State Library

—NOW IS THE TIME TO—

SUBSCRIBE FOR

The Wilson Advance

FOR 1889.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTHS'."

VOLUME 19. WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, MAY 30, 1889. NUMBER 18

FOR ALL KINDS OF

—JOB WORK

SEND YOUR ORDERS

—TO THIS OFFICE.—

ILL ARP'S LETTER

—:o:—

HE IS SOLIDLY IN FAVOR OF INSURANCE.

How Finely and Scientifically Everything is Figured Down, as he Tells it.

I have just twelve years to live—how many have you? In years from now I will have seven years to live. Twenty years from now I will have four years to live, and thirty years from now I will still have two years to live—that is curious. How the expectation of life keeps lapping on. It looks like a man would never die if he could keep on living—he would always have a little margin ahead. But I may die tomorrow, or next week, and that is why I took an insurance policy on my life yesterday—I did not feel certain of those twelve years. A friend of mine in the business, and he disbursed so seriously about the matter and seemed so sympathetic and manifested such a kind interest in my family that he conquered my prejudices and took a policy—I never had any prejudice against life insurance but I had such bad luck that I quit. A long time ago I begun with the Knickerbocker and after I had paid out about four hundred dollars it failed. Then I took out a policy in a St. Louis company and that failed. Then I tried the "Cotton States" and that failed. So I quit the business and lived on alone, and now I am so old that it takes nearly all my income to pay the premium. In fact, I didn't think they would take me, but my friend said that inasmuch as it was me they would. Then he drew his documents and I had to answer all sorts of questions about my kinfolks and ancestors and how long they all lived and what they died of. They went away back to my grandfathers who lived more than a hundred years ago, and I didn't know much about them but told him I did have some ancestors who lived a mighty long time. He brightened up and I told him their names were Adam and Methuselah and that one of them named Enoch didn't die at all. Then my friend took me to a doctor and he thumped me on the back, and put his ear to my bosom to hear my heart beat, and felt of my pulse and measured my height and around my breast and my corporosity, and asked me whether I had ever had the rheumatism, or consumption or colic, or dropsy, or the blind staggers, or fits, or gout, or big jaw, or delirium tremens, or insanity, or the earache, or yaller janders, or Bright's disease, or any other disease, or tumors, or wens, or hair-lips, or cross-eyes, and I don't know what all, and when I had answered no to them all he pronounced me a good subject, and so I am now insured. When I handed Mrs. Arp the policy and told her it was for her and her only, she never stopped sewing the buttons on Jessie's dress, but asked me, in a quiet way, if I was sure the company was a good one. She might as well have asked if I was sure to die in time for the money to do her some good, but she didn't. She has got that policy put away somewhere, and I'll bet she lets me know when the premiums fall due. Well, that is all right. When a man weds a woman she is entitled to boot, and if he hasn't got it he ought to keep his life insured for her benefit. I've noticed a good many widows, and I believe that a five thousand dollar policy on her husband's life is one of the most consoling things in the world. It oughtn't to be more than that, for it might tempt some designing man to inveigle himself into her affections, and I wouldn't like that. I had a sickly client once who employed me to write his will. His wife was right smart younger than he was and a good deal healthier, and he said he didn't think he was going to live very long and he didn't mind dying so much, but he couldn't bear to think of another feller stepping around over his land. So he wanted me to fix things so that if she did marry they would have to get another farm and step round over that.

Insurance is a good thing. It makes one feel calm and serene. I have been insuring against fire for forty years and never yet had a fire. The money I have paid out would make a good big pile, but it has brought me more comfort than any money I ever invested. And so if I am to get no tangible benefit from my life insurance it is a comfort to know that my wife will, if she survives me, and I reckon she will. She has got six years advantage in age—that is in youth—for a woman never gets old. And then again the tables show that the women of forty-five and over outlive the men. I said that I had just twelve years to live, but if I was a woman I would have thirteen. That is the difference.

