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

VOLUME 19. WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY 25, 1889. NUMBER 26

FOR ALL KINDS OF
—JOB WORK—
SEND YOUR ORDERS
—TO THIS OFFICE.—

BILL ARP'S LETTER

AN OLD TIME FIGHT THAT WAS WITNESSED BY BILL.

How the "Best Man in Cate's District" Won the Day for Sally Jane.—The Sullivan-Kilrain Mill.

I didn't bet on Kilrain—I didn't manifest any interest in the fight, but somehow I couldn't help taking sides and I would have given about five dollars if Kilrain had whipped him. Sullivan is a brutal, beastly old braggart, and I can't help being against him on general principles. I don't take any stock in Kilrain, but I just want somebody to whip Sullivan and take the starch out of him. "Major, have you heard the news?" said my friend Warren Atkin, in an excited tone of voice. "A telegram has just gone over the wire that Kilrain broke Sullivan's jaw in the third round; isn't it glorious?" I wonder why it is that we cannot help taking sides in such contests. Even the women and the preachers confess to a choice. Is it a laudable emotion or is the devil at the bottom of the whole business? If he is, I'm afraid he has got a little hold on me, for I will stop right still in the street to see a dog fight. Nabor Freeman is a kind-hearted man and loves his fellow men, but he used to keep game chickens and fight them on the sly behind the barn, and I caught myself looking at them over the fence more than once; not that I would do such a thing as fight chickens, but upon the idea that if they were going to fight anyhow, it was no harm to look on. A man needn't go about with his eyes shut to keep from seeing things. Human nature has got pretty good excuse for admiring courage in man or beast. Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord and Daniel Boone and Kit Carson were not far behind him. David killed a bear in his youth and afterwards smote Goliah, and the Lord was on his side—and he had thirty mighty men of valor who did wonderful things. Three of them broke through the whole army of the Philistines to get the king some water when he was about to faint, and one of them smote a lion on a snowy day. But Samson eclipsed them all, and if there was any belt he wore it. He slew his enemies fore and aft with a mule's jawbone, and found water enough in it to quench his thirst after he had finished the job. Who does not admire the wonderful feats of Samson? What boy or girl has not feasted upon the picture where he is bending over the lion and tearing his mighty jaws open with his hands? Human courage and human strength has always been admired and always will be, I reckon. Moses slew an Egyptian and hid his body in the sand. Jacob wrestled with an angel and got his thigh dislocated. I don't know why it is, but somehow we all love to read about such things—about fighting and victory—about Capt. John Smith killing the three Turks in a tournament and about Israel Putnam and Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett. About Ivanhoe and Rob Roy and the Roman gladiators and Ben Hur. It is hard to draw the line between such scenes and the grosser and more brutal matches of modern pugilists. The time was when we had such matches in the courthouse square on every muster day and nobody tried to stop them. The governor never ordered out the militia. In fact, the militia were the spectators, and some of them were the fighters. Als Bowles and Jim Robinson and Nic Rawlins were officers in the militia, and after the grand parade was over, they stripped to the waist and each made a ring of his own. Bowles gathered his clan around him and leaped into the ring and shook his ambrosial locks and gave a wild Indian whoop and jumped up and cracked his heels together three times before he touched the ground, and then crowed an unearthly crow and screamed, "I'm the best man in Pinckneyville deestrict," and then he crowed again, which was the signal that he had nothin' agin' nobody, but was just spilin' for a fight. Not far away Nic Rawlins threw out his tobacco and shucked his upper clothes and tied his galluses around his waist and snapped his teeth together and said, "Gentlemen—with a Joe Brown accent on the 'men'—I ain't no wildcat, nor a bo constricter, but I'll be dad-a-mighty dad-biamed if I'll take that from no man. Sally Jane told me afore I left home to crow three times when any other feller crowed twice," and Nic crowed thrice and slapped his hard arms around him and screamed, "I'm the best man in Cate's deestrict, and no man holds me in a fight." In another minute the heroes met half way and another ring was formed; and the clans shouted: "No man touch; hands off, gentlemen; fair fight; five dollars on Bowles; five dollars on Nic; hurrah for Nic; hurrah for Bowles," and a thousand confused, excited remarks, while Nic and Bowles were knocking and writhing and twisting, and finally getting closer and struggling with arms and legs to throw each other to the ground. Soon they quit the perpendicular and are upon the ground, first one on top and then the other, and they knock and tear hair and gouge and bite and struggle, while the clans shout, "Give it to him Nic, go it Bowles.' In due time Nic whipped him and Bowles cried enough, and they shook hands and adjourned to the grocery and washed, and then took a drink at somebody's expense, and in about ten minutes Big Jim Robinson was heard roostering around and swearing that he was the best man in Ben Smith's deestrict and another fellow from Hog Mountain tackled him and Jim knocked him a rod the first round and Hog Mountain surrendered and left Jim crowing, and about this time Nic waked up his ears and said: "Sally Jane told me not to let no man crow twice over me," and before anybody knew it Nic and Big Jim had hitched and such a fight was never seen in old Gwinnett. It was a fight that was never ended by the fighters and Nick told me they would have been fightin' till yet, if somebody hadn't pulled them apart. "Did you really love to fight?" said I to Nic. "Well, no, I didn't, and to tell you the honest truth I never would have fit nobody ef it hadn't been for Sally Jane. She was so almighty proud of me when I licked a feller, that I fout jest to please her. I've mighty nigh been ready to give up many a time and holler enough, but I'd think of Sally Jane and get new strength somehow. I did it as sure as you're born."

