engage to hold these rights subject to just and impartial laws under which each shall be entitled to equal protection and equal privileges, and shall be equally liable to the duties and responsibilities thereby imposed. It is, therefore, ordained that arbitrary power over none shall be exercised in this Commonwealth; that no privilege, immunity, exoneration, or exemption shall be granted to any man or set of men, that all others, under like circumstances, may not fully exercise and enjoy, and that no public emolument shall be allowed to any one except in consideration of public service, the performance of which shall be required by law.

That ought to go with Lincoln's Gettysburg oration, one for the closet, the other for the forum.

What will become of the initiative and the referendum when this probe is put to it, which Knott inserted into compulsory education?

If constitutions are intended for anything at all, they are intended for the protection of the minority. It is a common saying, that vox populi, vox Dei; nevertheless the populace frequently commit acts that are not only unwise, but essentially despotic, and of all the intolerable despotisms that my imagination can conceive, the act of the State, reaching into the bosom of the family of one of its citizens, taking his child from its natural asylum, placing itself in loco parentis, notwithstanding he may desire to educate it there, is the most atrocious.

If I were sent to find the truest desciple of Jefferson among all living Democrats, and should run across J. Proctor Knott, I would say, "Thou art the man," and my search would be finished.

(Copyright, 1907, by E. W. Warren.)

THE BREAD WINNER AT HOME.

We make the cotton that clothes us—
The corn fer the bread we eat,
An' the stills that make the "moonshine"
An' the cider, sharp an' sweet!
Then, it's "Hoe yer row!"
An' the world'll know
That the country's hard to beat.

II.

Don't keer fer the Wall Street money,
Whar folks are takin' their ease;
The hives—they drip with honey,
An' plenty's left fer the bees!
Then, it's "Hoe yer row!"
An' the world'll know
It's come an' go as you please!

F. L. Stanton.

Courtship makes life brighter with-government ownership of brains.

Women don't have the franchise in this country, but they wield an awful veto power.

In conversation it is a wise plan to say as little as possible about nothing.

All men are equal before the law, but not quite equal in getting around it.

When a man gets the itch for office he sometimes gets scratched at the polls.

The only thing that arouses a cow's wonder is to see a summer girl chew gum.

Executors Notice.

Having qualified as executors of the estate of the late James Dinwiddie, of Wake county, we hereby give notice to all persons holding claims against said estate to present them to us before the 14th day of July, 1908. All persons indebted to said James Dinwiddie, deceased, are requested to make immediate settlement with the undersigned.

Raleigh, N. C., July 13, 1907.

MRS. B. W. KILGORE,
MRS. E. B. CROW,
MISS JANE W. DINWIDDIE,
6t-o.a.w. Executrix.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE BY THOMAS JEFFERSON, July 4, 1776

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STRONGEST IN THE SOUTH .....RALEIGH, N. C.

WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

WHAT SHE HEARS AND SEES.

(Washington Herald.)

He breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, he knew not where,
There was no reason, anyway,
Why he should think of it or care.

Now breathe a song into the air,
And what it says you'd best beware,
Thanks to Marconi's wireless, you
May find it printed anywhere.

* * *

Perhaps She Meant "Bungalo."

So many things that turn out to be true are said entirely by mistake. A certain Mrs. B. was talking to Mrs. C. the other day about a new house the D.'s are building somewhere in the suburbs—at Chevy Chase, I think.

"What kind of a house is it?" asked Mrs. C. "Is it Queen Anne or colonial?"

"It's neither," answered Mrs. B. "It's more what you would call a boomerang."

Talking about houses reminds me of a story a Sabbath school teacher tells about my young friend Gertrude. Gertrude at eight is as practical as most folk at eighty; though to speak by the card, most of us give up trying to be practical before we are eighty, and Gertrude's family has lately been going through the agonies of house hunting. In the Sabbath School lesson occurred the line, "In my Father's house are many mansions."

