

The Gift of a Light Heart.

By Professor Lattimore.

It is possible to cultivate a light heart? Probably not; but all sorts of shifts have been practiced at all times to retain one. There have always been men like Thoreau and St. Francis who believed that property brought with it a heavy heart, and have refused, as did the American philosopher, to be "harnessed to his possessions." St. Francis "cast aside every weight" that he might free himself from "idle sorrow." He and his first disciples "loved nothing earthly and feared nothing earthly; they were secure in all places, troubled by no fears, distracted by no cares; they lived without trouble of mind, waiting without solicitude for the coming day." St. Francis in the fastnesses of the Italian hills singing French hymns among the highway robbers in his whimsical lightness of heart makes a strange picture. He knew French badly, but it seemed to him the language of gaiety. The founder of the Franciscans, though we are told that he possessed what was quaintly called the gift of tears when performing his devotions in his cell, was never seen abroad without a smile, neither would he tolerate any appearance of heaviness in his followers. He rebuked a brother to whom a dejected manner had become habitual, saying: "My brother, repent thy sins in private and do not appear before the community thus downcast."

We are inclined to think that those who make their living—provided it is a fairly good one—in the sweat of their brow have lighter hearts than those who make it in the sweat of their brain. The high spirits which seem to be enjoyed by domestic servants—to judge by the sounds which come upstairs—are a case in point. Dusting, scrubbing and plate-cleaning seem to weigh on the heart far less than doctoring, journalism or the study of law or theology. Too often spirits are broken by overwork or by disappointment in the wild struggle to succeed which goes on among professional people. Certainly in the literary world light hearts are generally lost early, yet the light-hearted man of letters, though he is rare, is the most attractive of all light-hearted men. He knows how to express the music that is in his mind and is like a composer who is also an executant.

A White Race in the Philippines.

By George Harvey.

HEARSAY talk in Washington informs us that the Government proposes to run down the story of the existence of a race of good looking and energetic whites in the mountains of the Island of Mindoro in the Philippines. It appears that an expedition has been organized to penetrate into the interior of Mindoro, and find out whether such people exist there. The story about them has been obstinately persistent. The best version of it seems to be based on the report of Manuel Castro, a Filipino, to one Lieutenant Lorenzo de Clairmont. Castro claims to have visited this white tribe, which, he says, has lived in the Philippines since long before the Spaniards came there, and centres in a town of 20,000 inhabitants. He says that the members of the tribe are warlike, and have effectually discouraged intrusion on their privacy by Spaniards, though they have dealings with trading Filipinos. The men are described as fair-haired and blue-eyed; the women are surprisingly handsome. They live in well kept homes, are fond of athletic sports, and know agriculture and some of the arts. Lieutenant de Clairmont's name does not appear in the army register for 1902, but if there is such an officer in the Philippines who has a well informed native friend Castro, and if Castro is a truthful person and knows whereof he speaks, there may be an interesting item of ethnological news coming from Mindoro, which will at least be useful to the makers of comic opera. There was a recent story that certain companies of isolated Jews had existed as Jews for centuries in Western China, and on investigation it turned out to be true.—Harper's Weekly.

How to Hold a Wife.

By Elizabeth Bacon Walling.