Now Nic and Bowles and Robinson were good citizens and they made good soldiers, but such fellows as Sullivan and Kilrain are neither. They are of no consequence to the community and my opinion is we have attached too much importance to them. Ancient Rome rejoiced in such exhibitions. The emperor, Trajan, had a carnival of 100 days in which ten thousand gladiators fought, but a christian monk got a decree for the abolition of the brutal custom. We are now living in an age of christian civilization and should lift ourselves above such degrading pleasures. They do not dignify or refine anybody.

But the matter that most deeply concerns the Southern people now is the deeper degradation that has just come over us in the acquittal of that bold libertine, McDow. Our best people stand aghast and are alarmed. What does it mean? Is the proud old city of Charleston under the rule of negroes and libertines? Are the judges and the preachers subdued to their will? Has woman surrendered her fealty to virtue? Can it be possible that the base villain who has dishonored his wife and daughter is now a social leader—a star in Charleston? Is there no comforting explanation of all this—the mock trial and the ovation afterwards? Is this the beginning of the war between the races, and did all this happen in the proud old city by the sea? Where are her grand old people—her Bancrofts and Courtneys and Haseltines and Waltons and Welhams and Hugers and McBurney? If they are all dead where are their children? Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it! If there are any left who have still preserved their honor and their courage and their respect for woman, now let them leave the sinking ship and let McDow and demons rule. The war was bad on Charleston, but this is worse. Now let us hear no more of Chandler's ear or Carolina's manhood. BILL ARP.

Be Just and Fear Not.

The strong attachment of subscribers to well coducted newspapers is fully confirmed by publishers. "Stop my paper"—words of dread to beginners in business—lose their terror after a paper has been established for a term of years. So long as a paper pursues a just, honorable, and judicious course, meeting the wants of its customers in all respects, the ties of friendship between the subscribers and the paper are as hard to break by any outside party as the link which binds old friends in business or social life.—Ex.

A Word of Warning.

"A wife, like a kiss, should be asked for with the eyes alone, and then, when consent is evident, should be taken without unnecessary questions or delay," says Ella Wilcox. The cross-eyed man should, therefore, be careful in his asking. He may get his peculiar orb on the wrong girl.—Sanford Express.

Josh Billings said if a preacher couldn't "strike ile" in thirty minutes, he either had a poor auger, or was boring in the wrong place.

WASHINGTON NEWS

NEWS FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

What Harrison and the Other Politicians are Doing.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 19, '89.

Senator Quay dropped into Washington very quietly this week and said that his only business here was to engage a house for his family. Of course this blinded nobody. That he was on a political errand of great importance is generally believed. He has had a long conference with Gen. Harrison and has been almost constantly with Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson, who was his lieutenant during the late campaign. He and Clarkson, representing the republican national committee have been trying to hatch up some scheme to carry Virginia for the Republicans this fall, and Democrats in that State will have to keep their eyes wide open to hold their own.

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The medical division of the Pension office is to be entirely reorganized. It is thought that all the Democrats in the division will follow the three or four discharged this week.