My wife has seventeen years to live, and that beats me five years. These life tables that show the expectation, the average, the probability of life, are very curious and interesting. In a million births the males outnumber the females twenty-two thousand, but the girls don't die so fast, and by the time they reach fifty years the females begin to outnumber the men and outlive them. Nine thousand more women live to see seventy years than men—taking a million as the basis. Two thousand more women than men live to see ninety. At one hundred years there are seventy-nine men to one hundred and forty-four women. The males start out most numerous, and this is right, for it gives every girl a fair chance for a lover and a husband—and it certainly was intended by a kind Providence that she should have one. She is entitled to one, and if I had my way I would make every old bachelor marry or support one. If he wouldn't marry according to nature, I would make him work for one. In youth and middle age the males outnumber the females, because it takes a good number to defend the country and do the fighting. But the old women outlive the old men because they are needed to nurse us and raise the grandchildren. They have no bad habits that shorten life. They do not drink, nor chew tobacco, nor smoke, nor expose themselves, nor eat in a hurry. They take life calm and serene. One hundred and twenty-five thousand children are born every day. What a squalling and rejoicing if one could hear it all at once. Just think of it—forty-five millions of brand new human beings in a year. But they don't stay long, not many of them. One-fourth of them die before they are six years old. While one hundred and twenty-five thousand are born in a day there are one hundred thousand funerals going on at the same time. What weeping and wailing, what grief and sorrow if we could hear and see it all. Verily the increase of the human family is mixed with great tribulations. Births and deaths, births and deaths, with the births only a little ahead, and sometimes, when war and pestilence and famine comes, the death rate is ahead.

What is to be the end of all this? When will the world get full? Not long ago I saw it stated that if all the people who had died were added to all those who now live, it would take all the habitable land of the world to give each one a grave lot ten feet square. Twelve years to live. How carefully these insurance companies have studied the regularity of irregular things. It is one of the exact sciences. They know precisely how many men will live to be seventy-five and how many women, and they fix the premiums to fit the longevity, and leave a good margin for profit. They will charge a man the trifling sum of fifty cents to insure his life from here to New York, and if he is killed on the journey they will pay his family $5,000, and make money by it. They know exactly how many in a hundred thousand will be killed. It is like the rainfall in a year. It is like throwing the dice—no man can tell whether the ace or the deuce or a six spot will turn up, but in a thousand throws each of the six sides have shown uppermost the same number of times. Insurance companies know the life of a dwelling or a gin house, or a planing mill, with as much certainty as the astronomer knows the coming of the moon's eclipse. But I know full well that there is no certainty of twelve years for me, and so I must be ready, ready at all times for the summons. Let us all be ready. BILL ARP.

SELFISHNESS KILLS.

A Lesson for Wilson's Monied Men.

Selfishness—this will kill a town. But liberality and public spirit will build it up.

When men serve their ends without regard to the interest of the town in which they live and do business, they strike a blow at its progress. Moneyed men or companies are of no benefit to a town unless they are of the right kind—unselfish, generous, public-spirited. Such men or companies will not make a town, or cause business to grow or thrive. Behind it must be liberal, wide-awake, energetic men with push.—Durham Sun.

"Drat Them Hens."

Sojourner (at country tavern)—"Madam, I am in great haste and very hungry. Can you get me up a couple of fried eggs?"

Landlady—"Yes sir."

Sojourner (after long waiting)—"It's some time since I ordered those eggs, madam."

Landlady—"Drat them hens! Jeff, go out to the barn and stir 'em up."

The Small Boy Outdone.

Some man of genius should invent something that would destroy the pestiferous English sparrow. The boy with his air gun is inadequate.—Goldsboro Messenger.

NORTH CAROLINA THOUGHT.

What the Brethren of the Quill Think and Say on the Questions of the Day.

THE COLOR LINE DRAWN.

John Wanamaker seems to be drawing the color line deep and strong against the white folks.—Asheville Journal.

THE SOUTH SOLID ON THE RIGHT.

Whatever may be the fate of parties, the South will be faithful to the Constitution and the Union—true to God, humanity and truth.—New Berne Journal.

EVERY BODY DELIGHTED.

The prospect of Jeff Davis coming to Fayetteville this fall is hailed with delight all over North Carolina.—Newton Enterprise.

IT WORKS TOO WELL FOR JOHN.