HOW the wife as you won the sweetheart, by gallantry and devotion. Neither time nor trite repetition has thrashed the truth out of that threadbare saying: "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; it is woman's whole existence." Even if this were not true of man, by reason of his peculiar masculine organization, his bread-winning training would make it so. A woman lives in her emotions. To the woman who loves life means love. If after all she does not get love she is wretchedly, utterly, desperately disappointed. Words of endearment and caresses are a necessity with woman because of her love nature and because they have formed her constant nourishment since the days of cradle. Woman is a great big grown-up affectionate baby, eternally crying for love and putting up her mouth to be kissed. The things that contrive to make or mar a woman's happiness are mighty important to woman herself. Such an insignificant change in the heading of his letter as "darling" to "dear" has been known to send brides straightway into violent hysterics. If a young husband omits in to-day's letter the "precious" by which for the first time he had called her in yesterday's letter—a meaningful love term that only proved the endearing power of absence—she mopes around the house all day in heavy hearted despondency. Could he have met anybody in Chicago between Sunday's letter and Monday's that has come in between them? She reads his letters several times a day, wears them upon her heart, sleeps upon them and keeps the gas burning low to read over certain passages at intervals during the night. If in the hustle and bustle of things out in Chicago he fails in so many words to speak of their love she telegraphs to ask if he loves her still. If he change his hotel before he can notify her, or if any of her letters are misrouted, he is routed out of bed by the porter in the wee sma' hours of the night with the information that his wife is waiting below in the parlor. And then there is the kiss. In matters of the heart a woman is always measuring and analyzing and comparing and defining. If his married kiss, from some one of the various natural causes, is not as warm, as long, as deep or as often as the courtship one, she gets out her thermometer and yardstick. The husband must be, to hold his wife, not boorish, but gallant; not indifferent, but loving and devoted; not domineering, but chivalrous; not stupid and bungling, but clever and patient.

The Peril to Liberal Education.

By Dr. Andrew F. West, Dean of the Graduate School of Princeton University.

IS it not a fact that the majority of college students to-day are not familiar with the commonplaces of literary information and the standard books of history, poetry and so on? Do they know the greatest book of our tongue, the English Bible, as their fathers did? What have so many of them been reading? The newspapers, of course, and fiction—not always the better fiction. As between books and the short stories in magazines, how few read the former! I am not speaking of the hard books of philosophy and science, or generally of the books that involve severe thought; but of the readable, delightful books, the pleasant classics of English. What a confession of the state of things it is that colleges have to make the reading of a few books of English literature a set task as an entrance requirement, and then ask formal questions on what ought to be the free and eager reading of every boy at home! How far it is true that the advocacy of teaching science may have operated, not to beget a taste for science, but merely a neglect of literature, is, perhaps, idle to ask. It is at least true that these neglecters of literature are not usually giving laborious hours to reading scientific works. Perhaps some day our schools generally will get "Readers" that have literature in them and that will help matters a little. But the so-called students who do not care to read or do not know how to read as all students should are with us in abundance as an ever present peril. The quiet book by the quiet lamp is a good charmer. Here the true student forms his friendships with the masters of thought and fancy, here they speak to him not under the constraints of the classroom; here he may relax without weakness, adventure without limit, soar without fear and hope without end. It is the old story. Books are as Huxley put it, "his main helpers," and the free reading outside the set tasks is, perhaps, next to music, his most ennobling pleasure. The loss of this to-day's thing that does so much to deprive our college life and conversation of the fine flavor of that much misunderstood thing—Culture.

NESTER'S ANNUAL REPORT.

A Remarkable Showing For the Mills of the South.

New Orleans, Special.—The totals of Secretary Nester's annual report of the cotton crop of the United States were promulgated Tuesday. They show receipts of cotton at all United States ports for the year 7,724,104, against 7,679,290 last year; overland to Northern mills and Canada, 1,083,383, against 1,103,953; Southern consumption direct from the interior of the cotton belt, 1,920,072, against 1,897,437, making the cotton crop of the United States for 1902-1903, amount to 10,727,559 bales, against 10,680,630 last year, and 10,353,422 the year before. Colonel Nester has made his usual investigation into the consumption of the South and has received reports by mail and telegraph from every mill consuming cotton in the cotton growing States including woolen mills that have used cotton, and the results show a total of 10,697,729, out of this 80,557 were taken from ports and included in port receipts.

This shows that the mills of the South have used 62,758 bales more than during 1901-02 and 379,758 more than during 1900-01, a most remarkable showing in face of recent trade conditions supposed to have been brought about by the abnormal difference between values of the raw material and the manufactured article.