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Hon. W. H. Richie, of Ohio, who is closely connected in a business way with Calvin S. Brice was in town this week. He thinks the Democrats will elect the Governor and Legislature in Ohio this fall, but that they will have to work hard to do it. But the most important statement made by Mr. Richie, was the following: "I can say to you without the least qualification that Mr. Brice is not and will not be a candidate for the Senate. There are many reasons why he could not afford such a responsibility, and in making calculations on the Ohio Senatorship you will save much time and worry by leaving Mr. Brice out altogether."

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In view of Mr. Richie's relations with Mr. Brice such a positive statement has caused a general rearrangement of the Ohio Democratic slate.

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Considerable talk has been created here by a speech made by a negro at a meeting of the Ohio Republican Association a night or two ago. He expressed himself as being very much displeased with Harrison's "Southern policy" (something that doesn't exist as far as I can see) and other things. He also registered a strong protest against the slowness of removing Democrats and like the famous Mr. Flannagin, of Texas, he wanted to know "what are we here for, if not to get the offices?" But he capped the climax in conclusion by saying to the government employees present, "Don't be afraid of any Civil Service nonsense, but send in your contribution to the President of the Association and he will forward it to the Republican State Committee of Ohio to be put where it will do the most good." This negro is an applicant for office.

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It is said that Gov. Foraker, of Ohio, is as an antive training for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1892. That's about as near as he will get to it.

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I have heard whispers of a probable duel between Senators Blackburn and Chandler, owing to recent newspaper publications about the alleged pulling of Chandlers ear by Blackburn last winter. It is said that a friend of the Kentucky Senator is now here for the purpose of finding out whether Senator Chandler would accept a challenge. The general impression is that he would not.

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Secretary Noble when asked as to the probable result of the attempts being made by the Cherokee Cattle Company to prevent the opening of the Cherokee strip to settlement said he did not care to discuss the matter futher than to say that the Government would recognize no competitors for these or any other lands in which it had an interest, and that the rights of the U. S. would be asserted and maintained.

***

Mr. Morgan, the new Commissioner of Indian affairs, seems to be a believer in real Civil Service reform, even if he did appoint his wife a special agent. He has sent the following circular letter to Indian agents concerning the conditions of appointments: "Approval will be made with the distinct understanding that the parties named are thoroughly competent to fill the positions for which they are nominated and that they will be zealous and faithful in the performance of their duties; that their tenure of office is permanent so long as they remain competent and efficient, and that the Indian office reserves the right to remove for cause only." Properly lived up to, that letter would make all the Civil Service law necessary.

HARD TO DECIDE.

But he Renders a Decision That is Satisfactory.

Here is a story that General Price Young tells, says the Washington Post. Away up in the Georgia mountains lies Catoosa Springs, a favorite summer resort of Savannah and Atlanta society people. Among the pines and breezes of the hills the fever and lassitude bred by the malarial air of the low country disappear like magic. One day Gen. Young saw an old fellow come up with a basket of eggs and bunch of chickens for the hotel people, and recognized an old trooper of his command.

"Jake," he called out, "Jake Dorridge, how are you?"

"Why, laws a massy, Ginral, how-de-do? I hain't seen you since the war."

They chatted for a few minutes.

"Do you come up here often, Jake?"

"Pooty nigh every day. The folks want my chickens and aigs. I like to to rest my eyes a-lookin' at some o' these yere pooty gals."

"They are handsome, aren't they Jake?"

"'Deed they air."

"Now, Jake," said General Young, waving his hand toward a group of three young ladies with whom he had been chatting; "tell me which of those three young ladies is the prettiest."

"Aw, Ginral Young, they's all pooty. 'Twouldn't be good manners for me to say ary one was poortier'n t'other."

"But Jake, it will give them a great deal of pleasure to learn your opinion. They are great friends, and will not at all hurt at your decision. Now, walk right up and pick out the best looking."

After much solicitation Jake undertook the the task. He walked up and peered closely at the laughing girls. About 100 guests had gathered by this time to see the trial. Finally Jake turned, scratching his head. All three of the young ladies wore broad sashes around their waists.

"Ginral Young, they's all three so pooty it is hard to make a choice, but still I am forced to say that the one with the yaller belly-band is a leetle the trimmest."