So far, no North Carolina Nichols have been dropped into the federal slot; but the machine works just the same.—Charlotte Chronicle.

THEY ADVERTISED.

Western and Piedmont North Carolina boom because they have advertised, and Eastern Carolina must do likewise to thrive.—Wilmington Messenger.

ALL IS VANITY.

Verily, what availeth it for a man to win the bubble reputation at the voter's mouths and then have his name spelt wrong in the bulletin?—Tarboro Southernor.

THE ONE GRAND BLUNDER.

Had Cleveland, when in office, followed this plan instead of rewarding "our friends the enemy," we verily believe he would be President to-day. We regard his observance of the Civil Service humbug the one grand blunder of his administration.—Stanly Observer.

HE SEES AN OFFICE.

When a Democrat now-a-days announces that, after careful and prayerful deliberation, he has come to the honest conclusion that he has been mistaken and has determined to change his political affiliations, then you may know that he is smelling after a storekeepership in a distillery.—Gastonia Gazette.

"THE PRAYER OF THE RIGHTEOUS AVAILETH MUCH."

We have for four months past been writing to, for and at you; we have "piped" unto you; and yet many have not danced up to the office and settled their subscription for the paper,—upon all such may the Lord have mercy.—Concord Times-Register.

DEMOCRATS FIGHT BETTER WHEN OUT.

The Republicans will be on the defensive. They must satisfy the public for their maladministration, and answer the workingmases for the failure of stheir triumphant policy of protection. The Democracy will win the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two.—Wilmington Messenger.

REPUBLICAN SUCCESS MEANS NEGRO RULE.

Republican rule means negro supremacy! We said so in the last campaign. Our State government is all right—no negroes get in office from that source, for the white man'e party was successful in the State election. But the national election was carried by the negro party—the result is that negroes are being placed in office all over the South.—Kinston Free Press.

YET THEY LOVE THE NEGRO.

But whenever a negro is appointed, Presieent Harrison and the majority of the Republican party at the North, prefer that the appointment shall be made at the South. They prefer, for instance, that North Carolina should have the benefit of their services as postmssters and railway mail employees rather than that they should be given positions in Kansas or Rhode Island.—Raleigh News and Observer.

TIME WILL SOLVE THE RACE PROBLEM.

As to labor we have too much. Look at them doing nothing. Living is too cheap. Just so long as one can get old clothes, and for one day's work, get enough to support him a week, will see him loafing. As industries grow, and his fields of labor contracts, we will see him facing westward or southward, and bidding farewell to his old home and white friends. Thus time makes the race problem with us solve itself.—Tarboro Banner.

Some Changes in the Code.

Sheriffs and magistrates are now authorized to administer oaths in certain cases when the performance of their duties requires them to take justified bonds. Depositions can be taken in certain cases before county commissioners and aldermen. Surveyors are required to have their surveying chains tried by standard keepers.—Shelby Aurora.

OUR SCHOOL LAW.

Changes Made by the last Legislature.

The recent body of law makers which spent two months at the Capital in session could not be called an educational Legislature in the strict sense of the term, but certainly it was a conservative body.

The amendment to the public school law of the State as suggested by Hon. S. M. Finger, our energetic and faithful State Superintendent, was before the assembly for a long while vibrating between the two Houses as it wonld be changed and returned by each body, until towards the end of the session a bill of amendments was finally passed. The principal changes from the old law are as follows:

1. The school year is to end on Nov. 30th instead of June 30th as heretofore.

2. No contracts for teacher's salaries shall be made during any fiscal year for a larger amount of money than is actually to the credit of the responsive districts for that year. Nor shall any orders upon the Treasurer be given to a teacher until he has the money in hand to pay such orders. (This means that school committes shall not contract a debt for the schools.)

3 The next books recommended by the State Board of Education shall be used in the public schools. The State Board may, however, recommend more than one series upon the subject to be taught.

4. The apportionment of school funds is to be made on the first Monday in January of each year.

5. All schools in the county shall be in session at the same time and but one continuous term in a year. (This prevents waste of money in a short and useless term of two or three weeks at a time.)

6. All contracts with teachers shall be in writing.

7. County Superintendents with the conductors of County Institutes may issue first grade certificates to teachers who attend the Institutes, which shall be valid for three years. (This change is a long step towards the improvement of our school system.)