Colonel Nester's full report will be issued later and will contain interesting and valuable facts showing the consumption of the South by States, the takings and consumption of Northern mills and the world's consumption of American cotton. He will also give the crop by States and facts in relation to the continuance of the remarkable increase in the spindles of Southern mills. In addition to the totals of the crop and Southern consumption as above, Colonel Nester also gave out the actual crop of the State of Texas, which amounted to 2,530,825 bales, against 2,992,649; of Indian Territory, which amounted to 418,453, against 369,894, and of Oklahoma, which amounted this year to 136,325, against 130,812 last year. He also gave the exports for the year as follows: To Great Britain, 2,851,528, against 3,035,497, a decrease of 183,969; to France, 785,679; against 745,369, an increase of 39,710; to continental European ports, 3,039,958, against 2,859,344, an increase of 180,614; to British North America, 123,677, against 122,261, an increase of 1,416; the total exports foreign, including British North America, amounting to 6,809,843, against 6,763,071, an increase of 37,772. He states that Japan and China took of the past crop 135,408 bales, against 169,243, a decrease of 33,835.

For Southern Navy Yards.

Washington, Special.—Estimates have been submitted to Rear Admiral Endicott, chief of the bureau of yards and docks, for the improvement and expenditure at various navy yards, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905.

Pensacola, Fla., total \$2,545,515, which includes: Central power house for department of yards and docks, \$104,500; machinery for the same \$115,000; shop and office buildings for the same, \$100,000; concrete and granite dry dock, \$1,400,000; wharf and vessels under repair, \$185,000; quay walls, \$100,000.

Key West, Fla., total \$375,570, which includes to continue quay wall, \$200,000; additional land, \$150,000. Charleston, total \$3,640,000, including extension of storehouses, \$120,000; yard and power house and equipment, \$135,000; quay walls, \$400,000; pier No. 312, \$100,000; coaling pier and plant, \$250,000; dredging for piers, entrance to dock, \$180,000; floating crane, \$100,000; dry dock No. 1, \$350,000; ship fitters' shop, \$150,000; smithery, \$150,000; boat shop, \$110,000.

Port Royal, S. C., total, \$4,869,246, which includes two stone and concrete dry docks, \$2,200,000; quay wall, \$1,471,000; dredging basin and widening channel \$500,000; railroad from Burton Hill to station, \$258,000.

New Orleans, total \$3,816,190, which includes electric light power plant extension, \$250,000; improvement of water front, \$1,300,000; electric conductors and pipe subway, \$160,000; paving and ditches \$180,000; railroad system, \$117,000; brick boundary wall, \$100,000; naval supply fund storehouse, \$120,000; boat shops \$125,000; naval hospital, \$150,000; ordnance shop and offices, \$120,000.

Japanese Make Trouble.

Pekin, By Cable.—A telegram has been received here announcing that the steamer Stanley Dollar (formerly a Danish vessel, but now owned by an American), sent by a Russian company from Tien Tsin to Yonampoh, at the mouth of the Yalu river, Corea, for a cargo of lumber from the Russian concession of the Yalu river, was prevented from entering the port of Yonampoh by a Japanese gunboat, whose commander said Yonampoh was not an open port and that foreign vessels had no right to enter.

Pennsylvania Democrats.

Harrisburg, Pa., Special.—The indications are that Wednesday's Democratic State convention will be a very quiet and harmonious gathering. There is apparently no opposition to the candidacy of Senator Arthur G. Dewalt, of Lehigh county, for Auditor General. The platform will declare against the Grady-Salus libel bill, passed by the last Legislature and signed by Governor Pennypacker, and condemn the last Legislature for the passage of the ballot reform bill by the Republican majority.

A Severe Hailstorm.