There was a scream, a flutter of white dresses, and three blushing young ladies, with various colored sashes, dashed into the hotel and out of sight.

THE FACULTY

Of The College of A. & M. A. Chosen By The Trustees Last Week.

The Board of Trustees of the College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts met in Raleigh last Friday and elected the following faculty:

Prof. of Agriculture, Live Stock and Dairying, Mr. Jos. R. Chamberlain, of Cornell University, now of the N. C. Agricultural Experiment Station.

Prof. of Horticulture, Arboriculture and Botany, Mr. W. F. Massey, of the Miller Manual School, of Virginia.

Prof. of Chemistry—pure and agricultural—Mr. W. A. Withers, of Cornell University, formerly of the N. C. Experiment Station.

Prof. of English and Bookkeeping, Mr. D. H. Hill, Jr. (son of Gen. D. H. Hill), now Prof. of English in the Military and Agricultural College of Central, Ga.

Prof. of Practical Mechanics and Mathematics—pure and applied—Mr. J. H. Kinelay, of the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College.

Foreman of Farms and Garden, Mr. B. S. Skinner, of Hertford county.

Steward, Mr. J. N. Hubbard, of Wake.

Matron, Mrs. Susan C. Carrol, of Harrell's Store, Sampson Co., N. C.

The trustees resumed their session Saturday morning to elect a President of the College, and after considerable deliberation, adopted a resolution requesting the executive committee to enquire into the capabilities of some of those who had been presented for the Presidency, and to have further correspondence with a view to finding a suitable man. The resolution also gave the executive committee authority to call a meeting of the trustees when ready to make a report.

A Story With Two Morals.

A Kentucky boy took a boat to go fishing a week ago last Sunday. His dinner was in the boat. While he was digging bait a big bear slipped into the boat and helped himself to the boy's dinner. The boy got into the boat without noticing the bear, which resented the intrusion by slapping him with his paw and knocking him overboard. Boy scrambled ashore, ran for the old man, who came out and shot the bear through the eye, killing him instantly. Boy badly scratched and scared, bear shot. Moral, boys should not go fishing Sunday, and bears shodul not go foraging.—Wilmington Star.

FOR THE FARM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Original, Borrowed, Stolen and Communicated Articles on Farming.

The Maxton Union reports the crops of that section as very good indeed.

The Asheville Citizen says the cultivation of tobacco in that section of the State has increased wonderfully in the past few years.

To remove egg stains from silver spoons, take a little common salt between the thumb and finger and rub the stain briskly. Then wash in hot suds.

The Winston Sentinel reports millions of peaches being shipped from that section of the State. Every train that leaves Winston, says the Sentinel, is loaded with fruit.

That is the trouble with the cultivation of cotton as the only money crop. When it is sold the revenue is all sent abroad for the necessaries and luxuries, and the country drained of ready money.—Durham Sun.

He was a farmer's boy, and very little. His father was pulling off his stockings one evening preparatory to going to bed, when his mother asked, "Freddy, what is father doing?" Freddy had witnessed the process of treating ripened corn, and replied, "He's shuckin' his feet."

The demand for Southern pine lumber is increasing every year, for the reason that the pine forests of the North and West are becoming exhausted and for the further reason that the yellow pine of the South is superior to and more durable than the white pine of the North and West.—Wilmington Star.

The people are getting desperate; they are determined to quit buying mules on time and borrowing money on mortgage. As evidence — overwhelming evidence—of their determination, a gentleman who was in the country a few days ago, tells us that he saw a strong negro man hitched to a plow and a white woman guiding the plow handles. He would hearken to the commands of "whoah!" "back!" "ge up," etc., as well as the best trained ox mule.—New Berne Journal.

TO DESTROY BED BUGS.

We publish the following for the benefit of our lady readers, as it will save them much time and worry: Wash the bedsteads with cold soapsuds, dissolve ten cents' worth of mercurial ointment in one pint of kerosene oil and apply it with a machine oil can. Try it, sister, and you will have no more trouble with them soon. The above is amply sufficient for five beds.

SOME VERMONT FARMING.