8. All teachers holding first grade certificates must, within one year after it is issued, stand a satisfactory examination on "Theory and Practice of Teaching," the book for this purpose being selected by the State Superintendent.

9. One-third of the voters of a town or city may, upon petition, procure an election for a special tax for the public schools of that community.

10. Any two or more school districts in the State may employ a teacher to superintend the public schools, and he shall discharge the duties of County Superintendent in those districts.

11. All the summer Normal Schools are abolished and the money which has heretofore supported them is to be used in providing County Institutes in their stead. [The State refused to appropriate the additional amount of $5,000 which was asked for to be used in the special training of the white teachers; therefore the colored teachers now receive $8,000 from the State for their Normals, while the white teachers have only $4,000 for training the men and women who are to educate the white boys and girls of our State!]—North Carolina Teacher.

WANTED—A BOY.

There are too Few Who Can Fill the Place.

Wanted, a brave, courageous, manly, hopeful boy; one not afraid to tell the truth; one who scorns a lie; one who hates deceit; one who loves his mother and honors his father; one who does not know more than his parents; one who has the courage to say no to temptation, and stick to it; one who is willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work upward; one who thinks it unmanly to chew, smoke or drink; one who is willing to obey his superiors; one who knows his home is a better place than the street; one who won't be a sneak and do mean things when unseen; one who won't squander every penny he earns or gets; one who has self-respect and keeps himself in decent appearance; one who will not torture or cruelly treat dumb animals; one who respects old age and treats the feeble kindly; one who won't steal, swear or repeat nasty stories; one who won't do a dirty act for another who is too cowardly to do his own meanness; one who does right because it is right. Wanted, a boy, a manly boy, whole-souled, earnest, honorable, square. Where can he be found? Do you know him? Is he a member of your family? He is wanted, wanted badly.—Home and Farm.

The patriot to the treasury department: "With all thy vaults I love thee still."—Burdette.

FOR THE FARM.

—:o:—

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Original, Borrowed, Stolen and Communicated Articles on Farming.

[The ADVANCE has always endeavored to do whatever lay in its power to aid the farmers. We propose to make the paper of as much practical value to the tillers of the soil as it is in our power, To do so we expect our farmer friends to help us. We hope to have at least one original article from the pen of some practical farmer every week and we here and now earnestly request them to assist us in this way and thereby help in the practical education of the farmers of the State.—ED.]

Wayne county, even in our day, was once noted as a county of "hog and hominy," and in that day there were no chattel, crop or land mortgages.—Goldsboro Messenger.

A high authority on grasses has said "They are social and like to have near neighbors," meaning that it is good to have many varieties needed to insue occupancy of all space.

It is not absolutely necessary that every young farmer should have a gay stepper, a harness with silver trimmings and a buggy so polished as to reflect the folly of dangerous extravagance.

Truer works have seldom been spoken than these: "Killing grass at home to buy hay from abroad may be wise, but it is costly." The ADVANCE hopes to see our people raise all the hay needed at home next year.

An exchange speaks a solemn truth when it says "too much northern hay is used in this county and section of the State, where all kinds of forage can be raised, if our farmers would turn their attention so exclusively from cotton and get to raising more oats, corn, lucerne and other grasses. A diversity of crops is what is needed to lift our farmers out of the lurch."

Here's the way to raise your meat, according to Mr. N. J. Stuard, of Cleveland county. Sow first, for fattening hogs, clover, then a patsure of oats which when in head can be eaten by the hogs, then a third crop of peas, then turn hogs on the peas. Afterwards feed hogs six weeks on ground corn in a mush form and you will have fat hogs. And the beauty about the process is that it brings the smokehouse from Chicago and plants it squarely on your own farm—where it ought to be.

THE NASH COCK AHEAD.

Gib Arrington, Esq., shipped four fine fighting cocks to Texas on Saturday. These birds were ordered especially for their fighting qualities. The gold medal was awarded Mr. Arrington at the Centennial in 1876, for finest display of finest birds.—Rocky Mount Plaindealer.

SOME BAD, BUT MANY GOOD.