Richmond, Special.—A terribly destructive hail storm is reported from Amherst, Nelson, Appomattox and Charlotte counties. It swept from Albemarle southeast through the State, and levelled crops everywhere within its pathway. In Appomattox alone it destroyed a million tobacco plants. The hailstones at some points were as large as hen eggs, and crashed everything growing to the ground.

SKETCH OF BILL ARP

Life and Character of An Original Southern Philosopher

WAS A WIDELY READ HUMORIST

Belonging to the Old School of Southern Gentlemen, He Was Always in Sympathy With New Ideas.

With the passing of Major Charles H. Smith, of Cartersville, Ga., better known to the reading public as "Bill Arp," a notable figure of the old Southland goes out of the public gaze, and the South is poorer because of his death. He was a connecting link between the periods that marked the ante-bellum and the post-bellum periods of Southern history. An "unreconstructed rebel" he remained to the last. Yet his sympathies were always with the young, the progressive, the modern. He saw with clear vision the tremendous possibilities of Southern development, when others halted on the threshold of progress, afraid to utter the talisman, "open sesame" that promised to unclash the matchless treasure house of the future.

"Bill Arp" was a seer and a prophet. He was more—he was a philosopher, a plantation philosopher, perhaps, but his was not the reasoning of the pessimist who sees no good in the present. Bill Arp saw the best in the past, the present and the future. He saw evil only when abstract evil existed and then was reluctant to point it out.

His delineations of the Old South were par excellence. His exhortations of the carpet-bagger were terrific. His pictures of old Southern life were



MAJOR CHARLES H. SMITH, "BILL ARP."

masterpieces. His hopes for the future of the section to which he, during a long and useful lifetime, had been so true, were inspiring. He has done much for the South. His admirers are legion and as he sleeps the long sleep his work will follow him.

At the time of his death, Major Smith was 77 years old, having been born in Gwinnett county, Georgia, in 1826. The father of Major Smith was a Massachusetts man and his mother a South Carolinian.

The father of Major Smith settled in Savannah when he first moved to Georgia. He taught school, afterwards marrying one of his pupils. The father never returned to the North.

Charles, as he tells us, "grew up as bad as other town boys, went to school some and worked some." He entered Franklin College at Athens, but did not graduate. Later he studied law.

Major Smith married Miss Mary Octavia Hutchins, of Lawrenceville. They have ten children.

Major Smith was a merchant at one time. When the war commenced he began to write rebellious letters in a humorous way which attracted attention. This was not so much to the humor contained in them, but from

the fact that all he said was so good naturally said, that every Southerner felt that "Bill Arp" echoed his own thoughts and feelings. From the time that he asked "Mr. Linkhorn for a little more time" to the present day, all have looked to him to express what they feel. At first those letters were written in the Josh Billings style of spelling, but this was afterwards laid aside.

ORIGIN OF BILL ARP.

The non de plume "Bill Arp" was adopted in this way: When President Lincoln called for volunteers at the outbreak of the war, Mr. Smith, who was living at Rome, Ga., wrote a ludicrous criticism on the call. He read the article to a group of friends on the street corner, and after a hearty laugh they begged him to publish it; but he said he was not willing to have his name signed. In the crowd, attracted by the reading, was a country wag named Bill Arp, who suggested that his name be put to it. At once the signature became popular.

The Courier-Journal said of his letters to Artemus Ward in 1865, that "it was the first chirp of any bird after the surrender, and gave relief and hope to thousands of drooping hearts." Another paper said: "His writings are a delightful mixture of humor and philosophy. There is no cynicism in his nature, and he always pictures the brightest side of domestic life, and encourages his readers to live up to it and enjoy it."

Bill Arp told much about himself and his family in his letters, which he sent out for thirty years. They were "talking letters," as Coleridge would call them.

"HOME WITHOUT MOTHER."