Beginning at a farm half a mile outside the limits of this village, and following that line all the way to the next town, a distance of 12 miles, there are 11 contiguous farms. On every one of these farms the owners have not only been able to get a living, but all have laid up money, and the owners of every one are now what might be called forehanded. Several of these men are worth from $10,000 to $15,000 each, while one of them is worth at least $30,000, and this has been made off the farms on which they now live.—Caledonian, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

HOW TO MAKE HENS LAY.

A correspondent to Herds and Flocks says she had difficulty in making her hens on the farm lay. She says she thought they ought to be fed at least once a day on soft food and she tried this: I saved all potato and apple peelings, the waste of cabbage, bee's or carrots, and boiled these together, then mashed them and mixed in half to two-thirds as much of ground oats and corn, the whole making a soft mash. I found that the hens ate it readily, and soon began to lay regularly. I now have eggs to sell every week. This way of feeding is cheaper than giving corn and wheat screenings, as I have done before, while the trouble is little more—doing the boiling at the time I prepare the meals.

SHADE TREES.

A physician says: "The shade trees about our dwellings have done much to make our wives and daughters pale, feeble and neuralgic. Trees ought never to stand near enough to our dwellings to cast a shade upon them; and if the blinds were removed, and nothing but a curtain within left to lessen on the hottest days the intensity of the heat, it would add greatly to the tone of our nerves and our general vigor. The piazzas, which project over the lower story, always make that less healthy than the upper story, especially for sleeping purposes. I am sure I have cured a great many cases of rheumatism by advising patients to leave bedrooms shaded by trees or piazzas, and sleep in a room and bed which were constanly dried and purified by the direct rays of the sun."

SHEEP VS. DOGS.

Can the dog crop of the State show any such a record as this? The Lenoir Topic says: "Mr. Hugh Nelson has at his Rocky Knob farm, near Blowing Rock, a flock of 70 sheep, 30 of them being spring lambs. From the 40 grown sheep he sheared since the first of June a quantity of wool that he has sold to the Patterson Factory Company for $50. The sheep were wintered on one stack of oats and a few bushels of corn. A good investment."

The $50 for wool sold did not cost Nelson as much labor and outlay as a bale of cotton and his land is better after the wool than the cotton. The 30 lambs will sell for $60 or more next fall, which with the wool sale is more than a hundred per cent. on the amount invested in the 40 sheep and the land is made better. Do dogs pay any such profit.

TO RAISE TURNIPS.

B. E. Dale, in Southern Live Stock Journal writes on this subject as follows: "First have rich, deep soil—either old land highly manured, or new land that is rich. It must be often thoroughly plowed and harrowed. Well pulverized. Sow at the rate of one pound of seed per acre broadcast, and harrow in. After the turnips are up, two or three weeks old, thin well, either by hand or chop out with hoe. Sow in drills eighteen inches apart, one-half pound per acre. You can plow and hoe same as cotton. Some think this is the best and surest way to get large turnips, but I have succeeded both ways—in drill and broadcast. The broadcast way is cheapest on a large scale. I sow from 10th of July to 1st of October, just before a rain, if possible. To prevent the fly and bugs from eating young turnips when sowed early, and to aid in sowing evenly, I use pulverized sulphur and air-slacked lime, equal parts, and enough lard to make it stick to seed, rub all together in a bucket. The lime makes every seed double size and white, so you can see how you are sowing, and it is a good fertilizer; the sulphur will keep off bugs and flies from the young plants. The lard only makes lime and sulphur stick to each seed separately, if well rubbed. Do not use salty grease, it would destroy the germ of seed. I have been a turnip raiser for many years, and find it a very profitable cheap crop for stock and table use.

"I prefer the 'Winter turnip,' because it is equal to any I ever sowed, in size, for table use—and for stock, you can have them as early in the summer and fall as any. They stand all winter in patch, with perfect safety against all freezes, being sweet at all times. The salad is the best I ever ate, and the earliest of the vegetation, being for use in February."

THE INSALLMENT PLAN.

It Could be used Very Successfully in This State.

The installment plan for establishing industrial enterprises is meeting with much favor and making progress in our town. As the plan succeeds in one town it will give stimulus to the movement in others, and the probabilities are that within a few years numbers of factories of various kinds will be established. Wilmington entered the lists Wednesday night with the organization of a company for the manufacture of wooden ware of various kinds on the installment plan, and over one-third of the amount of capital stock was subscribed that evening. The twenty-five cent installments are so small that any one who is disposed to can take stock and keep up the payments until the full amount of shares subscribed for is paid up without feeling it. We predict that if this plan be energetically followed up by the business men of our cities and towns there will be more industries, and paying ones, established in this State within the next five years than in any ten years previous.—Wilmington Star.

