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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

VOLUME 19. WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, AUG. 1, 1889. NUMBER 27

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

BILL ARP'S LETTER

MRS. ARP GOES TO THE SEASHORE.

And Bill Doesn't Like the Way she "Belles" the Place and Gets Jealous.

"Quite a belle." That is what one of the children wrote. "Mama is quite a belle." I understand it all now. A mother and five children and a lot of grand children went off to St. Simons to stay a week—only a week—and here it is ten days and no family. Left me one boy and no girls—one boy to look after me and wait upon me if I got sick, and never left any medicine, not even the vaseline nor a bottle of camphor. Our only company has been the dog and the calf and the pig and the chickens. We two have been tramping around the house and counting the days, and the time has been out ever since Monday, and now a very self-satisfied letter comes and says they are all having a splendid time, and mama is quite a belle. I'll go after that belle—see if I don't. A woman can't be a belle without there is a beau—maybe two or three beaux. That is what's the matter with me. But, then, poor thing, she hasn't had any outside attention in so long a time that I expect she does enjoy it. It has been just forty years since she was a belle. When I go off on a trip I always have a good time and when some pretty girl pins a lovely bouquet on my bosom I strut around smartly and renew my youth, but I don't take the bouquets home in my pocket, nor my valise, by no means. "New arrivals every day and some splendid swimmers." That's what's the matter again. I am not there to see the pretty girls swim. I wonder when my folks will get tired and come home. My boy and I are lonesome, only two of us to sit at the table and eat. I have asked a blessing on the same chicken three times for we are too lonesome to have an appetite and one chicken lasts all day and leaves enough for the cook—cheap living ain't it? So there is some good with the bad. We haven't bought a pound of butter since they left, nor hardly anything else. We live on home-made eggs and potatoes and chicken breast. It is the first time I have had a chance at the bosom of a chicken in two years. But we have worked hard, me and my boy—worked hard to surprise my wife with a new bathroom, and it is ever so nice, and we built it and painted it and put a beautiful zinc-lined bath-tub in it all ready for the waterworks that are nearly finished, and we put up shelves and wardrobe hooks and transom windows. They will all need it when they get home—need it to get that salt sea water off—that water where the alligators and sharks and slimy reptiles live. But I can taste the salt when I kiss them a welcome home.

But they have had a glorious time I know and that makes me happy, except that "quite a belle" business. Why, she hasn't belled any for forty years—she never had time to run about and belle. She has got a taste for it now and will keep on going and belling I reckon. I got it by grapevine that a notable Atlanta man was in bathing at St. Simons the other day and thought his wife had already left the bath-house and going into the surf, and so he thought he would slip upon her and surprise her with a warm embrace which he did in a rapturous and voluptuous manner, and suddenly discovered it was another man's wife. He apologized with great pretended humiliation, and about those times his own wife and the woman's husband came skipping along behind and he said afterwards he felt just like he was betwixt the devil and the deep sea, which remark I hope he will never get forgiveness for, and my opinion is an ordinary man can tell his own wife from anybody else's wife, whether she is on the sea or on the shore, if he wants to, and I have read about these drummers jumping off the train at a station and kissing a pretty cousin before she had time to think and then apologizing when he found she wasn't his cousin, and jumping on the train again as it was moving off. That is an old trick of the boys, but I didn't know that the grandfathers had got at it. Thank goodness that my wife hasn't tackled the ocean yet, and I hope she won't until that Atlanta man goes home. And Carl writes that he shot a shark that was six feet long and they got the varment out on the shore, and he was going to save his teeth for me, but a negro came along in the night and stole him. And the next day, while out in a boat fishing, he got a big fish-hook caught in his hand, and the leaden weight that was on the line pulled the hook through from the palm to the back and the hook had to be cut off with a cold chisel and then cut out with a sailors' knife, and so he got his share of bad with the good, and that is the way with every kind of fun in this sublimary life. If you bank on it there will be a big discount—about as much discount as cash.