No member of the Alliance need be discouraged because there are bad men in the order. As long as human nature is as weak as it is, perfection in human affairs need not be expected. In every department of life, in all social organizations bad men are found.—Exchange

NEW ENTERPRISE AT SELMA.

We learn that the Farmers' Alliance will soon establish a guano factory at Selma. There is no more suitable place in the the State than this. Its railroad facilities are unsurpassed. It is located in the centre of the cotton belt, and is accessible to the farmer of every section. We hope our people will encourage their enterprise.—Selma Reporter.

THERE IS MONEY IN GRAIN AND GRASS.

Mr. S. Johnson, of Littleton, last year had forty acres of land in timothy and clover which yielded fully two tons per acre. This year he has increased the acreage to seventy and expects to reap a larger harvest. He also showed us eight acres of wheat which will now average waist high and from which he expects to get not less than twenty-five bushels per acre.

SAMPSON BLUES.

Mr. Isaac Brown, of Warsaw, purchased a pair of mules, and a new wagon, on Tuesday, at Southerland's, to haul huckleberries in Duplin and Sampson, for shipment North. The shipments from Warsaw last season aggregated forty thousand bushels, and the crop is equally as promising this year. The old "Sampson blue" is regarded North as one of the finest table luxuries. The huckleberry industry is one of our most surprising and gratifying developments; a spontaneous money crop of wonderful profit and proportions.—Wilmington Messenger.

THE NUMBER INCREASING.

In the twenty years ending in 1880 the number of farms in America increased from 2,044,077 to 4,088,907. During the same period the product of the farms more than doubled in value, rising from $1,600,000, in 1859, to $3,600,000 in 1879. That seems to be a good, healthy growth and demonstrates the fact that our people know better how to farm than our old forefathers. The ADVANCE welcomes this fact with delight.

DOUBLE CROPS.

The question very naturally arises: why not plant something on the land from which oats are cut? thereby making two crops from one piece of land and not damage it either. A good paying crop from an oat patch would be a turnip crop for hogs and cows in the fall. Just as soon as the oats are cut off, rip up and harrow the land mellow; sow in turnips and you have two crops and your land will be in fine condition for 1890.

THE TRULY SUCCESSFUL FARMER.

He is not the wealty, old tight-fisted farmer, but the man who by diligence and hard work has succeeded in providing himself and family with a comfortable, pleasant home, who has furnished his home with a plenty of good reading matter and necessary conveniences, and has taken time to read and gain knowledge. He is a blessing to the werld, is kind and free hearted, and has the esteem and confidence of his fellow man. Such a man is a successful farmer.—North Carolinian.

A VALUABLE ANIMAL.

A lady writes the Country Gentleman that she has a grade Jersey cow, weighing 700 pounds from which she sold $95.50 worth of butter from March 1st, 1888 to February 1st, 1889. She writes that she made 381 pounds of butter, of which 308 pounds was sold at thirty and thirty-two cents per pound and had plenty of milk for family use. Cow's food was grass and rain water in the summer; in winter, timothy and oat hay, two quarts of shorts and two of middlings as a slop morning and night, with the chill taken off the drinking water.

THE SCRUB COW.

Perhaps of all abused animals in the newspaper and on the farm the common, every-day, live-as-you-can cow takes the lead. She is abused on the farm, where she ought to be cared for, more than anywhere else. The ADVANCE does not desire to be understood as championing the cause of the "scrub" cow against those of high grade. Far from it. But it does believe that if the "scrub" cow received only a little of the attention bestowed upon her more favored sister, she would yield better returns. We believe that if the "scrub" cow were fed, cared for, and culled as those cattle are which such writers delight to call "fancy," in something less than half a century she would cease to be a "scrub."

HOW LONG?

How long a cow should remain dry is one that puzzles most farmers. She is generally allowed to go as she pleases and this seems to be the correct way. The American Dairyman sums it up in this way: "If he is a summer dairyman, he will probably favor three or four months, as that takes up all the time between fall and spring butter making. If he is a winter butter maker he will shorten the time a little, as he does not consider it so imperatively necessary for drying off cows in summer when feed is comparatively cheap. If he is an all-round dairyman, who sells milk to the city winter and summer, then he sees no necessity for drying off the cows at all, and he is probably right. Feed the cow correctly, and then let her go dry or not, just as she pleases.