What is Habit.

The Rocky Mountain Methodist analyzes habit in a practical way. It says: "Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the ffrst letter it does not change "a bit." If you take off another the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another it is not "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a "habit" you must throw it off altogether.

NAUTICAL LIFE.

DRIFTING PAST THE CHINESE FORTS.

Scenes In Amoy And Swatow. City of Shanghai. Its Bund And Its Opium Dens.

SHANGHAI, China.

After our ship had been relieved at Canton by the Essex, and on the arrival of a number of foreign war vessels in port, where the unsettled state of affairs had kept us on duty several weeks, we raised anchor and steamed down the river to the sea. Having stopped at Hong Kong for a few days, we proceeded up the coast of China, on our way to Shanghai, the great Chinese port that lies a thousand miles above Canton. It is a charming and picturesque sail through the celestial waters, which are fairly covered with small fishing boats and other native crafts, and past the numerous forts which are garrisoned with almond-eyed soldiery in quaint uniforms although in danger at night time of running down the smaller vessels which display no signal lights, but whose occupants announce their proximity by raising a great cry of alarm.

The low and level shores are lined with towns and cities, many of them walled and protected, whose defenders beat great gongs to frighten away their foes. The scenes in their quaintness are sometimes quite pretty, but there is much that is unsightly and offensive. At Swatow we found a dirty and filthy city of considerable commercial importance, pleasantly situated on a sheltered bay, swarming with beggars and small peddlers who make wretched the lives of visitors. The celebrated trading-town of Amoy, farther up the sea, one of the earliest seats of European commerce, is charmingly located with an inner and an outer harbor. Although open to the people of the whole world, it is a typical Chinese city, crowded with a poverty-stricken humanity. A considerable foreign settlement occupies a pretty little island opposite the city, that is something of a social oasis in this human desert.

The city of Shanghai, on its approach, has the appearance of a modern European town, with large buildings and broad streets lined with trees, with numerous grass plots and a beautiful park, with electric lights illuminating its thoroughfares by night, and with its water-front bordered with the shipping of all nations. It is situated on a river several miles from its mouth, and extends a great distance along the bank. The foreign settlements make up the lower part of the city, near our place of anchorage, where most of the trade is transacted. The great roadway along the river, known as the Bund, lined with stately structures and residences, and traversed by throngs of people, presents the city in a very favorable light. The shops, ship-yards, dry-docks, and government buildings, near at hand, give to it an air of enterprise and make it the most important trade center and emporium in China. There is nothing oriental about it except the presence of the Chinese in their native costumes.

A short distance above this is the old city, which has undergone but few changes all through the ages. It is encompassed with a wall twenty-two feet high, which was built in the 16th century, and scarcely any of the buildings rise above its battlement. Seven gates open into its enclosure, which lead into narrow, dark and filthy streets crowded with Chinese, who stop and stare curiously at all foreigners whom they regard as intruders. Here thousands of natives breathe the air, grope in the darkness and grovel in the dirt of the most pent-up and dingiest town that it has ever been my privilege to enter. The houses are principally of brick, low and small, and fairly swarm with occupants. The shops are miniature affairs, with meager displays of goods. Human beings, vile smells and grimy walls and walks are all that a visitor is likely to encounter in the place.

Extending back of the European portion of Shanghai is an extensive town, a place of some pretension as well as of interest. It is here that one finds theaters, concert halls, tea gardens and opium joints. Chairs and palanquins are the common conveyances on the streets. The costumes of the people are simple and picturesque, blue being the prevailing color worn by the working classes, and white tha by the servants. The people of rank are dressed more elaborately and wear various colors. The principal articles of food are fish, which is eaten with chop sticks and rice, which is served in a bowl and poked in at the mouth with sticks. In some parts of the city and in the country are seen many odd-looking vehicles, that are used for carrying freight and passengers and in appearance resemble a wheelbarrow, with a single wheel a yard in diameter covered with a box like frame, along the side of which a narrow seat is extended, forming an uncomfortable place for the occupant, who supports his feet in the loop of a rope that dangles over the side. The parcels of freight are tied on with stout thongs. Frequently a person rides on one side and merchandise is carried on the other. The fare is small, and the progress is slow, not exceeding a brisk walk. In the country when a fair wind prevails, John Chinaman sets a sail on his wheelbarrow and goes bowing along over the smooth roads.