He bought a farm at Cartersville, Ga., in 1878 and there he lived and wrote until within the last few years, when he moved to town. His late home, "The Shadows," is situated on Erwin street, and has a large sloping lawn studded with giant oaks. His description of the condition of a home without the mother showed him helpless he felt without "Mrs. Arp." He said:

WRECK OF A TRAIN.

Engine and Three Cars Go Through Trestle Near Yorkville.

SIX KILLED AND MANY INJURED

Mr. B. F. Williford, of Charlotte, Displayed Rare Presence of Mind in Aiding the Passengers to Get Out of the Wreck.

Yorkville, S. C., Special.—Passenger train No. 15, northbound, on the South Carolina and Georgia Extension Railroad, formerly the 3Cs., now operated by the Southern Railway, went through a trestle forty feet high over Fishing Creek, three miles east of here, about 11:30 o'clock Thursday, killing six men and injured 24, five of whom will likely die. Three of the latter are negro passengers.

The dead: Engineer H. C. Brickman, Fireman Fred Rhyne, Postal Clerk C. J. Smith and three unknown negroes.

The injured: White—Julius Johnson, of Rock Hill, S. C., perhaps fatally; W. L. Slaughter, Hickory Grove, S. C.; seriously; Fred Poag, Lancaster, S. C.; P. W. Spence, Roddy's, S. C.; J. N. McLaurin, Bethune, S. C.; Mrs. J. C. Roddy, Presley, N. C.; Mrs. H. B. Bulst, Rock Hill, S. C.; B. F. Williford, Charlotte; T. C. Hicks, Lancaster, S. C.; seriously; W. Harry Wille, Jr., Rock Hill, S. C.; R. A. Willis, Edgemoor, S. C.; F. M. Stephenson, Kershaw, S. C.; V. B. Hall, Rock Hill, S. C.; Mrs. Sadie McCaskill, Kershaw, S. C.; two children named Jenkins, of Rock Hill; Conductor Ed. Turner, Baggage-master Dukes, Flagman Whisnant, Colored—Billie Beard, Rock Hill; Frank Burris, Sharon, S. C.; Alec Hurdy, McConellsville, S. C.

All the bodies have been taken out, save those of the engineer and fireman.

The train consisted of an engine and three cars. It left Rock Hill about 11 o'clock, with about 40 passengers on board. When the train had passed out upon the trestle the entire structure under the cars gave way, hurling the engine and cars to the bank of the creek, about 50 feet below. Engineer Henry Brickman, Fireman Fred Rhyne and three negro passengers were instantly killed. Conductor Ed. Turner suffered a broken shoulder, and W. T. Slaughter, of Hickory Grove, S. C., and Julius Johnson, of Rock Hill, S. C., were perhaps fatally injured. Marvin H. Morrow, of Blacksburg, S. C.; T. C. Hicks, of Lancaster, and R. A. Willis, of Edgemoor, S. C., have broken bones, while a dozen or more other passengers were less seriously injured.

B. F. Williford, of Charlotte, who was slightly injured, displayed rare presence of mind in helping the passengers. Of a half-dozen young men equally lucky, he was the only one to try to assist the ladies and injured men. He told the terrified passengers in the first-class coach that the danger was over, and that he was there to see them to safety. He helped several young men out of the wreck, and tried to get them to help him with others, but they selfishly went off and left him to struggle alone until help came from the outside.

Yorkville people went down in bugles and worked for hours extricating the dead and injured from the wreck and affording all possible relief.

The rotten timbers of the ancient trestle tell their own unquestionable story as to the cause of the wreck.

Graves on the Two Races.

"Partition of the races is the way, the only way. If God hath made of one blood the nations of the earth He hath also established unto them the metes and bounds of their habitation. He did not intend that antagonistic races should live together. The prejudice of race is a pointing of Providence and the antagonism of peoples is the fixed policy by which God peoples the different portions of the universe and establishes the individuality of the nations. The act that brought these people together on this continent was a sin of the fathers, a sin of greed, an iniquity of trade—and the sorrow and suffering of the present is for the sin of the past, a sin against nature and a sin against God. The curse can be lifted only when nature is vindicated and God is obeyed. The problem will be solved only when the negro is restored to 'the bounds of his partition.'"

