REMEMBER!
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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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

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

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

CAPTAIN DICK TELLS A FEW YARNS.

They Recall The Exploits of Baron Munchausen.

Captain Dick was a traveler and had seen hard service in his youth while wandering in the far west among the Indians. He was our guest for a while before we moved to town, and knowing how reticent he was about his youthful adventures Nabor Freeman and I determined to draw him out one night, and as we sat smoking on the great veranda I told about killing the big crane with my long English gun that I had had for forty years, and how I measured off the range and it was exactly 150 yards, "Good shot," said Captain Dick. Then Nabor Freeman told about a coachwhip that come out of a rockpile in his field and run him and the negroes for half an hour, and they hastily killed him and stretched him out by a fence rail and he was three feet longer than the rail. "Long snake," said Captain Dick. Then I told about going with Cicero Strait to rob a bear's den on Sevenes mountain, and how we got her cubs while she was from home, and run with them four miles to town and how she overtook us in the suburbs and killed twenty six dogs and we had to drop one of the cubs to save the others and she came back again that night and we killed her in the back yard and Cicero raised the cub as a pet and sold him into a show company for ten dollars. "Good trade," said Captain Dick. Then the nabor told about the big rattler that was killed at Rowland Springs that had 72 rattles the five buttons and his skin held two bushels of wheat bran and his fangs were three inches long. "Long fangs," said Captaian Pick. Then I told my famous wolf story about how Judge Trippe was holding court at LaFayette in 1850 and Joe Warklaw and Newt Gartmeny and a lot of their nabors had run a she wolf for two days and nights with forty hounds and finally treed her under a mill dam close to town and the judge adjourned the court to take part in the frolic, for the wolf was the terror of the neighborhood and had lived on calves and lambs and young niggers for several years and as how the dogs couldn't be persuaded to go on under the dam after her, and finally Joe Wardlaw shucked his clothes and took a hatchet in his hand and a butcher knife between his teeth, and like old Israel Putnam, went behind water fall alone and killed her in a hand-to-hand fight, and dragged her out, and she measured six feet from the end of her nose to the end of her tail.