Among the people the habit of opium smoking exists very largely. Shanghai abounds with opium dens of every description, and offers the most tempting facilities. There are many large joints in which hundreds of patrons are accommodated at once. The large rooms are divided by partitions into small alcoves, each of which contains a couch for the use of two persons, who lie on their sides facing each other. Between them is placed a small lamp, together with one pipe and a dish of opium, that may be bought at the office at any price from four cents to fifty cents according to size and quality. The one who is not smoking prepares the opium, and holds the pipe to light, while the others inhales its dreamful and soul-forgetting nepenthe. In its preparation a wire is dipped into the jar that gathers up a little of the opium, then placed in the flame for a second and worked into a globule, with repeated dipping into the jar, until the substance becomes the size of a small pea. It is then held in the pipe and lighted, and the smoker is supposed to inhale its virtues. On the evening of our visit at the joint every couch was occupied, and it was a novel sight, uncanny, shadowy and mysterious.

In a large room above the opium joint, already referred to, we were ushered into a concert hall on the payment of forty cents, as the price of admission. The room was filled with tables, around which were seated the audience, composed entirely of Chinaman. On the stage at a small table four men sat, playing some monotonous tune on squeaking fiddles, accompained by two women who sang, in a drawling, sing-song manner, a celestial strain, doubtlessly charming to native ears. They were followed by two other singers, so alternating without intermission. As soon as we were seated at a table, two cups were placed before us, one to drink from and the other which was covered, containing tea-leaves. The covered cup was kept filled by a servant, who went about with a pipe of smoking tobacco, and allowed anyone to take a few puffs. In preparing the pipe, a very small quantity of the weed is used. At intervals a dish containing steaming hot rags and towels is passed to the audience, each taking one and wiping his face and hands, some who wear but little clothing performing more extensive ablutions. The singing-girls usually belong to be higher classes. They are purchased by the managers of the concert hall from their parents, at prices ranging from $100 to $500. It is customary for a Chinaman, if he wishes a wife, to select one of the singers, paying for her a slight advance on the original price. Many wives are chosen in this way especially the second or third one.

A Chinese theater is a plain, barn-like structure, with tables and chairs covering the main floor and a gallery extending around the room. In the most desirable location, boxes are fitted up for the richer, who are attended with servants. The audience sit at tables smoking, drinking tea and eating oranges, sweetmeat and pumpkin-seeds, apparently giving little attention to the play. There is no scenery, except a curtain in the rear, to set off the stage. The players appear in the most grotesque costumes, while the orchestra, consisting of a few fiddles, flutes and gongs, keeps up an incessant din. The acting is done entirely by men, who impersonate the female characters in dress and manner. They rant, sing, and fight duels in the most tragic way, the one who is killed getting up and walking off the stage as soon as life is supposed to be extinct. The green room in the rear is a scene of the greatest confusion, littered with parts of costumes and crowded with actors. The plays are long, at times running for weeks, the performance beginning early in the evening and continuing till a late hour. The oriental drama is eminently classical, and the playhouses of China are popular institutions in which families and friends meet for social intercourse. SALISBURY.

Consumption Curable.

It cannot too often be impressed on every one that the much dreaded consumption (which is only lung scrofula), is curable, if attended to at once, and the primary symptoms, so often mistaken as singns of diseased lungs, or only symptons of an unhealthy liver. To this organ the system is indebted for pure blood, and to pure blood the lungs are indebted no less than to pure air for healthy action. If the former is polluted, we have the hacking cough, the hectic flush, night-sweats, and a whole train of symptoms resembling consumption. Rouse the liver to healthy action by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, take healthy exercise, live in the open air, and all symptoms of consumption will disappear. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, chronic nasal catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, severe coughs, and kindred affections, it is a most wonderful remedy. The "Discovery" guaranteed to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

Bury The Croaker.