A PROFITABLE FARM.

Here's a model truck farm for you, as described by M Quad in Detroit Free Press. It belongs to Dunn & Millett, Newberne, N. C., and comprises 800 acres. Last year they cleared enough from the truck to pay for the whole farm and this year the yield will be, taking last year as a basis, as follows: Forty acres of asparagus, cutting 2,000 dozen bunches; forty acres of peas, yielding 2,500 boxes; twenty-five acres of beans, yielding 5,000 boxes; two hundred acres of potatoes, yielding 12,000 barrels; fifty acres of cabbages, yielding 6,000 barrels; two hundred acres of oats, yielding twenty-one bushels to the acre; one hundred and fifty acres of corn (second), yielding forty bushels to the acre. They have twenty-five acres of plums, pears and peaches, which will this year bring in several thousand dollars, and have fifty acres in pasture. The owners are collecting a fine herd of Holstein cattle and blooded horses and have a cash income from milk sold in town. They emply help at sixty cents per day and board. Barns and sheds are arranged and cared for with as much system as among the best Northern farmers, but the cash returns on this farm this year will beat the best bank stock out of sight.

SUING THE RAILROADS.

A Case of Considerable Interest in This State.

There was quite a little stir yesterday when it became known that Dr. Hodge, of this county, had brought suit against forty railway companies for failure to make the annual reports of their business, etc., required by law. The North Carolina and Atlantic & North Carolina railways are not sued. A law was enacted in 1871, requiring such reports to be made. It has been more honored in the breach than in the observance. Repeatedly during the recent session of the Legislature your correspondent heard this matter referred to. It was said, over and over again, that the railways would not obey the law and did not intend to regard it at all. There is no telling what effect this will have. Dr. Hodge is entitled to $500 penalty from each road if his suit prospers. Railway people said to-day that the doctor was a figure-head and that sharp lawyers had worked up the matter and were seeing what could be done. It will be in the autumn before the matter comes before the Superior Court here. The railway people have no defense to make, as far as can be seen now. It is very strange that forty railways failed to obey the plain mandate of a law. The suits can only be for one failure to report. They cannot reach back and cover all these eighteen years. Some roads have made scattering reports.—Raleigh correspondent of the Wilmington Messenger.

DOESN'T NEED A NEWSPAPER.

But Other Towns Should Support the Press.

Stranger—"I should think that this thriving little town would have a newspaper published in it."

Native—"What for?"

"To publish the news."

"We've got two barber shops and plenty of women to do that, stranger."

"Well, then, you ought to have a newspaper to blow about your town."

"Pshaw! stranger, I reckon the wind and the real estate agents do enough of that."

"Yes, but you need a newspaper to give your citizens a send off when they die."

"The vigilance committee generally attends to that, and the preachers help 'em out on the home stretch."

"Then you ought to have a newspaper to do your lying for you."

"You're off again, stranger.—Four new lawyers moved in yesterday. I guess we don't need any newspaper, mister."—Newman Independent.

Southern Independence Assured.

But now for her material resources, the manufacturing era has set in, and in every section natives and settlers are starting new enterprises which, while a source of varied profit to the communities and neighborhoods wherein they are located, must in the aggregate largely diminish Southern dependence on the North for manufactured articles, which dependence has hitherto been, and will continue to be in proportion as it exists at all, the bane of the South's industrial life and of the prosperity and happiness of her people.—Goldsboro Argus.

A New Remedy.

A railroad company is a tough thing to run against, but the Canadian Pacific was badly worsted in the swamps of Maine last Sunday. Eleven miles of catterpillars took a fancy to crawling on the rails and defied every effort of the train to advance until another locomotive was sent to the rescue.—New Berne Journal.

As it is impossible to secure a Railroad Commission in North Carolina would it not be well to import the catterpillars as special guardians of the railroads in the State.

"Mainspring of Progress."