"Smart wolf," said Captain Dick. We stopped awhile to rest—the nabor and I. Captain Dick looked round at the children with a sympathetic glance and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "Shooting that crane," said he, "reminds me of some good sport I had on the South Plate river before that country was explored. We were camped in a beatiful valley right on the border of a lake that was about five miles long and half as wide. When the the wild geese began to come they always came in a V-shaped column with a big old gander in the lead for awhile they would circle around and around to reconnoitre, but soon would become satisfied that there was no danger, and then the leader would dip his course, and one by one the rest would incline downwards but always keeping the lines perfectly straight. I had a long barel rifle that was made to order in London, and my sport was to get the old gander in line with one or the other of the rows of geese behind him and put a ball through the whole column and drop them all in the water. When the other half of the flock would reform and make a second V, and sail round awhile and seeing their companions down on the lake would begin to dip down again, and I would catch them in a line again and fire and drop another half in the water. I would keep on that way until I got the last goose of a flock. But we soon got tired of that, for it was just a waste of powder and ball. There was another lake about five miles away, and it was a kind of intermittent geyser. About ten days in the month there was a slight commotion in the water and soon it began to warm up and in twenty-four hours got hot, hot boiling hot, but nearly too hot enough to scald a goose and loosen his feathers so that he could not fly. I used to get mighty sorry for the poor things when I saw them by the hundreds settle down in the beautiful waters and give a wild scream and try to rise and would get up a little and drop back and finally give up the chase and float off with the current, down into the Platte. One night it struck me that this was an awful waste of goose lives, that I knew was worth two dollars a case in St. Louis and I conceived the idea of making some money out of it. The liver of a goose boiled alive would make just as good "Pateda fo gras" as if resolved alive, and so I wrote to a friend at St. Louis about the chance of speculation. I sent the letter by Wells & Fargo's overland pony express and in course of time got an answer from my friend saying that he had sent me a train of ten wagons loaded with tin plates and solder and two tinners with all the necessary apparatus. The wagons came along in the rear of an emigrant train that protected them from the Indians, and after a two month's trip, reached us on the lake. The wild goose season then at its best, and we began work right away. There were ten of us, besides the teamsters and tinners. We had two little boats that we made of birch Indian fashion, and it kept them busy pulling the scalded geese to shore. Just as fast as they came they were cut open with one sweep of the knife, and the distended livers taken out and put into the cans and the top soldered on. In three weeks time we had forty thousand cans of as fine 'pate de fois gras' as ever was made in France, and we reloaded the wagons and sent them back to St. Louis and sold out for a net profit of thirty-six thousand dollars, but we didn't care for the money—money was not of such consequence to us then. We wanted adventure—sport that was mixed with peril. So far as money was concerned we found a better inline three years afterwards hunting in Florida near Indian river inlet about the twenty-eighth parallel. One day we stumbled on a terrapin ranch about twenty miles from shore. It was a narrow, loamy ridge and was covered with a kind of wild cactus that terrapin are very fond of. There were thousands of them there and some of the largest I ever saw. Terrapins were then worth forty dollars per dozen in Baltimore, and we set our wits to work to get them there. There was a sloop anchored at the inlet getting up a cargo of cocoa nuts. An old Spaniard who lives near by told us that terrapins were fond of music and that he could call up a hundred in half an hour by ringing a little silver bell that he brought from Spain—we got him to make the experiment and found that it was so. They came from their hiding places all round his cabin and held their heads up high to drink in the music. A happy thought stuck me. I borrowed his little bell and tied it round the neck of a large old terrapin and he started him towards the coast. In a few hours we had several hundred falling into the line, but it was the slowest business I ever undertook—with all the urging and forcing that we could make we made only half a mile a day, but the number increased as we moved along and in thirty-six days had corralled about seventy-five thousand terrapins on the shore. We chartered the sloop and unloaded the cocanuts and in about a month had our cargo in Baltimore and sold out for one hundred and forty thousand dollars. We ought to have had twice as many terripins as we did, but there was an old rickety bridge across a lagoon on the way, and it broke down with the weight of the terrapins that had piled upon it knee deep, and we lost all the rear end of the drove. But there was no peril, adventure, in the like of that; our wild western life was the best. I was riding out one morning with a friend while we were camped on the head waters of the Colorado, and suddenly a prairie wolf bobbed up before us and trotted along just ahead on three legs. We determined to make him put down his fourth leg, and so gave chase in good earnest. We ran him for an hour, but my friend's horse got lame and he took the back track for the camp. I had got my back up and was gaining on the wolf he was only about a quarter of a mile ahead, and had put down his fourth leg and I felt pretty sure of getting within pistol range when suddenly he disappeared. My practiced eye swept the prairie in every direction, but I was alone. My horse was still on his metal and as I approached the spot where the wolf was last seen, an opening or crack in the ground gaped wide before me. It was too wide to leap, and I could not stop my horse, and in a twinkling we went down, down, down, about forty feet. It was rock bottomed and rock sided. The fall killed my horse, broke his neck and stunned me to insensibility for a few minutes. When I came to I found that I was not seriously hurt, but how to get out of there was the question. The walls were perpendicular and as smooth and hard as the nether millstone. For a night and a day I set upon my horse and pondered and and waited for some help from the camp for I felt sure they would hunt for me. My horse was beginning to swell and I was almost driven to despair and had laid down beside him and was thinking over my youthful prayers and over my past life when suddenly the light from above was darkened and an immence male condor dropped down and stood upon the dead horse. This was my last chance and I knew it. Before he was aware of my presence I had seized him by the legs and with a wild scream he flapped his great wings and carried me upward and out of the chasm and dropped me upon the ground and flew away. Weak and thankful, I dragged myself back to camp and found it almost deserted, for the boys were still hunting for me in every direction.

"But I wish that these children could have been with us when the San Juan dried up and we had to move a hundred miles to find water. It was during the graet drouth that lasted seven months and dried up and burnt up everything in the Santa Fe county. Our stock liked to have perished before we got out of it and got to water. What a delicious feast we had when we did find it. It was nothing but a small lagoon, but it was clear and good. That night we heard awful sounds, and we got up and got ready for trouble. We had a bull's-eye lantern and threw the light strong upon the lagoon where the sounds came from, and there were deer and wolves and mountain lions and prairie dogs and catamounts and bears and big snakes and buffalos and elks and wild horses, other beasts and reptiles, all gathered at the pool to drink. They had come miles and miles for water; for you know wild animals can scent water from afar off. But they didn't fighs. The common peril seemed to have humbled them and they all drank close together and kept the peace until they had got enough and then the lions and bears and such beasts went around growling and moaning and were getting ready for their prey. A panther had just crouched to spring upon a young deer when I drew a bead upon him and dropped him in his tracks and the report alarmed the menagerie and they fled. But night after night they continued to come and we killed scores of the beasts whose skins were valuable. But by and by the winter rains set in and we saw no more of them.