* * * *

I had penned the above last night about midnight, for like Ahashuerus I got to ruminating and couldn't sleep, and so concluded to ventilate a few domestic reflections. I was thus engaged when there was a racket at the door like the sound of many waters. Mrs. Arp and the children had arrived and suddenly they seized me and assaulted me in a riotous and tumultuous manner. I embraced them all with dignified affection and licked the salt off their lips and faces and assumed an air of subdued and happy martyrdom. We taled and chattered an hour or so, and then Mrs. Arp suddenlly spied an open door, and light in the bath room and she rose forward with alacrity and astonishment and cried at amazingly, after she had inspected the new and beautiful apartment, she embraced me again, and I am sure I have lost nothing by that belling business. She had a good deal to say about the kind good people she met, and mentions especially the Howell family, the Rome Howells and the Atlanta Howells and any other Howell, and I reckon if I ever have to shoot anybody his name will be Howell. The family and all the kin had a delightful time, and they praise the hotel and the host and select company and go into raptures over the ocean and the tide and the big waves that swell and roll and break upon the beautiful beach and the pretty shells and the sand crabs and porpoises and sea gulls and the full moon rising from out the far distant waters and dancing its holy light upon the restless waves. They have memories, now blessed memories and emotions of grandeur and beauty they never felt before. I wish that everybody could go to the sea. Only $6 for a round trip and $2 a day at the fine hotel. Twenty dollars will cover a week's pleasure—that is for a man or a boy, but for a woman, oh, my country—the fair is all the same, but the fixing before hand is not to be mentioned if a man owes any of "these darn little just debts," as Sam McCarney calls them and his creditors hear of it. Creditors are splendid watch-dogs of a debtor's treasury and he can't spend money in going to the springs or the coast without their knowing it and they will talk about his extravagance if they don't do any worse.

"Quite a belle." The next time she goes I shall be her chaperone—see if I don't.

BILL ARP

MANUFACTORIES.

Enterprises That are Growing up Rapidly in the South.

Manufacturing enterprising in the South continue to boom right along. The Chattanooga Tradesman, in its report for the first half of 1889, shows 1,711 new enterprises begun, as compared with the corresponding period of last year; and it adds, as a significant fact worthy of note, that the enterprises are of a substantial character and on better basis than in previous years, there being more of legitimate enterprise and less of speculation in them. Among those enterprises established in the past quarter were 51 new cotton and woolen mills, against 35 for the previous quarter, Georgia leading with 10 and North Carolina following close with eight. In the same period 52 foundries and machine shops were established, a gain of 7 over the previous quarter. There is also a marked increase in the number of mining and quarrying companies organized. These figures show beyond doubt how the South is moving to the front in industrial enterprises and development.—Wilmington Star.

A Pointed Question.

Mary—"Mamma, I don't want my ears bored."

Mamma—"But, my dear child, it doesn't hurt much; besides, if you want to please God, you must be obedient to your parents."

"If God wants me to wear ear rings, why don't he bore the holes himself?"—Siftings.

The Rule of Three.

Familiarity with the rule of three is evidently one of the essentials in a Civil Service examination, so far as Philadelphia is concerned—the three who rule being Wanamaker, Quay and Cameron.—New York Sun.

A Tearful Invitation.

Come to Florida, young man of the overcrowded North. Come down and raise vegetables. Come South and grow up with the onion.—Florida Times-Union.

AN INDEPENDENT.

It May be a Trifle Inconvenient, But he is Bound to Show it.

Rockingham county presents rather a novel freak of human nature just now. A year ago a white man about sixty-five years with his wife near the same age were defendants in an action of ejectment, plaintiff recovered judgment and the defendants refused to vacate, whereupon a writ of possession was placed in the hands of the sheriff and he removed the household and kitchen furniture out into the public road. Ever since that time, through last winter and to the present, the two old people have lived in a camp on the side of the public road from Reidsvillle to Wentworth. They have money, but refused to build or buy a house. The people have even proposed to provide or build a house for them, but they indignantly decline to accept of it. One passing along the highway, when about a mile this side of Wentworth, will see clothes lines hanging with garments, a cook stove sitting up without enclosure or cover, save the surrounding woods and the canopy of heaven. A little shelter topped with bush, under which stands a dining table, with pans, cooking utensils and table ware lying and hanging around. The most unique part of the premises, however, is the sleeping apartment which consists of a wagon body, set upon the ground shingled with hoops and chequered quilts. The entrance to the bedroom is by the front and in here this old husband and wife lay their weary bodies to rest at night. The passer-by can look upon the two old people and see them sitting quietly under the shadow of their brush shelter with as much apparent contentment as if dwelling in a castle of wealth and earthly comfort.