The Parsons (Kansas) Exclipse gets off the following from an exchange:

"Bury the croaker out in the woods, in a beautiful hole in the ground, where the bumble bee bumbles, the wood pecker pecks and the straddlebug straddles around. He's no good in this city of push, too unpractical, stingy and dead; but he wants the whole earth and a part of the crust, and the stars that shine overhead. Then hustle him off to the bumble bee's roost, bury him deep in the ground; he's no good to us here; get him out of the way and make way for a man that is sound."

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children when teething. It soothes the child, the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle.

HOME CHAT.

N. C. THOUGHT FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

What the Brethren of the Quill are Thinking and Saying.

DEMOCRATIC JUSTICE.

It is the Democratic party that says that one man shall not be taxed to swell the private fortunes of another.—Goldsboro Argus.

THEY MAKE A MISTAKE.

It is a well known fact that all railroad companies and their employees are very reticent in giving information in regard to accidents or anything connected with their roads.—Durham Sun.

EXCEPT AS ROUTE AGENTS.

The Republican party professes to believe in the mental possibilities of the negro, and yet after twenty-five years of freedom, it can't find a half dozen that it considers competent to entrust with offices of responsibility.—Wilmington Star.

WE NEED EDITORS WITH CONVICTIONS.

The newspaper should lead and not follow public sentiment. We have no respect for the individual or the newspaper which fears to lead, but waits to see the direction of public opinion and then falls in with the current, and floats along after.—Nashville Argonaut.

GOOD TO VOTE AGAINST REDUCING THE TARIFF.

The question naturally arises: What is a Southern Republican member of Congress good for, anyhow? As far as we know, they have been made to blow the bass horn, while Quay, Kidney Cure Warner and the local Sherman bosses have sweetly whispered through a silver cornet to the administration, and carried off the spoils.—Greensboro North State.

A USEFUL LIFE.

Thomas Ruffin has but lately passed away from among us, but he has left a name and example that are a priceless heritage to the young men of North Carolina. "Are the Romans all dead?" Thomas Ruffin is dead; but let us hope that his example will prompt others to deeds of noble self-sacrifice, and that his influence will live after him in the hearts and lives of future generations of North Carolinians.—Lexington Dispatch.

LABOR IS HONORABLE.

No honest work is in itself degrading, it is only through custom and association that we so regard it. It is not what we do but who does it and how. A lady or a gentleman can do a menial's work and be a lady or a gentleman still, but as there are different spheres and avocations of life, so are there different orders of physical constitution, ambition, temperament, talent and intellect to fill their varied requirements.—Oxford Orphan's Friend.

THE COUNTRY PRESS.

The country papers in North Carolina are fast becoming a great credit to country journalism. They are becoming clean, well printed and are filled with intelligent, well written matter. They are living on the principle that it is more blessed to give than to receive. They are more than reciprocal. They are in most cases conducted by some of the best talent in the State, but certainly not for the purpose of making money and wealth. The State is too sparsely settled, the towns are too small and there is too much illiteracy to publish a newspaper in North Carolina for the gold there is in it.—Sanford Express.

WE ARE NOT TOO POOR.

We copy everything we see in the State papers urging the people of the different towns to buckle down to work with the determined purpose of building themselves up. That is the thing to do, and it is the only thing to do, except in a few favored exceptions. Don't—don't—please don't bring up the old stereotyped excuse, "We are poor and can do nothing." Poor men build themselves up and amass wealth for themselves individually by energy and hard knocks. The poor communities of the South can do what poor individuals can do. Let us all—this applies to every town in this section—go to work and make this section what nature intended it to be.—Lenoir Topic.

The Object of a Fair.

While the handi-work of the ladies and every line of business should receive full recognition at a fair, we apprehend that the main object is to promote the interests of agriculture, that being the most important interest we have. A fair properly conducted with a creditable exhibit is well calculated to promote this interest. It brings the farmers together, and gives them an opportunity of seeing what each other is doing. The success of one stimulates the enterprise of the other and awakens a laudable ambition to equal or excel.—Nashville Argonaut.

A Problem in Arithmetic.

If it is worth a trip from Asheville to Morehead to see Gov. Gowle in surf bathing, how long a ride is it worth to see him fishing at Wrightsville "in regular outing costume?" Let some bright graded school chap solve the problem.—Durham Tobacco Plant.

The salary of a New York Alderman is $2,000 a year, of which he sometimes saves over $10,000.—Detroit Tribune.