Now, Nabor Freeman, let me fill my pipe again, please, and I'll tell these children more of my western adventures tomorrow night."

The next morning the nabor came down early and stood around, and after some hesitation said: "Where is Captain Dick?" "He is just getting up," said I. The nabor puffed away at his pipe for a moment and then said, in a low whisper, "Major, do you regard him as a truthful man?" BILL ARP.

A Useless Fight.

It is useless to continue our fight against Mormonism until we regulate the matter of divorce by a federal law. At present men get divorce secretly without the knowledge of their wives. In New York, for instance, the divorce law is so loose that a man may have two lawful wives at the some time.—N. Y. World.

WANNAMAKER'S COONS.

How They Handle Uncle Sam's Mails.

The mail facilties are wretched. Every Caucasian was in Clinton office on last Thursday before 6 o'clock a. m. Yet we have recived complaints from twenty places that the papers did not arrive on time. If it is so with papers it will be nearly as bad with letters. Is not the mail of this country too important to be trifled with by the ignoramus, fool-hardy coon postal clerks of little Ben Harrison? If there is any place where this Government should have intelligent, careful and efficient men it is in the mail service. Report them? Yes, but we have learned that it does no good to report a radical to a radical.—Clinton Caucasian.

THE PEOPLE TO BLAME.

Let Them Demand Their Rights.

The United States produces enough food to supply every citizen bountifully. Its factories are able to furnish all the clothing needed, coal, wood minerals are in the greatest abundance and the people industrious and full of energy, yet want, destitution, hunger, and suffering are constant guests in thousands of homes. Evidently natural conditions are not to blame, but the injustice of manmade laws is. Is there anyplausible reason why the people should suffer from such laws and their results when they have the power to alter them? If the people suffer they have themselves alone to blame. Let them arouse themselves study the situation, and act like men worthy of a better state; demand and see to it that theseevils are corrected.—National Economist.

FOR THE FARM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Original, Borrowed, Stolen and Communicated Articles on Farming.

The Greensboro Workman says the pear crop of that county is the finest they have ever had.

The Roxboro Courier says the farmers of that section are busy curing tobacco. They say the leaf is bright. The Courier reports the potato crop as very fine.

The editor of the High Point Enterprise was given an apple that weighed one pound and eight ounces. Yet the people of the State buy apples of the North. If we had better railroad facilities this would not be so.

The New Berne Journal says: "A lady who owns a plantation about two and a half miles from this city says that she will give four or five worthy young men tracts of fifteen or twenty acres of good land for a year free of rent if they will cultivate it."

In the State of Texas the culture of the pecan nut is found to be very profitable. It would prove possibly quite as profitable in North Carolina, where the tree grows well. Tree culture and nut culture should receive more atteaion from our farmers than they do. They involve little labor and in time will yield handsome results.—Wilmington Star.

Every farmer should unite himself to some agricultural society which hold an annual fair, and he should exert himself to become a useful as well as a working member. By doing so he will lift himself up to a higher level and it will stimulate him to more carefully investigate every new step of progress made in agriculture.—Raleigh visitor.

The Newton Enterprise gives these items that will be of interest to our farmer readers: Clover hullers have succeeded threshing machines in this county and are doing a big business. ——Mr. Philip Coulter sowed one pound of a variety of wheat and gathered from it 75 pounds, or a bushel and a quarter. This is at the rate of 75 bushels from one. ——Mr. S. T. Wilfong on 35 acres raised 971 bushels of wheat, an average of 27¾ bushels to the acre, and on 15 acres of this crop he raised 665 bushels, an average of 31 bushels to the acre.

BLIND STAGGERS.