Sabbath school is a new thing to Gertrude, but houses aren't. She piped up eagerly:

"And have they plenty of closets?"

* * *

Peroxide as a Sterilizer.

I sometimes question whether the higher education isn't a bad thing for women. The highest education, it seems to me, might be advantageous, but a smattering of many things upsets a woman far more than if she'd spent her time learning to do Battenberg and drive in carpet tacks. Mrs. Dash, who reads medical journals whenever she happens to be waiting in her physician's ante-room, met me the other day with a parcel in her hand.

"I hope they'll change them," said she, "but maybe they wont. Lots of women have hair that color, but shops are so mean. I bought me a lot of puffs to pin to my top hair last week, and, of course, I knew the hair in them had probably come off the heads of dead people. I couldn't dream of wearing them loaded down with germs that way, and I didn't want to ruin them by baking them. They just had to be sterilized, and I remembered something I had read once. I washed them in peroxide of hydrogen, and just look at the color they are now."

* * *

New Use for Street Pianos.

"I've found out what street pianos are good for," says a young matron. "For the past fortnight we've had men in the house papering and mending plaster and painting. You know how they do. They promise by the seven stars of the North and the Dog of Egypt to be there at 8. At 9 a man and a boy come, and the man sits around and smokes while he sends the boy back to Alexandria for something he's forgotten. By the time the boy gets back it's half past eleven, so they call it a morning's work and come back about the middle of the afternoon and put a lot of buckets and things into the bath-tub and go away again. Unless you have two bath-tubs you can't have but one set of workmen in the house at a time. It's their union rules, I suppose; though last Monday, when I really did want a lot of things washed, the kalsominers used the stationary tubs. Day before yesterday it seemed to me I couldn't stand things a minute longer; there were the painters doing the woodwork in the hall in those long, slow, paid-by-the-day strokes, and I was in a desperate hurry to get that place done. One of the painters began to whistle some sort of a dirge, and they kept time to that until a street piano came along and began a two-step. Within five minutes I had that piano hired to stay out in front all day and play nothing but popular music, and play it fast. The painters kept time to it, and they worked faster than any lot of workmen I ever saw. They daubed the floor a little, but I didn't mind that. I wanted them to finish the job. It was keeping time to a rag-time piece that made them spoil the floor.

* * *

Pathos in the Safe Deposit Vault.

"Once in awhile," says a man who owns stocks and bonds, "when I've been going to my safety deposit box I've met in the vault an elderly woman very richly dressed. Her box is not far from mine, and it is a large one. I've always happened to meet her as she was coming out. The watchman told me long ago that she comes at least twice a week. I've had a natural curiosity to know what treasures she keeps in her box. She never wears any jewels and never looked to me like a woman who would care for them. I concluded she must have some valuable heir-looms, bulky things that would take up a lot of room. In the course of time I found out who she is. She's the wife of a wealthy retired merchant. She hasn't any children. Just the other day she opened her box as I was opening mine, and I couldn't help seeing what was in it. It contained nothing but a pair of worn little shoes. She didn't notice me at all, for she was fingering those little shoes as if they were her greatest treasures. Perhaps they are. Perhaps her husband tired of her grief long ago. Perhaps—you can think of a thousand perhapses, can't you? A safety-deposit box with nothing in it but some child's worn-out shoes."

* * *

Shoemaker's Cure for Gout.

It's curious what things we find to take pride in. There's my friend Jonathan, now, for years—ever since he was fifty, at least, and he went to the world's fair in Chicago when he was forty-nine—Jonathan has had gout. His right foot used to give him twinges often when he went for a walk, and he bore them with patience, mentioning now and again his father's post and the Society of the Cincinnati. I've heard Jonathan talk about his gout more times than I can remember, and always with a look of pride. Last week Jonathan came to see me, and his talk was all of his grand-nephew, who is the finest child ever born. Even the family physician says so. (When I find a family physician who calls anybod's baby a runt I am going to ask him for a hair tonic, for I've found what Diogenes looked for.) There wasn't a word about gout, though it was a day when great toes betray their inherited tendencies. Finally I questioned Jonathan. He laughed, and then he begged me never to tell on him.