When a Rockingham man does make up his mind to be independent, he will have his own way in spite of the world, the flesh and the d——Democratic party.—Greensboro North State.

A FUNNY EXPERIENCE.

He Refused to Sell Him Liquor.

"I had a funny sort of an experience last night," said a barkeeper to me last week. "I was standing behind the bar when a stranger hurried in, and said in a determined sort of way, as he threw down a dollar, "Give me a drink, and a big one; I haven't tasted a drop of liquor in two years, but I'm going to get drunk to-night."

"Well, sir," continued the barkeeper, "do you know, a queer sort of feeling came over me, and I wouldn't have sold that fellow a drink for my weight in gold. I looked straight at him for a minute and said: 'Partner, you can't get a drink here. If you have not had a drink in two years, I won't be the man to sell you the first one."

"You are the dickens of a barkeeper," said the fellow.

"That's all right, partner, but you can't wake up to-morrow wishing you were dead and cursing me for making you drunk."

An hour afterwards I met the barkeeper again. His face was bright and smiling and he seemed happy over something.

"I saw the fellow just now who wanted the drink last night," he said.

"He thanked me very kindly for refusing to sell it to him, and said it had probably saved him from a drunkard's grave.

"He said he was mad when he left my saloon, but before he reached the next one he began thinking about what I had said, got ashamed of himself and went home to his wife sober, resolving never to take another drink as long as he lived."

What We've Done.

When Thomas Carlyle once impertinently asked: "What great or noble thing has America ever done?" somebody replied: "She has produced a girl, deaf, dumb and blind from infancy, who from her own earnings has sent a barrel of flour to the starving subjects of Great Britain in Ireland." The girl was, of course, the late Laura Bridgman.

Going to the Rear.

Massachusetts comes nobly to the front with a law to dock every one who docks a horse's tail.—Washington Post. Coming to the "front," the mischief. If legislating on horse tails isn't coming to the rear, we'd like to know what the American language was made for.—Wilmington Star.

The Meanest Man in Maine.

Nothing seems to be too mean for some men. There is an old fellow in Maine who is imposing on his hens in the most shameful manner. He has put an electric light in the hen house and the hens lay day and night.—Burlington Free Press.

FOR THE FARM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Original, Borrowed, Stolen and Communicated Articles on Farming.

An Alliance exchange says the Alliance is a combination for resistance and not oppression; for preservation and not destruction.

The peach crop in the central counties of this State is enormous this year, in some counties said to be the largest ever known, says the Wilmington Star.

We see from the Toisnot Rural Home that Mr. W. B. Barnes and Dr. E. G. Moore are housing a nice quantity of German Millet on a two acre lot in town. Cut with a mower. It is said that no better long forage can be had.

It is surprising how well our people are catching up with their work. We do not believe there has been as hard work done by the farmers for several years as in the past two months. Glad to know it, and with all the rains and other drawbacks.—Rural Home.

It has been published in the Northern papers for years that Iowa farmers were almost entirely out of debt as a class; but that before that had become a prominent dairy State, most of the farms were plastered over with mortgages.—N. C. Farmer.

TO RAISE ONIONS.

To have early green onions in the spring, before those grown from sets are ready to market, preparation must be made now. The sets of potato onions may be planted, or old onions left in the ground, which, as soon as the ground thaws, will send up numerous green shoots, each having a small, tender bulb. It is a good plan to leave the smaller bulbs of a good-sized onion patch, just as they have grown during the season. Cultivate the rows lightly in the fall, and cover them with coarse manure. The onion is a heavy feeder in every condition, and the rains and snows of winter will carry the most valuable part of this manure down where it will be assimilated by the bulbs. The shoots will push up through the mulch in the spring, and will be tender and abundant. This crop costs but little in the way of labor, and is off so that the ground can be cleared in time for almost any of the early vegetables.

WHAT MAY BE DONE IN RAISING GRAIN.