From the New Berne Journal we clip the following prescription as given by Dr. F. L. Kilbourne, of Washington City: "To prevent staggers, ½ oz. aloes, ¼ oz. podophyllum and 1 oz. ginger in a pint of water; give it to the horse once in 36 hours. For a horse that has an attack of staggers double the above dose every 36 hours. Horses that have staggers should be given loose diet."

RAISING TOBACCO.

A writer in a recent number of the Progressive Farmer speaks very disparagingly of the outlook for successful tobacco growing in his section, which he says is in what is known as the "bright tobacco belt." He says where one makes a success in making a fancy cure, scores upon scores fail. The Nashville Argonaut says this will not hold good in Nash county. Because of the peculiar adaptation of the soil of Nash, any one can grow fine tobacco. In fact none but experienced men are growing tobacco in the county, and a warehouseman from Oxford has travelled over the entire county this season and says he found only one inferior crop of tobacco. This is remarkable. The Angonaut further says: "Sometime since we made a careful investigation of the results of tobacco growing in Nash for the past season. We procured the actual sales of the principal crops, and the result was the conclusion that the average yield per acre for the entire county was $166. Every one knows that any farmer who can produce a crop which will bring him an average of $166 an acre can make more money. If inexperienced men, many of whom probably never saw a plant of tobacco growing until the past four or five years, have been able to accomplish such splendid results, what could the old and skillful tobacco raisers of Vance, Granville, Person and Orange counties do, if they had the soil and climate we have? There is another desirable peculiarity of our soil, and that is, unlike other bright tobacco sections we know of, it will not only produce the finest tobacco, but grain, grass, cotton and all other crops.

GRAIN-GROWING.

The American Agriculturist says: "In grain-growing countries such leading points as early or late sowing are far from being settled. While the majority of the best farmers agree in sowing their grain early, there are others who find, or think they find, enough benefit from sowing as late as their fathers did in a year when the weather was favorable, and are very loud in their assertions of "I told you so." However farmers may differ as to the time of sowing their grain, there are some points on which all will agree—the superiority of drilling in the seed over sowing broadcast, and the importance of thoroughly preparing the soil. In this section, Western New York, broadcast sowing is almost obsolete. Ninety-nine hundredths of all the wheat sown is drilled in. Quantity of seed sown per acre, from four to six pecks—five pecks being the rule. Our grain drills have fertilizer attachments, and a very large proportion of our farmers drill in with the wheat two hundred pounds of superphosphate per acre. There is much difference of opinion in regard to whether it is better to sow a phosphate containing potash and nitrogen as well as soluble phosphoric acid, or merely a phosphate containing nothing tut soluble phosphoric acid. The latter is preferred because, in the first place it is cheaper, and because, in the second place, many of the farmers say it does just as much good as the higher priced article. Then opponents say the former is the leading motive, and they predict that a phosphate without potash will soon cease to have any effect. There is some truth in this, but as long as the land produces good crops of clover there is no lack of potash. The deficiency of potash will first manifest itself in the failure of the clover.

VALUE OF COTTON SEED.

A Texas correspondent of the American Agriculturist says: "The real value of our cotton seed crop is not yet fully appreciated by the Southern farmer. It is one of the best and most convenient winter foods for cattle, and is usually fed without any preparation, hulls and all. Small seed-hullers for farm use are now manufactured, and every Southern farm should be supplied with one. The hulls have little or no nutritive value for stock, but the ashes from them, or even the rotted hulls are excellent as fertilizers. They are too bulky and indigestible for the bovine stomach, yet, native Southern cattle devour the entire seed with great relish. This does not prove that it is the best to be fed whole, however. The raw kernels, with the hull removed, are much more easily masticated. If dampened and mixed with bran or corn meal, a most enticing and nutritious ration for milch cows would be had. The kernel of the cotton seed is so soft that I do not think it would be profitable labor to cook it. When fed unhulled, however, boiling the seed softens the hull, and makes them more easily eaten by thoroughly wetting and "laying" the lint that adheres to them. A little salt should be added when boiled. Cattle that have been accustomed to eating raw seed will not readily eat the cooked unless mixed with meal or bran, or with a little shelled corn or other grain. Thus prepared, cotton seed is good for hog feed, especially for sows suckling pigs. Dry seed in the hull should never be fed to swine, as the lint seems to accumulate in the stomach gradually until it finally kills them. Sometimes when cotton seed is fed alone to milch cows, it imparts a somewhat unpleasant taste to the milk. Salt tends to prevent this, but if the ration is changed occasionally to carrots, turnips or sweet potatoes twice a week—or better still, mix a few cut-up turnips or sweet potatoes with every feed of seed, no such trouble will occur.