"I've been to a new shoemaker," said he. "I've worn the same sized shoes ever since I was twenty." (Well shaped feet run in Jonathan's family.) "He is a blunt spoken man, and he asked me why I pinched my feet. It wasn't gout at all. It was the vanity of me—wearing shoes at 180 pounds that were large enough when I was a feather-weight."

Literary Notes.

St. Nicholas in 1908.

St. Nicholas will have a unique serial feature, beginning in its November number, in the actual log, or daily record, of a "Bluejacket" on the cruiser Olympia of the United States Navy. "Three Years Behind the Guns,' as this unusual true story is to be called, sets down, in a homesick lad's own words, the daily life and adventures of a clever boy who ran away to sea and enlisted on the Olympia in 1898, little dreaming that before his three year's enlistment was ended he would be on the commodore's ship in the Battle of Manila Bay.

THE TEDDYSSEY—Drawings and text by Otho Cushing. 36 pages, 8 by 9. Bound in boards with special cover design. One dollar. Life Publishing Company, New York City.

President Roosevelt has achieved an honor rarely accorded to leaders in their own lifetimes. He has become a classic and is to be handed down to posterity in Homeric form. Mr. Otho Cushing's clever pencil has been at work with the President as a subject and the result is a dainty little book entitled "The Teddyssey." This records the President's more salient accomplishments and experiences in chaste outline drawing in the classical style and described in captions which follow his career in something the same manner that Homer made famous the far-wandering adventures of the wily Ulysses. Mr. Cushing's illustrated epic is in print and paper wherein he has the advantage of Homer who, being blind, could not draw and who was obliged to circulate both the Iliad and Odyssey by word of mouth instead of in book form.

Mr. Cushing's little book is caricature in its very best form. While it abounds in good-natured fun it is entirely respectful to its subject. Mr. Cushing's skill as a draughtsman in almost pure line is well known in America and abroad. In the present instance his adaptation of modern conditions to strictly classic models is an unusual accomplishment.

"The Teddyssey" should find a place in the libraries of both the admirers and the critics of Mr. Roosevelt and his policies. Naturally every collector of Rooseveltiana will include it among his treasures.

Mr. James Montgomery Flagg, the author and illustrator of "If" and "Why They Married," has just returned from a stay in Europe where he has been gathering material for his forthcoming work, "The Rise and Fall of the Mother-in-Law Joke."

WAR IT EFFORT TO ROB?

Engine No. 39 Pulls Out and Leaves Its Train of Cars Beyond Big Swamp.

(Lumberton Robesonian.)

At some station on the Seaboard not far beyond the Big Swamp—maybe at Yorkville, or maybe at Bladenboro—the engine of passenger train No. 30, which is due at Lumberton at 6:56 p. m., was cut loose from its load of cars Uesday afternoon and it went merrily up the road some little distance before the engineer discovered that he had left his train behind. He of course immediately reversed and went back, and when he reached the cars two men jumped down from the blind baggage and twenty-three to the tail uncut. It was reported here that some desperate characters had cut the engine loose and had attempted to rob the express car. The express man says that some person or persons knocked on the door of his car after the engine had pulled out, but he did not let let them in nor inquire their business. If they wanted to rob the car it seems they went about it in a sort of if-you-please, by-your-leave way. Another supposition is that some tramps were beating their way on the blind baggage and that in monkeying with things they accidently uncoupled the engine.

Anyway, the men vamosed, and no damage was done, and the train was not much delayed.

Neat Temperance Speech.

(Kansas City Journal.)

A successful competitor for the cup as a prie in a foot race at Savannah made this graceful temperance speech in accepting it: "Gentlemen, I have won this cup by the use of my legs; I trust I may never lose the use of my legs by the use of this cup."