There have been some remarkably good grain yields in North Carolina this year, giving evidence enough that with proper effort and culture North Carolina may rank with the best of grain growing States. We have already noted some remarkably large yields of wheat. The Charlotte News states that the steam thresher which was in operation for two days and a half on the Wadsworth farm a couple of miles from Charlotte, threshed 3,827 bushels of wheat, oats and rye. In addition to this immense crops of clover and timothy have been cut from this farm this year. We think it embraces about two hundred acres, a large part of which is under grass and corn. When such a farm, which not many years ago was classed as old fields, yields in addition to large crops of corn and grass, this amount of wheat, oats and rye, it shows what can be done with North Carolina soil, under fair and intelligent treatment. In Montgomery county, which does not rank amongst our best wheat growing counties, Alexander Russell reaped from six bushels sown 222 bushels, 37 bushels to the one sown. We repeat, that with such facts before us, North Carolina need not import a bushel of grain from other States if our farmers give that attention to grain culture which they should.—Wilmington Star.

CHICKEN SCRATCHINGS.

Have a scratching place, and do not throw the chicken grain down on the cleanest, hardest piece of ground you can find, but among leaves, or in straw, and make the hens scratch. Prepare the scratching ground in a place that is sheltered from the wind, and let it be a permanent affair.

There is no profit in keeping mongrels in your poultry-yard when pure-bloods can be had at comparatively so small an expense. Uniform chickens are not only prettier and thus more satisfactory to care for, but they may be fed to a better advantage than can a flock which is made up of large and small.

Don't cheat yourself with the belief that once a month is often enough to clean out a chicken-house. It should be cleaned every day, or at the farthest, every three days. You might about as well leave the droppings under the roosts as to throw them just outside the door. Take them to the field, or under a shed, and mix with an equal quantity of dry soil.

Don't feed corn to a laying hen in summer; you might about as well give her poison. She will not only get too fat to lay but too greasy to eat. At this time of the year, a hen that can get an occasional bug, will lay well without a single bite of solid grain, provided she be well supplied with bran and shorts mixed up with milk, twice a day, and all the bones she cares to eat.—American Agriculturist.

LOOK AFTER THE FRUIT CROP.

We commend to growers of the fruit in this section the following timely advice from Hon. John Robinson, Commissioner of Agriculture, which we find in the current issue of the Bulletin:

"The present fruit crop of the State is abundant—especially is this true of the peach. If properly taken care of it must prove a source of much comfort and luxury as well as immense revenue.

"From present indications there can be no money in shipping the peach as it ripens, possibly not paying transportation.

"Evaporated fruits always bring good prices when nicely handled, and are then in condition to be kept. The testimony of all grocerymen with whom I have conversed is, that North Carolina canned goods are equal to any, if not superior, which, to say the least, is very encouraging. There unquestionably is more money in canning than in any other mode of preserving the fruit when parties are prepared for it and understand it. Where not prepared to can, save by evaporation; by all means save the fruit. An evaporator costs but little, and is easily handled. One North Carolina dealer in dried fruits told this writer last summer, long before the close of the season, that he had shipped seventeen car loads of dried blackberries, and he was satisfied he would ship eighteen more, making in all thirty-five car loads.

"This is merely given to show the immense demand, and how difficult to overstock the market in dried or canned fruits."

A DAIRY FARM.

There is much interest being manifested in this section just now in fine stock, dairy farming, etc. The ADVANCE notes this with much gratification. It means better times. It shows that our people are getting out of the ruts. A proper spirit of progressiveness has been awakened. So in this connection we gladly publish the letter of Mr. Orren Bullock, of Rocky Mount, to the Scotland Neck Democrat. He says:

"Messrs. Judge Howard and Thomas H. Battle have a very fine farm near here. I visited it a few days ago and was met by Mr. Ed. Gorham who has charge, and by the way, he is as clever and genteel a gentleman as can be found in this part of the country, also his estimable wife has no equal for kindness and hospitality.