The high manurial value of cotton seed has long been known, and no farmer should sell his seed to the oil mills except in exchange for cotton seed meal, which is nearly as valuable for cattle feed and manure as the entire seed. To sell off the crop of cotton seed at ten cent per bushel, and buy nothing to feed the soil in its place, is a suicidal policy that is running many a short-sighted Southern farmer, especially our colored farmers.

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. The medical profession has been slow to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders or syringes because they are all irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who had for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

SATAN'S JUICE.

ITS A DANGEROUS THING TO TACKLE.

He Did Get a Chance and That Was What Was the Matter.

An old negro, muttering angrily, was walking along a road when a white man, who happened to be standing near, overheard him.

"What's the matter, Simmons?" the white man asked. The negro halted, shook his head and replied:

"Good deal de matter, sah. I'm gwine up yander to 'whup ole Tony."

"What has he done?"

"Neber mine, I know what he's done. Neber did see de like in my life. You know dat nigger?"

"Yes."

"Knows he's bout de biggest drunkard in de 'munity, doan you?"

"Yes, I know he drinks."

"Yes sah; reckon you does. Now I'm gwine ter put my 'plaint right befo' you. Some time ergo I stopped drinkin' licker. I swore dat I would stick ter water de rest o' my life. Dat worked all right till yistidy."

"What occurred then?"

"W'y, sah, de freshet washed my house erway."

"Well, but what did old Tony have to do with it?"

"Wait till I tell you. De water coulder washed his house jest ez easy ez it did mine, mine, no, sah, it whipped round an' cotch me. Yere I'e been er tempance man fur five year, an' dat triflin' scounul has been drunk pretty nigh ever' day, but de water had ter skip him an' wash my house erway, an' da tell me dat w'en he foun' out de tack he tuck his pipe outen his mouf, tuck er drink o' licker outen er black bottle, an' says, he did, 'po' feller, he oughter git his house somewhar up on er mountain. Dang' us puttin' it down so close ter de water. Pity, too, caze he's sicher good tempance pusson." Dat's what de scounul said. His house standin' dar all right, mine dun washed erway. He drinkin licker all de time; me drinkin water. Me tryin' ter preach de gospel an' de word an' de salvation to de garden o' de Seminy; he fightin chickens an' shootin' craps an' handlin' de paste-board's. W'en I thought erbout all dis I says to mese'f: 'Simmons, you ain't been treated right in dis matter. Ef you doan go up yander an' whup dat nigger you ain't got no true ligion in yo' soul and no nerve in yo' body.' So I's on my way up dar now ter gin dat nigger de wuss wollerin' er scounul ever got in dis yere wool.' Doan talk ter me, sah; doan try ter 'suade me ergin takin' dis yere step o' jestice but if you wants ter yare suthin' dat'll soun' like er houn' dog dat's shet up in er smoke-house wid er man dat's got er hickory sprout, just hol' yo year in dis direckshun."

He walked on, muttering as he went. The offending negro lived but a short distance away, and the white man soon heard noises that sounded as if some one were beating out wheat with a flail, and not long afterward old Simmons came running down the road. His hat was gone and his coat hung in shreds.

"Have you killed him?" the white man asked.

Simmons stopped, looked back, shook his head, and replied:

"Dat's suthin' wrang in de 'rangements o' dis yere life. Went up dar ter whup dat nigger—went wid jestice on my side, but now look at me! Ain't fit tur nuthin' out kyrpet rags an' soap grease. I loun' de scounul standin' out at de fence, smokin' an' w'en I tole him what I come after he put his pipe on de gate post. Den I yered su'hu' hit de groun.' It wuz me. 'Hol' on!' s'I, hol on! We ain't got dis thing opened up right.' Ker whop! he tuck me. I tried ter grab him in de eyes. Look vere. Got dis thumb in his mouf. Choked me down an' got my years full o' san.' How is er man gwine ter preach de gospul wid his years full o' san,' I'd like ter know."