We need a few cranks in San Francisco. They are the mainspring of progress, and we could afford to pay well for them. If we could trade our Silurians for them at the rate of a hundred for one we should be doubly blessed.—San Franciso Chronicle.

Gambling Christians.

The Christian who secretly buys a lottery ticket and draws a blank feels that he has sold himself to the lowest bidder. The one who should happen to draw a prize will feel still worse before he gets through with it.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

THE CITY FARMER.

—:o:—

HOW HE PURCHASED A "CRADLE."

And the Consequences That Followed as a Result of His Inexperience.

I forgot to mention in the proper place, that I had planted in the fall, (or rather Jake did,) a small crop of wheat, and this now promised to be very fine. I felt a good deal of pride in my prospect for a large yield, and looked forward with some anxiety and pleasure to the time when I should gather my wheat, and put some money into, instead of emptying my pockets, as had been my misfortune of late.

One day, in early summer, as I was standing in the fence corner, admiring the artistic manner in which the green of the plants was turning to gold, Jake came up and accosted me:—

"It's time this ere wheat was cut; ef it ain't gathered pretty soon, thar won't be much trouble in thrashing it," and crammed his mouth full of tobacco, and watched me out of one of his eye.

"Of course it is Jake, you are quite right. I was just thinking of it when you spoke. I think you had better get your—your, instruments at once, Jake, and go to work. There is no time like the present, and we will "make hay while the sun shines," and I looked very wisely at Jake, who was chewing his cud slowly.

"Where's yer cradle?" he asked, at last, as he was turning off from me—"Cradle!" repeated Isome-what aghast at this inquiry. "What cradle are you talking about and what do you want with a cradle?"

"Can't gether no wheat without a cradle, least ways, I never saw none cut without one; ef you got any new-fangled way of cutting now's yer time to try it," and Jake's eyes twinkled with mischief.

"No, I shall leave it all to you this time," said I, "but I really had forgotten about the cradle, but I will go to town this morning and get one, and we can start to work this evening," and I directed him to harness the horse to the little wagon and I would be ready in a few minutes.

The day was beautiful, and I enjoyed my ride to town very much. I drove up in front of the large furniture store, in the center of town and securing my horse, stepped in to the establishment.

There were a good many people in the store, examining furniture, and arguing with the clerks and proprietors on prices &c.

A little dapper clerk, with his hair parted in the middle, and who seemed, from the odor which surrounded him to be a walking perfumery establishment, came skipping up to me to know what I wished to see.

An unaccountable diffidence took possession of me, and it seemed as though I would choke when I asked him to let me see his cradles. "Certainly sir," simpered he, smiling graciously at me, "what kind and color? We have a beautiful assortment; will you have one lined with silk or satin, pink, blue or white? We have them swinging or rocking, and I assure you, my dear sir, the swinging ones are charming; all you have to do—is to put the baby—" "I don't want any of your swingers or rockers or anything else but a plain cradle" said I feeling like a salamander, and repressing a strong inclination to flatten the nose of the impertinent puppy who stood smirking before me.

"Ah! you wish something plain and substantial; come this way sir, you can choose for yourself," and he led me into a room where it seemed all the cradles that had ever been made must have been gathered together.

I only gave one glance at the things, and telling the clerk to pick out one and put it in the wagon, rushed out of the door, followed by the amused and astonished looks of the crowd in the store, which changed into a shout of laughter, as I gained the outside, and was followed closely by the fellow with the cradle, I threw him money due, gathered up my reins and putting whip fairly flew away from that place, and never slacked speed till arrived at my own gate. John Gilpin's ride was a tame one compared with mine.

I found Jake waiting for me, and throwing him the reins, I dismounted. Something in the wagon seemed to engage Jake's attention for he stood peering over the side of the wagon very curiously.

"There's your cradle Jake," said I, wondering at his manner, and at his puzzled look, "take it out and let's go to work as soon as possible."

"Whar's the cradle for the wheat?" asked the ninny scratching his head as usual,—"and what ystr going to do with this her baby-rocker?" were the next question that made my hair rise on ends.

"Jake," said I, as soon as I could find my voice. "I really think you have take leave of your senses, or if you intend a contemptible joke, you must understand I am not to be trifled with, and will dismiss you on the spot. Didn't you tell me to get you a cradle from town to cradle the wheat, and haven't I done it? Either explain your conduct, or leave immediately," and I stopped, too angry to say more.