"The above named gentlemen also has a dairy farm, from which, during the last months ending July 1st, 1889, they have made 1,647 lbs of butter, have milked 41,200 quarts of milk. The first two months they only milked 12 cows and now milk 18, and averaged during the time 15 cows. Four of the cows are natives and the others Jersey's and Guernsey's, part registered. They have a ready sale for all the butter they can make and cannot supply the demand. They also killed from two breed sows 5,000 lbs of meat which was fattened from the milk produced by the cows. They have also 35 pigs weighing from 60 to 100 lbs and from one to five months old, which are fed on milk. They have a large silo filled with ensilage, which they feed cattle and horses on, with a sprinkling of cotton seed meal, which makes an elegant feed for cows. They have fine colts which they are raising, and 50 acres in clover and grasses, 100 acres in oats, 200 acres in pease, 170 acres in corn, and 150 in cotton, which generally makes from 115 to to 140 bales of cotton. They only run 19 plows. I mention these facts in regard to these gentlemen to shew to the farming class who read this paper and are interested in good farming that they can, by such a diversity of crops, improve their condition and be benefitted in many ways. I can tell you something else about producing butter. Messrs Howard and Battle have purchased a separaator, which is run by a four horse power engine, making the wheel of the separator revolve about 6000 times a minute, thereby separating the cream from the milk, as soon as it is taken from the cows, which results in nearly 25 per cent. more butter from the same quantity of milk. Can separate nearly 500 gallons to the hour."

NAUTICAL LIFE.

OVER THE YELLOW SEA. SCENES AND CUSTOMS.

In The Ports of Corea The Towns of Chemulpo. The Coreans. At Seul. Wonders of The Land.

CHEMUTO, Corea.—For centuries the little peninsula, that hangs on the skirts of the Chinese empire and separates the waters of the Yellow Sea from the Sea of Japan, has been an unknown land to the rest of the world. Its difficult approaches, its few harbors, its high and rocky coast, its walled cities, and the exclusiveness of its people, denying admittance even to kindred races and making themselves a hermit nation, have barred its doors against all comers. Not until very recent times have the barriers, which have shut out the people, been broken down, and the resources and wonders of these oriental provinces been revealed. First by treaty with Japan, then with America and England, the advent of foreign visitors and residents in three ports and in the capital has been permitted, and its ancient civilization already shows the effects of its contact with the world.

The chief seaport, known as Chemulpo, stands midway on the western coast at the mouth of the Salee river, which is about two miles wide. It is difficult of approach, for the rise and fall of the tides of thirty feet compell all vessels of any size to lie some distance from the shore. Chemulpo is a small town, in which scarcely any business is done, and that by the Japanese residents, the native Coreans being indolent and poor. The streets are irregular and dirty, and most of the houses are built of mud with roofs of thatch, in which the most simple arrangements are found. They are are heated in winter underneath the floors, in which a fire is made from the outside, radiator in the room being an elevation of stone work about two feet high, which is comfortably warm, and upon which the family spread their beds at night. An ignorant, suspicious and curious people, the natives watch all strangers closely, follow them about the streets, and gather around them if they stop for a moment.

The ordinary dress of the Coreans is a loose robe, white in color, that reaches nearly to the ground. On their feet are worn straw shoes, and on their heads, when anything at all is worn, broad-brimmed and high-crowned hats. All the men have long hair, the married men wearing it in a knot on the top of the head, over which is drawn a closely-fitting skull cap with a hole in the crown for the hair to pass through, and covering all is the large hat that is held in place by a string under the chin. The hair of the unmarried man is woven in a braid and hangs down his back, but I am led to infer that bachelors are not numerous. The full Corean costume, as worn by the king's adviser whom we met, consists of a cloak of black and green silk with sleeves of red, and the usual high hat made of finely-split bamboo, forming a picturesque and simple court dress.

Wherever we went we were the center of an admiring group of men and boys, who crowded around us, pulling at each other like a lot of children at play, staring at our brass buttons and epaulets, catching hold of us, feeling of our clothes, and trying on our hats with the greatest of delight. To look through the field-glass was to them a wonderful sight. For a time we were engaged in surveying the bays in the neighborhood of Chemulpo, running some distance along the coast, and required a force of men on the shore to determine the length, direction and position of an accurate base line, from which all measurements might be taken. At first the natives were very curious, and were constantly in the way; then they wanted to wrestle and run foot-races with the sailors, and after our men had thrown several of them and rubbed their heads in the sand, they wanted to fight; and at last, under the influence of drink to which the Coreans are addicted, they threatened to become troublesome, although we were able to prevent any disturbance. In our communication with them we were at a disadvantage, and our method was somewhat novel. Through our Chinese servants a few ideas were conveyed in writing, for the Coreans, although unable to talk the language, managed to write enough of the Chinese characters to understand one another.