"Neither impossible nor impracticable. The elements are willing and the way is in reach. This is not a day of impossibilities. The hand of the Almighty is steadily opening the way."

"It may be that the islands of the sea were placed by Providence in our keeping to furnish an answer to the problem of the time."

"The South is neither cruel nor unpatriotic and the North knows it. The North is neither immovable nor vindictive, and the South knows it. If either of us is mistaken, and if both of us are misunderstood, we are yet one people, and we must meet upon the plain of our brotherhood, and our destiny of our mighty race. This is our country. We made it. We moulded it. We control it, and we always will. We have done great things. We have mighty things to do. The negro is an accident, an unwilling, a blameless, but an unwholesome, unwelcome, helpless, unassimilable element in our civilization. He is not made for our times. He is not framed to share in the duty and the destiny which he perplexes and beclouds. Let us put him kindly and humanely out of the way. Let us give him a better chance than he has ever had in history, and let us have done with him. Let us solve his problem—fearlessly, nobly and speedily. Let us put it behind us. Let us purify our politics of the perplexity. Let us liberate the South to vote and think like free men upon the mighty issues of the times."

Young Gorman Nominated.

Baltimore, Special.—Col. A. P. Gorman, Jr., the only son of United States Senator A. P. Gorman, was nominated Wednesday by the Howard county Democratic convention for the State Senate, having won a decisive victory over his opponents. Col. Gorman is 30 years old and begins his political career where his father began 30 years ago.

Reduced Tobacco Sales.

Winston-Salem, Special.—The sales of leaf tobacco during August on the Winston market aggregated 127,309 pounds, a decrease of 376,454 pounds over August of last year. The sales since October 1, 1902, were 19,676,481 pounds, an increase of 7,938,567 pounds over the same months of the previous year. The shipments of manufactured tobacco this month amounted to about two million pounds. The exact figures cannot be given, as an order has been issued from the Department at Washington which is taken to mean that such information must not be given out any more.

Bryan Goes to Ohio.

Lincoln, Neb., Special.—W. J. Bryan left Monday night for Ohio to begin his campaign in behalf of the Democratic State ticket. Mr. Bryan said his telegram to Tom L. Johnston had been misunderstood; that he had not cancelled any dates in Ohio, but business matters kept him at home, and he was unable to speak at Toledo Monday night, as had been arranged. He would he said, fill postponed dates later in the campaign, probably in October.

Woolen Mills Resume.

Boston, Special.—Most of the score or more of mills in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont and Maine, owned by the American Woolen Company, which have been shut down from one to two weeks, will be reopened. The shutdown was ordered by the Boston office of the company, to give the 20,000 or more employes a vacation and to permit changes to be made.

General Hasseltene Dead.

Denver, Col., Special.—General Don Carlos Hasseltene, a distinguished scholar and linguist, died at his home in this city Monday. He was born in New Orleans in 1825 of Spanish parentage. The general's great-great-grandfather was sent by the Spanish King to America to be governor general of the entire Spanish possessions in the New World. General Hasseltene was a graduate of Miami, Yale and Heidelberg Universities and served in the Confederate army. He was captured as a spy and sentenced to be shot, but escaped. After the war he was a member of Commodore Porter's staff.

News in Notes.

The "Marrying Parson" is dead. He was Elder James Calvin, of Youngstown, Ohio, who died a few days ago in his 91st year. By trade he was a tailor, but it was an ordained minister, and he was never refused to marry a couple that came to him for the purpose. He used to boast that none of his marriages turned out unhappy. Efforts will be made by friends of the Ship Trust to secure the passage of a subsidy bill at the next session of Congress.