All the world's a stage and most of the people on it are bad actors.

A woman enjoys a funeral more than a wedding because she can have a better cry.

Only a good neighbor can appreciate a good neighbor.

Marrying for money is one kind of frenzied financiering.

A conceited man is unable to see his personal defects.

Some men who give with one hand advertise it with the other.

English Paper Has Roosevelt Wasting the American Eagle

(London Cable in Philadelphia Ledger.)

A Punch cartoon by Bernard Partridge, out today, happily reflects the view generally taken in England of Roosevelt's anti-trust campaign. It depicts the President applying soap and water cure to the American eagle. The poor bird is being held down in a shallow wash tub. Roosevelt in shirt sleeves and rubber boots is vigorously applying a scrubbing brush to its rumpled feathers. The eagle does not like the process a bit and soap and water are flying about in all directions. The President remarks:

"As I recently said at Nashville during the next sixteen months of my term of office this policy shall be pursued unswervingly."

"Jehosaphat!" is the eagle's exclamation.

TO SAVE HIMSELF

Is That Why J. P. Morgan Acted the Financial Philanthropist.

(Charlotte News.)

"I see that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has saved the country," remarked a Charlotte man in the presence of a group of gentlemen who were talking together the other day.

"Saved himself," replied one of the men most emphatically. "He only did what he did in relieving the money situation because he had to, to save his own hide. Morgan is the greatest of all the big multi-millionaires."

"As mean as Rockefeller?" someone asked.

"Why Rocefeller is a saint compared with Morgan. I know Rockefeller has done some mean things in the way of stifling competition, giving rebates on the sly, bribing legislators and all that, but one thing must be said about him. He has seen that every stockholder in Standard Oil got a just return for the money invested. That is more than can be said of Morgan. The latter has bled the stockholders in his own concerns. That is what's the matter with the Southern Railway today. Morgan has worked it for his own advantage.

"A friend of mine has lost a good part of his fortune in United States Steel. I warned him that he was taking the biggest sort of risk—that there was nothing back of the gigantic enterprise to justify the enormous issue of common stock. But he didn't heed my warning, and lost, but he took his medicine as a nervy gambler should. Morgan was in with the rest of that crowd in depressing the common stock to 12 cents, buying it in and then boosting it to 42 cents, unloading at that and again smashing the market to repeat the process. No sir, I don't believe Mr. Morgan is a philanthropist."

The work on the Elkin and Alleghany Railway is going on satisfactorily. About one hundred miles have been graded from Elkin. There seems to be but very little doubt but what the road will be built and operated the entire distance from Sparta—Alleghany Star.

It is often a serious thing to be out in the sea of matrimony.

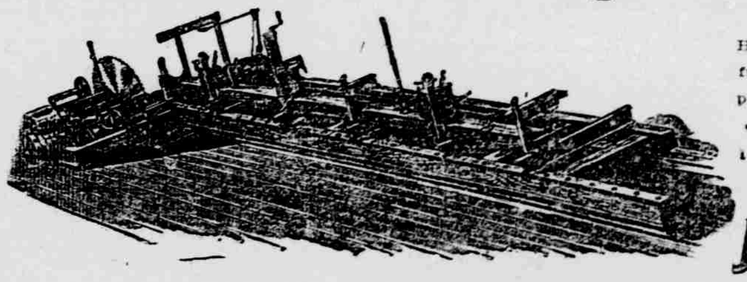
A fool and his money are soon parted—while they remain together.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as executor of the estate of the late Martha ... hereby notify all persons having claims against said estate to make payment ... and all persons having claims against said estate will present them to me on or before the 23rd day of October, 1908, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

CHARLES M. BUSBEE,
Executor of Martha Mason ...
10-23-1awk-6wks.

The Specialty of Fitting Out Saw Mills



Has established our name for furnishing the most ... plants. In our big new ... we are doing big things in the locomotive shop.

J. H. GILL

Raleigh, N. C.