In all expeditions, in city, country and village, we did not see a Corean woman, except occasionally and old hag who would cover her face and run away from our presence. No sooner were our boats in sight, off the shore, than a general shout went up through the streets, and the women were running with great haste from every direction into the houses, where they kept themselves out of sight. Among them a strange and interesting custom prevails, which might possibly find favor with wives in America. By a stringent law the men are not permitted to appear in the street after eight o'clock in the evening, under penalty of arrest and imprisonment, to prevent hieving. The women, however, are allowed with impunity to remain out until midnight, evincing a popular faith in feminine honesty. Three times during the year the whole people are given liberty to stay out all night, one of them being the Festival of the Bridges, when the husband takes his wife by the hand and walks with her over seven bridges, which it is believed, will bring to them good luck for the remainder of the year.

The country about Chemulpo is open, fertile and in a high state of cultivation. The trees are all of small growth, and the woodlands are sparse, making fuel extremely scarce, so that the people take the hills and mountains to gather up the bits of wood, grass, twigs and leaves for burning in their fireplace, and as a result the land is clear from all debris. A range of mountains, rising above snow-line, with spurs of hills running out in all directions, breaks up the surface of the country into irregular valleys which are traversed by numerous rivers and streams of water, and in which are grown fields of rice, wheat and other products. Wild game abounds plentifully, and is hunted by the natives and shot down with long guns, that are loaded with slugs and pieces of iron and lead, and discharged by touching a slow match to the pan. The roads of the country lead through little villages of straw huts, and are hard to travel. Small, hungry-looking ponies, uncomfortably saddled, that may be hired for seventy-five cents a day, bullocks and chair-coolies provide means of journeying throughout the land. The Coreans have a respectable army, which is drilled by Chinamen according to French and English tactics. Some of the maneuvers are almost perfect. The corporals and sergeants carry long bamboos, with which they beat without mercy those who make mistakes.

The approach to Seoul, the capital of Corea, is imposing. The city lies on the back of the tortuous river that meets the sea at Chemulpo, and is situated about twenty-seven miles away by an over-land route. Within its walls it contains 360,000 inhabitants, with a population nearly as great outside its gates. So massed together are the people that the walls, which are twenty feet high and forty miles long, appear to pass through the place. Two broad and clean streets intersect each other at right angles in the center of the city, the others being narrow and dirt alley ways, abounding in cesspools and filth. The stench from the gutters and the smoke from the out-side fire places of the houses are terribly offensive in these crowded quarters. The houses are principally of mud, covered with thatch, but in the better parts many are built of stone and brick with tiled roofs, and some with wooden frames covered with paper. At an early hour of night the lights in the mountains flash out their signals of retreat, the bell tolls send man and beast to the cover of home, the gates close, the fires are lit in the houses, and a weird, sad and somber stillness overspreads the city.

The American Legation, at which we were hospitably entertained, is an assemblage of native buildings, sixteen in number, which occupy two acres of ground, surrounded by a high wall, and consists of the residences of the minister and his secretary, the offices, the apartments for guests and the quarters for servants. The rooms are large, the floors, which are of stone, covered with mats. Among the attractions of the city are the Summer Palace and the Reception Chamber. The Palace is built in a lake that is full of lotus, and is a beautiful sight. It stands on huge stone pillars, that rest on a plaza surrounded with carved balustrades, and consists of a single large room with a balcony on all sides. The Chamber, for the reception of notables, is an immense structure, and like the Palace has but one room. Its walls and ceilings are highly carved and ornamented. On a platform, opposite the entrance, is the throne where his majesty is seated. On each side of the walk leading to the door of the Chamber, are stone posts, engraved with characters, representing the different ranks and offices of those who seek an audience with the King, and at which they stand and await his pleasure.

SALISBURY.

Severe Cases of Blood Poison.