"Why didn't you hit mim?

"How I gwine ter hit him when de scounul wouldn' gin me ez chance? De greedy rascal jes' graubed ever' chance he seed: How I gwine hit him when he had bofe my han's ground down under me? How I gwine hit him w'en he wuz er settin' er-straddle o' me pourin' saw' in my year like it wuz nuthin' but er blame funnel? You talk like er man dat ain't got no jedment. Come axin me why I didn't hit him! You muste been raised 'way off yander whar de cows would git lost."

"No, sah, I'm gwine right down ter dat licker shop an' git er drink, dat's what I'm gwine ter do. Ol, ef you gwine ter fight Satan's you natter drink some o' Satan's juice. You wait, an you'll yere dat houn' holler yit."—Arkansas Traveler.

Lucky Columbus.

It is Lucky Columbus discovered America when he did. If he had waited until now he would have been so perplexed as to whether to discover it at New York or at Chicago the chances are he would have turned around and gone home without discovering it at all.—Washington Bost.

The South's Progress.

An exchange says, in speaking of the South, but the industrial revolution in that section is quite as radical as are the political and institutional changes. Within the last three years more than eight thousand six hundred new business enterprises—manufactures, mills mining companies and the like—were organized at the South. Thousands of miles of new railroad have been constructed there. Agriculture has become more diversified. The spirit and aspect of that section are utterly changed.

POLITICAL CHIN CHIN.

What the Newspapers are Saying of Politics.

John G. Carlisle thinks tariff reform will be the slogan of the Democracy in the next campaign, and Cleveland the candidate.

* * *

THEY ARE ONLY HUNGRY.

The St. Louis Globe Democrat rises to remark that "an ex-Confederate who comes over to the Republicans, confesses by that act that the cause for which he contended was wrong."

* * *

WHY IS IT?

Why the sentimental negroes vote the Republican ticket solidly and always we cannot tell. Not a negro, save a few hundred on sugar and rice farms, is the beneficiary of the tariff. On the contrary, he is plucked by it at every turn.—Goldsboro Argus.

* * *

THE FRYING CONTINUES.

Having succeeded in frying the fat out of manufacturers before the election, and being well pleased with the results of the process, the Republicans are now hard at work frying the fat out of the treasury.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, Ind.

* * *

DEMOCRATS WILL DO THE WORK.

The decent Republicans in Virginia are refusing to be whipped into the support of Boss Mahone. But unfortunately there are not many of them, and the work of bur the little freebooter will devolve upon Democrats. They are equal to it.—N. Y. World.

* * *

DID HIS BEST.

Judge Tourger, who now lives North somewhere, rises to predict a race war in the South. The Judge lived in North Carolina for some years and did as much to beget ill feeling between the races as any other ten men south of the Potomac. He is a natural born mischief maker, and never happier than when he is doing the devil's work.—Wilmington Star.

* * *

THE PRESIDENT LICKED AGAIN.

T. S. Flood, Republican, was elected from a Democratic district in New York. He wanted his brother appointed postmaster at Elmira. They all look out for their brothers, &c. The President hesitated, when Flood intimated that he would shoe out and turn that district over to the Democrats again. This had its effect.

* * *

PROTECTION PROTECTING.

It is the "protected" wool-growers who find that sheep husbandry pay. It is the "protected" woolen manufacturers who are trembling on the edge of insolvency. It is the "protected" coal miners who are starving on the Illinois prairies. The unprotected industries thrive. They are not embarassed by the excesses that spring from coddling. They are dependent upon individual exertion applied to natural resources and opportunities. How much longer must we persist in the mad experiment of taxing productive industries in order to set unproductive industries on their feet and make them profitable!—Philadelphia Record, Dem.

P stands for Pierce, the wonderful doctor,
Providing safe remedies, of which he is concoctor,
Pleasant to taste, and easy to take,
Purgative Pellets now "bear off the cake."

A Hustler.

Mr. Mos Quito, traveling agent for the celebrated army of Blood Suckers, is in the city taking orders and making contracts for his company. They travel on the cash in advance system. They send in their bill when they commense work.

The Really Rich Man.

The man is rich who doesn't want more than he has means to get. Some one has said that riches consist in the abundance of the things a man does not want, and there is a great big piles of solid chunks of wisdom in the saying.