"Easy, Mr. Jim, easy," responded Jake, who seemed bewildered by the whole thing, and stood gazing, first at the cradle, then at me. "Surely I told yer to get a wheat cradle for the wheat, but what yer goin' to do with this rocker passes me. A wheat cradle is a blade to cut wheat, and I thot everybody knew that," and Jake gave emphasis which bordered on contempt.

Here was a pretty fix! in another scrape, and one I wouldn't have those boys in the neighboohood get wind of for double the worth of the wheat. But what could I do? I wasn't to blame that I did't know how many kinds of cradles there were in the world, and that idiot could have called a blade for cutting wheat a cradle! There was the hateful thing in the wagon, and what to do with it I didn't know.

At last a bright thought struck me, and I bade Jake get up from the ground where he sat giggling. "Jake," said I as he "obeyed, have you got any babies at your house?" "Oh! yes," replied he, we've got nine of 'em sizes."

"But said I," have you any that will fit this cradle? If you have, take the thing home and give it to your wife as a present from me, and mind Jake," I added as he was thanking me, "not one word of this affair to any one, this is all the thanks I wish," and I bade him lose no time in carrying off the thing, where I could see and heard of it no more. Then I sent Jake for a wheat blade, and we gathered in the wheat the next day.

A LITTLE GIRL.

WALTER C. NICHOLS.

My lady trips the stairs adown.
To greet the rays of morning,
Which glisten round her head, a crown,
Her natal day adorning.

What age's my lady? Just thirteen.
You'd think she was far older.
Her witching eyes have grown more keen.
Her teens, too make her colder,

Alas! how childhood, with a whirl,
From yesterday is fleeting!
I called her then "a little girl,"
To-day she scorns this greeting.

Flit on, my lady, through the years
Which give to youth their plenty
Of love and grief, of hopes and fears
Till age proclaims you twenty.

Then, as each year time steals a curl
And dimple form you (doubting),
Methinks I'll call you "little girl"
Without disdainful pouting.

—Boston Transcript.

The Good are the Happy.

It requires some nerve to live honestly and modestly, yet those who do thus live are to be envied among men. To the homes of the thrifty mortals go true friends; from the generous hands of such mortals come practical and speedy aid; out of their lips fall words of true hope.—Durham Sun.

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life.

It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption told by physicians that she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her, she bought a large bottle, it helped her more, bought another and grew better fast continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For fuller particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, Druggist, Fort S[illegible]. Trial Bottles of this wonderful Discovery Free at A. W. Rowland's Drugstore.

The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows in session at Fayetteville, have closed their labors. They meet in Wilmington next year, on the second Tuesday in May. Over $2000 was raised for an orphan asylum in this State. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: Grand Master, Joseph Brown, of Raleigh; Deputy Grand Master J. H. Pool, of South Mills; Grand Warden, J. F. Bruton, of Wilson; Grand Repesentative to Sovereign Grand Lodge, Rev. J. H. Cordon, of Raleigh; Grand Representatives to Grand Encampment R. B. Kerner, of Winston.

Eupepsy.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the stystem and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle at A. W. Rowland's Drugstore.

The Dispatch says Mayor-elect Robbins, of Lexington, declines the honor sought to be thrust upon him and refuses to qualify and but two or three of the commissioners-elect have sworn in. It looks like Lexington will have to go without government. These men should be told of the example set by Ex-Governor Jarvis. The people of Greenville, without his knowledge, ran his name for Alderman. He was elected, qualified and is serving them. He says he will always answer to their call, be the capacity what it may.

Why is it so many suffer from rheumatism aches pains kidney diseases liver complaints heart affection, etc.? It is simply because they will not come and be healed. All diseases begin from a want of iron in the blood. This want of iron makes the blood thin, watery and impure. Impure blood carries weakness and distress to every part of the body. Supply this lack of iron by using Brown's Iron Bitters and you will soon find yourself enjoying perfect freedom from aches, pains and general ill-health.

Asheville is to have a $50,000 opera House.