Thousands suffer from blood poison, who would be cured if they gave B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Blam) a trial. Send to the Blood Balm Co., Atlanta Ga., for book of wonderful cures, that convince the most skptical. It is sent free.

J. O. Gibson, Meridian Miss., writes: "For a number of years I suffered untold agonies from blood poison. Several prominent physicians did me little if any good. I began to use B. B. B. with very little faith, but my utter suprise it has made me a well and hearty person."

Z. T. Hallerton, Macon Ga., writes: "I contracted blood poison. I first tried physicians, and then went to Hot Springs. I returned home a ruined man physically. Nothing seemed to do me any good. My mother persuaded me to try B. B. B. To my utter astonishment every sore quickly healed."

Benj Morris, Atlanta Ga., writes "I suffered years from syphilitic blood poison which refused to be cured by all treatment. Physicians pronounced it a hopeless case. I had no appetite, I had pains in hips and joints and my kidneys were diseased. My throat was ulcerated and my breast a mass of running sores. In this condition I commenced a use of B. B. B. It healed every ulcer and sore and cured me completely within two months."

The Gastonia Gazette's editor had a cucumber last week 14 inches long, and a radish 19 inches long and 7 inches in diameter.

Symptoms of Catarrh.

A profuse and many time excessively offensive discharge, with "stopping up" of the nose at times, impairment of the sense of smell and taste, watering or weak eyes impaired hearing, irregular appetite occasional nausea, pressure and pain over the eyes, and at times in the back of the head, occasional chilly sensations, cold feet, and a feeling of lassitude and debility, are symptoms which are common to catarrh, yet all of them are not present in every case. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures catarrh in its worst forms and stages. It is pleasant to use, and contains no poisonous or caustic drugs. Of druggists, for 50 cents.

Who Was He?

The San Francisco Alta says: In a certain North Carolina district before the war it was the practice to send to Congress the man who could lift the heaviest weight. When the champion got the seat he held it until he was literally lifted out of it by a more muscular man. One gentleman won it by lifting two barrels of turpentine, but after holding it several terms he was challenged to contest it with an opponent, who undertook to lift three barrels of turpentine at once. He did it, lifting one barrel in each hand and a third on his head, but the effort broke his neck, or rather crushed the cervical vertebræ. The accident did not kill him, and he was elected to Congress and served many terms, using an artificial support for his head. Of course the spinal cord was not injured or he would have been paralyzed.

Perpetual Motion.

The attention of the passengers in a Southern smoking car was riveted on a strangely behaved negro. He rocked himself from side to side without ceasing.

"What's the matter with you?" asked a traveler who was in the car.

"Does you know Dan McGary?" inquired the negro.

"Yes"

"Well, sah, he told me a silver watch for $20," added the negro, still swaying from side to side, "an' ef I stops movin' dis bere way de watch don't go no moah."—New Orleans Picayune

We Want Just 3 Pounds.

"If I gave you a pound of metal and ordered you to make the most out of it, what kind of metal would you select?" asked a well known jeweler. "Gold, of course," was the prompt reply. "I'd prefer a pound of steel," said the jeweler, "and I'd have it made into hair springs for watches. A pound of such springs would sell for an even $140,000."—Scientific American.

The Prevailing Opinion.

"Freddie, you have a new baby at the house, haven't you?"

"Yeth'um."

"What does little sister think about him."

"She says he's too sweet for anything."

"And what do you think about him?"

"I think he's a darned nuisance."—The Epoch.

We Use No Other.

English is to be the language of future diplomatic conferences. This is as it should be. There is no other language on earth of which a man can use so much while saying so little. The English tongue is the best one known for concealing the thoughts of men, and if this doesn't qualify it for court and diplomatic uses we don't know what would.—Washington Post.

What Kept Him.

At the battle of Malvern Hill Gov. Vance, charging up the declivity, with the shot rattling about him and the bombshells bursting in every direction, met an old hare, with ears back, running for dear life. "Go it, Mollie Cottontail," exclaimed the Governor, "If I hadn't a reputation to sustain I'd be with you."—Drake's Magazine.

Only One Thing Needed.

The marvelous powers of the Democratic press at the present writing is demonstrated by the fact that it requires only the co-operation of one more man to bring about the removal of Commissioner Tanner. It is nowhere authoritatively asserted, however, that President Harrison has decided to co-operate.—Washington Post.