The Boys Willing.

A young lady at Athens, Ga., has invented a lamp that will caese to burn exactly at 10 o'clock. The average Georgia lover has no fault to find with the lamp; in fact, he would be better satisfied if it would go out as soon as he came in. If the young lady wants to make a real ten strike she would invent a father who will go to bed at 9 o'clock.—Toledo Commercial.

"She's Much Older Than Her Husband

We heard a young girl make the above remark the other day about a lady with whom we are slightly acquainted. It was not true, yet the lady in question actually does look five years older than her husband, although she is really several years his junior. She is prematurely aged, and functional derangement is the cause. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription would cure her, and should be recommended to her, and to all others who are in the same condition. If the reader of this chances to be a similar sufferer, let her get the "Prescription." It will bring back her lost beauty, and, better still, it will remove all those distressing symptoms which have made life a burden to her so long. Money refunded if it don't give satisfaction. See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

NORTH CAROLINA THOUGHT.

What the Brethren of the Quill have to Say.

THE GOOD DESIRE PEACE.

The majority of both races desires peace and good will, and they mean to have it at the expense of all who would create trouble,—Asheville Journal.

BROWER ON THE BLACK LIST.

Brower will not go back. Such is the decree. Young Tom Settle will take his scalp, and be the nominee, says the knowing man at Winston.—Wilmington Messenger.

PROTECTING THE MINORITY.

One of the chief objects of the [House] rules is protection of the minority. There is no tyranny more oppressive than the tyranny the majority may inflict upon the minority unless restrained by law.—New Berne Journal.

NO SIGN OF PEACE.

There is not much noise in the Republican camp in this State just now, but it does not follow from this that the factions have come together like brothers and have buried the hatchet. It is the quiet that precedes the storm.—Wilmington Star.

THE LAW SUFFICIENT.

As before stated we are the last to encourage lynch law. it is a dangerous precedent to establish and is contrary to the principle upon which our government is founded. We are for the enforcement of the law, so that every man will receive the punishment according to the crime he has committed. Morganton Star.

SELF PROTECTION

To us of the South the maintenance of Anglo-Saxon supremacy towers above all other political questions. It is a question as to whether we shall be the rulers or the ruled. It is manifest that both races cannot govern, and either we must govern the negro or be governed by him. There is, and can be, no middle ground.—Elizabeth City Falcon.

IGNORANCE AND PROTECTION.

It is essential to the continued success of the scheme of public robbery by virtue of the tariff, that the masses of the people be kept in ignorance of its real character. Hence it is custom to present it as the friend of industry and a great public benefacter, and to deny emphatically the allegation that "the tariff is a tax"—Goldsboro Argus.

TOO MANY MERCHANTS.

Gradually they are having fact burned into them that there are too many men engaged in merchandizing in North Carolina in proportion to the population of the State. We are an army of consumers, without producing one thousandth part of the things we need, and have to buy at a distance, with freight to be added. We must awake to the importance of making among us more of the articles that are necessary to our comfort and being.—Durham Globe.

HOW WE HONOR OUR OWN.

The name of worthy North Carolinaians were offered for the position of President, one of whom is the peer of any and certainly superior to the majority of those whose names were offered. But alas, he was guilty of being a North Carolinian which was fatal to his chances. Out of the whole faculty of the great experimental Institution there are now only two North Carolinians, and they need must have left the State for a while to be fit to be called back.—Clinton Caucasian.

A RECKLESS FOOL.

Steve Brodie may be a brave fellow, yet the foolhardy feat of plunging over the Niagara Falls proves nothing. It merely shows that a man may easily acquire ephemeral fame and the applause admirers by running the risk of breaking his neck in performing a feat hitherto unsuccessfully accomplished. As a dime curiosty Brodie is worth his weight in gold; as a useful citizen he is of less value than a wooden Indian. A real hero is quite a different thing from a reckless daredevil.—Durham Globe.

THE REASON MADE PLAIN.

We never understood until a few days since, why it was that so many persons, emigrating to other sections do not subscribe for their home paper. One candid enough to express himself, says it takes years to overcome a longing for a dear old home, and when they realize the advantages they have left and read week after week the news of the neighborhood, in which they formerly lived, they either have to quit taking the paper or return to the scenes of their childhood.—Lenoir Topic.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

THE NEWS OF THE ADJOINING COUNTIES.