Smash It.

This Civil Service law is more than a ridiculous scarecrow and public laughing stock. It is a menace against the liberty of the citizen. It is an engine of oppression. It curtails the free choice and political freedom of its victims. It is a nuisance. Smash it!—N. Y. Sun.

A Polite Youngster.

Johnny had been carefully raised; anybody could see that. One day he sat upon his father's knee in a crowded street car. A lady entered.

"Madame," he said, as he rose to his feet, "take my seat."—Philadelphia Press.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. W. Rowland.

HOME CHAT.

N. C. THOUGHT FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

What the Brethren of the Quill are Thinking and Saying.

WELL, WHO CARES?

It will not be very long before you hear of some negro receiving from some Northern college the degree of D. D., or L. L. D., or some like degree. Mark that down.—Concord Standard.

A WOMAN'S OPINION.

When women cease to buy snuff, then they will have a right to ask their fathers and brothers, sons and husbands to renounce the cup and discountenance bar rooms. Until they do they can have but little influence.

THE SPOILSMEN MAD.

The Greensboro North State is badly "soured" on the present administration. In our opinion Mr. Harrison is to be admired for the enemies he has made, especially if they are all of Keough-Boyd stk.—Fayetteville Observer.

AND ELECTED.

The politicians may say what they please; they may do all they can; the monopolists may subsidize newspapers, but the masses of the people are still with Grover Cleveland, and unless some bigger man turns up within three years, they will still be with him and will see that he is nominated.—Tarboro Southerner.

IT ALWAYS TELLS.

The young blood of North Carolina is asserting its power. The vigor and strength displayed in every industry, is due to the new blood which quickens the pulsation, brightens the intellect opening the fields of enterprise, engaging the mind and body, resulting in a healthy progress and victorious consummation.

PAPERS UNNECESSARY.

Logan Harris's paper, the Raleigh Signal, seems to have suspended. No Republican paper has ever succeeded in making a living at Raleigh. It was Blow-Your-Horn-Billy Smith who responded, when solicited to take stock in a Republican paper there, that "there is no use in publishing papers for the benefit of a party that can't read."—Statesville Landmark.

VACATION EXPERIENCE.

Many a father will be disappointed when he sees how little a young man may know after going through college. Such a parent while footing up the bill of a dissipated son's education, becoming disgusted with his ignorance and flippant conceit, took up the confession of Aaron to Moses, and said, "I poured in the gold, and there came out this calf."—Charlotte Chronicle.

TIRED OF TRUSTS.

The reaction is beginning. The time will come when, in America, tyrants will be as little tolerated in trade as in civil government, when every business interest will stand on its own bottom without being unjustly favored by the laws of the country. The very oppression by the trusts and combines will prove the strongest arguments against them.—Charlotte Chronicle.

AND INDIGESTION FOLLOWS.

Be it remembered that a robust man no more needs a strong well-fed stomach than does this country a brawny effective, intelligent, contented plentiful supply of the middle classes. At present it has the big head, with dyspeptic stomach and shrivelled feet. The brains and bullion center in Wall street, the middle class are fed mostly with discontent, and the poorest are withered with poverty.—Charlotte Democrat.

THE "COONS" FOR EXAMPLE.

The masses of Republican party in North Carolina are actuated by principle, and have the courage of their convictions. Like other they desire to see the offices which come with victory distributed to worthy efficient men, such as will reflect credit on themselves and the party which places them in position, but they will resist with all of their might any effort to build up an office-holding syndicate upon the Republican name and to make the federal offices here a mere roost for the members of a few families.—Greensboro North State, Rep.

HIS "FORMS" ARE BLACK.

It seems that Postmaster General Wanamaker has been devoting much of his attention lately to improving the "forms" used in the postal service. Down in this part of the vineyard it is not the form that is need so much as the substance. If Mr. Wanamaker would suspend operations on his "forms" long enough to give some attention to the services itself and put competent men in place of some of the ignoramuses he has installed in this section the public would be the gainer and the mail service less a burlesque than it now is.—Wilmington Star.

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial Bottles Free at A. W. Rowland's.