As told by our Brother Editors in Their Papers.

Weldon News, Sept. 12th.

Work on the canal to begin within six weeks.

The Enfield railroad warehouse took fire on the root a few days ago from a passing locomotive and sprung into a blaze. But for timely discovery the entire building and probably a large portion of the town would have been destroyed, as the wind was blowing very briskly at the time.

Rocky Mount Plaindealer Sept. 13th

Mr. R. H. Ricks is having a prize house built near the tobacco warehouse.

Rev. Mr. Culbreth, is conducting a protracted meeting at the Methodist church in this place.

Last Tuesday and Wednesday will long be remembered as "red letter days" in the history of Rocky Mount. The tobacco season for 1886 was opened under the most favorable auspices, and there can no longer be doubt about Rocky Mount becoming one of the leading tobacco markets in the State.

Scotland Neck Democrat, Sept. 12th

In Lewiston on Thursday of last week, Miss Mary Savage was married to Mr. J. J. Medford, both of Palmyra, Rev. Mr. Speight, Pastor of Lewiston Baptist church, officiating.

Miss Nan Shields, daughter of our respected townsman, Mr. W. H. Shields, died at her home Tuesday, Sept. 10th about 5 o'clock a. m., after a lingering illness of several months.

At the home of Mr. John L. Whitehead, on last Sunday, Miss Louisa Neville was married to Mr. C. W. Whitfield, Mr. A. A. White, officiating. We wish them happiness and long life.

Tarboro Banner, Sept. 13th.

Crops have greatly improved during the last week or two.

Mr. Frank Farmer, of Wilson, preached at St. Lewis Saturday night.

Henry Jones was up before C. G. Bradley, J. P., for stealing sundry articles from J. Zander's store Wednesday night. It seems that Jones secreted himself in the store until it was closed. Then he proceeded to help himself and got out at the backdoor. Yesterday morning he came into the store wearing a hat which was recognized, and he was arrested. Failing to bond he went to jail to await Superior Court.

Nashville Argonaut Sept. 13th.

V. B. Bachelor, Esq., is soon to have erected a business house in Springhope.

The past ten days have been exceedingly favorable for saving fodder, and the quality is very fine.

Mrs. Marion Warren died Friday night last. Mrs. Warren leaves a kind husband, 9 children and a host of friends to mourn her untimely departure.

Carolina Male and Female Institute opened Monday under the most promising auspices. The number of pupils in attendance is 67 and continually increasing.

Rev. J. W. Powell, the pastor, assisted by Rev. G. M. Duke, is conducting a protracted meeting at the Baptist church. We sincerely hope the meeting will result in good to the community.

Dr. G. E. Eggert, superintendent of the Mann-Arrington gold mine, was in town Saturday. They have recently put on additional force at this mine and the work is being energetically prosecuted.

Greenville Reflector, September, 11th.

The staggers is causing trouble to owners of stock in some sections of the county.

Some sorghum will be made in Pitt county this year. We hope larger crops of cane will be planted next year.

It is reported that snow fell near Keeksville, this county, on the 24th of August. We have heard it vouched for by responsible men.

Tobacco has been made in Pitt county this year that will readily bring one dollar per pound. More of our farmers should cultivate it.

On Wednesday evening another precious babe, the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Jenkins, was taken away from the arms of its earthly parents and carried to the brighter home above.

On Tuesday evening of last week the one year old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Murphey, of this town, died at Duplin Roads, where they were visiting. His remains were brought to Greenville Wednesday evening and interred.

Tarboro Southerner, September 13th.

Evangelist Pearson will come here on the 13th of October.

North Carolina is "coming, father Abraham," 116 strong in cotton factories.

The universal complaint of the farmers now is that, under the hot sun, cotton leaves are firing and both bolls and leaves are shedding rapidly.

Eli Hopkins, of upper Martin county, was in town to-day and dolefully reports that half a crop of corn and cotton is as much as the farmers dare hope for. In the last five days the bolls are shedding fearfully.

J. E. Timm, who is farming on Mrs. Savage's place, about eight miles from Tarboro, planted some tobacco this year and, though all his barnes had to be built with the other expenses incident to a first crop, thinks he will make money on his crop.